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THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW



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JANUARY — JUNE

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The Unpopular Review

No. 17

JANUARY—MARCH, 1918

VOL. IX

THE DIPLOMATS AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB

It has long been the custom, and very especially with Mr. Wilson, to make diplomatic appointments among men associated with literature: in fact, the following ambassadors and ministers, present or recent, are members of the Authors' Club: Messrs. Egan (Denmark), Gerard (Germany), Hardy (Persia, Greece, Rumania and Servia, Switzerland and Spain), Hill (Germany), W. H. Page (England), T. N. Page (Italy), Penfield (Austria), Porter (France), Van Dyke (Holland), White (Germany) and Straus (Turkey). Of ambassadors to the United States, Lord Bryce and Monsieur Jusserand are also members of the Club.

Of these, Messrs. Gerard, Hardy, Hill, Straus and Van Dyke happening to be at home, their fellow-members of the Club gave them a dinner on Thursday, November 1st, Professor Giddings presiding.

The speeches began with the usual after dinner persiflage and perhaps a touch of diplomatic reticence, but the tone soon changed and they expressed much thought and experience regarding the attitude on the present great questions of the countries where the diplomats had served; and they were expressed as they could have been only to a very exceptionally stimulating audience. It would hardly be extravagant to call the occasion a historic one. But the speeches were very inadequately reported in the daily press, and on account of lateness, some of them were not reported at all. In consequence many of those present have thought that they should be preserved and disseminated, and we have secured the privilege of presenting them to our readers. For obvious reasons we forego our rule of contributors' anonymity until the next number.

While preparing the speeches for the press, the authors have been invited to modify them freely with reference to subsequent reflections or events. [Editor.]

THE HONORABLE JAMES W. GERARD

Lately Ambassador to Germany

I FEEL very much complimented at being asked to join an authors' gathering, to sit at the same table with a man like Oscar Straus who thirty years ago set that high mark in American diplomacy which all of

us subsequent diplomats have striven to attain; to meet Mr. Hardy, our skillful former Minister at Athens; and Dr. Hill whom I see for the first time and who made such a great reputation in the country where we both represented the United States. I am sure that if Dr. Hill had had the fortune or misfortune to represent America in Germany during the war, our country would have been represented far more ably than lay within my power; and Dr. Van Dyke, who during these troublous years occupied the position of a kind neighbor across the border in Holland, where he acted in the center of the storm as the means of exchange between all the warring countries, I am doubly grateful to, because he saved me from cold, and even possible extreme humiliation, by rescuing my trousers from the embargo which had been, for some reason, placed upon them by Ambassador Page in London.

To paraphrase a popular song, "I am not a regular author, I am only a volunteer," one who has made a short and rapid incursion into your field. But I am glad to be among you, having always admired the solidarity of authors, a solidarity as strong as that of the I. W. W., and having always admired the skill with which authors scratch each others' backs and praise each others' books and advertise each others' work, a custom which, I regret, as a member of the bar about again to take up the stern practice of law, has never extended to lawyers. You never hear of two lawyers meeting and of one saying to the other: "That was a beautiful injunction you filed this morning." Nor has any leader of the bar sat down at his desk to write an appreciation of the equity pleadings of Lemuel Q. Snooks!

By means of this solidarity of authors you had even succeeded in buffaloeing the plain people to such an extent that questions were asked in newspapers as to why a lawyer should be appointed to an important diplomatic post instead of some author. You had almost gotten the

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business men of the country to a point where a man about to draw an important contract involving his whole business future would tell his secretary, instead of sending for a lawyer, to call in the nearest poet.

In Germany a diplomat is supposed only to meet the people "fit for court," and for some reason or other, authors are not in this category, and therefore, such authors as I met in Germany I had to go out like the biblical personage, and search for in the highways and byways. The only two with whom I became at all intimate were the fearless Maximilian Harden and the German Emperor, who has written several pieces with his mailed fist about his mailed fist.

THE HONORABLE ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

*Lately Minister to Persia, Greece, Rumania and Servia,
Switzerland and Spain*

FOR three years we, as a people, have been fattening on the misery of Europe. Incidentally too, as a people, we have been suffering from the consequences of a world war, in the enhanced cost of living. We were the creators of neither of these conditions. For neither of them were we even remotely responsible. But they have been exceedingly unpleasant. For the one we have been scourged as a nation of mere money-getters, and for the other no one, so far as I am aware, has vouchsafed us any sympathy or pity. Three thousand miles from the volcano raging in Europe, we settled back on our traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs, our hearts and consciences not altogether tranquil, but our hands tied by an official neutrality.

And now we are doing what would have been inconceivable to most Americans three years ago — sending our manhood and treasure to the battlefields of Europe. What has happened in these three years to produce so momentous a change? Of the causes of the war it is not

necessary for me to speak. On the immediate causes our minds were early made up. The evidence, official, was in. That verdict is sealed.

But it was not so much the causes of the war as the manner in which it was conducted which excited our abhorrence. It was with a kind of stupor that we saw an innocent people trodden under foot by those who had pledged the national honor to protect them, that we heard enunciated a principle against which man has been striving ever since he lived with the cave bear — that might makes right. With the rape of Belgium, the wanton murder without warning of women and children pursuing peaceful errands on the high seas, the massacre of the Armenians, the random dropping of bombs on unprotected and undefended civilian areas, the use of such weapons as liquid fire and poisonous gas, the deportation of whole communities, we seemed to be losing the gain of centuries, and to be reverting to a primitive warfare of barbarism, when cities were put to the sword and peoples carried away in captivity.

I say we saw this recrudescence of barbarism with stupor. Is it too much to say this stupor was founded on a criminal ignorance, a criminal credulity, or incredulity, and indifference?

When in Vienna in 1913 I met a distinguished Balkan diplomat, and the conversation turned upon our representation abroad. He paid our diplomatic service its well-deserved compliment as composed in general of men who, while sometimes guilty of lapses in diplomatic etiquette or social conventions, had been notable for sound judgment, good sense, adaptability — men equal to emergencies. "But," he added, "it is astonishing how little they know of what is going on in the chancelleries of Europe." Of how much wider an application is this indictment susceptible! When the Kaiser, in addressing the troops leaving for China, adjured them so to act that the word German, like that of Hun, should be an ever-

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lasting terror, he laid down precisely the principle on which his armies were to devastate, and have devastated, Europe. We thought it a bit of vain-glorious boasting — rhetoric! Every act which has characterized the invasion of Belgium and the retreat from France, either implicitly or specifically, is prescribed and provided for in the Prussian military manuals. Who, but the expert, reads them? Every boast of the superiority of the German people and their Kultur is found in the Prussian textbooks by which, since 1870, German children have been trained with the same care and minute supervision that the Roman Church gives its children. It earned from us only an amused smile.

Sometime before the war, there appeared in an English review an article descriptive of the strategic railways abutting on the Belgian frontier, with their miles of sidings and terminal facilities wholly disproportioned to the local needs. Yet France, trusting to a scrap of paper, went on concentrating her energies on the defense of her eastern Verdun-Toul line.

In 1901 I occupied on Lake Geneva the house of an English officer, formerly military attaché in Berlin. He filled my, I must confess, somewhat incredulous ears with accounts of German plans, preparations, secret service and propaganda; and it is not too much to say that his health was broken down largely through the refusal of the home authorities to credit his warnings. Treitschke and Bernhardt were in the bookstalls before 1914. Who read them? How many of our public men, steeped in provincialism, realized not only what was going on in the chancelleries of Europe, but that a systematic plan for world dominion was being carefully prepared and matured, and that our own fate was enmeshed in this world ambition? How many realized, for example, that in digging the Panama Canal we crossed the boundary of international politics, and were to sit at the gate of a world's commerce and customs, as England sits at Suez,

facing the world problems of the Pacific and the Southern continent? O yes! there were a few prophets, like Roberts, crying in the wilderness. But who heeded them? It has been said that the pages of history may be searched in vain for a national patience equal to ours. For patience, read ignorance, credulity, incredulity, indifference.

Are we even now really alive to the situation confronting us? It is all very well to be indignant on learning that our neighbors of Japan and Mexico have been officially invited to attack us. It is well to be indignant when the German Chancellor tells us that the solemn promise given at the time of the sinking of the *Sussex* was made "not to be kept" — because they were not ready! and that *now*, on February 1st, they being ready, no right of the free sea would henceforth be respected! It is well to be indignant when we discover that our official guests, enjoying our hospitality, were abusing diplomatic immunity to plot our ruin. But for none of these things primarily have we entered upon this war. We have not drawn the sword because we have lost patience, because we have been insulted, not primarily even because the Republic is in danger; but because the principles on which it rests are threatened, because all the resources of science and industry have been put to the service of gods we will not worship, because the issue has been finally joined between right and might, between democracy and autocracy.

In the fall of 1913 I had an illuminating conversation with an Austrian diplomat. He explained to me with great detail the extent and insidious character of the Serbian propaganda, and its peril for the Dual Monarchy, and prophesied that heroic measures were imperative.

"You mean war?" I asked.

"Possibly."

"But that means Russia. You can hardly expect Russia to be as complaisant now, in the crushing of Serbia,

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as she was when, prostrate after the Japanese war, you gobbled up Bosnia and Herzegovina."

"No, *but we shall not be alone.*"

Everyone present here hopes to live to see the righteous end of this conflict. But if this fate should not be mine, nevertheless I am content — content to know that this nation has earned the right to sit at that conference which more than any other will determine the world's future, earned it by the right of blood and treasure spent, to say with the voice of its hundred millions that certain principles advanced by the Central Powers shall not be incorporated into the body of public law, that certain things which have been done in these three years of blood and iron shall never be done again, that, in the words of our great martyr, a government for and by the people — small peoples as well as great — however yet imperfectly realized, shall not perish from the earth.

THE HONORABLE DAVID JAYNE HILL

Lately Ambassador to Germany

I HAVE made a long pilgrimage to-day for the privilege of being with this goodly fellowship to-night and greeting the honored guest, our recent Ambassador to the German Imperial Court. Although this is our first meeting, I can hardly regard him as a new acquaintance, for I have felt that I already knew him through his work and through his recently published book of memories, memories which revive so many of my own.

Let me first of all take occasion to express to you, Mr. Ambassador, my appreciation of your firm American spirit in upholding the honor of our country under circumstances of an extraordinary nature. It must have been very trying to your patience when, as you report, on October twenty-second, 1915, His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor said to you, after we had borne without action the wanton destruction of the lives of

American men, women, and children innocently pursuing their journeys on the high seas in accordance with their undisputed rights: "I shall stand no nonsense from America after this war. After this war America would better look out."

From that moment, Sir, you must have felt it extremely difficult to maintain even the appearance of friendly relations with a government that had in such language virtually declared a future war upon the United States, for the defense of our rights was the "nonsense" the Emperor had in mind. It was a triumph of self-possession on your part not to accept the challenge until you had reported this utterance to your Government, as you no doubt did. Perhaps you felt that it was merely an unguarded expression; but, whatever may be thought on this point, it was a clear revelation of what your country would have to meet when the opportunity for realizing this menace should be considered favorable. At all events, it was a lesson in diplomacy, as diplomacy is understood in Germany, which you did not fail to remember when, as you report, the German Secretary for Foreign Affairs reminded you that your country was wholly unprepared to defend the rights of our people, and added an insult to all men of German origin in America by stating that there were five hundred thousand German reservists in the United States who would see to it that our Government should not defend those rights. Your reply that there were also more than five hundred thousand lamp-posts in the country, without intimating to what use they might be put, had the double advantage of being an appreciation of diplomatic refinement, which the German had not shown, expressed in language which could be plainly understood by him.

The marvel to many of our countrymen is that a modern sovereign could speak to the representative of a friendly nation in the tone in which the Emperor spoke to you. Whence this arrogant spirit of intimidation?

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The explanation of it suggests a little reflection upon the historical development of the Prussian monarchy.

Until Bismarck created the German Empire "Germany" was merely a geographic expression. Broken up into small kingdoms and principalities, the German people were divided into hostile groups and the prey of constant foreign intervention. War had created Prussia, the most powerful of the German States, and war under Prussian guidance created the Empire. As Prince von Bülow has assured us, it was not the political genius of the German people but their fighting qualities that procured German unity, and it was inspired not by a common affinity but by a common hostility. The rivalry of the separate States was transformed into German rivalry with the rest of the world. Its motto became *Deutschland über Alles*.

The philosophy of the State and the philosophy of history as understood and taught in Germany conspired to promote this ambition. To the German the State is power and knows no limit but resistance. The development of Europe as well as of the Empire proves to the German mind in the concrete what the conception of the State embodies in the abstract. Sovereignty, as an historical concept, means absolute and supreme power. It does not spring from the nature of the citizen, it is imposed by the will of the conqueror. Nations are formed by the impact of superior force. The people go with the land, and whoever can possess the land becomes the master of its inhabitants. The right of conquest is, therefore, the basis of national expansion. *Deutschland über Alles* means that everything will become German when Germans can by superior force reduce it to their possession.

While other nations have been elaborating a juristic conception of the State founded on the inherent dignity and consequent rights of human personality, and therefore possessing only limited sovereignty, representative

government, and national responsibility, with international obligations and the repudiation of the alleged right of conquest as necessary corollaries, German thought has continued to be governed by the conceptions which the rest of the world has been striving to abolish.

“Why do you not give to Alsace-Lorraine an autonomous constitution, recognize the right of the inhabitants to complete local self-government, and thus attach them to the German Empire, instead of keeping them in a state of perpetual discontent and revolt?” I once asked an eminent German statesman. With a look of astonishment and a stern countenance, he replied: “*Aber wir haben die erobert.*” Conquered they had been, conquered they must remain, and they must forever be made to think of themselves as a subjugated people!

Believing in the Empire, as the German people do, because it has brought them economic prosperity, they have been converted to Prussianism and look to it to secure to them further advantages. Confident in the invincibility of the German army, and regarding with pride the new navy, the business world of Germany has looked to them not only for protection, which is legitimate, but for the conquest of new territory and the acquisition of new markets. The result has been an alliance of the economic forces of Germany with the military forces of the Empire for world dominion. Coming late into the field of colonial and commercial expansion, the German people have looked to their government to acquire for them a place in the world which they have never yet possessed and the Imperial Government has found them plastic to its touch for every form of national organization, industrial, commercial, and financial as well as military; and all organization in Germany is based upon the military type of direction from above.

No one could live in Germany during the last decade without being aware that the nation was dreaming of territorial and commercial expansion to be acquired

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through the army and navy, and the dreamer did not always abstain from talking in his sleep in tones that were distinctly audible. Of all this the busy world outside knew nothing, and until it was demonstrated by indubitable evidence it seemed to most men incredible that such dreams of conquest could exist in the modern world. It was not until citations of purpose and opinion that could have been made public much earlier had there been any general interest in them were suddenly but tardily flooded upon the attention of other nations that the world came to understand that here was a nation utterly devoid of international conscience, resolutely organized for predatory adventure, a moral anachronism among civilized peoples, and pledged to the desperate alternative of world-power or downfall.

Undoubtedly, there were already in the possession of all, long before the present war, indications that the German Empire had ulterior designs and even of the use that might be made of them. Resistance at The Hague to even the preliminary discussion of the proposal to limit military and naval armaments, opposition to international arbitration as a pacific means of settling international disputes, the refusal to enter into such an engagement even with the United States, which presented no military menace to Germany, the effort by unusual means to retain for the Empire the allegiance of Germans resident in the United States, even to the extent of retaining it after naturalization, — all these are now seen in a new light when their real significance is better understood. It would be interesting to recount in detail the efforts of the Imperial Government to create a German constituency in the United States, without ever committing itself to an amicable settlement of disputes that might eventually arise, beginning with the visit of the Kaiser's charming brother, Prince Henry, for the purpose of effacing the unpleasant memories of Manila Bay and reviving German sympathies in the hearts of the German

clubs and associations generally, and concluding with the latest efforts to win proselytes to Germanism by the decoration of American scholarship in the persons of our exchange professors. Pleasant as all these amenities may be for those who take an interest in them, such testimonials of professed amity, when considered in the light of the consideration shown to the lives of our fellow-citizens, reveal the true nature of the friendship in which we trusted. Something different might well have been expected from the hand of a friend.

There was, it may be said, at least no discrimination in the treatment of Americans. They were as gently dealt with in the war zone as other neutral non-combatants, and the whole of the ocean in Germany's interest had to be made a war zone. The will to power, it must be admitted, knows no difference between friend and foe. And this is the deep monstrosity of the will to power, that it refuses to be restrained either by law or friendship. To keep other nations subservient in peace and neutral in war, — this is the function of national friendship as national friendship is understood by the imperial mind. Running through all these *rapprochements* was the dream of world-power, to which every pretense of friendship was finally to be sacrificed.

There has been no assertion on the part of Germany that the United States has violated any provision of international law or repudiated any established international usage. On the contrary, the only accusation against our Government is that it insisted upon obedience to undisputed law. When the choice had to be made between the conduct of those who were inflicting the irreparable destruction of innocent life and those who were merely suspending the rights of property, our Government could not hesitate regarding a decision. Assassination at sea was an offense in no way comparable with interference with commerce, yet we were invited to purchase a doubtful immunity from murder by going to war with belliger-

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ents who were engaged in trying to isolate the murderer in order to prevent his assaults.

It is not to be expected that this statement of the case will convince those who claim the right of universal domination on account of their inherent superiority. To them the attitude of America is simply "nonsense," to be dealt with "after the war." This was confided to our Ambassador by the Allhighest himself while we were still disposed to peace and striving in every legal and proper way to secure it through diplomatic agencies, and while the Allhighest was at the same time employing his Ambassador at Washington in the secret task of destroying our legitimate industries, dividing our people, and through organizations subsidized with German money attempting to influence the Congress of the United States.

With this and other revelations of even more sinister intentions, the period of "nonsense" in our relations with Germany passed away, and with it, I hope, the prospect of any "nonsense after the war." We have at last comprehended what it is with which we have to contend. The attitude of the German people must be altered or there will be no "after the war." After the war the German nation, which possesses so many admirable attributes, will realize that opposition to the spirit of conquest is a principle to be reckoned with, and that the seat of authority among nations is not to be found in the military force of one people. The German people, like every other people, must accustom themselves to the right of each nation to control its own destiny, and to the obligation of each nation to respect the law of nations, which does not proceed from the will of a personal sovereign but is deduced from the rights of men as constituents of the State.

This will be a radical change of attitude. When the German army, which is the embodiment of the Emperor's will, encountered resistance in Belgium, the battlecry became, "*Gott strafe Belgien.*" When England held to the treaty obligations which Prussia had violated, it be-

came, "*Gott strafe England.*" Now that America, at first contemned, then injured, then insulted, and finally challenged to defend the rights of its citizens, finally severed diplomatic relations with the Imperial Government, the cry became, "*Gott strafe Amerika.*"

There is no peace possible on this earth while this perpetual invocation of Thor and the swing of his hammer endures. One of the greatest of living German historians has declared that internationalism is at an end. The world having objected to the domination of the German will, which, he assumes, has the right to rule because it is strong, there is nothing left but to conquer the world, if not in this war then in a future one.

The one certainty that looms up in the turmoil and confusion of this war, which has brought so many surprises, is that this attitude cannot endure. However long the conflict lasts, it cannot end in the destruction of internationalism or in the domination of the military force of Germany. The postulates that underlie the German conception of world-power are baseless. The whole German theory of the State is erroneous. The battle now is not for territories alone. It has become a war for principles, and the principles of imperialism are indefensible. There is no philosophical basis for absolute and unlimited sovereignty, or for the right of conquest. They are survivals from an age that has ceased to be. A prosperous, a contented, and a secure Germany can never be built on these foundations. World intercourse is vastly more valuable than world power. What the nations can freely give to Germany in exchange for what Germany can give to them will far outweigh what military force can ever acquire for the German people. For centuries tribal hostility kept the Germans divided. A new hostility has animated the larger tribal spirit generated by the formation of the Empire. But both tribalism and hostility are the weaknesses, not the strength, of a modern nation. The war is proving it in the futility of

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Germany's ambitions and the sense of unity that is developing between the Powers whose opposition her ambition has evoked.

How long this demonstration will endure I shall not presume to predict. But, no matter how much time may be required, personally, when I contemplate the objects for which we are now contending, — the right of nations to control their own destinies, their immunity from conquest by military superiority while pursuing a lawful existence, and their rightful enjoyment of safety on the high seas, — I would rather die, and go down to the grave with the hope still alive that these aspirations may sometime be crowned with victory, than to survive the calamity of their final defeat.

THE HONORABLE OSCAR S. STRAUS

Lately Ambassador to Turkey

FOR the past three decades and more, while our Allies and we were preparing to lay the foundations for a durable peace, Germany was perfecting her social and economic fabric and her military machinery for war. When her military officials gathered together, their dominant thought was when war would begin, and they hailed each other with the salutation "Der Tag" (the day), when they might find, not the occasion, but the excuse and most favorable opportunity to betray the world's trust, and to begin war.

As a proof of Germany's design we need only go back to the two Hague conferences of 1899 and 1907, where the representatives of our country, of Great Britain, France, and the other nations who are now our Allies, were practically united in the effort to substitute for the arbitrament of war, compulsory arbitration and an international court for the adjustment of international differences. The opposition of the Kaiser was mainly the cause which prevented the consummation. Andrew D. White, Chair-

man of our delegation, reported that: "The German Emperor is determined to oppose the whole scheme of arbitration, and will have nothing to do with any plan for a regular tribunal, whether as given in the British or in the American scheme — there are also signs that the German Emperor is influencing the minds of his allies — leading them to oppose it." He adds: "Curiously enough, in spite of this, Count Nigra, head of the Italian delegation, made a vigorous speech — urging that the plan be perfected." This is noteworthy. Mr. White adds: "I decided to cable our State Department informing them fully as to this change in the condition of affairs."

Prussian *Kultur*, with its exaltation of force, which has no regard for humanity, and which has sacrificed liberty for discipline, has been balked; and the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg diabolical aspirations have failed. Together with her Allies, America will continue to prepare for a durable peace until, in the language of former President Taft, we "conquer peace."

The defeat of Prussianism, whether brought about from within or without, will of itself not be sufficient. Out of that defeat must come a constructive arrangement, a moral change in international relations, which will have behind it an adequate power to safeguard the future liberty and peace of nations. In planning international reconstruction, like wise builders we must anchor our foundations on the solid rock of international good faith; otherwise the colossal sacrifices of lives and treasures our Allies have made in the past three years, and which from now on we will share with them to the fullest, will have been made in vain. Therefore no subject can be more weighty and worthy of patriotic consideration than the wisest method and securest plan for such a reconstruction as will promote the development of democracy, and safeguard the liberties of mankind.

To do this we, together with our gallant Allies, must dethrone the German system which militates against

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the most precious gains of civilization, and which unless dethroned would give a world "*Deutschland über alles*" or a rebarbarized international anarchy.

Germany, in her exaltation of military power under the guidance of a false philosophy, lost sight of the moral motives that control other governments and other peoples. The Emperor of Germany, with a perverted piety, has boastfully claimed that he is responsible to no one but God — not the God of Nations, but his little Hohenzollern god, which he is serving by breaking every law, human and Divine. He has boldly stated: "I take my authority from God, and from nobody else; I am responsible to Him and to Him alone." Unless the German people will enthrone a more righteous God, this war will have to go on until we enthrone a more righteous God for them, and replace the Divine Right of Kings by the Divine Right of the People. Along this avenue have marched the majestic forces of Civilization, from the fall of Nero to the rise of Washington.

This war and the mighty forces that are arrayed in it — the peace and liberty-loving Allies on the one side, and the military dynasties of Germany, Austria and Turkey on the other — make clear that a righteous peace can not be secured unless through a dominant victory for the principles at stake, fortified by an adequate force sufficiently powerful to guard the future from a like assault against the trust of civilization.

We have not entered this war for conquest or for commerce; we have not entered it to protect us from a threatened invasion of our soil, but to *safeguard our national soul*. We have not entered it in a spirit of revenge or hatred for any people, but in a spirit of *humanity*, so that we may hand down to our children's children the blessings of liberty for which the Fathers of our Republic sacrificed their treasures and their blood, and for which we their descendants and heritors will show ourselves worthy by making every sacrifice of money and men upon the sacred

altars of liberty. In this spirit, to use the President's phrase, we enter into "a partnership of democratic nations — a concert of free people — as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, to make the world itself at last free."

THE HONORABLE HENRY VAN DYKE

Lately Ambassador to Holland

Now that we have been forced into this war by the Imperial German menaces and attacks, the great duty for all of us is to realize fully what we have at stake, and to spare no effort to win the real victory for our righteous cause. We are fighting for liberty and the life of our country, just as really as we did in the Revolution or in the Civil War. Free speech is precious. But there is one thing much more precious, and that is the preservation of the free life of our republic. Any inhabitant of this country who puts destructive material into the machinery of the ships which are carrying our brave boys across the ocean to serve under our flag, is a constructive murderer and a traitor. He should face a traitor's trial and a traitor's doom. Shooting would be too good for him. If convicted he should be hung without delay. The same thing is true of every man who puts destructive material into the minds of our American citizens, urging them to be disloyal or recalcitrant, persuading them to evade or to resist the call which our country has made for the service of all its people in the defence of its rights and its honor. These men, whether they are candidates for the mayoralty or any other office, or merely irresponsible emitters of hot air, are in fact trying to obstruct and impede the action of the Ship of State. They are imperilling the unity, the welfare, the success of our country in this great struggle which has been forced upon her by Germany. Let them reckon with their own conscience in the sight of God for their private thoughts

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and feelings. But if they speak treason, or act treason, or incite others to treason, they also must face a traitor's trial and a traitor's doom. Upon conviction, shooting would be too honorable a punishment to inflict upon such criminals. When proved guilty, it seems to me, they should be promptly hung. For while they go at large and continue their nefarious work, they imperil the lives of thousands of loyal citizens and the safety of the republic.

I have really no speech to make to you tonight, gentlemen, except that which is contained and embodied in this bit of bronze, — a hideous medal struck in Germany to commemorate the unlawful and cruel sinking of the steamship *Lusitania*. You know the story of that crime. On the 7th of May, 1915, this great passenger vessel, unarmed, and crowded with human beings, going their lawful errands upon the sea, was torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Ireland by a German submarine. More than a thousand human beings lost their lives in consequence of this atrocious misdeed. Among them were one hundred and fourteen innocent and helpless American men, women and children. They were drowned without pity,

“Butchered to make a [German] holiday.”

The holiday was celebrated certainly in Prussia, and perhaps in other parts of the German Empire. The schools were let out in order that the little German children might make merry over the death of the American children. The soldiers in the reserve camps had leave of absence to join in the jubilation. The streets were full of flags, and the air resounded with cheering and singing. A German pastor in a series of discourses on the Sermon on the Mount, said: “Whoever cannot bring himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the *Lusitania*, him we judge to be no true German.” (*Deutsche Reden In Schwerer Zeit*, No. 24, p. 7). To crown all a medal was struck to commemorate this glorious achievement of a German U boat. This is one of the original medals. On

one side it shows a ticket office with Death at the window giving out tickets to the innocent passengers. On the other side it shows the great ship going down stern foremost into the sea (as a matter of fact she sank bow first) and underneath is the inscription, "Big passenger liner *Lusitania*, sunk by German U boat, 5th of May, 1915." Why this discrepancy in dates? Because the 5th of May, according to the Potsdam time table, was the date appointed for the crime. But the *Lusitania* was detained for two days in New York, and so the assassination could not be carried out until the 7th. But the medals were already prepared with the earlier date on them, and thus the fact that the crime was premeditated and committed with malice aforethought and prepense, is immortalized in bronze. It is a beastly, ugly medal, a characteristic work of modern German art. But I keep it as a memento, "lest I forget."

In my honest judgment it is impossible for decent people in the sight of the righteous God, to talk peace or make peace with the criminals who instigated, plotted and ordered this crime, and who rewarded its principal perpetrator, the captain of the U boat, with the highest German decoration, until they have been brought to repentance and have renounced their evil deeds and made reparation for them.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE AND WORLD PEACE

WORLD peace will not be attained before we have won this war and this war will not be won before we have attained industrial peace.

“If, during the first six months of the war, England had experienced an eighth of the strikes and labor disturbances which have taken place during the same period in the United States, she would have been forced to a disgraceful peace.” That is in substance the repeated public statement of a member of the English Munitions Mission, and Sir Stephenson Kent, Chairman of that Mission, declares that victory or defeat may hang upon America’s solution of the labor question. The promise of harmony between labor and capital, which seemed so bright in the early spring, has not been fulfilled; misunderstanding and internal strife are imperilling our national purposes.

At the outset of the war, the Labor Committee of the Council of National Defense, of which Mr. Gompers is Chairman, announced that “neither employers nor employees shall endeavor to take advantage of the country’s necessities to change existing standards.” This has been reaffirmed in various forms and is frequently called the pledge of *status quo ante*. The Secretary of Labor later made it clear at a conference with labor representatives “that for the time being no stoppage of work should take place for the purpose of forcing recognition of the union.” Neither side was to attempt to obtain conditions which they were unable to secure during normal times except in so far as increased cost of living required wage adjustments. Open shops were not to be unionized and closed shops were not to be made open. In the face of these pledges it was contrary to all expectation to encounter a state of industrial strife which prevents the furnishing of war supplies and equipment with the speed which the emergency requires.

The explanation of this condition is not far to seek. After an industrial truce was pledged, and our war activities began, a great light burst upon us all and we saw more clearly than ever before that the reconstruction of Europe meant the possible recasting of our own industrial institutions with more democratic control. The American Federation of Labor now speaks a different language; it opposes stagnation and declares the forces of human progress shall not be blocked. The delegates to the Buffalo Convention are summoned by inspiring words to perform a great responsibility. "Under the burning heat of necessity, civilization is now in a fluid state. . . . This is a time when the impossible is achieved. It is a time when there is no check on audacity of aspiration. Such a time is fraught with untold possibilities for good or evil. . . . Upon the delegates to the Buffalo Convention devolves the duty of proving themselves masters of their opportunities and able to take advantage of the leadership within their grasp. It is idle to talk of returning to the *status quo ante*—the America and the world of before the war have gone never to return." And again: "That group which has the most intelligent self interest will control developments." These are not the words of the "standpatter" or of those who are oblivious to class interest in the hour of national peril; these are the words of the eager opportunist and, if examined too closely, are irreconcilable with Labor's earlier pledge.

This changed psychology explains the special drive which organized labor is making to strengthen its hold on industry. Early in the spring, the absence of strikes was in marked contrast with the industrial disturbances of the spring and summer of 1916, but as the real significance of our industrial metamorphosis dawned upon the consciousness of organized labor, the state of comparative industrial quiet gave way to one of the worst periods of industrial disturbances which the country has ever known. About 2,000 strikes have taken place since we entered the

war, and a very important part of these were called on government work to force union principles contrary to labor's specific pledge. Government construction and the production of war supplies have been repeatedly interrupted by strikes for the closed shop, and as I write, sympathetic strikes of thousands of satisfied workmen have been ordered in shipbuilding and arsenal work to force some other contractor, whom they could not reach directly, to unionize. The labor leaders openly announced that this work could not go on until the government forced all such contractors to operate on a closed shop basis. Amid the plaudits of the nation, the union leaders at the Buffalo Convention of the American Federation of Labor called off these strikes pending negotiations at Washington, but there was no acknowledgment of the wrongfulness of such disturbances in time of war. Likewise the railroad unions again opposing arbitration, threaten to paralyze the commerce of the nation and nothing but the suggestion of government interference, a thing abhorred by unionists, seems likely to avert the disaster. Ever since we entered the war instead of enjoying a period of comparative industrial peace and national unity, in order more effectively to defend this country against a world peril, we have been in the throes of industrial strife.

It was inevitable, under the strain of war, that the weakest point in the body politic should become manifest. Like the proverbial chain and its weakest link, the ability of the state to carry out such a national purpose as war will depend on the strength of the weakest part of its organism. Already this weakness has lengthened the war and rolled up a bill which must be paid. How can we longer hesitate adequately to provide for the difficulty? Some constructive plan for the elimination of strikes which threaten a national calamity, is the vital question of national and military necessity. Obviously the search for such a plan involves an examination of the methods

whereby Great Britain met similar emergencies, and of the attitude of employers and employees in this country toward them. The American Federation of Labor having particularly invited a British Labor Mission to visit this country and offer suggestions, should look with receptive mood on the action approved by English unions.

In England, organized labor had reached a position of greater power, both politically and economically, than in this country and was able, if it had been unpatriotic enough to exact a severe toll from society as the price of coöperation essential in the fateful hour of national peril. The important industries of Great Britain were 95% organized, while in this country 90% are open shop. In Great Britain every twelfth person was a member of the union, while in the United States union ranks included only every thirty-fifth person. In Great Britain the forbearance of this powerful but united group which could easily have forced a dishonorable peace, is one of the admirable things of the war and shows the faith which the workers still have in their government and democracy.

When the British government really understood the dependence of military success upon industrial activities, the Chancellor entered into conferences with organized labor in full recognition of the fact that the national purposes could not be realized unless the coöperation of labor was secured through some agreement. The restrictions which organized labor through its closed shop control had gradually thrown about the use of improved machinery, the employment of non-union, female or unskilled labor, and the maximum output of each employee, as well as the repeated interruption due to industrial conflicts, made it essential that some understanding should be reached between the government and labor as to the reconstruction of industry. Unless closed shop restrictions were abandoned the war could not be won. Conferences were therefore held between representatives of the unions and the government acting like independent treaty-making

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powers, and resulted in the famous Treasury Agreement of March, 1915, which prohibited all stoppage of work and established compulsory arbitration in the production of war supplies. Individual disputes were to be adjusted by the firm with a deputation from the workmen, and if unable to compose their differences, they were to arbitrate. "An advisory committee representative of the organized workers engaged in production for government requirements" was to be appointed by the government to facilitate the carrying out of the agreement. But perhaps more important than all this was the unions' recognition of the fact that "during the war period the relaxation of the present trade practices is imperative" and the agreement of its representatives that each union be recommended to make such changes in its trade customs as may be necessary to accelerate production. The unions themselves admitted that the closed shop must go. But as a condition of this abandonment of trade restrictions, it was agreed that the government should require each employer to undertake that any departure from the ruling practices should be only for the period of the war, and that "no change in practice made during the war should be allowed to prejudice the position of the work people" or their trade unions in regard to their "resumption and maintenance after the war." "A record of the nature of departure" from the prevailing conditions was to be kept, and whenever possible, the workmen and their representatives were to be consulted before changes were introduced. Where semi-skilled help was introduced for work theretofore performed by skilled workers, the usual rates were to be paid. Then, as if the vision of all parties had failed and as if they had entertained the idea that conditions could be the same after the war, the agreement closed by saying: "Nothing in this undertaking is to prejudice the position of employers and employees after the war." Just how far this pledge of post-war restoration was necessary, will remain undetermined, for there are those who feel that

prompt action by the government in limiting employers' profits, would have dissipated the workers' suspicions of profiteering, and substituted a spirit of patriotic coöperation, without further stipulations. They were willing to serve their country, but not willing to swell the profits of employers. In England and the United States everything points to the assertion that a curtailment of employers' profits is the first essential of a war program for industrial peace.

This treasury agreement in England was immediately followed by vigorous governmental action. The Munitions of War act of July, 1915, embodied the agreement and provided that any difference between employers and employees which could not be settled by the parties, should be left to the Board of Trade. This Board may use any suitable means of settlement which already existed by agreement between the parties, but if such means of settlement are unduly delayed or do not seem expedient, it shall refer the issues for arbitration. The awards of the Board or arbitrators are binding on the parties, strikes and lockouts being forbidden, and any employer or workman acting in contravention is guilty of an offense. A man may be sentenced to life imprisonment for inciting a strike.

The Act applies to factories engaged in the manufacture of war equipment, and any other factories where His Majesty, by proclamation, finds that the existence of some dispute is indirectly prejudicial to the supply of munitions. In such establishments any excess of net profits above a specified amount is paid into the government exchequer and any change in the wages of workmen or the salary of those "engaged in the management or direction of the establishment" must be submitted to the Ministry of Munitions for his consent. All practices or customs tending to restrict production or the employment of any special class of persons are declared suspended, and any person who attempts to induce anyone to comply with any such rule is guilty of an offense. Even the right of

workers to go from one job to another is restricted, first under the Defense of the Realm act, and later under the Munitions Act. Under the latter act, a person who has been employed in a controlled establishment within six weeks shall not be given employment by anyone else unless he receives a certificate of consent, or clearance card, from such former employer or from the Ministry if the employer wrongfully withholds it. Both employer and employees are required by law to comply with *any regulations* of the Ministry of Munitions with a view to attaining and maintaining a proper standard of efficiency.

In all controlled establishments it is further required that all employees "shall attend regularly and work diligently"; that they shall not bring in intoxicating liquors or be drunk in the factory or disobey lawful orders.

Now when you come to enforce such rules by legal penalties, the results are startling. A man arrives late or loafs and he is tried, convicted, and fined; another man refuses to operate a certain machine on the ground that it is dangerous, and meets with a like fate; men are fined and jailed for striking. That is the extraordinary position in which England has placed some five thousand establishments where they are in these matters directed by a ministry of munitions with some ten thousand departmental employees.

In considering the application of similar remedies in this country, the purposes and principles of organized labor as developed prior to our entrance into the war, and the attitude of government toward them, must be borne in mind. We had witnessed statutes seeking the compulsory socialization of capital by restricting the use of its combined economic power, but side by side with this tendency there had developed anti-social demands and practices on the part of organized labor, with an ever increasing fear and hostility toward the idea of government regulation. Labor rejected the idea of the compul-

sory socialization of unions and demanded that in its economic activities the government adopt a policy of "hands off"; it declared for the unlimited right to strike and boycott, whether in private industry or on public utility, in times of peace or times of war, regardless of injury to private interests or public welfare. Not that it was unfair enough to believe such weapons were always justified, but the principle of voluntariness upon which it relied required that any social safeguards against such abuses must depend solely on its own moral restraint and forbearance. It preferred, as Mr. Gompers said of the threatened railroad strike of 1916, to entrust its interests to the test of its economic power rather than to any neutral agency of government. It sought the very opposite of socialism.

The principle of voluntariness is not compulsory socialization as the state applies it to capital, and it remains the great problem of this and other governments to determine how far the supremacy of the state and the sovereignty of law may be preserved in dealing with the labor problem. If during the war the government intervenes, as it has in England, it is probable that in the fluid state of our institutions and the tendency toward regulation, it will never entirely withdraw and revert to a state of unregulated economic warfare; if the pressure of national exigencies cannot force such a move at the present time, it will scarcely come for at least an indefinite future. Organized labor has the vision to see this and, true to its confidence in the success of economic militancy, much as it desires to serve its country, halts at such a plunge.

Even prior to the war employers as a whole were far more receptive than the unions to suggestions of state interference. When the threatened railroad strikes of 1916 seemed about to paralyze transportation the managers were ready for arbitration and would have welcomed any legislation which looked to the regulation of the conditions of employment by a disinterested government tribunal.

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The railroad unions, supported by the American Federation of Labor, opposed any plan which substituted either voluntary or compulsory arbitration for the economic power of the strike and were prepared to carry out their anti-social threats unless substantial concessions were made. Any legislation which would serve to establish law and reason as against such pitiless economic force was resisted. Even the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, which merely forbids strikes and lockouts on public utilities, pending investigation, as well as the Colorado Act which is modeled along similar lines, are fiercely denounced. It was probably because of this attitude that the three labor members of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission declined to unite in the recommendation of the three representatives of employers, in favor of compulsory investigation of pending disputes on public utilities.

It was in 1915 that the American Federation of Labor rapidly crystallized its views on this subject, and it has ever since feared and opposed attempts to regulate its activities. Laws limiting the right to strike even on railroads, will not be obeyed, says Mr. Gompers. In November, 1916, when offended by a Massachusetts decision which declared an anti-injunction law unconstitutional, the American Federation of Labor in convention passed a resolution which in substance provided that even if the legislatures did not amend the laws or the people did not see fit to remedy the situation by amending the constitution, injunctions issued in labor cases should be defied. These incidents, mentioned in an earlier number of this Review, marked the eve of our break with Germany and illustrate a state of mind which explains labor's resistance to the compulsory adjustment of industrial disputes even during the war. The conditions which led to the passage of the Adamson Act and the deliberate program of defiance announced at the 1916 convention of the Federation, presented a poor preparation for the effacement of individual or class interests which the war requires and

the action of the Federation at its November, 1917, Convention in repeating its defiance of injunctions shows a continuing tendency to "rock the boat."

But no one who really understands the patriotism of labor, despite many unfortunate and contradictory acts, is ready to believe that it will not recede from this fundamental tenet of non-interference, if it is properly led by public opinion and decisive official utterances from Washington. Think what impetus would have been given the cause of industrial arbitration for peace and war if the president, by firm words had made the most of his opportunities both at the Buffalo Convention of the Federation and in dealing with the Railroad Brotherhood Chiefs.

One difficulty is the temperament of this administration, which avoids issues until compelled to face them. The policy of "watchful waiting" represents a trait of caution manifesting itself in more directions than Mexico, and now finding expression in the treatment of the grave problems with which the industrial situation has confronted the government. It is believed that if the President fully explained the gravity of the situation, which will surely exact its toll of blood and money, and came boldly out for the compulsory adjustment of disputes during the war, the country and the majority of the workers themselves would rally to his support and strikes would be largely eliminated as they have been in England. The representatives of capital and labor should be summoned to a joint conference with the government, to agree upon a plan that should be enacted into law. Instead of pursuing such a course the government, mindful of the delicacy of the situation, has approached the problem with an indecision and tenderness which argues a great timidity, or a greater peril.

Let us turn to the record, as an outside observer sees it. The existence of extensive strikes which impeded important work so alarmed the administration that on August 9th the Council of National Defense announced

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the creation of a Labor Adjustment Commission which would settle labor disputes in private plants having government contracts. This Commission was to be composed of nine members — three representatives of employers, three representatives of labor, and three representatives of the government. It was empowered to hear and determine labor disputes in certain factories doing government work, and its awards were to be binding alike upon employers and employees. At its hearings the parties were to be represented in the presentation of their case by such persons as they might select, in accordance with rules to be laid down by the Commission. It was further provided that all government contracts should include a clause that employer and employee should abide by the decisions of the commission.

Immediately after this announcement it was reported that the plan was opposed by Mr. Gompers, who filed objections to that part which stipulated that workmen should be bound by the decisions of the Commission. It ran counter to the fundamental concept of militant unionism and presented unpleasant complications with its old enemies — non-union labor and rival unions. This opposition seems to have effectively placed a quietus on the plan and the members of the Adjustment Commission are yet to be appointed. Though months have passed since the announcement, it still remains a paper program.

The necessity for some such arrangements in shipyards throughout the country, and particularly on the Pacific Coast, became more pressing than all other considerations, and on August 25th it was announced that an agreement had been reached between the government and the labor chiefs by which disputes in shipyards where work is most necessary to national defense might be speedily adjusted without interruption. The agreement provides for an adjustment board of three — one to be appointed by the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, one by Samuel Gompers, and one by the President to

represent the public which shall deal with disputes in government shipyards. If trouble arises in privately owned plants the local labor interests and the employer are each to name a representative. If navy work is involved, the Secretary of the Navy, or his representative, may sit, and if, under these circumstances, a tie should eventuate, the Chairman of the Council of National Defense, or his representative, casts the deciding vote. The contractors in each district and the representatives of the International Labor Organizations affected or the board itself, if they fail to agree, are to select examiners, who, if they cannot make adjustment of labor disputes in a particular plant, are to report to the board.

But again when the vexed questions of compulsory arbitration or legal enforcement arise, there is the usual tenderness, even though the field was limited to shipyards as against the general commission provided for on August 9th. On this point the agreement provides that "the decisions of the board will, *in so far as this memorandum may be capable of achieving such result*, be final and binding on all parties (*italics ours*)" and at any time after six months the majority of the crafts affected may require that the issues be re-opened for adjustment. What do these strange words mean? Hitherto we had believed that an arbitration was final and binding or it was not final and binding, but an arbitration which is only final in so far as the agreement is capable of achieving such result, is a most peculiar institution.

At about the same time, an agreement having the approval of the United States Shipping Board, the Secretary of War, the International Longshoreman's Association, the Secretary of Labor, the president of the American Federation of Labor and the shipping operators, was announced to consider and adjust all disputes arising in connection with the loading and unloading of vessels at the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Ports. It provided for a national commission composed of Mr. Walter Lippman as

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representing the War Department, Mr. T. V. O'Connor, representing the International Longshoremen's Association, a representative of the shipping board and a representative of the carriers. As a last resort this Commission is a board for final arbitration.

August and September seem to have been the fateful months, and following protests against the character of shops to which army contracts for clothing were awarded, a board of control for labor standards in such matters was appointed by the Secretary of War. Its recommendations resulted in the drafting of new contract clauses providing for strict enforcement of the eight-hour law, observance of state labor laws, safeguards for sanitation, and similar matters. Most significant are the provisions that "The contractor shall enter into collective bargaining arrangements with his employees" and advise the department as to all labor disputes which are to be settled by the Secretary of War or according to his directions. Moreover the refusal of the contractor to confer with representatives of the employees "shall entitle the government at its option to cancel the agreement."

Still strikes of a serious character continued and early in September the National Industrial Conference Board, the greatest federation of employers in this country, speaking for some 18,000 manufacturers, came out for arbitration during the period of the war. It recommended to the Council of National Defense which had solicited its advice and suggestions, that a federal board be created with power to adjust labor disputes growing out of employment on war production for the government.

To such board shall be primarily referred for final settlement all major disputes of the nature suggested, with full power to create all machinery necessary to execute its functions. Its decisions must bind all parties to the dispute. It should be constituted equally of representatives of employees, employers and the government, representatives of the latter to hold the

deciding voice in the event of an equal division of opinion. It is to be further understood and agreed that there shall be no interruption of production by strike, lockout or other means within the control of the employer or employee.

The document, from which this is but an extract, is couched in language of dignity and restraint, giving expression to moderate and conciliatory ideas entirely consistent with labor's spring pledge. It asks all labor and capital to stand on the platform of *status quo ante* except where wage adjustments are required by the increased cost of living, and suggests that the Council of National Defense "call at the earliest convenient date, a conference of representative national and international officers of American trade unions that they may be requested to join in the pledge here made on behalf of employers."

This manifesto, drafted by a patriotic group of men intensely desiring to serve their country, was later concurred in by other associations of employers until the total backing reached 60,000 concerns employing some 10,000,000 people and comprehending over 90% of the industries in question. Likewise, before the month of September had run out the United States Chamber of Commerce at Atlantic City presented a similar recommendation. But all this backing was without avail. The Council of National Defense upon which Mr. Gompers holds the high position of chairman of the advisory labor committee, still holds this recommendation of the Conference Board undisposed of and apparently finds itself embarrassed to speak frankly on the subject although the proposal seems but a mild form of substituting arbitration by agreement, rather than by stringent laws such as those accepted by organized labor in Great Britain.

But while this recommendation was before this governmental body for judicial consideration, Mr. Gompers takes the almost incredible course of publicly denouncing the plan and its proposers. In the October number of the *Federationist*, he displays that heated opposition and

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defiance which undoubtedly explain the government's policy of "watchful waiting." The "acceptance of this proposal is unthinkable," he says, and "even if any constituted authority should attempt to bind and tie the working people to be exploited by this Eight Billion Dollar corporation, it would fail." The criticism was one of epithets and adjectives rather than of reason. The proposal of these associations, says Mr. Gompers, demonstrates "that the autocrats of America are economic. Like the old Bourbon despots they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Their program proposes to assure the employers war opportunities for exploitations and the aggrandisement of special privileges." This is the answer which this group of employers, invited to advise the government, received unofficially from the chairman of the Labor Committee of the Council of National Defense in an undisposed of matter before that Council. It was substantially but an endorsement of a plan which the government had announced a month before, and it met with words ill calculated to promote industrial harmony and coöperation. One likes better the words of Mother Jones at the recent convention of the Southwestern miners, which was considering the elimination of strikes during the war. "Help the Government now to lick the Kaiser," she says, "then we'll lick hell out of the operators;" or the words of Hon. James H. Thomas, the famous English Labor Leader who says: "Before the War, capital and labor in England were as far apart as the poles, and Revolution was never nearer. When the common enemy appeared at our gate, we stood united to defeat it. While this danger lasts there shall be an industrial peace; we will forget our temporary grievances; we'll fight them out later." This is the prevailing spirit between capital and labor throughout Great Britain. Their object, says Sir Stephenson Kent, "is to beat Germany in the shortest time possible with the least possible loss of human life. To do that, we have to quit quarreling among our-

selves. . . . We have to use every man and woman at one hundred percent of his or her capacity."

The arbitration proposal of the Conference Board demonstrated just the opposite of what Mr. Gompers claimed for it. Those who invite the government to intervene as an impartial tribunal are not economic autocrats, and if they had such autocratic economic power they would probably not seek the intervention of anyone. It is those who are on top — those who have the greater economic or physical power — who oppose the interference of government; it is those dominated by a greater power and without remedy for the correction of injustices who invite intervention. This significant proposal of these 60,000 manufacturers and the opposition which it met from organized labor either involves an invidious comparison of patriotism or it is the greatest recognition of the power of labor and the yielding of capitalistic absolutism that this country has ever known. The opposition of labor to government regulation is as much a demonstration of its confidence in its economic power as its restiveness under constitutional restrictions is an assertion of political power. For capital to invite this administration with its well known leanings, to interfere in the labor problem, is quite a staggering proposal.

That is where the issue is left at the present time, and the American Federation of Labor in convention at Buffalo, while manifesting a desire to avoid strikes, has suggested no remedy more effective than meeting employers face to face and trying to agree in each particular case nor does the Convention address of our president do better. Government mediation in a number of trades has led to working agreements with arbitration clauses but as a whole the evil remains unremedied at this writing.

Notwithstanding the war emergency, labor unions throughout the country are fighting harder than ever before to unionize shops which were formerly open shops,

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and in one instance at least employers have wrongfully endeavored to open union shops. Take it all in all; it is labor which is trying to seize the present opportunity to come nearer to its goal, while employers, seeing the writing on the wall, are demanding the *status quo ante*. The *Federationist* expresses this frankly and confesses its abandonment of its spring pledge when it says that "Because employers see in a war for democracy an opportunity for a great forward movement in establishing human opportunities, they come with a plan which proposes to take advantage of the war to block the forward movement of humanity." Labor objects to proposals of stagnation when all social and economic forces are fluid.

However true these generalities may be, there are certain grim necessities which must be faced, and as stated by the English mission, we must view this matter in terms of national defense rather than social reform.

To force the discussion of the closed shop issue at this time, is to interject the most controversial question in American industry with resulting bitterness and industrial warfare. To adopt the closed shop regime is to hobble the nation in its hour of direst need. England, finding closed shop restrictions incompatible with her war purposes threw them off and with the consent of her all powerful but patriotic unions, adopted the open shop as a war necessity. In this country certain unions, failing in true understanding, are seeking to prevent the employment of non-unionists, in some branches of national service and to fasten closed shop rules on industries which knew them not in times of peace. All this clashes with the idea of universal service. There must be unity and unanimity of service, and those who interrupt the production of munitions, because of the employment of non-unionists, are sadly lacking in imagination. In despair one thinks only of the cry from the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." When the country needs the service of everyone, who shall say it nay? The extension

of the closed shop and any attempt to secure its adoption and enforcement in new fields must be forbidden as a war measure; it is economically disastrous and fatal to national safety.

The line of constructive action seems so obvious that one wonders why it has not been tried. It isn't for labor to insist upon its full rights; it isn't for employers to profiteer or devise a scheme in private conclave and then expect labor to adopt it. The government should call together the leaders of all important unions and the captains of industry for a joint conference at which a plan of industrial peace for war shall be adopted. Such a plan would correspond to the famous treasury agreement in England, and should in like manner be followed by Congressional Legislation for its execution and enforcement. How far the details of the English scheme are applicable would be one of the problems of the conference, but the conference itself would constitute the greatest recognition of organized labor ever vouchsafed by capital, and would do more than anything else to oust the employers from their indefensible position of refusing to recognize labor unions. Union recognition and the open shop is a good platform.

THE QUEST OF THE LOST DIGAMMA

THERE was once, many years ago, a club of college undergraduates which called itself the Lost Digamma. The digamma, I am informed, is a letter that was lost in pre-historic times from the Greek alphabet. A prudent alphabet would have offered a reward at once and would have beaten up the bushes all about, but evidently these remedies were neglected, for the letter was not found. As the years went on the other letters gradually assumed its duties. Those who are practiced in such matters claim to discover evidence of the letter now and then in their reading. Perhaps the missing letter still gives a false quantity to a vowel or shifts an accent. It is remembered, as it were, by its vacant chair. Or rather, like a ghost it haunts a word, rattling a warning to us lest we disarrange a syllable. Its absence, however, in the flesh, despite the lapse of time — for it went off so long ago that the mastodon was still wandering on the pleasant uplands — its continued absence vexes the learned. They scan old texts for an improper syllable and mark the time upon their fingers, if possibly a jolting measure may offer them a clue. Although it must appear that the digamma — if it yet rambles alive somewhere beneath the moon — has by this time grown a beard and is lost beyond recognition, still old gentlemen meet weekly and read papers to one another on the progress of the search. Like the old woman of the story they still keep a light burning in their study windows against the wanderer's return.

Now it happened once that a group of undergraduates, stirred to sympathy beyond the common usage of the classroom, formed themselves into a club to aid in the search. It is not recorded that they were the deepest students in the class, yet mark their zeal! On a rumor

arising from the president that the presence of the lost digamma was suspected the group rushed together of an evening, for there was an instinct that the digamma, like the raccoon, was easiest trapped at night. To stay their stomachs against a protracted search, for their colloquies sat late, they ordered a plentiful dinner to be put before them. I do not know to a certainty the place of their meeting, but I choose to fancy that it was an upper room in a modest restaurant that went by the name of Mory's — not the modern Mory's that affects the manners of a club, but the original Temple Bar remembered justly for its ale and golden-bucks. Never, O hungriest of readers, has cheese spluttered on toast with such hot delight. Never have such fair round eggs perched upon the top. The hen who laid the golden egg — if indeed it was really she who worked the miracle at Mory's — must have clucked like a braggart when the smoking dish came in. But maybe in those older days your wealth stretched to a mutton chop with bacon on the side. It was so big that it curled up like an anchovy to get upon your plate. The sheep that bore it must have outtopped the horse. The hills must have shook beneath his tread. With what eagerness you squared your lean elbows for the feast, with your knife and fork turned upward in your fists.

But chops in these modern days are retrograde. Sheep have fallen to a decadent race. The hen that laid the golden egg is dead.

Such was the zeal which the members of the Lost Digamma spent in those older days upon their quest that belated wayfarers — if a legend of the district be believed — have stopped upon the curb and have enquired the meaning of the glad shouts that issued from the window, and they have gone off marveling at the enthusiasm attendant on this high endeavor. It is rumored that once when the excitement of the chase had gone to an unusual height, and the students were beating their Tobies

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on the table, one of them, a fellow of uncommon ardor, lunging forward, got salt upon the creature's tail. The exploit overturned the table, and so rocked the house that Louis, who was the guardian of the place, put his nose above the stairs and cooled the meeting. Had it not been for his interference — he was a good-natured fellow but unacquainted with the frenzy that marks the scholar — the lost digamma might have been trapped, to the lasting glory of the college.

As to the farther progress of the club I am not informed. Doubtless it ran an honorable course, but never again was the lost digamma so nearly in its grasp. If it still meets upon its labors, a toothless member boasts of that night of its highest glory, and those who have gathered to his words, rap their mugs upon the table.

Reader, it would be unjust to assume that you are so poor a student as myself. Doubtless you are a scholar and can discourse deeply of the older centuries. You know the ancient Works of Tweedledum and can distinguish to a hair's breadth twixt him and Tweedledee. Learning is candy on the tooth. Perhaps you stroke your beard and give a nimble reason for the lightning. To you the hills have whispered how they came; and the streams their purpose and ambition. You have studied the first shrinkage of the earth when the plains wrinkled and broke into mountain peaks. The mystery of the stars is to you as familiar as your garter. If such depth is yours, I am content to sit before you like a bucket below a tap.

At your banquet I sit as a poor relation. If the viands hold, I fork a cold morsel from your dish —

But modesty must not gag me. I do myself somewhat lean toward knowledge. I run to a dictionary on a disputed word, and I point my inquisitive nose upon the page like a careful schoolman. On a spurt I pry into an uncertain date, but I lack the perseverance and the wakefulness for sustained endeavor. To repair my infirmity, I frequently go among those of steadier application, if

happily their devotion may prove contagious. It was but lately that I dined with a group of the Cognoscenti. There were light words at first, as when a juggler carelessly tosses up a ball or two just to try his hand before he displays his genius — a jest or two, into which I entered as an equal. In these shallow moments we waded through our soup. But we had hardly got beyond the fish when the company plunged into a greater depth. I soon discovered that I was among persons skilled in those economic and social studies that now most stir us. My neighbor on the left offered to gossip with me on the latest evaluations and eventuations — for such were her pleasing words — in the department of knowledge dearest to her. While I was still fumbling for a response, my neighbor on the right, abandoning her meat, informed me of the progress of a survey of charitable organizations that was then under way. By mischance, however, while flipping up the salad on my fork, I dropped a morsel on the cloth, and I was so intent in manœuvring my plates and spoons to cover up the speck, that I lost a good part of her discourse. I was still, however, making a tolerable pretense of attention, when a learned person across the table was sharp enough to see that I was a novice in the gathering. For my improvement, therefore, he fixed his great round glasses in my direction. In my confusion they seemed burning-lenses hotly focussed on me. Under such a glare, he thought, my tender sprouts of knowledge must spring up to a full maturity. Consequently, when he had got my attention, he proceeded to lay out the dinner into calories, which I now discovered to be a kind of heat or nutritive unit. He cast his appraisal on the meat and vegetables, and turned an ear toward the pantry door if by chance he might catch a hint of the dessert for his estimate, but by this time, being over-wrought, I gave up all pretense; and put my coarse attention on my plate.

Sometimes I fall on better luck. It was but yesterday

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that I sat waiting for a book in the Public Library — for a scheme was brewing in me that required facts for its proper mixture — when a young woman came in and sat beside me on the common bench. Immediately she opened a monstrous note-book, and fell to studying it. I had myself been reading a book, but I had held it at a stinging angle against the spying of my neighbors. As the young woman was of a more open nature, she laid hers out flat. Although I withhold my own, it is my weakness to pry upon another's book. Especially if it be old and worn — a musty history or an essay from the past — I squirm and edge myself until I come into position to read the title, and I follow faithfully the reader's thumb.

My curiosity was now stirred by the young woman's note-book, so I cast my eye in her direction.

At the top of each page she had written the title of a book, with a space below for comment, now well filled. There were a hundred of these titles, and all of them concerned John Paul Jones. She busied herself scratching and amending her notes. The whole was thrown into such a snarl of interlineation, was so disfigured with revision, and the writing so started up the margins to get breath at the top, that I wondered how she could possibly bring a straight narrative out of the confusion. Yet here was a book growing up beneath my very nose. If in a year's time — or perhaps in a six-month, if the manuscript is not hawked too long among the publishers — if when again the nights are raw, a new biography of John Paul Jones appear, and you cut its leaves while your legs are stretched out upon the hearth, I bid you to recognize as its author my companion on the bench. Although she did not have beauty to rouse a bachelor, yet she had an agreeable face and, if a soft white collar of pleasing fashion be evidence, she put more than a scholar's care upon her dress.

I am not entirely a novice in a library. Once I gained admittance to the Reading Room of the British Museum,

— no light task, even before the war. This was the manner of it. First I went among the policemen who frequent the outer corridors, and inquired for a certain office which I had been told controlled its affairs. The third policeman had heard of it, and sent me off with directions. Presently I went through an obscure doorway, traversed a mean hall with a dirty gas-jet at the turn, and came before a wicket. A dark man with the blood of a Spanish inquisitor asked my business. I told him I was a poor student, without taint of heresy, who sought knowledge. He stroked his chin as though it were a monstrous improbability. He looked me up and down, but this might have been merely a secular inquiry on the chance that I bulged with explosives. He then dipped his pen in an ancient well — it was from such dusty fount that the warrant for Saint Bartholomew went forth — then bidding me be careful in my answers, he cocked his head and shut his less suspicious eye lest it might yield to mercy. At last he asked my name in full, middle name and all, as though villainy might lurk in an initial — my hotel, my length of stay in London, my residence in America, my occupation, the titles of the books I sought. When he had done, I offered him my age and my favorite sport, in order that material for a monograph might be at hand if at last I came to fame, but he silenced me with his cold eye. He now thrust a pamphlet in my hands, and told me to sit alongside and read it. It contained the rules that govern the use of the Reading Room. It was eight pages long, and intolerably dry, and toward the end I nodded. Awaking with a start, I was about to hold up my hands for the adjustment of the thumb-screws — for in my sleep I had fallen on a nightmare — indeed, I was on the point of baring myself for the pincers — when he softened. The Imperial Government was now pleased to admit me to the Reading Room for such knowledge as might lie in my capacity.

The Reading Room is used chiefly by authors, gray

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fellows mostly, dried and wrinkled scholars who come here to pilfer innocently from antiquity. They sit at great desks with ingenious shelves and racks, and they write all day long, and copy excerpts from the older authors. If one of them hesitates and seems to chew upon his pencil, it is but indecision whether Hume or Buckle will weigh heavier on his page. Or if one of them looks up from his desk in a blurred near-sighted manner, it is because his eyes have been so stretched upon the distant centuries, that they can hardly focus on a room. If the day is bright motes play in the scant sunlight. If a scholar chanced to sneeze because of the infection, let it be his consolation that the dust arises from the most ancient and respected authors! Pages move silently about with musty tomes in their arms. Other tomes, whose use is past, they bear off to the shades below.

I am told that once in a while a student of fresher complexion gets in — a novitiate with the first scholastic down upon his cheek — a tender stripling on his first high quest — a broth of a boy barely off his primer — but no sooner is he set than he feels unpleasantly conspicuous among his elders. Most of these youths bolt, offering to the doorman as a pretext some neglect — a forgotten mission at a book-stall — an errand with a tailor. Even those few who remain because of a greater passion for their studies, find it to their comfort to mend their condition. Either they put glasses on their noses or they affect a limp. I know one stout youth who was so consumed with desire for history, yet so modest against exposure, that he bargained with a beggar for his crutch. It was, however, the rascal's only livelihood. This crutch and his piteous whimper had worked so profitably on the crowd, that in consequence he put a price upon it that fell beyond the student's purse. My friend, therefore, practiced a palsy, until being perfect in the part, he took his seat without notice or embarrassment. Alas, the need of these pretenses is but short. Such is the contagion of the place —

a breath from Egypt comes up from the lower stacks — that a youth's appearance, like a dyer's hand, is soon subdued to what it works in. In a month or so a general dust has settled on him. Too often learning is a Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

On a rare occasion I have myself been a student, and have plied my book with diligence. Not long ago I spent a week of agreeable days reading the many versions of Shakespeare that were played upon the stage from the Restoration through the eighteenth century. These are well known to scholars, but the general reader is perhaps unfamiliar how horribly Shakespeare was perverted. From this material I thought I might lay out an instructive paper; how, for example, the whirling passion of Lear was once wrought to soft and pleasant uses for a holiday. Cordelia is rescued from the villains by the hero Kent, who cries out in a transport, "Come to my arms, thou loveliest, best of women!" The scene is laid in the woods, but as night comes on, Cordelia's old nurse appears. A scandal is averted. Goneril grinds her teeth. Regan crunches hers. They go off together and drown themselves. Whereupon Kent marries Cordelia, and they reign happily ever after. As for Lear, he advances into a gentle convalescence. Before the week is out he will be sunning himself beneath his pear tree and babbling of his early days.

And then John Timbs was to have been my text, who was an antiquary of the nineteenth century. I had come frequently on his books. They are seldom found in the first-hand shops. More appropriately they are offered where the older books are sold — where there are racks before the door for the rakings of the place, and inside a musty smell of leather. If there are barrels in the basement, stocked and overflowing, it is sure that a volume of Timbs is upon the premises.

I visited the Public Library and asked a sharp-nosed person how I might best learn about John Timbs. I followed the direction of his wagging thumb. The ac-

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counts of the encyclopedias are meagre, a date of birth and of death, a few facts of residence, the titles of his hundred and fifty books, and little more. Some neglect him entirely; skipping lightly from Timbrel to Timbuctoo. Indeed, Timbuctoo turned up so often that even against my intention I came to a knowledge of the place. It lies against the desert and exports ostrich feathers, gums, salts and kolanuts. Nor are timbrels to be scorned. They were used — I quote precisely — “by David when he danced before the ark.” Surely not Noah’s ark! I must brush up on David.

Timbs is matter for an engaging paper. His passion was London. He had a fling at other subjects — a dozen books or so — but his graver hours were given to the study of London. There is hardly a park or square or street, palace, theatre or tavern that did not yield its secrets to him. Here and there an upstart building, too new for legend, may have had no gossip for him, but all others John Timbs knew, and the personages who lived in them. Also he knew whether they were of a sour temper, whether they were rich or poor, and if poor, what shifts and pretenses they practiced. He knew the windows of the town where the beaux commonly ogled the passing beauties. He traced the walls of the old city, and explored the lanes. Unless I am much mistaken, there is not a fellow of the *Dunciad* to whom he has not assigned a house. Nor is any man of deeper knowledge of the clubs and coffee-houses and taverns. One would say that he had sat at Will’s with Dryden, and that he had gone to Button’s arm in arm with Addison. Did Goldsmith journey to his tailor for a plum-colored suit, you may be sure that Timbs tagged him at the elbow. There has scarcely been a play acted in London since the days of Burbage which Timbs did not chronicle.

But presently I gave up the study of John Timbs. Although I had accumulated interesting facts about him, and had got so far as to lay out several amusing para-

graphs, still I could not fit them together to an agreeable result. It was as though I could blow a melodious C upon a horn, and lower down a dulcet G, but failed to make a tune of them.

But although my studies so far have been unsuccessful, doubtless I shall persist. Even now I have several topics in mind that may yet serve for pleasant papers. If I fail, it will be my comfort that others better than myself achieve but a half success. Although the digamma escapes our salt, somewhere he lurks on the lonely mountains. And often when our lamps burn late, we fancy that we catch a distant waving of his tail and hear him padding across the night. But although we lash ourselves upon the chase and strain forward in the dark, the timid beast runs on swifter feet and scampers off.

THE NEXT STEP IN RAILWAY LEGISLATION

Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. — *Jefferson.*

WHEN Henry IV himself accepted the Catholic religion, but granted toleration to the Protestants, with the right to maintain armies, garrison certain towns, and hold political assemblies, it was simply erecting a state within the state. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time in politics any more than in physics. The Protestants soon began to exercise the powers of sovereignty. They actually levied a tax of 1,500,000 livres upon the King himself, Louis XIII, when on the way to Spain to secure a bride. The situation soon became intolerable, and when Richelieu assumed the reins of government at Paris he determined to destroy the new rival. In pursuance of this policy the Protestants were deprived of their special military and political rights, by which they ceased to form a state within the state.

When Jefferson said that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" he never meant that every individual must consent to every act that affects him, much less that every individual, or small group of individuals, should be left free to assert rights which contravene the rights of the majority. Such a situation would lead to anarchy, or the subjugation of the majority by the minority. Such is the situation confronting the American people today, as the outgrowth of the railroad troubles. The railroad brotherhoods are seeking to exercise powers of the state. Indeed, they have exercised them, and will continue to do so, unless controlled by that state which is the state of all the people, just as it has taken over the control of the railway managers.

Until about 1887 we followed very much of a *laissez*

faire policy and left every man to take care of himself. The earlier railroads were built in a haphazard fashion with no great connecting systems. While they made war upon each other the people looked on with indifference. Then they began to combine and build up great systems, gathering up the reins of power. The shipping public was plundered, the stock-holders often were robbed, and the employes were not given a deal any too square. When the public complained the railroads only laughed and gathered in more of the powers of the state.

In wrath the public turned to the remnants of the state and national governments, and demanded redress. Fortunately enough power was still left for action, though it took fifteen years of agitation to secure the first step for national control. In 1887 the Interstate Commerce Commission was created and clothed with certain powers for the purpose of preventing rebates and other unfair discriminations. After a while the commission took its business seriously, and interpreted the law about fair dealing to clothe it with the rate making power, but the Supreme Court stripped it of this power. Nine years later (1906) it was given the power to prescribe just and reasonable maximum rates and to call for monthly reports of earnings and expenses. In 1910 it was given the power to fix rates after a hearing held without previous complaint.

All of this legislation professedly was for the protection of the public against the railroad managers. It was designed to destroy the state which was rising within the state. Still further regulation in favor of the public is found in the laws limiting the hours of continuous work for certain employes, such as enginemen, switchmen, telegraphers, etc., though the employes as such shared in the benefits of this. The same may be said of the various laws about safety appliances. In the matter of wages, the managers and employes were left to fight it out for themselves.

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By and by the managers, caught on the one hand between the pressure of the stockholders demanding dividends and the employes demanding higher wages, and, on the other hand, the shippers calling for better service and "reasonable" rates, began to demand more consideration in the matter of rate making.

Meantime another state within the state was being built up. The employes began to organize and make demands of particular roads. Then individual brotherhoods acted in concert in making demands of different roads. Next several brotherhoods began to make identical demands of several roads. In 1914 the enginemen and firemen united in concerted demands upon the roads west of the Mississippi, and secured them through the friendly offices of the President, who persuaded the railroads to yield in order to save the country the inconveniences of a strike. In 1916 the four brotherhoods made identical demands of all the railways of the United States, and threatened to tie them up with a strike, and Congress joined them in forcing the roads to yield. Such has been the process of building this state within the state. In order to strengthen it still farther, they are now trying to get other unions to join them.

Practically no effort has been made to curb the power of this state. The Erdman (1898) and Newlands Acts (1913) have offered optional arbitration, but the brotherhoods have rejected it.

On the other hand, the railroads acknowledged the superiority of the people's state about ten years ago, and have since been working more or less in harmony with state and national commissions. When they need more money they ask permission to raise their rates. In 1915 they secured permission to do this, and straightway the four great brotherhoods, which are mainly responsible for running the trains, the enginemen, firemen, conductors, and flagmen, demanded a share of the proceeds, in the form of an eight hour day without any reduction in wages

hitherto received for ten hours' work, and threatened, if the demand was not granted, to tie up all the roads of the nation by a strike.

A few days before this demand was presented (March 30, 1916) Senator Newlands got through the Senate a resolution providing for a committee with instructions to investigate "the efficiency of the existing system of government regulation of transportation, in protecting the rights of shippers and carriers, and in promoting the public interest;" also "the subject of government ownership of all public utilities, such as telegraph, telephone, express companies, and railroads engaged in interstate commerce;" also, to report on "the comparative worth and efficiency of government regulation and control as compared with government ownership and operation."

Here was a case testing the efficiency of the government in "protecting the rights of shippers and carriers, and in promoting the public interest." All efforts at mediation failed, and the trainmen refused to arbitrate. The country was alarmed, little short of terrified. Then came the Adamson law, which was passed by Congress and signed by the President under duress. This law decreed the eight hour day at the existing scale of wages, with pay for overtime, and provided for observation of the working of the law to see whether the roads must be allowed an increase of rates to meet the increased expense. Nothing was said about investigating the wages, to see if any should be changed, but the roads were peremptorily forbidden to pay less for eight hours of work than they were paying for ten, until a commission had investigated the matter for not less than six months nor more than nine.

The railway managers maintained that the Adamson law was not an hour law but a wage law, one that increases wages. The trainmen maintained exactly the opposite view. Many people may agree with the trainmen that eight hours is the proper workday, but most peo-

ple probably agree with the managers in their contention that this particular law is a wage law and not an hour law. It certainly will result in one of three things, or a combination of them: increased efficiency, the employment of more men, or the payment of more wages for working the same length of time the men were working before the law was passed. The last is the one most likely to happen, though there may be a little of the second.

Somebody will have to pay for this increase. The trainmen claim that the railroads are able to pay it now, and point to the large increase of their earnings. On the other hand, the managers claim that they cannot pay it without increasing rates or stopping the payment of interest, dividends and improvements. Possibly we shall find that some of the second should be stopped. Some results in the physical valuation of the railways indicate this. For example, one of the first results announced by the commission on physical valuation was that of a road the stocks and bonds of which amounted to \$40,938,031, but the actual value was only \$8,865,636. But this is only one road. Most of the roads probably will be found to be worth nearly the full amount of these stocks and bonds and some undoubtedly will be found to be worth more. But the managers held to their contention of inability to pay. Not being allowed to increase rates, they first sought a way out of the difficulty by appealing to the courts for an injunction against the Adamson law, on the ground that it was taking property without due process of law.

The injunction was granted, and then the trainmen appealed to the Supreme Court, where the case was delayed several months. Wearied of waiting for the machinery of the people's state to act, the trainmen decided to put their own state machinery into operation to prevent the longer suspension of increased pay, and they called a strike for March 17. Possibly it was thought that this would exert pressure on the judges. Supreme Court decisions are usually announced on Mondays. The strike

was postponed until Monday the 19th, and on that day the court sustained the Adamson law. Few people will believe that the threat hastened or influenced the decision, but the coincidence is noteworthy. The trainmen are now assured of their increased pay as long as it can be collected out of the public.

The railway managers were so certain of their inability to pay that they at once asked permission to increase rates without waiting six months to observe the operation of the law. This request has been granted in part and probably greater concessions will be made by the I. C. C. The commission is not really free. It must make concessions to save the roads from bankruptcy. The people look upon it as a move to tax them without any definite and free consent on their part. The taxation is to be levied through a third party, the managers. The American people number about 100,000,000. The stockholders and bondholders are variously estimated at from 700,000 to 1,500,000. The trainmen are said to number 400,000, probably less. Whether the people are called on to pay increased rates or the stockholders to give up dividends, or the managers to stop improvements and extensions, the collectors and beneficiaries of this tax are in the minority.

More than this, the public is to have no voice in the disposition of these funds. Just how much the four brotherhoods need the increase we do not know. We do know that thousands of other railway employes are greatly in need of an increase; for some of them get less than a living wage.

The American colonies rebelled against taxation by a handful of men in England. The people of the United States have successfully resisted the efforts (raise rates) of the railway managers to tax them without limit for the benefit of security holders and of the properties, which must be kept efficient for public service. Will they sub-

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mit to this new form of taxation without consent except such consent as was obtained under duress? They will not, and they will find a way out of it.

The way offered by President Wilson in his address to Congress is the passage of a law forbidding strikes on railways until mediation, conciliation, and arbitration have all been tried and failed, and until "a public investigation shall have been instituted which shall make the whole question at issue plain for the judgment of the opinion of the nation." This, he says, is not based on the theory that we may, by law, prevent the individual from leaving an employment without the consent of society, which is a principle new to our jurisprudence, but is based on the principle that "the concerted action of powerful bodies of men shall not be permitted to stop the industrial processes of the nation."

Had the President only stopped here, his argument would have been conclusive. Unfortunately he added "at any rate before the nation shall have had an opportunity to acquaint itself with the merits of the case as between employee and employer, time to form its own opinion upon an impartial statement of the merits, and opportunity to consider all practicable means of conciliation and arbitration. I can see nothing in that proposition but the justifiable safeguarding by society of the necessary processes of its very life."

If it only did safeguard these necessary processes, well and good. But the events of the last year have clearly demonstrated that such a policy will not do this. It seems that the day for mediation and conciliation has passed, for the trainmen will accept nothing short of their demands. The day for voluntary arbitration also has passed, for the trainmen refused to accept it. The limited compulsory arbitration involved in the President's plan is likely to fail in the end. Under this, strikes are to be made illegal only until a public investigation shall have

been held. After that they are to be legal, and the avenues of society may be closed up by combinations of men, however unreasonable their demands.

The Supreme Court has suggested a better way out, and that is to treat the trainmen as public servants, just as we now treat the postal clerks. The difference is that the latter are now paid directly by the people's agents, the former indirectly by persons not controlled by the people. The procedure is simple. Congress should pass a law forbidding strikes on the highways of the nation and authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix wages. It might even provide for enlistment in the public service (on the railroads) for a definite time, just as it does in the army, and leave it to the I. C. C. to prescribe rules under which one might voluntarily leave the service and regulations the infraction of which should lead to dismissal. However, this probably would not be necessary, if the commission is given authority to fix wages.

Objection may be raised to this as revolutionary. What if it is? The revolt against England was revolutionary. But whether revolutionary in character or not, the Supreme Court has settled the question of legality. Speaking for the majority of the court, on the Adamson law, Mr. Justice White said: "Whatever would be the right of an employe engaged in private business to demand such wages as he desires, to leave the employment if he does not get them, and by concert of action to agree with others to leave on the same conditions, such rights are necessarily subject to limitation when employment is accepted in a business charged with a public interest, and to which the power to regulate commerce by Congress applies."

The court held that the right of the people to have the highways of the nation open to uninterrupted commerce is a basic principle, paramount to the interests of the railway managers or their employes. Both are in the public service, and are subject to the supreme, unre-

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stricted power of Congress to take any action necessary to maintain a free and uninterrupted interstate commerce. "The public interest begets a public right of regulation to the full extent necessary to protect it," whether in compelling arbitration, or forbidding strikes, or fixing wages.

The burden now put upon the managers is too great. Under the present system they are forbidden to tax the American people (raise rates) without their consent through Congress or the Interstate Commerce Commission. They are forbidden to combine in such a way as to hinder transit on the highways. Yet as agents of the nation they are expected to employ men who are perfectly free to combine for the complete closing up of those highways. No wonder they are restless and feel that they are no longer equal to the job. In all fairness the nation should relieve them of the job or give them the necessary help. The first step is a law forbidding strikes by railway employes.

The constitutional prohibition of involuntary servitude does not apply. Such a law would not compel anybody to work for the railroads, but it would prevent any three or four hundred thousand men from closing up the highways to one hundred million people.

The act should further divide the nation into five districts and create a commission of three or five members for each. At the top will stand the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the hands of these men should be placed the power to regulate rates, hours, conditions, and wages. The four brotherhoods will not then have the power to tax the American people without their consent, any more than the railway managers now have. But the American people will see that the members of the brotherhoods and the poor section hands who now walk the tracks for \$1.50 a day, get a living wage, just as they now see that the postal clerks get a living wage.

THE ART OF MAKING NEW WORDS

THE English language is now the native speech of more human beings than own allegiance to any other of the modern European tongues; it is the only language which is spoken by two great nations; and it is the language which is spreading itself most persistently throuth the world. English is also the language which has the largest vocabulary, due in part to its wide diffusion on all the shores of all the seven seas, and in part to its double inheritance from ancestors both Teutonic and Romanic. And this incomparable richness is incessantly increasing as the need arises for new words to name the new things and the new thoughts which modern civilization is multiplying.

There are three rival American dictionaries of the English language vying with one another in scholarship and in scope; and each of them, when the time comes for it to put forth a supplement, or to appear in a new edition, takes occasion to vaunt the unparalleled number of words that it has gathered within its covers. Nor is any one of these invaluable works of reference really complete, comprehensive as it may claim to be. Fresh words and fresh phrases come into being while the dictionary is in process of manufacture; and the editors cannot even hope to include all the terms which one or another reader may seek the first time the revised and expanded lexicon comes into his hands. Moreover no one of these editors has ever dared to include all the words which were already in existence when he began to send his unwieldy manuscript to the printers. The special vocabularies of the different arts and sciences are so many and so minute in their precision of nomenclature that they cannot be incorporated entire even in the lexicon which most strenuously aspires to be absolutely all-inclusive.

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Many years ago when the Century dictionary was taking shape, its editors asked a host of specialists to draw up lists of the words and terms employed in their several specialties. The late Theodore De Vinne prepared a glossary of the specific locutions known to all typographers; and I undertook to make a similar collection of theatrical phrases familiar to those who pass a part of their lives on the far side of the footlights. This stage-vocabulary grew on my hands as I interrogated the stage-folk among my friends; and the words I succeeded in gathering were not theatrical slang but irreproachable technical terms having a precise content. *Bunch-light* and *sky-border*, *raking-piece* and *vampire-trap*, — these are each of them the only recognizable name for a definite thing likely to be called for frequently in the arduous task of producing a play. They are as indisputably scientific in their application as *dynamo* and *voltage*, *kilo-watt* and *multiple-unit*. They are absolutely necessary words, and yet there were so many of them that probably not more than half of them, — and possibly not more than a third — were finally admitted into the dictionary.

When I chanced to tell this to De Vinne, he retorted that his list of the terms of the printing trade had been selected from quite as rigorously as mine. I have no doubt that the principle of admitting only the more important technical words was applied also to the vocabularies turned in by the other specialists. To welcome into the dictionaries every word actually in reputable use in every one of the arts and crafts, in every one of the trades and professions, would be to double the size of the huge tomes already too bulky for convenient consultation.

It is small wonder that many lovers of the language fail to see any necessity for the overtime operation of our word-factories. They are inclined to fear that our superb and sonorous speech will be unduly distended, painfully contaminated, grossly corrupted by the incessant acces-

sions to our immense vocabulary. They are excited to shrill protest; and they do their best to make every novel expression odious by stigmatizing it as a neologism, — an abhorrent and horrific term of reproach. They cry aloud for the establishment of a verbal censorship, empowered to ostracize, to exclude and to prohibit all the newer phrases which have failed to win their august approval. They issue proclamations for volunteers to repel this invasion of our native vocabulary by alien vocables aspiring to citizenship in our hospitable tongue.

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century, William Cullen Bryant, then the editor of the *Evening Post* of New York, came to the rescue of our endangered dictionaries; and he drew up a long list of undesirable citizens who deserved to be deported. This index expurgatorius attained not a little notoriety in its novelty; but it reads rather curiously after half a century. It included *humbug* and *taboo*, *loafer* and *ovation*, *poetess* and *raid*; and probably there are now very few precisians so delicate-minded as to feel dislike for any of these six words. It included also *talented* and *reliable*; and even against these two words objection seems to have died out. Against a large proportion of the blacklisted expressions Bryant's protest was as futile and as ineffective as the earlier and shriller denunciation of *mob* by Swift. The execrated vocables might be mis-shapen and misbegotten but they were viable; and they were suffered to live because a majority of the users of English found them useful.

Bryant and Swift were men of letters, and they were not equipt by special study to speak authoritatively on linguistic questions. As Professor Gildersleeve once put it with his customary pungency of phrase: "It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of philology than to dwell in the tents of the rhetoricians." It cannot be denied that *talented* and *unreliable*, and *influential* are rather illogically constructed; they are, if the precisian persists in pressing the point, "corruptions." But the late Professor

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Lounsbury was not overstating the case when he declared that "the history of language, when looked at from the purely grammatical point of view, is little else than the history of corruptions." And Vaugelas, who exerted a most wholesome influence upon French, at a time when it was in danger of being diverted from the true path of progress, was as frank as he was emphatic in declaring that "there is only one master of language, who is the king and the tyrant; that is usage." To assert this is to say that language is not a monarchy or an aristocracy; it is a democracy with universal suffrage.

Only the dead languages are surrendered to the rule of scholars; and all the living languages are unceasingly expanding, often in ways not approved by the learned. Now, where do all these new words come from? How do they come into being? Are they the result of spontaneous generation? Are they made of set purpose, manufactured, so to speak? Who is responsible for them? And how do they win their way in the world?

In the immense majority of instances a new word or term or phrase is made because it is needed, and it is made by one or another of the men who feel this necessity, in response to the direct demand. A new thing calls for a new name; and an old thing modified by time calls for an altered name to express this modification. When a novel distinction is perceived, a term is wanted to indicate it. Prosper Mérimée, writing about the middle of the nineteenth century, asserted that Stendhal and all other literary critics of pictorial art faced an unconquerable difficulty because "Language cannot describe exactly the qualities of a work of art, since altho it is rich enough to distinguish colors, it is incapable of distinguishing the variety of tones which the eye can perceive between two shades that happen to have names." The difficulty is still unconquerable, and it will never be overcome; but color adjectives have been multiplied and made more precise, so that the art-critic of today has a verbal palette

far more amply supplied than was the primitive paint-box of Stendhal.

It is significant that the word-factory is likely to work double-shifts in periods of intense mental or physical activity, and it is likely to go on half-time or to shut down altogether when existence is uneventful. The English vocabulary burgeoned abundantly and superabundantly in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, whereas it put forth scarcely a bud in the more restrained days of Queen Anne. Shakspeare and Raleigh and Drake went far afield to capture unknown words to describe unknown countries, whereas Addison and Johnson were placidly content with inkhorn terms.

Language is swift in response to life, and it renews itself richly when the race is revealing a reinvigorated vitality. In times of war and of revolution, political or intellectual, when the stock that speaks the language is putting forth its full strength, the language itself is forthputting. Before our Civil War *raid* was only a Scotticism, which was promoted into literary English soon as the indefatigable horseman of Phil Sheridan and "Jeb" Stuart had made it indispensable; and by an immediate adoption it enabled us to describe the *Alabama* as a *sea-raider*. Our little war with Spain and the ensuing duty of pacifying the Filipinos gave us *hike*, perhaps not yet assured of its welcome into literary English; and in a similar condition of probation is the almost equivalent *trek*, captured by the British from the Boers. It was then also that we first began to employ *commandeer*. No doubt a host of new words will force themselves into use during the present war; and a few of them will be retained as their permanent utility is made manifest; and among these accessions will be *terrain*, *drum-fire* and *curtain-fire*.

A countless host of new words and of new expressions is constantly being mobilized in these hours of stress and strain, only a few of which are likely to be retained for service in the regular army. They spread swiftly by word

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of mouth; they are carried abroad by the newspapers; they get into the magazines and even into the books of the hour; and the most useful impose themselves at last upon the more fastidious men of letters. The purist and the precisian may protest that evil communications corrupt good English; and by so doing they are preventing the language from being overcrowded by neologisms. They exert the conservative resistance which is just as wholesome and as needful as the radical pressure in advance. They should be listened to reverently, but now and again they should be overruled, since the language has to be replenished from time to time, and kept fit for service as the old words wear out. Nor need we deny that the novel terms it needs are often compounded in ways detestable to strict grammarians. Ben Jonson, who lived in an era of incessant word-coinage and who kept his own verbal mint running overtime, is none the less characteristically shrewd in expressing the guiding principle: "But the eldest of the present and the newest of the past Language is the best."

New words may be made deliberately in the library and in the laboratory, and they may also spring up spontaneously in the workshop and in the street. Those made in the library are most likely to be compounded in accord with the tradition of the language; but they are not more likely for that reason to win widespread acceptance and to establish themselves in the vocabulary. It is by its immediate utility that a new word makes its way, and not by its conformity to linguistic law. It was in the library that an inventive American humorist concocted the artificial and perhaps necessary *bromidiom* which seems to have passed into the common speech of the literary class in the United States because it provided a specific term to describe the unutterably obvious and the irretrievably common-place. The Katydid is guilty of a *bromidiom* whenever it says, "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." The same dweller in a library has proffered a host of other verbal inventions of his own; and at least

one of them appears to fill a vacancy in the vocabulary. This is *blurb*, a felicitously contrived monosyllable designed to describe the advance notice of a book due to the friendly pen of its publishers' publicity man.

Probably it was also in the library of a newspaper humorist that there came into existence the altogether delightful verb *to peeve*, extracted by main strength from the adjective *peevisish*. I have not yet discovered the phrase *he was peeved* in the pages of any writer of recognized authority; and it may never make its way into the dictionary. But its quaint pertness has already led to its adoption by the paragraphers and by the writers of comic tales. The verb is one that sets on edge the teeth of the purists and the self-appointed guardians of style; and there is abundant justification for their repulsion. And yet, in spite of their teeth, *peeved* may manage in time to climb over the barbed wire fence erected by good taste, and to insinuate itself into the outer circle of literary English.

It was in a library that I ventured to manufacture the two new words for which I am personally responsible. One is the adjective, *ostecephalic*, devised to bestow a flavor of the ancient world upon a word created by the modern world, *bone-headed*. The other was the compound noun, *short-story*, put together to distinguish the American type of brief tale which conforms to the requirement laid down by Poe, from the story which is merely short, which lacks the single purpose and the dominating unity of the true short-story. It is with pride in the work of my hands that I have observed an increasing frequency in the employment of my manufactured term; but my pride has a fall when I consult the latest dictionaries and discover that their editors had not deigned to record its existence.

In the laboratory, or in the library annexed to the laboratory, is it that the words are made which are called for by the incessant advances of science. The word *telephone*, for example, was violently constructed by a German, who

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had however to confess that his instrument would not transmit articulate speech, thus leaving the thing itself, that is to say the telephone as we all use it, to be invented by an American. *Telegram*, the later *cablogram*, and the latest, *marconigram*, have all of them been denounced violently by the purists. They were probably put together thoughtlessly in response to an immediate need for a single word able at once to name a message and to indicate instantly the method of its transmission. Oddly enough no corresponding term has yet been brought into use to designate a message received by telephone.

A certain number of modern scientific technical terms are the same in all the modern languages, because they were adopted by an authorized international conference, empowered to standardize these essential elements of scientific nomenclature. Not a few of this little group of nouns reveal at once the cosmopolitan courtesy which presided at their creation, since they are made from the names of the pioneers of investigation in the several countries where modern science has most rapidly advanced. The *volt* takes its name from an Italian, the *ohm* from a German, the *ampere* from a Frenchman, the *watt* and the *farad* from two Englishmen and the *henry* from an American. From these root words, each with its precise meaning, a host of compounds have been made, of which *voltage* and *kilo-watts* are the most familiar to the layman.

The vocables evolved in the work-shop and in the street are likely to be less pretentious and more picturesque than those put together in the library and in the laboratory. Often they have a vernacular vigor of their own, almost Elizabethan in its freshness. To the men of the railroad we owe the verbs to *side-track* and to *side-swipe*, sharply expressive and instantly understandable. They are the result of the utilization of the immemorial privilege of making a verb out of a noun,— a privilege which is one of the most precious peculiarities of our English

speech. Colonel Roosevelt has recorded one occasion when he was present at the making of a new and superbly expressive verb in accord with this principle. When he was a ranchman he had aided two of his men in felling a group of trees; and he chanced to overhear one of these employees explain that "Bill cut down fifty-three, I cut forty-nine, and the boss he *beavered* down seventeen." With full appreciation of the point thus made against his skill, Colonel Roosevelt commented that "those who have seen the stump of a tree which has been gnawed down by a beaver will understand the exact force of the comparison."

To *side-track* and to *side-swipe* may be companioned by to *side-step*, probably due to the verbal inventiveness of an unliterary admirer of the manly art of self-defense. But where shall we class another and even more satisfactory term called into being by the wordmaking faculty of the man in the street? Who was it who first dared to employ the delectable adjective *pussy-footed*? Here is an American invention which would have filled Ben Jonson with joy, and which he would have taken over with glee. Our own men of letters are more timorous, more traditional and less receptive. So it is that *pussy-footed* has not yet been welcomed into the dictionary, and a college president would probably hesitate to use it in a commencement address, even if he might employ it with relish in his ordinary conversation. And scarcely less expressive is the finely imagined noun *high-brow*, or as this progressive periodical has put it, *hibrow*, a lovely word to describe an unlovely creature.

Of course, this is as it should be. A newly arrived locution ought not to be naturalized as soon as it steps ashore; it ought to wait awhile and take out its first papers. It should remain on probation before it is finally received as a citizen of the vocabulary, with all the rights and privileges of the native. What is the exact status today of those newcomers of yesterday, *grouch* and

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grouchy? They are expressive terms; but they are not more expressive than a word of more recent manufacture, — *hunch*. When we say “I have a hunch” we do not mean to imply that we have carefully arrived at a reasoned opinion; we are merely suggesting that we have an intuition, a vague sentiment, vivid enough to us but not rooted in ratiocination. *Hunch* and *grouch*, *pussy-footed* and *high-brow* were grown in the open air of out doors, and not in the hot-house of the learned. To those of us who happen to have a keen zest for terse expressiveness, words like these appeal more keenly than the terms more consciously created by scholars, admirable and useful as these latter also are.

I was gratified when my small Latin enabled me to seize at once the propriety of an adjective I recently saw for the first time; this was *fenestrated*, “provided with a window;” and it was devised to describe the newfangled envelop with a transparent panel so that a name and address may be read thru it. *Fenestrated* is good; I thank thee, Latinist, for teaching me that word; but good also in its simpler fashion is *pussy-footed*. Neither of them would have found favor from Julius Cæsar, who laid down as a linguistic law that “one should avoid an unexampled word as one would a rock.” Yet if the man who dared at last to cross the Rubicon had avoided all the rocks he found in his path, he would never have arrived at Rome, even if all the roads led there.

As new wants are felt, new words have to be found to fill them; and this unceasing operation of the word-factory must not be considered as a menace to the language, but as a symptom of its ability to keep itself fit for service. English would be weaker if it long continued to lack the new terms it requires to name new things. There is no real danger that the language will be debased by an influx of unnecessary novelties of speech, since the proffered locutions have no chance of admission into the vocabulary unless they can make themselves immediately serviceable. _

Nor is any actual damage ever done to the language itself by the dreaded inroads of slang. Nothing is more ephemeral than the slang which is merely silly and trivial. It may have a vogue for a month or a year; but this vogue is fleeting unless the catch word of the moment happens to have an imaginative felicity. The mortality of slang terms is terrific; and their expectation of life is appallingly low. They are like babies and widowers, — hard to carry thru the second summer. And if they do survive, this is proof positive that they are worthy to live, since the instinct of the users of language is unerring.

There is no difficulty in tracing the history of the newly arrived words which are able to satisfy the competent and incorruptible inspectors of the Ellis Island of English. In the street or in the shop a novel phrase chances to come into being; and it flies from mouth to mouth until after a while it begins to be written as well as spoken. It spreads into fairly general use in the section of its origin; and after a longer interval it becomes familiar to the nation as a whole. Thus *boom* and *blizzard* came into frequent use in the United States, as did *fad* and *cad* in Great Britain. For a while the first pair were only expressive Americanisms, and the second pair were only bold Britishisms. Then both pairs risked the perils of the voyage across the Western Ocean. *Cad* and *fad* were gladly welcomed in the United States, while *boom* and *blizzard* were making themselves at home in Great Britain. All four words are now known to the widely scattered masses who have English for their mother-tongue; and these masses, having found these new words useful, are already beginning to forget that they are new and that they were originally localisms likely to be denounced as mere slang absolutely intolerable on the lips of a careful speaker. It is safe to say that by the middle of the twentieth century these two Americanisms and these two Britishisms will be as firmly rooted in our vocabulary as is the *mob* which Swift execrated and abjured in vain two hundred years ago.

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To keep company with these four words of native origin there will be found not a few words brought over into English from foreign tongues, imported because no domestic manufacturer had supplied anything as satisfactory. Purists may rage, and precisians may imagine a vain thing; but this is what English will do in the future, as it has done in the past. "No tongue can possibly be corrupted by alien words which convey ideas that cannot be expressed by native ones," said that open-minded and plain-spoken scholar, the late Professor Lounsbury. Elsewhere in his brilliant history of our language, the same writer reassured those who confounded purism and purity. "Terminations and expressions which had their origin in ignorance and misapprehension are now accepted by all; and the employment of what was at first a blunder has often become subsequently a test of propriety of speech." So we may take heart of grace; we need not be downcast: what the language has done with profit in the years that have gone before, it may do with impunity in the years that are to come.

OUR NEW TAX TROUBLES — AND A PANACEA?

I

I HAVE just received a circular from a firm with business enough to have offices in four cities, which reads as follows:

Your corporation is subject to at least six taxes.

Do you know how to make your returns for each one accurately, fairly and to your best advantage and with full recognition of the relationship of each tax to the other?

In this connection we tender the services of specialized accountants.

I wonder if it is inevitable that our tax bills should take for such an industry talents that might be employed more "productively." I don't think it is, even though the question is fundamentally of that large class which depend upon the degree of human evolution.

My answer to the circular is: No, I don't know.

The secretary of our corporation, who, of all the officers, comes nearest to knowing, is on the other side of the continent, and may not be back before these returns have to be made. When that is, I don't yet know. My morning paper just took a column to explain these taxes, and a single reading did not make them clear to me. I will leave them to our lawyer.

Since the first of the recent income taxes, every concern which can afford a lawyer has got in one or more to make up the returns, and to advise on the methods of book-keeping that would reduce the tax to the lowest point possible within the law. In private corporations the salaries or commissions of the owners have often been raised to take the place of dividends, and new salaries and commissions given to owners not previously drawing them; other portions of profit have been paid in interest on concealable bonds exchanged for much of the stock,

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and for new alleged costs of maintenance and depreciation, and put in other hiding-places; and the government inspectors frankly declare that they cannot interfere with such arrangements.

Since we got into war, patriotism has probably helped matters, but ordinarily the business man is led by any sort of inquisitorial tax into interpreting his obligations to the government as he would never have dreamed of interpreting his obligations to his business associates; and this carelessness or worse, regarding his obligations as taxpayer, affects him regarding his obligations as voter, talesman, perhaps even jurymen. Nay more, can the same influence fail to affect his honor in his business relations, and even in his personal relations?

All these systems of taxing intangibles not only breed corruption but obstruct business. An appreciable portion of business time and tissue goes to making up these arrangements, and of course there is constant temptation to arrangements that are illegitimate. This activity is not only in reference to the tax schedules, but in the very organization of business—in plans of incorporation, selection of states for incorporation, arrangement of stock and bonds, and many other details.

A very considerable portion of the efforts of the lawyers goes to helping their clients in these arrangements; and here the temptations of course attack the character of the profession.

So successfully has all this been done, and in addition so great has been the lying, that before the invention of taxation of income "at the source," in England, it was estimated that only one-twelfth of what the law called for was paid. Now we believe the standard guess is one-fifth, while in the United States it is put at one-half and rising. Can it be possible that much of this advance is due to an advance in human nature?

Income tax returns are made but once a year, but the newly enacted war tax names a couple of dozen important

industries, including the railroads, pipe-lines, telegraphs, insurance companies, motion-pictures and other amusements, munition-makers and tobacco and liquor interests, who presumably will have to go through this nuisance of "making returns" *every month*.

In addition, special taxes must be paid by users of pleasure-boats and automobiles, visitors to all places of amusement, and members of clubs; stamps must be affixed to very many business instruments and all parcel post packages; and an additional cent stuck on each letter and postal card until new stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards are ready; and to cap the climax, publishers of periodicals, instead of paying a flat rate as now, are to pay a flat rate on the matter other than advertisements, and on the advertisements a rate varying with both their proportion to the other matter and to the distance traveled — rates that will involve eight subdivisions daily of matter now sent to the postoffice in bulk. The whole bill seems like an attempt to emulate the system which produced that proverbial illustration that no reader on taxation may hope to escape — the twenty-four taxes in the Dutchman's plate of soup.

There is added, of course, a great mass of exceptions, qualifications and explanations.

Of course most of these nuisances will be attended to by the prime producers, and the tax passed on to their customers, who will pay them without thinking much about them, but in some way or other probably most managers of business will be in this respect prime producers.

The new national tax bill, with all its faults, is of course "the best tax bill ever enacted" and that in the opinion of not a few people of knowledge and intelligence. And possibly it is; it at least does not raise the tariff (except on a few luxuries) or inflate the currency — the two great blunders of our civil war finance; but it does abound in troublesome obstructions of business, inquisitorial and

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therefore temptational features, and levies that are ultimately to be paid indirectly and therefore less consciously. Yet it may be as good a tax bill as the present development of human nature permits, just as the degree of peace now prevailing in the world is as great as the present state of human nature permits. But it is well to consider ideals, although premature attempts to realize them have made a large part of the world's folly and consequent misery.

II

The tax bill for the war takes up forty-seven large octavo pages in the official edition — equivalent to about seventy-five pages of *THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW*. I venture to suggest as an ideal, and a realizable one, that it should take up just space enough to contain, substantially, the words:

The tax rate for so much of the current year as is not elapsed when this bill receives the President's signature, shall be [such and such] per cent, and persons who have already paid any taxes for the year, shall pay at the additional rate for the unexpired portion.

I farther suggest that the "rate" above indicated should apply to but one single object or class of objects in the possession of every taxpayer, which of course could not be hidden, could be readily assessed at practically its correct value, and would be a good index of the citizen's ability to pay.

Such a system of taxation is so desirable, and I venture to think so possible, that its attainment should be considered in all enactments regarding taxation. I even go so far as to believe that there would be no serious danger in attempting to attain it by a single enactment, as soon as the constitution could be amended, as hereafter explained, to make such an enactment in accordance with it.

But the need of a simpler system is not restricted to the national government. The state and local systems are masses of incongruity, absurdity, wastefulness and

injustice; and I think it highly probable that the ideal tax could be enjoyed by most local and state governments without amending any state constitution.

And finally I am extravagant enough to think it very possible that the call for these ideal taxes for the national, state and local governments could be rendered to the taxpayer in a single bill, and paid in a single check.

On the chance that some reader may still retain enough hope of my sanity, or at least enough curiosity, to follow me farther, I will give more in detail the objections to the present methods, most of which probably the reader already knows, will then suggest a remedy, and then consider the obstacles to its realization.

III

It is an encouraging feature of the war tax bill that less than a quarter of the revenue is to come from indirect taxation. This is an improvement on previous practice, but it is a pity that any is to come from indirect taxation. For that has, next to the Civil War, probably been the greatest curse of the country, and it was even a prominent cause of the Civil War, through the difference between the North and the South on the tariff question; and that question still contains the germs of sectional trouble that complicate every national election.

But there are other serious objections to indirect taxation. Of course the intention of it is not only to make payment easy, but to keep the citizen as nearly as possible unconscious that he is being taxed, so that he will not be apt to rebel.

As long as taxes were imposed by kings and aristocracies, mainly for their own benefit, there was merit in Colbert's principle, now two hundred and fifty years old, that the best taxes were those that got the most feathers with the least squawking. So too has the principle been effective whenever a manufacturing aristocracy has mulcted the rest of the people through a protective tariff.

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The unfelt tax is still a favorite of politicians and even of statesmen, partly because of some surviving faith in Colbert's dictum. So far from such a principle being the best, it is probably the worst. But it has had powerful influence, and conformably with it, most systems of taxation, if they can be called systems, are, like our present one, jumbles of devices to get money from an unwilling majority. The labors of fiscal statesmen have been concentrated on the invention of those devices and upon "finding new sources of revenue," although ease, certainty and economy require using as few sources as possible. Such tricks are the main elements up to date of the "Science of Taxation."

All authorities agree that there are vital differences between the effects of direct taxes that the payer knows he is paying, and of indirect taxes that he pays without realizing it. The latter have been called "vampire" taxes.

Like the bat of Indian brakes
Whose pinions fan the wound it makes,

they render it possible seriously to injure their victim without his attempting to defend himself.

The voter's unconsciousness of the tax burden invites indifference to political duties, and helps the corruptionist to pursue his way without interference. This is the condition of the vast majority of our voters—in New York City only one out of twenty-five pays any tax that he recognizes as such. Yet the rest, without knowing it, do indirectly pay taxes when they pay for places in which to eat, sleep and buy things, and they should be made to realize it; and I think in an important particular they can be. The tariff taxes are also unconsciously paid in nearly all places where anything but native food is sold; and half of the national internal taxes, until the new bill disturbed the proportions, were paid in the liquor and tobacco shops.

For these reasons, indirect taxes are condemned by

experts, but they are very much in favor with "practical statesmen," because they are blindly paid out of scant wages by the vast majority of the community who have nothing else to tax; and they attract so little attention that the levying of them, or the spending of them, seldom costs a legislator his seat.

The opposite and right principle was illustrated by the Earl of Derby in 1860 when he said:

"By making the whole revenue of the United Kingdom depend upon direct taxation, the pressure would be so odious that wars would be avoided because no party would incur the odium of carrying them on." This of course did not relate to wars of self-defence.

The expense of government in the United States increased from \$6.44 per capita in 1884 to nearly \$12 in 1908. If the taxes had been direct, is it probable that that increase would have been permitted? Is it probable that the shameless and hypocritical bartering of undeserved pensions (I'm not objecting to the little dribble of deserved ones) for party votes, could have been kept up if the people from whom the money has been filched had realized how they were being robbed? Stranger still: is it probable that even the party which opposed the Civil War would, during its later brief leases of power, have continued this venal pension extravagance, if the party had had the character to destroy the tax system it professed to condemn? For without the indirect tax system or some equivalent of it, the monstrous thing would have been impossible.

Probably there is no better refutation of Colbert's dictum than American experience since the Civil War. The tariff tax has weighed out of all due proportion upon the poorer class. And perhaps the most ridiculous feature of the whole case was that probably more than half the money mulcted in the high prices did not go to the government at all, but to "protected" manufacturers. But

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as the tax is indirect, the people have not realized all this, have done little squawking, and have taken fifty years to throw off a part of it. Meanwhile, as they did not realize that it was so largely their money that Congress was spending, they have permitted probably the greatest saturnalia of extravagance in history. Yet the poorer class are far in the majority, they have had the remedy in their own hands, but under the Colbert principle have not been awake to the need of using it.

And yet these tremendous considerations are not only untouched by the portion of our new bill levying the indirect taxes, but also by the vastly more important portion levying the income tax. Under the former rule exempting incomes of \$3000, only one-tenth of the people paid the tax; and the present rule exempting but \$1000 elevates but a quarter into taxpayers.

In short, of the two and a half billions to be collected under the bill, the taxpayers will be frequently reminded (and only while the old postage stamps last) that they are paying some \$70,000,000 in those stamps; and on express packages, telegraph messages, car seats and berths, insurance, pleasure-boats, amusement admissions, club dues, and stamp taxes, some \$100,000,000 — some \$170,000,000 in \$2,500,000,000. Outside then of the income taxes paid by a small minority, less than a fifteenth of the new taxes are direct ones that the payers generally will realize that they are paying.

IV

Some objects taxed, like land, houses, railroads, are seen of all men; others, like money, securities, and that vague and disputed entity called "income," are seen of none. The latter class of objects must be got at by the officers through inquisitorial processes. The New York taxpayer, for example, annually "swears off" his taxes.

He receives a notice (or doesn't) of the amount at which his personal property is appraised for the year. Unless the amount is ridiculously low, the victim makes a troublesome search of his records, and gives up the heart of a business day to a journey to and from the tax office, and sitting in a line with other victims awaiting his turn to answer troublesome questions and do his swearing, not seldom at the cost of his conscience.

Instead of this nuisance, in some states, the taxpayer has to make a list of his possessions, with his convenience and his conscience under a similar strain. These lists are among the standard jokes of the age. They are falsified by people without conscience, at the expense of those with it, especially widows and orphans.

Most of the taxes we have so far indicated are taxes on conscience, as are all inquisitorial taxes — taxes on intangibles like income, profits, or any business or property which the collector must inquire into because he cannot see it for himself. Such taxes can generally be evaded, and they usually are, not only by dishonest people, but by people otherwise honest, who hold unfair, and will not (if they can avoid it) pay a tax that is sure to be paid only by such persons as are too scrupulous, ignorant or stupid to evade it. So true is all this, that Wells cites an instance where “a high court . . . recently decided that perjury in connection with a man's tax-lists does not affect his general credibility under oath.” One of the most eminent citizens New York ever had — a man whose name was a universally accepted synonym for probity, said to the present writer: “Of course I won't pay a personal property tax, and I've told the commissioners so. There is no way of making a man pay a personal tax.”

V

It may seem a little late to discuss the income tax, after it has just been piled on a second time, and is pretty sure

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to last through the war, if not longer. But I hope to suggest a salutary modification of it.

If, as Adam Smith says, and most experts now agree, taxes should vary with the ability of the taxpayers to meet them, the income tax is about ideal already. On the surface, it seems the fairest and most reasonable of all taxes, and it is so regarded by the vast number of people who have not gone below the surface. Even as sane a paper as the *Springfield Republican* lately contained without qualification the irrefragable, if somewhat *naïf* statement that the income tax is an ideal tax.

But anybody who advocates the immediate enactment of a tax or anything else on the ground that it is "ideal" shows a dangerous obliviousness to the real. Ideals are dangerous, not only because they are largely the creation of sentiment, and therefore apt to be mistaken, but because favoring their realization before human nature is up to the job, is the main curse of social reasoning, and, barring brief episodes of actual revolution, never so much so as to-day.

It is ideal that a man should pay taxes on all his property, but as a rule he won't pay them on any property that he can conceal, and the attempt to collect such breeds corruption, injustice, and contempt of law. Even so orthodox a party man as Chairman Payne said that the income tax would make "a nation of liars" — a remark that may well have been original with him, but that had before been made by Gladstone regarding the English income tax.

But it may well be asked: "If a tax is theoretically just, why condemn it because it will be evaded? The fault is not in the tax, but in those who evade it." True, but the question is part of the larger question: If a policy is ideal, why refrain from it because, so far as humanity has yet been evolved, it is impracticable? Such a question answers itself. A law that cannot be enforced tends to bring all law into contempt, and the advocacy of ideal

policies which are impracticable, prevents the realization of policies which are practicable, and is probably the distinctive folly and the greatest curse of the age.

A few years ago these considerations had so far worked their way into popular apprehension that there has been increasing agitation in favor of entirely doing away with the taxation of property that can be concealed — all “personal” property, when the National government brought out the other taxes of the same kind, only more so, upon incomes.

Although it seems impossible to find so good an index of a citizen’s ability to pay as his income, the trouble is to find the income. Though the tax is gauged on a man’s ability to pay, it leaves out the question of his disposition to pay. That trouble has been so great that the only income tax that has yet stood a thorough test in America was while people were glad to make sacrifices in the war for the union.

But you probably say: “The income tax is here, and come to stay. What are you going to do about it?” Try to remedy its obvious defects. But there’s something more that needs remedying, and after discussing that, I will, none too confidently, I trust, suggest a possible remedy for both.

VI

There are objections to every tax in the new war bill and in our former national practice, and good objections. There is but one object of taxation free from those objections — real estate, and so superior is it in these respects to anything else, that taxation has long been veering toward it, and that many prefer it as the sole object of taxation — that it shall bear a Single Tax. But even it falls short, in the fatal particular that the tax would be paid by very few. Its apostles have claimed that as the whole community depends on the products of real estate, they would indirectly pay the taxes. Wells believes this to be true.

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Seligman does not. It seems to me that it would be true under absolutely fluid competition, but that between the landlord and the retail customer, friction will prevent the passing on of a considerable portion of what the landlord has paid. The case is not like that of the taxes obviously indirect: there are so many more processes between raw material, through finished product, to consumer, than merely between finished product, and consumer.

But even if the consumer does ultimately pay the land tax, he pays it indirectly; and so for him it has no saving grace for citizenship, and a tax without that fails in a very important particular.

Probably nothing has done so much to make the government of the United States the most extravagant and probably the most corrupt in any civilized country but Russia, as that fundamentally the expenses are regulated by those who either do not pay taxes or do not know they pay them — the public outlays, from the River and Harbor bill down to the salary of the village policeman, are ultimately controlled by the proletariat vote.

Our "liberty" is largely the liberty to spend other people's money, our "equality" is giving the same powers to stupidity as to intelligence, and consequently our "fraternity" is probably the greatest class hatred in the world. Yet one should never say this sort of thing without adding, banal as it now seems, that these evils are small beside those of autocracy. The present frightful illustration we regard as exceptional: yet up to the late eighteenth century such illustrations were general and chronic.

The absurdity of the expenses being determined by those who do not pay them will never be relieved, however, by depriving the proletariat of the vote. It can only be effected, as already intimated, by raising the proletariat into *conscious* taxpayers.

The way consists largely of steps not to be taken — especially not, through undue taxation, obstructing his

accumulating property to be taxed. This was his case almost everywhere up to the French Revolution, and a protective tariff on the articles the poor man needs, has been the case with us for a long period. He is beginning to realize this, and is trying to get rid of tariff taxes, and to put in their places taxes on incomes larger than his own; on inheritances, which do not concern him; and on land, which he thinks does not. So far as he succeeds, he ceases to see himself as a taxpayer, and to realize any stake in good government; and simply tends to become a reckless spender of other people's money. So with our present taxes, we are all between the devil and the deep sea: the tariff and excises gobble up the poor man's money, and the other taxes tempt him to waste the money of others.

We greatly need a simple and inexpensive system that reaches everybody in a degree proportioned to his ability to pay. Simplicity is a great argument in the wide advocacy of the "Single Tax," though probably a major part of its popularity as well as that of the income and inheritance taxes, is because they do not touch the poor man, and reach only those most able to pay. This consideration is one that had little effect even up to the French Revolution. The people in power naturally made those lacking power pay. But now that the proletariat are rapidly becoming "the people in power," they are gradually reversing the old process. Even the tariff trick has not always availed to throw all the taxes on the poor. And under democracy, no matter what the method may be, the bulk of the taxes will, in the long run, be paid by those most able to pay. So far as a system falls short of that result, it falls short of democracy. It falls short too of facilitating the rise of the proletariat into responsible citizenship; and so far as the majority are not responsible citizens, democracy contains germs that deteriorate its health and threaten its destruction.

But admitting that henceforth the bulk of the taxes is to be paid by the rich, there is still a choice among taxes,

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and it is eminently desirable to have them fairly assessed, and easy and sure of collection, which the income and inheritance taxes cannot be; not leave the poor man out altogether, which they and the land tax do; and not bleed him unduly, which the tariff and excises do; and yet keep him conscious that it is part of his money that the government spends.

VII

And now it may be high time to produce that model tax — a tax which is direct, unescapable, levied on virtually everybody, and in reasonable proportion to each citizen's means. Mind, I say only "virtually" everybody, and "reasonable" proportion: even this possible panacea is not ideally exact, nor can any other be before human nature is ideal.

A tax with all these merits has been in local and limited use in several European countries, and recommended by commissions in at least four of the United States. In England it is known as "the rates," and sometimes there and elsewhere as the Habitation Tax, and is based on the doctrine that a man's habitation is an index to his ability to pay.

The tax is not, in the usual sense of the real estate tax, "on the property" or on those who own it, but simply takes a man's dwelling, even if rented or borrowed, as an index of his ability to pay. If he occupies two houses at different seasons, he is to pay on two; or if, like a certain eminent American railway wrecker, he occupies seven, he is to pay on seven. In a word, his dwelling or dwellings are to be taken as an indication of his income; and, it would take a very confiding soul to doubt, often a much better indication than the "returns" he now makes to the assessor.

True, a man can so economize on his habitation as to avoid a part of his fair liability to the tax. But this would be done only in a few exceptional cases, and presumably

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so few that the law need not take account of them. There will be exceptions under any law. To offset them in the Habitation Tax, there are the ease of just appraisement, the economy and certainty of collection and of reaching everybody, and reaching everybody fairly justly. The certainty is assured by making the tax a lien against the habitation. If that is rented, the owner can secure himself against the tenant.

This tax has all the merits of the tax on real estate, and in addition the overwhelming one that it can be applied to virtually everybody, and so keep everybody alive to his stake in government. Only people "on the road" or in jail could escape it, and only by keeping their names off the register of voters. This would prevent their voting at all, and is therefore one of the merits of the tax.

While the real estate tax can be directly applied to only a few, everybody, down to the occupant of a hall bedroom in a boarding house, or part of a room in a tenement, uses real estate at least for shelter, and (though doctors differ) pays taxes on it through his rent. But he pays them indirectly, and is seldom conscious that he does so. This indirect payment can be made direct by substituting the Habitation Tax.

This tax seems to appeal to all schools of reformers. To those who favor the Income Tax it ought to commend itself: for it is virtually a form of that tax, much more easily and economically assessed, and apt to be more justly assessed. More men are apt to prevaricate to the assessor about their incomes, than to deny themselves homes in proportion to their means. So far as they do so deny themselves, the unostentatious living is undoubtedly more for national well-being than ostentatious living.

Those who favor the Land Tax because of its ease of just appraisement, and its certainty and economy of collection

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should equally favor the Habitation Tax; and for its universality should prefer it.

To those who crave the simplicity of a Single Tax, the Habitation Tax should commend itself: for it could be made a single tax, with all the merits which a single land tax could possess, and the additional one of directly falling on *everybody*, and so keeping everybody awake to political duty; and there would be no more need of statesmen seeking "new sources of revenue" and applying Colbert's method in exploiting them; or in wasting time in debating them.

For the commercial world, the Habitation Tax offers release from taxes on transportation, stocks in trade, machinery and business buildings, and also from the stamp, tariff and excise taxes, which are burdens on business processes and exchanges.

To the students of taxation, virtually all of whom hate in their souls the taxes that recall the vampire and the inquisition, the Habitation Tax offers freedom from both, with no offsetting disadvantage.

The tax could be made progressive, like the present form of the income tax: if a man had a million dollar residence, there would be nothing to prevent charging him one or two hundred per cent on the last hundred thousand of its value, and so on down.

The Habitation Tax, however, should not be imposed while the other form of the Income Tax lasts: for that would be to tax the income twice; and virtually all students agree that that should be avoided. Such, however, does not appear to be the opinion of the statesman who imposed the six taxes which the gentlemen who sent us the circular wish to mitigate for us as far as possible.

There could also, if desirable, be an exemption from the Habitation Tax for those occupying such poor quarters as to make the tax yield less than the cost of collection. But the cost of assessing the Habitation Tax form of the Income Tax would be so much less than that of assessing

the present form, that it would pay to collect a smaller assessment, and the effect of making all citizens conscious taxpayers would be worth even some expenditure.

VIII

A national Habitation Tax could be assessed and collected by the local officials. If it were a Single Tax, the army of national assessors and collectors could be disbanded and turned to productive industries: for one quiet gentleman in Washington could annually notify each state of its quota for the national budget, based on the state and local expenditures for the preceding year; and during part of his remaining time he could be ascertaining through the state officials what these expenditures were. Likewise for the state taxes, a very small staff could gather the local facts for each state, and, as was formerly done in New York, notify the local officers of the state's requirements and the local shares. These too should be based on the local expenditures. Thus the local officers could collect for the localities, the states and the nation.

Basing the national, state and local quotas on expenditures would be a powerful stimulus to economy. It would also obviate the difficulty now imperfectly met in some states by "boards of equalization," who have sometimes had to be organized to see that properties are not assessed too low in some counties, to avoid their share of state levies: expenditures once made, are unchangeable and ascertainable.

IX

Why, then, with all these merits, has the Habitation Tax, though in use elsewhere, not been used in America at all? Probably the main reason is in habits and traditions that go back farther than even Colbert, and were very active in the making of our constitution, and are imposed upon us by it.

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Lord Bryce once said that, in government, traditions count more than anything else. I ought perhaps to be slow to confess that the remark startled me a little. It grows on one, however, as Lord Bryce's remarks have a habit of doing, and at this moment I find startling confirmation of it in the realization that in taxation, protectionism is our strongest tradition.

Our government was formed when the only system rational under the circumstances was one far from rational under present better circumstances.

As already intimated, even under monarchical government, taxation as a science was in its infancy, and as a self-imposed function of a free people, was only in its birth throes: the only principle known was that of least squawking.

The original confederated government had no power to levy taxes, and so was no government at all. It had tried in vain to get its revenues by asking quotas from the states. Its failure was the strongest reason for the new constitution creating a real government with power to tax. As the old nominal government had failed on this point, it was the one point approached most timidly by the new one. It was taken for granted that taxation must be imposed in the most disguised, and therefore (though it was not realized then) the most injurious way. Hamilton said (*Federalist*, 12):

In America it is evident that we must a long time depend for the means of revenue chiefly on . . . duties. . . If the principal part be not drawn from commerce, it must fall with oppressive weight upon land. . . Personal estate . . . from the difficulty in tracing it, cannot be subjected to large contributions by any other means than by taxes on consumption. . . The pockets of the farmers . . . will reluctantly yield but scanty supplies in the unwelcome shape of imposition on their houses and lands.

The diffusion of a land tax, which was not even considered by Hamilton, and, as already said, is now denied by

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Seligman, though asserted by Wells, certainly could not then, or now, be realized by people in general.

The revolutionary war had been undertaken against taxation without representation, and the constitutional convention was of course full of a general notion that taxation should be based on representation.

Moreover, people generally were so nearly equal in estate, that population and property available for taxation were regarded as coterminous, and perhaps the idea was promoted by that mad passion for equality among men which assumed it so often in the face of plain evidence that it did not exist. So it was provided in the constitution that "representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states . . . according to their respective numbers."

Still farther, from the old system of the central government calling (in vain) on each state for its quota of taxes, and from other sources, there had been derived a great fear of tyranny and favoritism from the national government, especially to the disadvantage of the smaller states, and so there was inserted the additional provision that "no capitation or direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census." There was probably no suspicion that these phrases were doing much to saddle the nation with the worst tax policy known in civilization, to rid itself from which would ultimately be one motive, so far as an income tax is concerned, for wiping the then apparently just and innocuous phrases from the constitution, and would have some share in forming an appreciable, though mad, conviction that the constitution should be wiped out altogether.

Probably the misgivings would have been relieved if the convention could have foreseen the Congress under President Taft pledged to "revision downward," actually revise upward the duties on the sort of textile products which are the characteristic industry of the smallest state. Farther reassurance, had any been needed, could have

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been found if it could have been foreseen that the conduct of the Payne-Aldrich revision in the Senate would be led by a senator from that smallest state, and that state much richer than several more populous ones. If the fathers could have foreseen all this, they would hardly have cared to make the provisions that now vex us.

But the misgivings existed, and except as modified in favor of the income tax, the phrases make it unpracticable to lay any direct tax at all, because many populous states are poor, and many unpopulous ones rich. Manifestly to exact the same sum per capita from two such contrasting states would be out of the question.

In addition, the exclusive relations of the national government (as distinct from the states) to foreign commerce, and the constitutional prohibition of the states from levying import or export duties, both naturally aided the tendency to seek revenues from a tariff; and besides, early in our history we for a time actually needed "protection" against not only natural opposition from British manufacturers, but underselling aggression.

But the progress of events made the protective system absurd, and demonstrated that of all bad taxes, the tariff tax is immeasurably the worst: it pulls the feathers without the goose feeling it, and so makes for carelessness and extravagance; it is highly inquisitorial and therefore highly provocative of fraud; it is heaviest on the poor man, though he seldom knows it; it cannot be levied according to the best principles; it corrupts congress; it obstructs trade; and while the protective idea may justify it as a defense against foreign competitive attacks on infant industries, not only are we long past any such need, but if we were still in it, the tax could not be restricted to that function: for it always has been controlled by the strongest industries, and its items and rates fixed by log-rolling.

Every person intelligent enough not to be misled by the

intermediary convenience of money, knows that international trade is naturally an exchange between two countries, of commodities which either can produce cheaper than the other, and that a tax put in one country on the product of another, puts that product just so far out of the category of products for which native products will exchange — that limiting imports, just so far limits exports, except as regards gold, which will have to pay the difference, and gold cannot ordinarily be parted with at an appreciable profit above cost, while merchandise in many instances can at a high profit. So trades forced by a high tariff, or any other cause, to involve gold, lack to that extent the proverbial element of a good trade — one that is good for both parties..

With the high tariff still part of the foundation of our national system, no wonder that the country is in a constant turmoil over tax legislation, that this is a mass of futility and corruption, and that not only the business world, but the poor man's bed and board and very raiment are exploited by favored interests.

For some time before the civil war, these facts had been to some degree recognized, we were virtually on a revenue basis when the demands of the civil war brought up the tariff with a rush; and it developed a strong and united body of "protected" manufacturers who have kept the system alive by influencing votes not only in congress, but throughout the country, especially by the pension scandal.

X

It was not, however, from a comprehensive realization of these shackles placed upon us by our ancestors that the constitution was amended to permit the income tax. The country wanted the income tax, and opened the way for it: that was all. There was little realization of the evils of indirect taxation in general, and hardly any of the fact that the constitution restricted us to it, and made the national use of even the adored Single Tax im-

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possible. If there had been any such general realization, the hampering provisions would have been swept away entirely, instead of in one particular. It is hard to see why that was not done. I do not remember its being even proposed. Yet if it had been proposed in its entirety merely to make way for the Income Tax, that plea would probably have served to free the whole field of taxation as easily as it did to free a part for the Income Tax. It is to be hoped that before long another amendment will not merely take another inch from the dog's tail, or rather the fox's or the wolf's, but complete the job.

XI

And now outside of the constitution, what are the obstacles to the suggested system? Is it not after all one of those ideal systems which are merely counsels of perfection, and of a degree of perfection not yet in sight?

Do not the difficulties recognized by Colbert, and those explained by Hamilton, still exist? Is a controlling majority yet wise enough to pay their taxes in the wisest way? If the man already pampered by exemption from the Income Tax, and lulled to insensibility of the vampire taxes, is asked to pay a Habitation Tax, isn't he going to vote against it, even if his share would not be over a dollar or two a year? Would he not vote against any direct tax whatever that will touch him? Would he ever have voted for even an income tax if he had not expected to be exempt? Wouldn't he rather pay, as he does even under the present tariff, a considerable sum in disguised dribbles, than pay less in a lump or a few instalments? In short, isn't the question of remedying defective taxation like virtually every other question of remedying a defect or evil in the state, at bottom a question of remedying the man? Isn't the question of remedying the worst evil that afflicts mankind, war itself, a question of remedying the man — some man somewhere — of course on the opposing side?

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And remedying the man is a slow process — far from a hopeless one, but yet so slow that impatient and shortsighted and over-sentimental people are constantly wasting themselves and the resources of the state on schemes that are before their day.

Only so far as men are wise enough to pay universal direct taxes, will they be wise enough to impose them. Yet the effort to impose them is always a good experiment, even when it is found too far in advance of Nature to work. Until our present experiment, that has been the case with the income tax, but there are some signs that the more advanced portion of the community, which alone is called upon to pay it, may at last be up to the mark. But even if that be proved the case, unless exemptions are greatly reduced, the spending of the taxes will still be left to a greater degree than in any other nation for those who do not pay them, and we will continue to a greater degree than any other nation, extravagant and unsafe — from ourselves and from others.

Of all remedies proposed, is there any other nearly so hopeful as the Habitation Tax?

THE STORY IN THE MAKING

FOR some years I have followed in various magazines those various outpourings that throw light on literature in the making, studying to see just how literature lays hold of my fellow-workers. I often wonder how other people make stories.

For me the most frequent way in which the embryonic story presents itself is as a face, a piquant, challenging face, glimpsing at me, as it were, out of a mist. "Complete my anatomy, discover my character, write my story, if you dare!" it seems to say, and straightway vanishes. Sometimes it is a gray old face, strange with mysterious wisdom; sometimes it is a middle-aged face, the lips twitching with subtle humor; but all the faces are alike in one respect, the promptness with which they vanish when I try to fix them with an analytical eye. From their first tantalizing elusiveness, to their last chill entombment in cold print, these bodiless beings exhibit an incredible harshness of behavior toward their best friend and well wisher, the author. They show the most incomprehensible aversion to being created. They never lend a helping hand to their own development; they let their creator do all the work while they have all the fun.

Of course after a character has once shown its mocking, charming face peeping at you from obscuring curtains of fog, there is nothing for it but to be up and after. True, I used to be more civil to my own creations, used to think that they would come forth in gracious vividness if I would merely sit and wait with politely receptive mind. Thus I waited, until I fell asleep, and they never came. They don't fool me in that way now. I let them know at once just what sort of creator they have to deal with, and I proceed straightway to hound them down to the finish.

First, I sit with my eye fixed on that spot in the mental

mist where the face has last vanished, and I look and look until my eye pierces the fog, and I find the fugitive, and slowly see form and feature, and I don't let go until—

There! have I drawn or no
Life to that lip?

until I know the way my face parts its hair, and the way it parts its lips, until I know all the changes in its eyes, and the way it crinkles itself when it laughs. Then I must proceed to fit face with figure and costume, and next, hardly daring to relax the grip of my glance long enough, I make the whole walk up and down in front of me so that I can see just what are the tricks of its gait. All through the process the creature has wriggled and writhed from my grasp like a very Proteus, and at the end I positively have to pound him into propriety while I fasten him to a chair in a blaze of daylight. Ten to one, he'll be off before I can get back, for I must away, halooing into the mist again to find others for my pretty puppet to play with. Back I come after a while, pulling a reluctant train. I tack them all to their seats, for they are so mutinous that I hardly dare to turn my back upon them. I consult them at every turn, but they refuse to answer a single word. They will not say whether they prefer the mountains or the sea, whether they like their dining-rooms in orange tawny or terra cotta, whether they prefer Botticelli or Charles Dana Gibson on their walls. I do my best, but when I have clapped on the last weatherboard, and clipped off the last protruding twig of their hedgerows, they sniff at me because I do not know their tastes.

It is just here that the saddest part of my story-making begins, and the heartless company there present, well they know it. "Ha!" they cry, "you can lead a character up to action, but you cannot make him act." How I wish that the editor and the public would receive the story at the present stage! Have I not really done enough!

Perfectly ignorant of carpentry and mason-work, I have built that lordly gray pile on the hillside yonder, not to mention that bustling city in the distance. Utterly inexperienced in horticulture, I have laid out some twenty acres of landscape gardening over which the public is at liberty to wander at will; and chief, I have introduced to your acquaintance half a dozen fascinating people, most charming and sympathetic towards all humanity but their author. But this is not enough; the public demands of me yet more inspiration and perspiration. My mutineers must dance through a plot, and look as if they enjoyed it, too.

At first, of course, they are inexorably inactive. I protest and I plead hopelessly. But at last as caged animals finally condescend to the tricks of the circus ring out of very ennui, I see my characters pricking up their ears a bit at the poses I suggest. Flattery works tolerably well. "You'd look so pretty in an incident," I suggest to my heroine, and languidly she rises, but warms presently to more spirited pantomime before her mirror. Also I appeal to their loyalty to each other, "Whist!" I cry, "here's our pretty young hero having a two A. M. tussle with a burglar in the coal-bin. Up with you, and down to the rescue, every man of you!" and down they scurry.

Presently, happy sight, behold the whole company prancing and pirouetting with an animation I would not have believed possible ten minutes ago. After all the trouble I have had to set them jigging, it is hard to raise a protesting voice and call a halt, — "Stop! this is action, I grant you, but it isn't plot. Clear the stage! Hero and heroine and climax to the front, if you please." Such adroitness and diplomacy as I have to exert in order to persuade them all to take their proper places in the march of incidents! I try all sorts of appeal; my second lady being in the dumps, I say, "Shame! You must let Olivia have the first proposal scene. It's naughty to be jealous, and don't you remember that you have a New England

conscience? It's about all you have got, too, except your eyebrows. Besides, I leave you at the end with another proposal distinctly looming upon the horizon."

I always have most exhausting arguments with my puppets about their actions. They say they are disgusted with the obsequiousness with which I refer to the public, and they don't believe I know anything about the public anyway; if I'd just once give them a free hand unhampered by introduction, sequence, climax, or denouement, they would make me a plot that would make me a made man.

Somehow at last by dint of infinite patience I persuade them all to go through their proper incidents in their proper order. The next task is to make them pause in their poses long enough for me to catch up my pen and sketch them in action.

Puffing, panting, pleading, somehow or other I get them all down in black and white at last, and then, seeing that I have finished, they all come tiptoeing up to look over my shoulder at what I have written. I turn up my collar against the storm of abuse.

"Is that leering old reprobate meant for me?" inquires the most delightful grandfather I ever met in imagination.

The heroine's cheeks are hot, "I never flirted so outrageously as that with anyone in my life," she cries, "not even with —" here she glances at the hero.

"She didn't, and you had no business to say so!" he takes up the cudgels. "But, pray, what is this curious fringe I observe ornamenting my vocabulary? College slang! I assure you that it never grew in any college for gentlemen. It sounds to me like an opium den, and I should like to inquire, sir, where *you* learned it!"

"Where in the world are my eyebrows?" wails the second lady.

Unable to control myself longer, I jump from my chair and turn upon them, "See here, if you think making a story is so much easier than being one, just take my desk and chair and pen and try it!"

LATIN AMERICA AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

SINCE the entrance of the United States into the war, there has been much speculation concerning the probable course to be followed by the republics of Latin America, and the probable fate of the Monroe Doctrine. In order to have a starting point on which to base such speculations, it will be well to consider the past: to trace out the development of public opinion in South America towards us and our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Though North Americans persist in referring to Latin America as though it were an expanse of territory peopled by an undifferentiated body politic, nothing could be more superficial. In Latin America, there are a score of independent republics separated from each other by geographical barriers, lack of commercial intercourse, and numerous petty jealousies. The feeling of a common Hispano-American brotherhood among them is weak. As Lord Bryce has well said: "Neither literary traditions, pride of ancestry, nor a common possession of the Roman Catholic faith has strengthened affection among them." Due both to differences in interests and to lively jealousies, acts of intervention which have called forth a howl of protest from some of these republics have caused the others to dance in glee, while the variety of opinions we find on the Monroe Doctrine seems a hopeless tangle. To give a detailed cross-section of the Latin American attitude toward this doctrine at different periods since 1901, would require nothing short of an encyclopedic collection of data, a collection which, even with the excellent facilities of the Pan-American Union, we have been unable to make.

The problem is greatly simplified, however, by thinking of Latin America as divided into two main groups of countries, the A B C and the seventeen smaller republics

in Central and South America. That such a point of view is valid, and one that will make possible an understanding of the main currents of public opinion in Latin America, is a statement which, logical as it seems when the facts are known, requires some little explanation as well as proof.

At least since the beginning of the present century, there has been an ever-sharpening line of demarcation between the three well-established South American republics, and the rest of Latin America. As the A B C countries have grown in power, and as their relations with the United States have become increasingly friendly, the suspicions of the rest of Latin America have been directed more and more against their stronger neighbors, as well as against the United States. In recent times, especially, it becomes evident from following the editorials in *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, the most powerful daily in South America, that there is, among the smaller republics, a growing jealousy of the A B C powers which the latter are trying hard to suppress. A propos of an insinuation by a Uruguayan newspaper that a recent visit of the Brazilian minister to the state department of Argentine was a symptom of a brewing A B C alliance, *La Prensa* printed a long editorial ending as follows: "The topic of an Argentine-Brazilian-Chilean alliance, as well as all prospect of treaties which will submit the means of national defense to a common standard, remains absolutely and irrevocably out of the international debate."

Yet it was less than three years before the A B C alliance, which had long been understood, was consummated in the treaty of April 25, 1915. Though this treaty was nothing more than a vague agreement to coöperate in problems of defense and internal development, a veritable storm of protest arose throughout Latin America. By the press of the republics which had been left out in the cold, the alliance was declared "an affront of tutelage; a formula narrow, egotistic and dangerous"; "an alphabetic coincidence and a hard fisted impulse"; "the product

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of a delirium of aggrandizement." One editor in *La Paz* proclaimed that "the problem of the A B C is the complete domination of South America."

Though quotations on this subject might be multiplied, the foregoing is sufficient to indicate the constantly widening break between the two main divisions of Latin American countries. It is the extent and the reality of this two-fold division of Latin America which is seldom taken into account, and which explains, in a large measure, the unfortunate impression given by presenting the expostulations of quarrelsome patriots as expressions of Latin American opinion in general.

During Roosevelt's two administrations, the Monroe Doctrine realized its logical development. We had said to Europe: Hands off! You shall not influence America with your political or military power. But he also said: "When we announce a policy such as the Monroe Doctrine, we thereby commit ourselves to the consequences of the policy, and those consequences from time to time alter." The consequences of the Monroe Doctrine have altered in the last two decades by virtue of the commercial expansion of Europe in Latin America. Along with the investment of European life and capital in the Western Hemisphere, there has automatically arisen the right of European nations to safeguard the lives of their citizens and to collect their just debts. Obviously these rights can be backed up by one of three agencies: the Latin American nations themselves, the European nations involved, or some strong power in the Western Hemisphere. Thus our country, as sponsor for the Monroe Doctrine, was brought face to face with disagreeable alternatives. President Roosevelt said: "On the one hand, this country would certainly decline to go to war to prevent a foreign government from collecting a just debt; on the other hand it is very undesirable to permit any foreign power to take possession, even temporarily, of the custom houses of an American Republic in order to enforce the payment

of its obligations, for such temporary occupation might turn into permanent occupation. The only escape from these alternatives may at any time be that we must ourselves undertake to bring about some arrangement by which so much as possible of a just obligation shall be paid. In another message, President Roosevelt was obliged to declare that "chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherents of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States . . . to the exercise of an international police power."

The main business of this essay is to show the development and varieties of public opinion in Latin America toward this interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. A clear and accurate understanding of the case is of the utmost importance to North Americans because what Latin America cares most about is not the Monroe Doctrine, abstractly considered, but the interpretation we put upon it, and the means we use to enforce it.

Turning first to the A B C, we find that, up through Roosevelt's second administration, the Monroe Doctrine and the question of international police power was not, in these countries, a live topic of discussion. The well-established republics to the south of us were too much occupied with matters of internal development to acquire a lively interest in the unsettled condition of the Central American and Caribbean republics. Moreover, they had nothing to gain by sanctioning the policy of intervention, since by so doing they would only lay themselves open to the suspicions of their weaker neighbors.

Nevertheless, in the first decade of the present century, there did exist, in the A B C countries, a characteristic attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine. To paint a true picture of this attitude, which lay somewhere between

the cold, academic judgments of the schoolmen and the extreme views of the alarmists, it will first be necessary to examine the so-called Drago Doctrine. It had its origin in a note sent by Minister Drago for the Argentine government to the United States, à propos of the German-English intervention in Venezuela in 1901-02. The note declared that: "The only thing which the Argentine Government maintains, and which it would, with great satisfaction, see consecrated by a nation which, like the United States, enjoys such great authority and power, is the principle, already accepted, that there can be no territorial expansion in America, nor oppression of the peoples of this continent, because an unfortunate financial situation might compel some of them to defer the fulfillment of their promises. In a word, the principle which (the Argentine Government) would wish to see recognized, is that public debt cannot be a cause for armed intervention, or still less, of material occupation of the soil of American nations by a European power." Opponents of the Monroe Doctrine, both in the United States and South America, have recently referred to the Drago Doctrine as a final proof that Latin Americans will have nothing to do with us or the Monroe Doctrine — that they have set up a policy of their own to supersede the antiquated traditions of the White House. Though there is a germ of truth in such assertions, they are neither profound nor exact. They are not exact because neither in the Drago Doctrine nor in the circumstances attending its origin was there any antithesis to the Monroe Doctrine; yet the assertions contain a germ of truth inasmuch as, a year or two after the sending of the Drago note, the doctrine therein expressed did actually come to be regarded by the majority of Argentinians as in some half-understood manner, marking a definite separation from the Monroe Doctrine, a purely national policy of the United States.

Obviously, the only difference between the Monroe Doctrine and the Drago Doctrine was one of definiteness.

The former stated the inviolability of American soil in general terms; the latter stated precisely that unpaid financial obligations could not be a cause for either permanent or temporary military occupation of American soil by a European power. The accordance of the principle of the Drago note with the Monroe Doctrine was clearly recognized by Argentine publicists at the time when the note was sent. In the press discussion of Buenos Aires in the Spring of 1903, we find such expressions as these: "The political solidarity of America against European advances is an historical fact of enduring reality. The state department of Argentine then, has presented nothing new as regards the Monroist principle." "With this (the sending of the Drago note) our government shows that it has a just and positive notion of the scope which ought to be given to the Monroe Doctrine."

But now observe how quickly the Drago Doctrine came to be regarded by the public in Argentine as in some way marking a break from the United States and the Monroe Doctrine. Even before Minister Drago sent his note to our Government, the idea was in the air that the time had come for the strong nations of South America to assert their position as world powers. At the outset of the century, the spirit of "boosting for Argentine" appeared in full glory. It was this spirit that took hold of the Drago note to the United States, fondled the Doctrine therein expressed, praised it to the skies and offered it to the masses of the A B C countries as a strictly genuine, home-made, all-our-own product. In the very words which acknowledged the agreement between the Monroe Doctrine and the Drago Doctrine, this spirit of independence is seen at work. A characteristic editorial in *La Prensa* under date of March 17, 1903, states that the sending of the note "was not an act of submission but of independence. We have reached the point where we can and ought to maintain a foreign policy in entire abstraction from anything the United States may create for its own conven-

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ience. And as that policy of ours is within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, it can, with perfect propriety be recorded in the above mentioned note."

Thus it was that between 1903 and 1906, when the question of Latin American solidarity was uppermost in the A B C countries, the Monroe Doctrine was regarded as rather a fog than a light; as something to be carefully eschewed by all good Latin Americans. This attitude of independence reached its height in 1906, when a representative Argentine publicist wrote in true Spanish style: "We seek the solidarity of Latin America . . . against the new doctrines of intervention which condense the cloud in which slumber the rays of imperialism. . We Argentines ought to crown the monument of the Revolution with the diadem of fraternal defense, . . . and we shall have proclaimed the doctrine of Bolivar, abandoning the declarations of Monroe to their uncertain and egotistic fate."

After 1906, however, the talk of Latin American solidarity gradually died out, and there began to appear signs of the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine in the light of an all-American policy. This change of attitude was coincident with Secretary Root's tour of South America, by means of which he spread a message of friendliness which made a profound impression wherever it reached.

Before going on to a consideration of the era since this eventful campaign of Mr. Root, it will be well to retrace our steps and view the Monroe Doctrine through the eyes of the smaller Republics. This need not detain us long, however, since public opinion can hardly be said to exist in nations whose citizens are either supporters or victims of tyrants. And any one who has read closely into the history of the Central American and Caribbean republics up to 1910 can have no doubt that Zelaya, Gómez, Castro, and their like were bitter enemies of anything like free thinking.

Nevertheless, we can see the attitude of the unstable

Latin American countries reflected, in outline at least, in the contemporary newspaper comment in the other South American countries. It goes almost without saying that it was one of constant suspicion. It could hardly have been anything else. When the individuals who enjoyed a dictatorship over the Caribbean republics saw the financial mess in Santo Domingo cleaned up, and freedom insured to the Province of Panama by the United States, it was natural for them to set up a loud cry over the "integrity of the American republics" and to exhaust the invective of the Spanish language against "el imperialismo yanki." From the press of Buenos Aires and Santiago we learn that there was formed a Central American Patriotic League with the express purpose of protecting these republics against United States aggression. The fears of these Governments must have been more than superficial in order to make them sink their mutual jealousies and unite in a league of this kind.

But along with a widespread suspicion, there was also an element of awe, sometimes almost approaching respect, in the attitude of the smaller republics. While the Monroe Doctrine, as a national policy of the United States, interested the Argentinians and Chileans very little one way or the other, among the weaker nations there was a greater suspicion of its present method of being applied, as well as a more lively interest in seeing it preserved so as to insure them against foreign invasion. The intervention of Germany and England in Venezuela threw a scare into the other insecure Latin American countries — a scare which has left its impression even to the present time. The protection of the United States was undoubtedly hoped for, but only grudgingly and as the choice of evils. The lesser among the Latin America countries wavered between hopes and suspicions, they applauded the triumph of the integrity of Venezuela and the safety assured to independent Cuba — yet they wavered.

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This, then, was the attitude among the "small fry" of Latin America, which met face to face with that of the A B C powers at the Fourth Pan-American Congress at Rio in 1906. As we have pointed out above, the feeling of aloofness from the United States was beginning to wane in the larger countries of South America. When the delegates assembled at the Congress, it was thought a fitting time to render thanks to the United States for past protection, and to recognize the Monroe Doctrine as the policy of American integrity. Upon the initiative of the A B C delegates, the representatives of all the Latin American countries were called together in an informal session, and a resolution was presented for approval, before being introduced at the formal session, at which the United States delegates were to be present. In this resolution, which was designed to restore good feeling with the United States, and to disavow all suspicions of the Monroe Doctrine, there was nothing said about hegemony or the right of the United States to intervene in the affairs of other American republics. The delegates from the smaller countries insisted on inserting a clause which would make it clear that Latin America did not consider hegemony of the United States as being implied or justified by the continued maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. The A B C delegates refused to accept such a modification of the resolution, the reason given being that the United States had never had any intentions of a hegemony over the weaker Republics, and the insinuation that they did, would destroy the value of the resolution. As a wording which was acceptable to all the Latin American delegates could not be found, the resolution was not introduced in the formal session of the Congress. This episode behind the scenes, however, is a striking illustration of the two attitudes prevalent in the two main divisions of Latin America during Roosevelt's second administration. To the smaller nations, the Monroe Doctrine was, potentially, either a menace or a shield; they hoped it would become

the latter. To the A B C, the Doctrine was a vague expression of American integrity, whose enforcement along the lines adopted by the United States was a policy of national defense, justified in the same way that any defensive policy of a strong power is justified.

Turning now to the Central American and Caribbean Republics, we can discern two main phases of opinion which have existed side by side from about 1910 to the present time. The one is evident from the utterances of quarrelsome patriots who have had nothing to gain and everything to lose by United States intervention; the other, is the opinion of a handful of enlightened Central Americans who have had a glimpse of the possibilities of their countries under such conditions as now exist in Santo Domingo and in Haiti.

To understand these two widely different attitudes, it is necessary to look at the recent history of the Central American Republics. For seventeen years prior to the United States intervention of 1909-10, Nicaragua was under the tyranny of Zelaya, who kept his people well in hand and, by his chronic wars with Honduras and Guatemala, rendered a peaceful, industrious condition of the country impossible. In 1909, however, Zelaya's subjects successfully revolted, and the recognition by the United States of the Government set up by the revolutionists has since that time been responsible for a fair degree of stability in Central America. It is from the date of this successful revolt of 1909, and the mediation of the United States in 1910, that the two streams of opinion above indicated take their source. The followers of Zelaya and other men of their stamp have never tired of recounting the Spanish War, the abduction of Panama, the tutelage over Santo Domingo, the Alsop Claim and the Lodge Resolution, all of which they class as indubitable proof of United States insolence and imperialism. Prof. Bingham has assembled a choice collection of quotations from such troubled gentle-

men of fortune—a collection which we might easily amplify if anything could be gained by so doing. The significant thing is to know by whom this attitude has been fostered. According to a native Central American lawyer, after the fall of Zelaya, a junta was formed of three of his followers, who have made it their business to stir up ill will against the United States. Whether or not all the anti-Monroe feeling among the smaller republics has been due to disappointed office seekers and deposed tyrants, it is impossible to say. However, it is extremely illuminating to compare the language of the enemies of the Monroe Doctrine with that of its adherents in Central America. One enlightened Nicaraguan declares that “the Monroe Doctrine, although announced by the Great Republic, does not constitute a doctrine exclusively North American, but a doctrine of the whole New World.” On the other hand, we find opposition expressed in the following thoroughly typical language: “The imperialistic school does not consider the Monroe Doctrine in the same high opinion as did Monroe, who proclaimed America for the Americans. They believe themselves absolute masters not only of the two Americas, but of Asia and all the earth. Witness the partition of Mexico, the abduction of California, Texas, and Panama. To-morrow, others will be the victims, and every one will applaud in fear.”

Together with the growing enlightenment of the smaller Latin American republics, other factors are producing a more favorable attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine. The war has brought vividly home to the people of Latin America the fact that the nations of Europe have not lost their land hunger. The republics around the Caribbean have not forgotten the Venezuela case of 1902; neither are they blind to the remote possibility of an invasion from the Orient. Both the uncertainty about the Japanese and the Chinese, and the vague fear that Europe's victor may challenge the New World, have

caused these smaller republics to turn to the United States and the Monroe Doctrine, which they would now like to see expanded into a policy of Pan-American defense. Even those who have no love for the Yankee are beginning to regard a union with the United States as a grim necessity. Says one Venezuelan writer: "The Anglo-American has the pride of superiority; we have the pride of independence. Between the two, there is a neutral line, *viz.*, mutual advantage." Then the author proceeds to outline a plan of reciprocity both commercial and diplomatic, by which Venezuela is to be put on an equal footing with the United States and the A B C in the support of the Monroe Doctrine. It is amusing to see that a country's acceptance or refusal of the Monroe Doctrine depends very largely on whether that country is to be one of the sponsors of the Doctrine, or one of the children subject to its operation. Peru would have herself, along with the A B C, exempt from the discipline implied by the Monroe Doctrine, which is badly needed by Bolivia and Venezuela; Venezuela considers herself fully entitled to a place on the police force, because, as she says, "we are not in the position of Cuba, which owes half its existence to the United States; . . . still less are we weak, like Nicaragua"; while Nicaragua begs the United States to return them their sovereignty which they have justly earned, although Honduras may be still in need of a helping hand.

But what is most significant to the United States, is the attitude of the A B C countries as it has developed in recent times. It must be understood at the outset that it is impossible to learn the real attitude of Latin America until we get behind the words "Monroe Doctrine." While Marcial Martinez, a venerable Chilean diplomat, would have the vague Monroe Doctrine replaced by the Drago Doctrine, which is more definite and which ought to be backed up by all the New World nations, R. Wil-

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mart, an Argentine publicist, declares that "the Monroe Doctrine, Yankee yesterday, ought to be Pan-American tomorrow. . . To say that Argentine, in case of European attack, no longer needs the United States, is to declaim, and not to speak from the head and the heart." These two men, though expressing themselves in different ways, are driving at the same thing, *viz.*, coöperation with the United States.

That the leading men of the A B C countries are coming to look with more and more favor on a union of some sort with the United States is evident, not from Pan-American oratory, but from the local press. This is especially true of Brazil, and the reason lies in the commercial interests of the country. Ever since the era of good feeling inaugurated by Elihu Root, Brazil has been particularly anxious to encourage trade with the United States. One writer asserts that "it belongs to the past to talk about the prejudice of the South Americans against the United States." However, it must be stated that this feeling of friendliness is confined largely to the upper classes and to the official circles of the country.

In the recent press comment of Argentine and Chile, there is little said about intervention. Of course these countries consider themselves far beyond any need of tutelage or protection. What the press in Buenos Aires and Santiago seems mainly insistent on is a union of the A B C with the United States. In this respect, Chile is more inclined to limit this union to the four powers above mentioned, whereas, *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, due no doubt to its desire to keep the smaller republics quiet, is more general in its assertion of Pan-Americanism. A great deal of caution is observable in its editorial columns, which declare that the Pan-Americanism of the future will grant "to every state its own personality, without exceptions, without special privileges, or without any undue power of some nations, which would break down the most perfect equality. This is the Argentine ideal."

Nevertheless, there is abundant proof that if intervention in the unsettled Republics of Central America should become necessary, the A B C not only would not object to such procedure, but would gladly take part in it. At the time of the occupation of Vera Cruz by the United States, desperate efforts were made by Ugarte to hold meetings in a public hall for the purpose of stirring up feeling against the United States. He was refused the use of the hall, however, and was severely reprimanded in the press. The same situation occurred in Montevideo, in whose official circles there are a number of enlightened and capable men, who take substantially the same attitude as that of *La Prensa*.

Owing to the cautious policy of President Wilson, and the effects of the last Pan-American Congress in Washington, there has been an era of good feeling on the part of Latin America towards the United States and the still somewhat vague principles of the Monroe Doctrine. The coming of the war to the republics of the New World has served as a sudden and sharp test of the genuineness and prevalence of that feeling. The smaller republics on the islands and shores of the Caribbean Sea literally "flopped" on the side of the United States, obviously to secure the good-will and protection of their "big brother."

In the larger countries of South America, two facts have been made evident: first, that the genuine Brazilians and Argentinians are truly desirous of cementing a workable alliance with the United States; and second, that Germany and the Germans have made themselves so much a part of the social and economic life of Brazil, and still more of Argentine, that they will prove a strong factor in preventing these countries from exerting their full strength in the war. That Brazil was the first to align herself as a belligerent on the side of the United States was to be expected, since the amount of German capital invested in that country is proportionately smaller than

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in Argentine, while the trade relations between Brazil and the United States have for years been closer than those of the southern republic. The hesitancy of Argentine to declare war on Germany has, without doubt, been due, in large measure, to fear of the German interests which control so much of the farming, cattle raising and commerce of the country.

As for the fate of the Monroe Doctrine, there is nothing in the present situation which points to its decay. Neither is there any evidence that it is a magic formula for the solidification of the New World. We still have the two Americas, peopled by two races whose strongest point of similarity is the fact that they have both left the Old World with a spirit of adventure and a desire for greater individual liberty. So long as the Monroe Doctrine serves to assure such liberty, it will be upheld by both races in the New World, differences in language, customs and literary traditions notwithstanding.

FREEDOM AND FAMILY LIFE

Confessions of an "educated" woman

A FEW months ago, at a college dinner, I heard a distinguished woman plead with her feminine hearers to be "selfish toward their families." Her face was aglow with that passion for the freedom of women which has shaped her own career and been a creative force in the life of America. She saw her audience, not as other people's daughters, but as human beings in danger of offering up their gifts of personality, scholarship, or art to the Moloch of family loyalty. To them she was some bright Athena who had sprung into life full-grown, unnurtured by personal intimacies. As I listened to her eager voice, and watched their puzzled faces, I almost leaped up to introduce them to each other. For I knew about Athena's youth at home, and about her intense and demonstrative love for her own people. And, since I had once been dean of the college in which we were dining, I knew that most of the young women who were listening to her were possessed of a freedom which they had not needed to wrest from reluctant fathers and mothers. Family life had assigned them the rôle of recipients rather than aggressors. Their education had been the fruit of parental desire and sacrifice. Their "careers" in many cases sprang from economic necessity, and relieved their families of heavy burdens. Independence and unselfishness coalesced.

But the distinguished guest, of course, had in mind those women who are not forced to support themselves or to contribute to the family income, and whose independent careers — in a society which approves of economically dependent women — must be undertaken from personal choice. Her purpose was to inspire more women to make this choice, and to remember that beyond the demands of

their immediate environment loom the demands of society and humanity.

I am not concerned here with her main thesis. We all know exactly where we stand in relation to the feminism involved. According to our varying types of mind and kinds of experience we are, on "the woman question," a motley collection of conservatives, liberals, and unionists, old guard and progressives, moderates and extremists, orthodox and modernists. We vociferate our thoughts back and forth in private and public, and in the world of action women keep on bearing children, filling schools and shops and offices, tending the home, earning their bread, spending men's money, nursing the sick, and holding political offices. Their activities are as varied as our opinions, but independent of them. Vast forces, both industrial and spiritual, are at work, and will settle the woman question without the help of magazine articles.

But if it is foolish to be forever shaking the pepper of opinions into this world-brew, it may be wise now and then to register certain facts. And to one such fact I am brought back by our dinner guest's reference to family life. Often I notice attacks upon the "destructive self-will" of the women who choose careers when they do not need money and who therefore are being "selfish toward their families," deserting or neglecting their homes. Such attacks are not without their baneful influence. By them feminism is made to appear hateful as the assumed foe of natural bonds, and individualism is torn away from its normal companionship with "voluntary service." These fallacies are rarely corrected by logical arguments, for human relationships and affections are involved and with these logic has little to do. Can we accomplish more by personal testimonies?

I say "we" because it was to this class of women that I belonged in my youth. My experience was typical of that of a very large number of women who are not selected by genius or even by conspicuous talents, but who have

chosen to go out to earn their bread when they could have had the choicest tid-bits at the family table at home. But this choice of "freedom" may be due as much to the wisdom of parents as to the ambition of daughters. All over the country girls and their families are working in unison for the rich development of human life. Nothing shocks me more deeply than to have the part of the parents overlooked, either by the younger generation or their advisers. I will venture the assertion that for every one family which is cramping a girl's mental growth, as Chinese parents might cramp her feet, I could show you ten which are initiating their daughters into the blessed company of the free. Rebellion is not a necessary preliminary to Liberty. Not every daughter is an Iphigenia reminding her mother: "For all the Hellenes didst thou bear me, not for thyself alone." It is as likely to be the mother who inspires an untried girl with the desire to give her life to a cause beyond her family. A woman's existence may be bastioned equally on love and freedom.

Articles of faith must be shown to be concrete in homely diurnal experience. This is my reason for throwing over unconvincing generalities and giving the short and simple annal of a modest — and therefore typical — "career."

At seventeen I dutifully went to college at the command of my father and mother. My consent was no more asked than it had been some years earlier when I had been taken to Europe to learn languages, but my desire had already been brought into harmony with the parental will. I cannot remember the time in my childhood when an "education" was not taken for granted for me as well as for my brother. "When you go to college" was a phrase to conjure with, an open sesame to the many locked doors I was eager to enter. My father and mother were in no sense "modern" or radical people. My father, at that time a justice of the Supreme Court of — , was and still is a conservative in politics, economics, and philosophy. He is as opposed to woman's suffrage as to socialism, and he has

always known more about Roman law than about feminism. But from his youth up he has dispassionately believed in the intellectual equality of men and women and in a woman's right to her own life, property, work, opinions, and personality. With his young daughter as often as with his son he used to talk over the "work" which "the world" would surely require of her. My mother also never believed in votes for women, and never was interested in separate women's movements. But she was considered by all who knew her to be a singularly independent and creative personality. She was deeply concerned for the progress of the world, believed that each generation must create new ideas, and was most eager, when it came to educating her children, that both of them should anticipate the demands of those future decades in which their constructive work would have to be done.

What this work should be was left to our own choice. My father has always been a consistent individualist, and my mother had a large confidence in natural growth. "Don't 'bring them up' too much," she once said to a younger mother who had come to her for advice, "trust Nature." My father has told me that when I was twelve years old he asked her if it was not desirable for little girls to have a few household duties, and that she replied: "There is no rule for little girls. I have watched this child and made up my mind that if she succeeds at anything it will be at her books. And you know that the one thing we can do for scholars is to give them their time."

This watching was, of course, responsible for the parental will sending me to college instead of to teachers of music or art, but in the matter of becoming a "scholar" my mother left Nature and me to come to our own conclusions. I remember vividly a talk I had with her in my new college room which she had made charming before leaving me to my first experience away from her. I had come from a little town and an almost nursery life to a distant college where I knew no one, and the spectre of

loneliness haunted me on my mother's last evening. "I think," I said, "that two years of college will be enough, don't you?" "Very likely," she said with a smile, "you can do a great deal in two years if you try."

In the middle of my third year I wrote home in the ecstasy of a vision which had dawned upon me. I would continue my studies for three or four years after my graduation, add a Ph. D. to my A. B., and fit myself for a college professorship. It is not improbable that my parents saw the humor of the Golden Fleece appearing in the guise of a scholar's gown. But they never let me know it, wrote enthusiastically of my "ambition," and forbore to mention the money which it would cost them (out of a moderate income) to give form and substance to my dream.

At the end of my undergraduate course I received a foreign fellowship, a prize which had seemed so far above me that I had never mentioned to anyone my intense wish that I might earn it. When I next saw my mother I exclaimed, "Weren't you astonished by the telegram about the fellowship?" Her smile came again as she answered: "To tell the truth, we sent you to — College in order that you might get it, but we didn't tell you, because we were afraid you would dread our disappointment." Years afterward I quoted this to my father, and he laughed and said he could remember my mother's indignation when, in their discussion of which college to choose for me, he had suggested that I might not win the fellowship included in the far-flung plan. "If we set her down in front of it, she will," was her reply. "We must do our part. And we must send her where the prizes are given for intellectual things." An older relative has told me that when I was seventeen she asked my mother how she dared to send me to college when all college women were ill-mannered and godless, and that my mother said: "I expect to take care of her manners and morals myself. I am sending her to experts to have her mind trained."

The young excitement of my fellowship has now, of

course, almost drifted out of my memory. I recall it only with an effort and a smile. But as a continuous impetus in my life I remember my father's steamer letter to me which I read as I sailed out of New York harbor. "I wish," he wrote, "that society were so ordered that you could live at home with us. But I recognize that you must go out and seek work in the world, as I sought mine." By that spirit I was impelled onward through the next four years of study, until my doctor's degree and my profession were won. After I had been a dean and a professor for two or three years (and so, I suppose, had proved that I was not a shirker) my father began to give me annual invitations to live under his roof. My birthday fell within a holiday week, when I was always at home, and after breakfast he used to call me to his study, formally invite me to live with him and my mother, and explain just how large an income he could allow me. I always thanked him and said that since they were both well and active I should like to go on with my work. As regular as my thanks was his hearty commendation, "I always did think you were a sensible woman."

If my mother and I were in any way different from other mothers and daughters, it was in the closeness rather than the laxity of the bond between us. As I grew out of the insouciant twenties, and began to question whether I had accepted my "freedom" at too heavy a price, my mother used to assure me that she believed that our very separation had knit us to each other. "We are both reserved," she once said, "and I have often felt that we came nearer in letters than we ever could have done in daily speech. And we have both lived broader lives, because at home I carried your life about with me, and abroad you have carried mine about with you." Her convictions about the relation of women's "work" and family loyalty came out in a conversation we had about one of my friends who had given up a position to go home and live with her father after her mother's death. "But

is he not old?" said my mother, "is his work not nearly at an end? The world needs her usefulness more than his happiness." "I can't see that," I exclaimed, "I should do exactly the same thing." "No, you would not," said my mother, "for your father wouldn't let you into the house!"

Before this conflict of opinions could beset my father and me, I had been married for several years. Marriage, then, has presented to me from still another angle, the question of freedom within family life. As a daughter I went forth under the flag of liberty which my father and mother themselves put into my hand. As a "wife and mother" I came home under the same colors.

Women who are intensely interested in their sex often say that, while fifty years ago the sacred crusade was aimed at winning a college education for girls, now in the twentieth century the same fervor must go into winning for married women the freedom to continue professional work. For myself, I reverted from my profession to a home, and became economically dependent upon my husband. Lately a distinguished man of the older generation, who adds to his many charms a warm regard for the "modern woman," expressed his disappointment that I should have done so old-fashioned a thing. But he had no ready answer when I retorted that my particular position was necessarily lost to me on my marriage, and that none of the same kind (the only kind for which I was trained) lay at hand in the city in which my husband's work constrained us to live. A certain modern novel solves a similar problem in a passionate betrothal scene in which the young people fondly declare that after marriage they will meet for holidays whenever he can leave his western ranch or she can get away from her government bureau in Washington. One should, perhaps, be grateful that so modern a girl as this heroine was willing to cumber by a legal tie an occasional holiday. But the novel, I confess, bored me. Mr. Locke has very wisely and humanly said

that novel readers are perennially most interested in the man and the woman and the possible baby. Feminists, such as the author of this story, are dull when they harp on men and women, and omit the babies — dull and amazingly ignorant. And since the normal aim of marriage is the birth of children, no solution which overlooks their appearance or discards their need of being brought up by a father and mother in unison can be taken as universal. Sporadic individuals (in couples) may branch off from the highway into this by-path or that; but, unless society becomes as revolutionized as Plato's Republic, the huge working majority of husbands and wives will live together in the same town, in the same house. Most professional women, indeed, find in this unique and inclusive companionship the only temptation to leave a spinsterhood overflowing with interest, amusement, friendships, and family affections.

But I am eager to grant that a married woman who finds it practicable both to live with her husband and to carry on separate work may be — she very often is — a successful wife. As in so many other arguments, I can draw my best illustration from the ranks of those whose vital experiences are unadulterated by theory. I once knew a married woman who was so keen on sewing that she insisted upon being a dressmaker, although her husband, a ship carpenter, earned enough to support the family, and had the usual chivalrous desire of American men of his kind that his "women folks" should idle in rocking chairs. After his death, (they had been married twenty-five years), she said to me: "I mustn't complain: for I was perfectly happy while it lasted. I enjoyed him, and I enjoyed my work." This proportioned statement of married happiness and professional happiness — it might equally well have been made by her husband — seems to me more convincing than volumes of feministic propaganda. Another thing which she said to me was as pure as poetry, as deep as religion. I know nothing in

literature to surpass it, unless it be Jeremy Taylor's summons of man and wife to holy living. "He was awfully sick for ten weeks," the dressmaker told me, "and I used to be up with him every twenty minutes. I thought I disturbed him getting in and out, and so I said one day, 'I guess I'll bring in the sofa from the sitting room and put it next to the bed.' But he looked kind of troubled and said, 'Oh no, Nellie, as long as we agree let's sleep together.' So I slept with him up to the night he died." Our strife becomes hushed before this woman and this man, who carried on different trades and earned different incomes, and who *agreed* in a divine accord of flesh and spirit.

But we are doomed to return to the theorizers, and to the common occurrence of a woman giving up a profession to become economically dependent upon a husband. I am constantly amazed by the assumption that this is a rejection of "freedom." In reality, of course, the woman has merely changed her way of earning her living. But there seems to be something about "house-keeping" which impresses many women as bondage. I know a great deal about the running of a home. I know its variations in town and country, in small families and large families, in periods of gaiety and periods of sickness. I know the difficulty of adjusting a household to the needs of both old and young, and of procuring at one and the same time liberty for the family and justice for the servants. I am not ignorant of the drain upon the imagination of three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, nor of the disintegration threatening the mind which attends to the countless details of garret and cellar, kitchen and drawing room. But I find that I have the advantage of some women, in that I have no illusions about the freedom of the life which I should be living if I were not keeping house. I do not remember a dean's office as free from drudgery or problems or limitations; nor have I noticed that the women musicians, artists,

journalists, doctors, and insurance agents whom I know are absolved from difficulties and self-discipline.

But need housekeeping be all? Certainly not. After my old-fashioned marriage, a certain college professor told me of his address to a group of girls who had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and whom he had informed (without excessive originality) that women ought to occupy themselves solely with the home. "Was I not right?" he complacently asked. "Certainly," I answered, "if you mean stupid women. It's a mere matter of power. The home must be properly looked after first, and some women aren't capable of doing more. But the most successful wife and perfect mother I ever knew ran a whole town in addition." Too late I realized that in remembering my mother, I had forgotten his wife!

In my own case, I endeavor, rather impotently, to add to my housekeeping the writing of books. In this I am aided and abetted by my family. From my childhood until this middle age, the opportunity to work in my own way has been given me by others. "Demands" upon my time have been made, not by individuals but by inexorable life itself. My "freedom," therefore, to look beyond the hearth, depends upon my own interpretation of life's meaning. As there are "no rules for little girls," so there is no hideous uniformity for married women. I am in enthusiastic agreement with Mrs. Woodbridge who, in a recent discussion of "the married woman's margin," implies the right of each wife and mother to select her activities on a reasoned principle, and in accordance with her special conditions. In my own case I find it possible to tend Vesta's fires, upon whose blaze depends the energy, hopefulness, and serenity of those who go out to work in the market-place, and also to have fairly regular hours at my desk, and to derive a supplementary income from my output. If a Victorian were to reproach me for divided interests, I should entrust my defense to my family. If a feminist were to argue that with greater

indifference to the hearth-fires I might creep nearer to the lower spurs of Helicon, I should make answer that it is not more hours that I need, but more brain, not less pressure of life about me, but less clumsiness in translating experience into literature. Housekeeping is not as incompatible with the Muses as was Charles Lamb's clerkship in an accountant's office or Matthew Arnold's "battle of life as inspector of schools." It has, indeed, given one pedant the freedom to relieve a *cacoethes scribendi* which merely festered in a dean's office. My confessions end on a note of liberty.

And then, as the personal ends, the voice of human life begins to be heard. The chirp of the cricket on the hearth is lost in the thunder of great winds. Sex is swallowed up in humanity. Who is free? Neither men nor women. For every limitation imposed upon woman, we may find another imposed upon man. In our joint experience these limitations become indistinguishable.

In vain our pent wills fret,
And would the world subdue.
Limits we did not set
Condition all we do;

Born into life we are, and life must be our mould.

Unless women know that this is true alike of husbands and wives, of soldiers at the front and women at home, of wage-earners and child-bearers, their words about liberty evaporate in the air upon which they are uttered.

Who may be free? Thank God, both men and women. "Laid below the tides of war" which now confuse us by their roar, laid even below the deeper tides of persistent human weakness, is the "crystalline sea of thought and its eternity." From its depths there wells up to us again and again the truth that shall make us free. Without truth the "independent" woman is a slave. Within it, the "dependent" woman has liberty. When we know this, speech will give place to life.

ON THE LUXURY OF BEING ILL

I AM not going to harrow your soul, nor mine either, by calling to mind that period in an illness when, as Irvin Cobb says, you lie in bed — and hurt. I am concerned, on the contrary, with that beatific period during which your body, once more approaching health, is retreating in importance to its own, proper sphere. I wish to recall that “golden time” when you discovered with joy that you had a mind after all, and not merely an apparatus for registering pain. I want you to remember with keen pleasure your surprise and joy at finding that your recently recovered brain moved in a delightfully calm, leisurely fashion, formerly impossible in a world crowded with events, duties, worries — the world of your days of good health. The weakness of your body was, no doubt, intimately connected with this new method of quiet thinking, for there were times when even this new kind of brain-exercise was beyond your powers. Very often you were satisfied to lie and stare at the flowers in your room.

It was at this period of weakness and lassitude that you enjoyed flowers most. You lay and gazed for hours at a bunch of sweet-peas on the table next to the bed. To become really well acquainted with the nosegays across the room was beyond your strength; you decided to look at them on the morrow. After half an hour with the sweet-peas, your sluggish brain recollected that an English poet had written some very satisfying lines about them. You searched through the alphabet for a letter to suggest his name; but in some subtle fashion the alphabet had changed since you were ill; it had lost its potency. Suddenly from a fold of gray-matter in which it had been lurking, the name of the author of the lines popped out at you. Keats — that must be it. What a triumph.

Balboa, or was it Cortez, on his peak in Darien, could not have had keener pleasure. The rest of the morning you devoted to trying to piece out what it was that Keats had said. You did it with gentle deliberation; you suspended your easily fatigued brain in a state of complete vacancy after each exquisite line, much as a child, learning to swim, grasps the life-line and allows his body to float about freely in the sustaining water.

The little glimpse of out-of-doors that you could get seemed wonderfully glamorous and romantic. From your window you saw the slanting snow-covered roofs of the little two-story cottages, surrounding the hospital. They sparkled and glittered in a fashion far superior to any roofs you had ever known — except those on a Christmas-card, perhaps. At night the squares and oblongs of orange-colored light which broke the sober surfaces of the houses seemed unreal and more like stage-windows than real ones.

A block or two away, the brilliant elevated-trains crawled along to appear and reappear among the roofs. They reminded you of the fascinating trolley-car in *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*. You would have been perfectly willing, on seeing the play, to have the two plausible villains stop talking for five minutes to let that trolley-car slide across the stage a few times. Now, your desire for lighted trains moving across darkness was being satisfied to the full. The sparks from the rails cast a fairy-light over the winter night. You lay in bed entertained and delighted by the occasional glimpses of the trains, comforted and pleased by the designs of the snowy roofs against the dark-blue night.

Just when you were beginning to think that perhaps you ought to feel hurt and dismayed that your family had not yet arrived, you heard the tap of their heels in the corridor. They brought you gifts, and letters, and even messages of good-will from people you had thought no longer cared. Your family set about entertaining you,

but you begged them not to tell their funniest jokes — in fact not to relate anything calculated to provoke a response more violent than a smile, for laughing still hurt. You told them with horror that once during the day you had sneezed, and that you were sure that never again would you be able to do it without discomfort at least. Your family laughed at you, and you decided to sulk for five minutes. You stopped long before the allotted time was over, for the strange, new buoyancy of spirits that had come upon you was hostile to so ridiculous a proceeding.

When the nurse reminded the assemblage in your room that visiting hours were over, you were not sorry, for you were rather eager to relax again into that kind of sleep to which for many months you had been a stranger — the sleep that is free of sad dreams, vague fears, and trembling awakenings, in which you suddenly find yourself staring at the walls with the weight of the world's woe on your head. Now, you closed your eyes, drew a few quiet breaths, and the next thing you knew: it was morning, and your nurse was asking you whether you should not like a cup of coffee.

To be honest, coffee and broth had been the only foods which you had believed you could ever swallow again, and even they were tremendous adventures. You consented to the coffee, and you and the nurse had a "Kaffeeklatsch" at 6.30 A. M. She inquired whether you did not think you could eat an egg for dinner. You turned the matter over in your mind as if it were as weighty a question as preparedness, and after ten minutes of serious thinking you said that you thought you could, perhaps, although you were very doubtful. The egg came in triumphantly for your noon-dinner. It was surrounded by two strips of toast and two pieces of bacon. You ate it all, and regretted that you took the mouthfuls so close together. It would have been better, you decided, to draw out the taste over a longer period. You had for-

gotten that eggs had so delicious a flavor. You wondered where the hospital bought them. You made up your mind to have your family inquire the address.

When your family again came to see you, they asked whether on their next visit they should bring you something to read or something to eat. This they propounded after they had examined the queer assortment of books in your table. They asked you what you had ever done to have Gene Stratton-Porter and Harold Bell Wright thrust upon you by misguided friends. You disclaimed any guilt in the matter, and set about deciding the original question. With a little more courage you should have asked for "a little of both please," but since your brain still followed docilely all suggested lines of thought, you made a choice. Recollecting the wonderful superiority of the hospital eggs, you said, "Bring me something to read, please."

"What shall it be?" asked the family.

Without a moment's hesitation, you said, *Sentimental Tommy*.

However, when it came, you regretted your choice, for you had forgotten how funny, how subtly ridiculous Tommy is. You dared not laugh, for laughing still hurt — to put it mildly. After some practice you learned how to bite your lips, and how to restrain even a chuckle, and to enjoy Barrie's delightful humor without moving one muscle. Your laughter became truly the laughter of the mind. When the strain proved too great, you laid the book aside and *thought*. How delightful it was! You didn't have to advise yourself to go to sleep in order to be able to do your work next day; you didn't get into nasty states of mental excitement: for your brain was still too sluggish. It moved slowly but surely — somehow you had never been half so well pleased with your mental machinery. Besides, all your thinking was colored with a new strange optimism. It amused you to think of yourself as optimistic. A few months later, when you heard

a physician allude to the mood as a result of the psychic effect of a serious illness, you mentally grinned. You knew it could not have been really true that you had changed your mind.

The first symptom of return of your inborn pessimism was a growing suspicion that the hospital food was not so good as you had thought. Cream-sauces reminded you vaguely of the mess that bill-posters use. You decided that the soups were too thin or too thick, by turns. Coffee was being served to you under false pretenses; it was probably postum under an alias. Faith in your own powers gradually diminished; for when the doctor said that you might go home in a few days, you knew that he lied, although you politely refrained from telling him so.

When you reached your own house after a tremendous adventure in an automobile in which you rode safely over two car-tracks and two large sized bumps, your family stood around and told you how well you looked. You were pleased, even though you read no conviction in their voices. When bed was suggested, you were even more pleased. You were too tired to sleep, but lay and rested. You were tremendously flattered at the dog's deserting the family at dinner to sit next to you and gaze with soulful eyes as if he had more to say than could have been adequately expressed in words. With joyful surprise, you realized that the first, fine, careless optimism was returning to you.

The illusion lasted for a few days, and then your family, in spite of itself, began to tell you the family worries. Once more you took up the burden of living, mercifully put aside for a short period. The golden time of simple thoughts and simple pleasures was over. Life became more complex day by day, until once again you were the same old pessimist you were of old. Your illness had passed into the realm of once-upon-a-time, with all its rosy dreams and pleasant thoughts.

ON THE OBSCURITY OF PHILOSOPHERS

THE other day a friend of mine picked up my copy of Mr. Balfour's *Humanism and Theism*, looked into it for some time and then set it down with the remark: "Well, there's one thing about Balfour at any rate: you can understand what he's talking about." The tone in which he spoke was like that of one who comes unexpectedly upon water in a desert land. He was both pleased and surprised that a book in which a philosopher set out to consider some of the profoundest problems of human life should have anything to offer him. And this attitude set me thinking. Here is a man of acute intelligence and cultivated tastes. In spite of the fact that he has more of the artist in him than anything else, he has also a strong speculative bent. He does not often speak about it, but I know that he is perplexed even to bewilderment at the contradictions in his world. If he could find a philosophy, or, better still, a religion, he would know some peace. Surely if philosophy has any part to play in human life it ought to be at the command of a man like this. But the fact is that philosophy in the hands of its present interpreters has little or nothing to offer. The last place to which a man such as I have described would turn is the utterances of the professional philosopher.

There are, I suppose, many reasons to account for this state of affairs. The chief reason is well stated by Mr. Balfour in the book to which I have just referred. Philosophers seem for the most part to be concerned with problems of which the average, and indeed the normal man, never feels the pinch. "Nothing," wrote Charles Lamb, "puzzles me more than space and time; and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them." "So," as Mr. Balfour says, "the plain man would like, for example, to hear about God, if there be a God, and his

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Soul, if he has a Soul. But he turns silently away from discussions on the One and the Many, on Subject and Object, on Degrees of Reality, on the Possibility of Error, on Space and Time, on Reason and Intuition, on the Nature of Experience, on the logical characteristics of the Absolute. These may be very proper topics for metaphysicians, but clearly they are no topics for him."

But besides the apparent remoteness of the subjects with which the metaphysician occupies himself — a thing which has been a legitimate theme for ridicule since the time when the Thracian handmaid made fun of Thales, — there is another cause, equally potent, for the plain man's aversion to official philosophies. I mean their traditional obscurity.

I find this tradition in the comment by the casual reader of *Humanism and Theism*. I can detect its workings everywhere in the chance remarks of my friends. I am by profession a student of philosophy, and as far as I can make out, this means that I talk about "The Is-ness of the Was," "The Thenceness of the What," "The a priori essence of the *Ding an sich*," and so on. I confess that I get tired of this misguided facetiousness, but it will not do merely to resent it, if only because behind the exaggeration there is, as everyone knows, a very just criticism. The philosopher does speak a barbarous tongue.

And of course the familiar reply is that he accepts the accusation, but suffers therefrom no feelings of compunction. Every department of human endeavor, he will say, whether theoretical or practical, must have its technical terms. You cannot study law or chemistry or music or biology unless you are willing to master the special terminology of each. You have to mark out your field of enquiry, and within that field various shades of meaning, and you cannot successfully do this with only the instruments of common speech. To some extent you must become esoteric in your use of words. Everyone recognises this in the Arts and Sciences, and no one grumbles at it.

Why then all these protestations against the jargon of the philosophers?

To some extent this rejoinder is fair. Any man who is trying to think this disorderly universe into some sort of order, and that is what the philosopher is trying to do, is engaged on a task which, as far as the common interests of men are concerned, is just as specialised as that of one of the sciences. And if he is going to be thorough at all, he must have an equipment of technical terms.

And yet I confess that this reply is more plausible than convincing. One feels that there is something wrong in the idea of metaphysical knowledge being a private wisdom or a knowledge confined to the few, as in theory and in fact it now is. An illustration may help to define this feeling. There is a very striking difference between the average man's attitude towards a scientific discussion, and his attitude towards a philosophical debate. In the former, if he be in the presence of men qualified to speak, his bearing is receptive, even humble. He may marvel at the way in which an eclipse of the moon, say, is resolved into a set of equations, or a piece of his clothing into a system of radioactive particles; but far be it from him to have an opinion of his own in these matters, much less to contradict anything that is said. But put him with a group of philosophers, who may have pondered ten years to his ten minutes over the subject under discussion, and, assuming that he is not temperamentally docile in the presence of Authority, you will find little of that "humble under-bearing" of the argument which he showed among the scientists. You may hear a man who is neither dogmatic nor intellectually proud, in the course of an argument about immortality, flatly contradict another who may have written two books on the subject. If he is a proper man he will feel that he has a right to an opinion on this topic. The same thing happens, even more emphatically, with the unsophisticated mind. The average undergraduate will swallow, without a murmur of dissent,

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everything that his Professor of Physics tells him, but on his first meeting with the Professor of Philosophy he is ready to disagree with everything he says. Anyone who has observed this peculiarity of the attitude of men to philosophy will know that you cannot dismiss it by pronouncing the word superficiality, or any other term of reproach. And the point of the illustration is this: it looks as though there were a general feeling abroad that metaphysical knowledge is and ought to be common knowledge. It is as though everyone felt he had some native endowment here which gave him a right to an opinion, even though he possessed no special training. This is the feeling which causes obscurity to be brought as a special charge against philosophy. This is the feeling which gives impetus to the darts of criticism, and tips them with bitter juice. The majority of men do not feel that they have a capacity for chemistry or for astronomy or for music. The majority of men feel that they can get on well enough without first-hand knowledge in these matters. But it is not so with philosophy. Most men have a capacity for philosophical knowledge, and if their needs are not supplied, they starve. That is why they grow angry when the professors would set up a barrier about their subject, hedging it in from the approach of common men, and saying: If you would share our conclusions, you must first learn our language. The professors have taken the public land, and they are trying to make of it a private preserve.

It is important to observe the exact formulation of the charge. I am not blaming the philosophers for using a technical vocabulary which the uninitiated cannot understand. I am blaming them for using no other, for never attempting to translate their conclusions as far as may be into common speech. It is their apparent inability to communicate ideas in any other than their own barbarous tongue which must be condemned. One of the most penetrating remarks ever made about religion is this: "The

religious man seems to be in possession of a secret, but a secret which he is more anxious to give away than to keep." I wish one might say the same of the philosopher. I will not say that he is anxious to keep his secret, but he certainly seems to have no burning enthusiasm to give it away. His stammering utterance is not that of the man who has so much to say that the vehicle of language breaks beneath the strain. It betokens rather an impediment in his speech. And before it can be removed we must first try to discover its causes.

I am not unaware of the special difficulties in expressing metaphysical ideas in language which the ordinary reader may understand. But I do not propose to consider them here. For I believe that much of the obscurity in philosophical works is due to two causes which a little effort could remove. First, the laziness of the writers; second, their indifference to the fate of the ordinary reader.

The charge is serious enough to call for definite evidence. Let me give some examples of obscurity which seems to be due to laziness.

The first is from a book on Pragmatism written when popular interest in Pragmatism was keen. The writer is considering the bearing of Pragmatism on conduct. For both reasons it was worth while to be clear. This is the way he states the problem. "In ethical terms the problem is: Whether the ideal in conduct can be absolute, all-inclusive, fixed and given, or whether it must be constructed in the process in which it functions." Remember, these are the opening words in which the author is trying to define his problem as clearly as possible. Even so I admit it is not hopelessly obscure, but it is unnecessarily obscure. I suppose what he means is: Have we a destiny or do we make our ideal as we go along? If this is what he means, why does he not say so? Why does he write the hideous phrase "constructed in the process in which it functions?" Why the abstract term process? Why the

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odious use of function as a verb? And the answer is: To a philosopher it is easier to use the jargon of his trade — the abstract instead of the concrete word — than to put the thing in simple and familiar language.

Here is another example. The writer wishes to say that before I can understand what the general statement "The sun warms the stone" means, I must at some particular time have felt a particular sun warming a particular stone. But observe how easily he falls into his jargon, and so baffles the ordinary reader. This is how he puts it. "The intellectual form must have the concrete filling of my own real experience before I can understand etc." It is true there is a metaphor here. One thinks of buckets filled with water or perhaps with concrete. But the metaphor does not really make the subject any easier to understand. The normal man knows what you mean by a general statement, such as "Sun warms stone." He can see the difference between this and such a statement as, "This sun warms this stone now." He would call the latter an instance of the former. But does it ever occur to him to think of the general statement as a sort of empty vessel which is filled with particular instances as with marbles? And if not what is gained by the metaphor? The truth is that the metaphor is a standard one with philosophers, and it comes natural to them to use it whether it is appropriate or not.

I take the next from a book intended, as the preface states, neither for the learned nor the devout, but for the average man. It offers to tell the latter what is meant by Mysticism. "The philosopher is a mystic when he passes beyond thought to the pure apprehension of truth. The active man is a mystic when he knows his actions to be a part of a greater activity. The visionary is a mystic when his vision mediates to him an actuality beyond the reach of the senses." The first two definitions may pass, but what is to be said of the last? What is the average man to make of a vision which does such a curious thing

as "mediate an actuality?" For that matter what is any man to make of it? If what the writer means is that a visionary is a mystic when through his vision he comes at a knowledge of an Unseen Reality (the capitals are to suggest the proper atmosphere) then surely this, if an imperfect, is a more intelligible way of conveying the meaning.

I give two more examples because they are prize specimens.

A vacuum or nothingness, or an "I" or an "is" reduced to the merest point, are not self-consistent by force of emptiness, but are nests of contradictions. Each is entangled in a congeries of relations, and yet, claiming no explicit content, it has no power to unify or organize them.

While I am still gasping I discover a footnote referring me, (apparently for light), to another work on metaphysics. I look up the reference, and this is what I find.

A relation must at both ends affect and pass into the being of its terms. And hence the inner essence of what is finite itself both is and is not the relations which limit it. Its nature is hence incurably relative, passing that is, beyond itself, and importing again, into its own core, a mass of foreign connections. Thus to be defined from without is, in principle, to be distracted within. And, the smaller the element, the more wide is this dissipation of its essence — a dissipation too thorough to be deep, or to support the title of an intestine division.

I suppose one must have a sort of wild genius to be able to write like that. But, to adapt a phrase of William James, such a prolonged series of outrages on the chastity of language is in all seriousness a disgrace to philosophy. There is nothing whatever to justify it. You cannot possibly say that such use of words is comparable to the scientist's use of technical terms. These bear definite meanings. They may be difficult for the common reader to manipulate, just as a complicated machine offers difficulty to one unfamiliar with its working, but they are precise in their operation. It is not so with the philosopher's equipment. Mediate, actuality, form, content,

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essence — these are not sharply defined terms, carefully devised to deal with recalcitrant material. They are spongy and vague and, as ordinarily used, serve only to envelop a topic in fog. No! This evil brew of abstract terms and misbegotten metaphor which we have seen in the last two quotations, is simply the worst product of the laziness which produced the previous specimens. It is so easy to be slipshod, and to pick up the piece of jargon that lies nearest to hand, that philosophers will not take the trouble to express themselves simply and clearly.

But there is another reason, as I mentioned above, for the darkness which covers the sayings of philosophers. They do not think it worth while to explain themselves to the plain man, or if that phrase has lost all definiteness, to the uninitiated. The reasons for this attitude are in part twofold. First, the natural fear of cheapening one's work by popular writing. This kind of writing leads inevitably to compromise and to over-simplification. It tempts one to mitigate the austerity of Truth with a few meretricious touches here and there. If the charge of obscurity is the price one must pay for maintaining one's intellectual integrity, no sincere thinker can refuse to assume the burden.

I think this attitude rests on a misunderstanding of what we ask the philosophers to do for us. There are some who want a smattering of philosophy as an ingredient in the faint aroma of culture which they like to exhale. Some want it just to enjoy a sense of "uplift." Others would like to have a few comforting conclusions without having to shoulder any of the hard work required to get them. But when I talk of the average man or the common man and his need for philosophy, I am not thinking of any of these. I have in mind the people of ordinary intelligence who have not the time or the ability to think things out for themselves, but who are sufficiently sensitive to

realize the problems that their own limited experience sets for them, and to be exposed to the results of much of the criticism that comes to a man of average alertness today. These people are not asking the professors to sacrifice truth by "coming down to their level." I can imagine one of them putting the matter thus: "There are a vast number of things in life which perplex me. I go out into the streets of my city on a Saturday night, and the ugly and the stupid stream endlessly by me until I am nauseated, and begin to wonder whether human life be nothing but a pit where human beings fester and swarm in meaningless confusion. Or, in a different mood, I watch Labor and Capital appealing in turn to force to settle their disputes, and I have no ideas on the right and the wrong use of force, if, indeed, there be a right and a wrong use. Or sometimes I try to realize what this war literally means, and I cannot reconcile that spectacle with any religious interpretation of the universe that I ever heard of. Or, like every man, I occasionally wonder whether we are just blown out when we die, or whether something else happens; and this is all mixed up with confused ideas about the connection of my body with my soul, and I simply do not know where I stand. Now I know you have made it your business to reflect on these things, you must have reached some conclusions. At least you must know whether I am asking my questions in the right way. If you have seen anything, can't you put me in the place where I can catch a glimpse of what you see? And I only ask you to put the thing as simply as you can consistently with your own regard for the complexity of the subject."

Such a request might well be backed up by the statement that after all there is no subject so complex that it has not a simple aspect. The study of the human body will occupy men for generations to come, but that does not prevent a man from having a simple knowledge of the human body which, as far as it goes, is true. And

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by that I mean a knowledge of the human body which subsequent study would supplement but not destroy. The same thing ought to be true about metaphysical problems. They offer infinite labor to the mind of man, but that should not make a thinker hesitate to try to put in simple form any positive conclusion he believes himself to have reached.

The first reason then for the philosophers' rather supercilious attitude to the public is their dread of popularizing their work. This rests on a misunderstanding of the nature of the demand. The second reason is their failure to realize the contribution they make to human life. If the phrase "social responsibility" had not become so hateful, one might say they failed to realize their social responsibility. If philosophy in the widest sense is a normal interest of the human mind, then it is the business of philosophers to stimulate and educate that interest. Of course I am aware that the philosopher is always saying that every man has some sort of philosophy, good or bad, and that the choice lies not between having a philosophy and having none, but between having a good one and having a bad one. But after looking this fact in the face, they pass on and ignore the practical consequence that it is "up to" them to see that men have the right philosophy as far as it can be given to them. And this draws with it the farther consequence that they must write so as to be understood.

If they, as a profession, would only realize that they have what used to be called "a mission," they might emerge from their seclusion, and command the position that the man of religion has always had. They might earn respect instead of a mild ridicule which is wholly pathetic.

Pathetic because, I believe, there is today a demand for knowledge on philosophic subjects, the extent and intensity of which is hardly known to the philosophers. Quite apart from such reflection as the war has stimulated, the

respect for authority is probably less, and the forces of criticism correspondingly greater, in morals, in religion, in politics, than ever before. Men are ready to receive whatever philosophy has to offer. They are turning eagerly to novels whose main effect is to create a profound disturbance in all one's assured beliefs — to Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, to Anatole France and H. G. Wells and a host of others. They either see or read the long succession of plays which shatter the familiar standards of social life. And when they get hold of a philosopher whom they really understand they refuse to let him go. You cannot wholly explain the vogue of a William James or a Bergson by the power of a personality or the intoxication of a style. People are interested in what these men have to say, and to their amazement they can understand most of what they say. Yet in spite of these signs, the philosophers as a whole are still behind their barriers. The great volume of philosophic production either fails to concern itself with the main issues, or else it does so in language which is unintelligible. It goes over the heads of those who need it most.

In saying this I wish to guard against a possible misunderstanding. I am not asking the philosopher to pursue his speculations with a public always in mind, to formulate his problems or modify his conclusions so as to suit it. He is not asked to substitute an audience for a conscience. The requirement touches not the pursuit of truth, but its communication. And here I am simply urging that philosophy has a responsibility in this matter, not only towards the public but towards itself. For when philosophy ceases to be the pursuit of a coterie, and opens itself to common men, as art opens itself, then it will take its proper place in life: it will try to diffuse such light as the mind of man can throw on the problems of human existence.¹

¹ The reader may care to glance at a little squib on this subject in the *Casseroles* of No. 13, entitled *Hibrow*.—ED.

THE SOCIALISM OF MODERN WAR

I

BY war, not by brotherly love, has the socialistic ideal triumphed. Triumphed? you ask. Is not our business, then, going on very much as usual? It is true, our young men are gradually being assembled under compulsion to execute our national will in a foreign land. It is true, the treasury is preparing for a most savage raid upon our private incomes. It is also true that just when we are about to lay our hands upon rich prizes in war profits, the political powers are likely to startle us with a thundering "Thou shalt not!" But there is nothing new in conscription. Did not Sir John Falstaff proceed with full authority to prick Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, and Feeble, and sundry other objectors, conscientious or not? There is nothing new in war taxation. Not even Samuel Untermyer can vociferate so vigorously against the Senate bill as did Byron against the income tax of Napoleonic times. As for the war profiteers, Woodrow Wilson lectures them severely, but George Washington proposed to hang them. If Socialism is triumphing by war today, why is it not equally true that Socialism triumphed in innumerable wars past, only to be thrust back into oblivion by peace?

The war now raging, as everyone perceives more or less clearly, is socially quite different from anything the world has known. In the last century the forces of industrialism had formed the protoplasmic economic life of the peoples into articulate organisms, capable of unity of action. It is these organisms that are clashing in desperate conflict. We are fighting rather as socialistic states than as individualistic polities striving through champions more or less numerous, as in the wars of old.

Is the distinction clear? When Europe met Asia before

the walls of Troy, in what sense did the two geographical units really strive? Out of Greece, from sandy Pylos to horse breeding Thessaly, young bloods assembled to avenge the wrongs of Menelaus, or, as German scholarship would have it, to seize the key to the Dardanelles, and enjoy the store of tolls that key would unlock. Out of Asia all the way around from the shores of the Euxine to the heights of Taurus other young bloods assembled to defend the fair Helen, or, if you will, the Dardanelles tolls. What was the effect, may we conjecture, upon the communal life in Greece or Asia of this exodus of heroes to the field of war? Affairs in Ithaca proceeded very much as before; if Penelope's heart was heavy, her hand upon her productive servants was not light. At Argos matters didn't go so nicely, but this is an irrelevancy. On the whole, communal life, except in the immediate area of conflict, was little disturbed even by the greatest of ancient wars. Occasionally the communities were called upon for reinforcements. But the army out of sight had to look after itself. It repaired its own arms and lived on the country. "Europe met Asia" at Troy in much the same sense as that in which Harvard meets Yale on the football field.

Let us leap over the three millenniums to the present war, that we may plunge into the full light of the contrast. Are we striving now through champions, whom we sigh for or forget, as our temper runs? No: we are striving through vast coördinated national efforts, to which every individual is expected to contribute his part. Our soldiers in the trenches have become, as it were, our salesmen retailing the death and destruction prepared in our munitions factories. Our munitions makers, in turn, may be regarded as transformers of national energy. They absorb the low voltage of materials and food, and change it into the high voltage of smokeless powder and trinitrotoluol. Is the view fanciful? For the first time in history our military authorities have been forced to

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acknowledge that a young man may sometimes be more useful in the factory than on the firing line. For the first time in history the valor of men and the skill of generals have systematically been subordinated to the production and forwarding of munitions. Can the German line be pierced? Not Napoleon nor a million men who know how to die could pierce it. But a mountain of explosives overtopping the German supply as Jura overtops the Vosges foothills, might well pierce and roll up the German lines. Can German soil be invaded, cities destroyed, lands laid waste? Not by land nor by sea; but what barriers are there in the upper air? If we had fifty thousand aeroplanes, or one hundred thousand, can we doubt that our enemy would sue for peace? If Germany had them, would not France and England cry quits? We are deadlocked in the air, not because we cannot find our thousands of aviators braver than St. George, but because our industry is able only to keep pace with Germany's in the output of air motors and planes.

Our industry is squarely confronting our enemy's industry: woe to the belligerent whose industry flags or fails. And the implication of this fact is the suspension in theory, and increasingly in practice, of the individualistic interest in industry. Industry is part, not of our final reserves, but of our first line. Shall private individuals then do with industry what they will? To claim the privilege would be sedition. So far have we diverged from the principles of individualistic economics that we accepted in time of peace.

II

For the period of the war our bodies and our possessions are not merely subject to conscription: they are in fact conscripted, and devoted to the national use in such measure as the organizing capacity of our government can employ them. In so far as we are left in possession

of our property, our business, our labor, the theory of the state at war requires us to regard these resources as held by us in trust for the state, to be employed for the state's best good.

By the theory of the state at war, Mr. Schwab and his associated stockholders are not owners and operators of the Bethlehem Steel Company, free as in time of peace to engage in the production of naval guns or ornamental steel fences, shipping plates or tinned cornices, as whim or profit might dictate. They are officers in command of an army that occupies a position more vital to America than Verdun is to France or Laon to Germany. If Mr. Schwab proved a bad general, if he appeared incapable of commanding the loyalty of his men, of inspiring them to enthusiastic effort, we should supersede him. If there were the least reason for believing that the Bethlehem Steel Company would put out more plates and guns and shells under any official that the President might appoint, all of us, including Mr. Schwab, would demand that the President proceed at once to commandeer the works and place them under this better industrial general.

Precisely the same thing is true of every other necessary industrial enterprise in the country. Why do we not take over the railways, and place them under public officials charged with running them exclusively with a view to the national interest? Not because we have not the legal power to do this. The legal power would quickly be forthcoming if our chief executive and commander-in-chief of our armies demanded it. Not because of any general regard for the sacredness of private property, nor any theory of the superiority of private enterprise. We refuse to make the change because we assume that the railways are now being run in the national interest. The railway presidents and other officers are assumed to be addressing themselves as definitely to the task of meeting the national requirements for transportation as they would if they were public officials, brought up through a

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civil service system to know no other interest than the national interest.

The railway officers have been transformed by the fact of war into public officers. They hold office not by virtue of the fact that a majority of stockholders — or more likely of proxies — elevated them to their present position. This is a peace-time irrelevancy. They hold office by virtue of their superior experience and consequent efficiency. If Mr. Willard and his railway committee believed that the railways would better serve the national purpose under officers appointed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, they ought to be the first to propose a general commandeering of the railways.

The captain of industry becomes in effect a military officer of his country the moment that war assumes the character of a struggle of national economic systems. One thing that helps to obscure this relation is the fact that the captain of industry is put into office by methods quite different from those employed in effecting appointments and promotion in modern armies. But let us remember that those smoothly working bureaucratic methods are not very old. It is not long since men were made army officers by the votes of their men or as reward for raising a command. Nor is it long since there were army officers who had received their commissions by the favor of a great man or a brilliant lady, others who had openly purchased their commissions, and still others who had inherited them. Good officers some of them were, too. Marlborough, no doubt, bought his commission; Prince Eugene got his by inheritance; by what grace or luck or merit Wallenstein or Tilly gained command does not here matter. The point of interest is that down to quite recent times, there was a deal of chance and favoritism and private scheming in attaining appointment and promotion in the army proper. It is so recent a matter, this enlistment for war of the country's industry, that it would be miraculous if any other plan

had been devised for officering this new military arm than to leave at their posts men who had proved their competence under the conditions of individualistic enterprise of the period before the war.

III

The conscription of industry involved in modern war transforms the ordinary laborer, in effect, into a private, enlisted for the national service, just as it makes officers out of foremen and managers, presidents and owners. Now, just as the officers ought to be allowed to hold their posts only by title of efficiency, so the workers ought to hold their jobs by no other title. Everyone knows that in time of peace a strong local union will sometimes compel an employer to keep on his rolls men who are worth less than their pay, or in extreme instances are worth less than nothing at all. I know of a job printing office where the employer ardently desires to rid himself of a printer who is thoroughly untrustworthy and detestable. There are nine good workmen in the establishment, all of whom threaten to leave if their employer rids himself of their one worthless fellow. So the employer is forced to pay good money for one man's bad work if he is to profit by the labor of the other nine. As for the conduct of the nine good workmen, it may be assumed to be animated by a sentiment of prudent charity. It may be excusable if not laudable in time of peace, when everyone is supposed to look out for his own interest, and takes what he can get. But in time of war the matter takes on a new aspect. These nine men are dragging along with them a fellow who will handicap them in their work, and that means in their share of the national fighting. Such a slacker ought to be sent to the rear, where appropriate functionaries could find work for him and make him do it.

In time of peace it may or may not have been admirable for workers to nurse their jobs, to make a given volume

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of work go around among the maximum number of men or last as long as possible. Those of us who were trained in the old-fashioned economics — which may still have some wear in it, ridiculous though it sometimes seems — believe of course that there is a huge fallacy involved in the practice. In time of peace, however, a fallacy is no sin. But now that our industrial workers are soldiers on the inner and more vital firing line, what shall we say of those who practice the principle of minimum performance? They fall into a class with the soldiers who lag behind in the charge, not through natural fear of death, but through sheer lack of good will and common loyalty. What shall we say of the workers who practice sabotage, who manage to sneak a monkey wrench into the hopper, sand into the bearings, soap into the boilers? They fall into the class with men in the trenches who should fire ammunition depots or destroy the sights on field pieces, if there really were such traitors.

And what of the strike, when we are carrying on war through industry, and our laborers are the soldiers who are to save the state? In the circumstances, a strike is mutiny. And if the strike is engineered by agents of the enemy? This is the lowest and most despicable form of mutiny. Mutiny, to be sure, was a regular concomitant of military operations in the disorderly wars of early modern times. The disgrace of it was not felt until the spirit of nationalism had thoroughly permeated the army. The conception of industry as a part of the military establishment is still too new to have permeated the popular consciousness. Men, therefore, can go on strike without being aware of their ignominy. And employers who so mismanage as to justify strikes are equally unaware of their own disgrace. Disgraced they are, however, just as any military officer whose command mutinies is inevitably and rightfully weighed down with disgrace.

IV

Relations of employer and employed are one thing in peace, and quite another thing in war, as we now know it. This is a point that cannot be too strongly emphasized. In time of peace the employer buys labor like everything else, as cheaply as he can, and if in his playing for cheapness it appears expedient to him to close down his shop from time to time, thus incidentally reducing output, he is supposed to be within his rights. If he fixes wages at a level below comfortable subsistence, at the cost of efficiency in the long run, it is assumed that we can trust to time and bankruptcy to cure him of his folly. If a group of employers get it into their heads that they can succeed where abler and more experienced employers have failed, in blocking the progress toward organization among men who have no other recourse or security than their hands and heads, we have been accustomed to let them try out their powers, even though the public had to endure the inconveniences incidental to labor struggles. But in time of war the nation cannot afford such extravagant experimentation. Whatever organization can be trusted to coöperate unreservedly in the national effort towards maximum production has the right to official recognition from the employers. Such recognition might indeed be accorded with the understanding that the employers reserve the right to take up again the fight for disestablishment of unionism after the war.

Just as it is an indefensible policy on the part of employers to seek to suppress justifiable labor organization at this time of national crisis, so it is indefensible on the part of labor to seek to exclude non-union men from employment. However sincerely men may disagree on the closed shop issue, it is little short of treason to permit this issue to interfere with production at this time. What the nation has the right to expect is an armistice in the industrial struggle. But in view of the present necessity

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of enlisting conservative unionism in the fight against such organizations as the I. W. W. which are avowedly anti-national and refuse to entertain the suggestion of a truce, the conservative unions ought to be accorded such latitude in extending their organization as they can profitably use. If Mr. Gompers can organize the western coal fields, and assure us freedom from irresponsible strikes, he should by all means be encouraged to do so. The principle to aim at is the maintenance of the status quo ante in the struggle between capital and organized labor, except where the one party or the other can offer additional services to the nation, as organized labor can do in checking the development of anarchistic associations.

A strike in war time, as has already been indicated, is a mutiny. It is something we cannot tolerate. But mutinies are not obviated by mere public execration. Conditions making for mutiny have to be removed. Now not even the most complacent defender of things as they are would deny that at many points in our industrial system conditions prevail against which it is the moral duty of the laborers to strike. There are industries that do not pay living wages when they are able to. There are industries in which the hours of labor are needlessly extended beyond the limit men may endure without physical deterioration. There are industrial establishments that permit truculent bosses and foremen to propose and dispose according to their own not too sweet will. The employer-in-chief may in time of peace content himself with the thought that men who don't like the conditions prevailing in his shop may lump them. In time of war the employer-in-chief is a general; and it is the business of his brother generals in the field to see that their men get full rations, are properly clad and well shod, are not over marched, or over strained in the battle line. "You say that my men can't live on the wages I pay. Well, I can get all the men I want for even less wages."

This may have sounded like common sense a year ago. It sounds like treason now.

Since we cannot afford strikes, it is the obligation of the employer to improve conditions voluntarily in the measure that he might have been compelled to improve them through strikes. If he will not do this, it is the business of the public authorities to supersede him, or at least to withdraw from him power to determine the conditions of labor. In shipbuilding we have actually superseded the private employer. We did this partly because the private employers had demonstrated their unfitness to hold command over the conditions of labor. They entertained strikes, while our whole national interest turned upon the output of tonnage.

War inevitably works to intensify labor difficulties. The supplies and materials required by an army are pre-vaillingly such as the working class consumes. Because the world is at war, bread and meat, clothing and shoes, have risen enormously in price. While money wages rise slowly, everything that wages buy rises rapidly. If labor is not to make use of the strike to redress the balance of income and outgo, public measures for redressing the balance must be devised. And the employers, as public officers, are obligated in the first instance to ascertain the measure in which wages must be advanced, and to propose means for making possible the required advances.

V

What of profiteering and war prices? The principle is simple. Whatever price may be necessary to keep production at an effective maximum is justifiable. Anything beyond this is speculation. Pig iron at ten dollars would sufficiently reward the producers who enjoy the best locations and possess the best equipment. Pig iron at twenty dollars will bring into full operation even the poorest and worst located of blast furnaces. Anything

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above twenty dollars, if this assumption is correct, bears no relation to productive efficiency. It is therefore illegitimate at a time when all resources are the state's.

But would not the surplus of pig iron production lead to the building of new furnaces, and thus advance the national production? And does not this consideration make any price, however high, justifiable? The argument is perhaps valid in peace time conditions. It is not valid in war. The new furnaces cannot be got ready in time to serve our national needs in the present war. We ought not to apply any of our limited industrial power to their erection. If excessive prices encourage the erection of new furnaces, this is merely an added argument against them.

War prices ought to be sufficient to pay such wages as may be required to stimulate labor to maximum efficiency. They ought to be sufficient to pay ordinary returns on capital, and in addition to provide a surplus for reinvestment in plant that may be subjected to extra wear in contributing to the winning of the war. Anything beyond this serves merely the purpose of private enrichment — an admirable purpose, perhaps, in time of peace, but often a despicable purpose in time of war.

And what of taxation? Our incomes, big or little, are the state's by the theory of war. The state should leave in our hands such income as we are likely to use for a national purpose. The principle must of course be interpreted broadly. Income required for sustenance, the state will wisely leave where it is. Income that is employed to provide machinery and materials of production may also be left where it is unless the state has for it a definitely better use. Income that dissipates itself in waste — and waste is to be interpreted narrowly in time of war — should be seized by the state.

VI

The principles above set forth are essentially socialistic. True, they do not involve the operation of all the industries of the country as one vast unit, officered by bureaucrats and manned by petty civil servants; but what do we care about such a mere matter of form? It is the spirit that signifies. And according to the spirit of war theory, our industries are or ought to be operated in the common social-national interest. All positions of honor and profit are public offices; all rewards are, or ought to be determined by contemporaneous personal service. Nobody cares, or ought to care, in these times, to say that his claim to income is sufficiently justified by the fact that his grandfather or his father or even himself in earlier years, served society well. He should claim income only on the ground that in his hands it advances the general interest.

But who are they who hold such socialistic views? Little groups of radical revolutionaries, professional agitators, congenital aliens to common sense humanity? No: the men of great affairs, the men of large property as well as the men who work with their hands. Follow the course of discussion of price regulation, profits and income taxation, labor adjustment, you will find that both parties to each controversy make the same assumption, that all our private resources are held in trust for the state, that all our private incomes ought to be gauged by service to the state. If the government proceeds to commandeer or confiscate, no one raises the cry of outraged individualism. Criticism turns upon the question whether the state will make as much directly out of enterprises it commandeers as could be made indirectly. Or if the matter is one of price regulation, criticism turns upon the question whether, for example, two dollar coal instead of three may not make impossible the working of some part of the mines or the proper re-equipment of

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another part. There may be mine owners who in their hearts curse the government for stepping between them and their God-given opportunity to charge all the traffic will bear. But they dare not make their individualistic rage audible.

After all, it may be asked, what difference does it make whether an industry is regarded, not as a private enterprise, but as a public enterprise officered by its former proprietors, now viewed in the light of public servants? The same men run the enterprise in much the same way. Yes, so long as they run it well enough to suit the national need. But if the war lasts long, there is likely to be much superseding of our industrial generals. If they do not succeed in maintaining continuous operation, if they do not fall in with the general patriotic view in the matter of prices and charges, they are likely to behold an immense progress in the direction of commandeering of industries. Does anyone suppose that the railways, the steel, lumber and coal industries will dare to draw an issue between their private interest and the public will?

VII

War, thank Heaven, cannot last forever. And when it is over, shall we not sweep into oblivion along with other war time institutions the whole system of war socialism? Let us not reach this conclusion in too great a hurry.

An inhabitant of the moon might suppose that when the war ends the millions of men burrowed into the interminable lines of trenches would fly for their homes like a windrow of leaves before a hurricane. But those who know the inertia of things that makes our earth earthy, understand that the demobilization of armies and the redistribution of veterans among civil employments will take much time. Someone has estimated that not less than eighteen months will be required for the disbanding of

the British armies now in France. The reconstitution of the peace status, not in law but in social fact, will be a slow, and perhaps painful process.

In the period of reconstruction, the community cannot permit the production of necessities to flag nor the price to soar. It cannot permit industrial stagnation, nor widespread unemployment. There have been times in our recent history when more than a million men have beaten up and down the streets and highways in vain search for work. We who happened not to be of that number found our sympathies rudely tweaked, but suffered no other inconvenience. But imagine that among the million unemployed there had been some hundreds of thousands who had tasted blood and outbrazened roaring cannon on the battlefields of Europe. Should we feel exactly easy about our civil peace and order?

Quite special social obligations will rest upon our captains of industry for months and years after hostilities in Europe have ceased. Most industry will long remain strongly affected with a public interest, and hence subject to public regulation or seizure, if its private managers lose sight of the public welfare. Quite special burdens will fall upon incomes in excess of their recipients' valid requirements. It will be long before the relation between income and contemporaneous personal service loses its determining importance. And who shall say that the tidal wave of socialization produced by the European upheaval will ever wholly recede? President and Pope may cry "Let things be as they were." But things obey not President nor Pope, but the laws inherent in themselves. And these laws change. After Napoleon the world never got back to the system of guild regulated industry. After Kaiser Wilhelm, the world may never get back to the system of free enterprise.

And then again it may. Our contributor has made a very good argument that if the normal state of society is war, the normal

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state of society is socialism. But this tends to prove that, conversely, if the normal state of society is not war, the normal state of society is not socialism.

It would be a sad outlook indeed if the march onward of mankind were to be a march away from freedom, if all our industrial goings and comings were to be at the dictation of a master, and that master the most arbitrary, ignorant and merciless yet known — the majority. The tendency would inevitably be toward the destruction of initiative, invention and interest in work — toward making the American people as inert industrially as the Germans are politically. In industry the Germans have been left more free than the Americans. With them Capital has had no such control in politics as with us, nor has Labor. Capitalistic combinations have not been as much interfered with, nor have favored interests been favored at popular expense by a so-called protective tariff to the same degree that ours have. This industrial freedom was a great agency in giving Germany her unexampled commercial success.

But with all this industrial freedom, Germans have been drilled, from their start at school, into political subservience, and the political slavery has at length destroyed their industrial prosperity. If we continue the military control (for that's what it amounts to) of industry which the war has forced upon us, we will leave the average workman the same degree of liberty that is enjoyed by the private soldier; and to the captains of Industry and its other officers, the room for individual initiative and invention that is enjoyed by the officers under the generals-in-chief in armies.

Among the pitifully inadequate compensations of the war, one of the least inadequate will be the demonstration of these truths to the many who are pursuing will-o'-the-wisps that lead away from them. EDITOR.

NATIONALISM

I

NATIONALITIES," says a recent writer, interpreting an idea of Mazzini's, "are the workshops of humanity. Each nationality has a special duty to perform, a special genius to exert, a special gift to contribute, to the general stock of civilization; and each, in consequence, growing by the trust that other nationalities place in it, must be a living homogeneous entity, with its own faith and consciousness of self."

But every social form or organization is in a sense a workshop of humanity, possessed in some degree of all these functions. The city of Florence, the school of Porte Royale, the Order of St. Francis, exerted and contributed each its special genius and gift. Families, colleges and professions; villages, tribes and totem groups; churches, cults, clubs and political parties; are all workshops of humanity. Mazzini's outlook was conditioned by the Italian struggle for unity, and the Italian nationality was well enough defined by language and geography. But the determination in many cases is not so clear, and no absolute definition of nationality has yet been formulated.

Yet the conception is there, and the phenomenon is there, however undefined; and this form, according to Mazzini, is the one which men are coming more and more to make use of as the general workshop of humanity.

On the whole he seems to have been right. The syndicalist may deny it, and look to a world ordered industrially and governed by trade unions, but the drift of the last five hundred years has been toward the nation-group. The words France, Spain and Italy had geographical meanings in the Middle Ages, but just what their political meanings were it would be hard to say.

Western Europe was a maze of interlocked suzerainties and infeudations, and has been breaking up ever since, and reforming into separate nations, which struggle to mark and make fast their bordering lines. Generally the crown absorbed the feudal powers, and was the nucleus of the developing organization. The later tendency has been for this nucleus to be absorbed in turn, and for those powers to become vested, either formally or substantially, in the whole nation at large. The civilized world is coming to be composed of a more or less definite number of self-conscious nationalities, more or less democratic.

“Nationality,” says Mr. Zangwill, “is a state of mind corresponding to a political fact.” The political fact may have long passed away, or be a fact hardly political. There is no present political fact for the Poles or Jews. At any rate there is a state of mind, a sense of membership in, and devotion to, a group. But evidently that sense of membership and devotion is much the same state of mind, whether its object is a nation, or city, or tribe, or clan. If the object is a roving tribe, it has no definite country, but wherever the group is localized, one’s “native land” becomes an important element in the blended complex.

The change from family to clan, to tribe, to nation, is marked by increasing size, and the consequent gradual disappearance of kinship as the bond; yet in the clan, a theoretical kinship is still the theoretical bond, and some idea of race or unity of descent still lingers and attempts in defiance of evidence to reinforce nationality.

“Everywhere in the Austrian empire the intellectual middle class upholds the view that its ideal is not Austria, but a racial state. — Since the seventies the ideal of a racial state has been a living force” (Friedrich Adler at his trial for the assassination of Count Stürgkh).

“Racial state” is not yet as familiar a phrase as it may come to be. Race, biologically or physically, may mean breed; but it cannot mean that politically, where

the peoples are nearly all of mixed ancestry, and national feeling and physical race have little correspondence. Probably we mean by it what M. Boutroux calls "psychological race," the kinship of association rather than of descent. Members of strongly self-conscious nationalities come to have national ways of thinking, feeling, looking, speaking, believing. The difference between the face of an Englishman and a German lies not so much in the features as in the expression. Psychological race comes from group feeling, in which — as in the clans — a kinship or race is assumed which may have some, or little, actuality. A clan is theoretically the expansion of a family. If a miscellaneous and chance-gathered band establishes itself in a certain spot, and steals the women of neighboring tribes, in due time it will be found to have given itself an eponymous ancestor. Instinctively it summons the theory of kinship to declare and reinforce its unity. We do the same when we apply the word race to a group feeling, and where the group feeling and the political lines do not coincide, we feel, with a similar instinct, that the political lines ought to be so changed as to make the coincidence. If the Alsatian feels French, or the Trentino Italian, he ought to be grouped as he feels. If Poles feel Polish that proves the Polish nation, and a nation ought to govern itself and own the land it occupies. Until it does, the situation seems to us incongruous.

There have been instances enough of larger polities succeeded by smaller ones, but it is evident that civilization tends to increase the size of the group. The reason is that the larger group has a competitive advantage, over the smaller, in war if not in economics, provided it is equally efficient; and increased civilization furnishes increased means for such efficiency. Modern groups of millions are manageable, because they are highly organized. They would be unmanageable under primitive conditions, because those conditions do not furnish means for such

organization. Accordingly the normal clan or tribe is a matter of a few hundred or a few thousand persons, while the normal nation of the civilized world is censused in millions.

Nationalism, then, is the sense felt by a numerous people of being attached to and blended with a relatively large group, which presumably occupies a continuous country, and is, or has been, or desires to be, politically united.

II

Great historic issues come out of the deeps. It is only their apparent causes that seem trivial. The Arians and Athenasians did not quarrel about a diphthong, nor Catholic and Protestant because Martin thought Peter's coat had too much lace on it, nor has the whole world gone to war because an Austrian prince was killed. The cause of a forest fire is the drought rather than the chance spark. Cool-headed men have been predicting this war for years past, as in the Adirondacks in rainless Junes they predict forest fires. The cause of the war, like the cause of the fires, was the condition that made it probable.

Of some social and political thinkers nowadays, when they set out to find "fundamental" causes, it may be predicted with more certainty than forest fires in a dry June, that they will find those causes "economic." "Economic determinism" is an article of faith. Socialistic thinking is still, much of it, dominated by the idea of the old economists that economics are "the whole thing." The belief arose from the discovery that the economic element was immense and nearly everywhere, and that students of human life had, apparently, so far, but barely, vaguely, perfunctorily, noticed it. The idea had the clean sweep of a new broom.

But certainly it is not "the whole thing," and history rewritten to the simple tune of economic causes is nearly as badly miswritten as it ever was. The main causes of

some wars seem to have been economic; of others, at least as distinctly not; of most, more or less mixed. To assert that "the real reason" for the present war was "the inevitable clash between Germany's rising financial power and England's threatened financial power" (Steinmetz' *America and the New Epoch*) is more like a camel evolved out of one's inner consciousness than like a camel examined. "Financial supremacy" is a very question-begging phrase. There is more sentiment than economics in "supremacy." English foreign trade and cash balance were not decreasing but increasing. America was as formidable a financial rival as Germany, and the economic development of both was more beneficial than the opposite to English economic prosperity. Neither is the great war "simply" or "fundamentally" an English-German affair. It got under way with no England in it, or any knowledge whether or not she was going to be.

Two neighbors may quarrel because they are commercial rivals; or because one of them is self-centered and arrogant, and both irritable; or because number one has a quarrel with a friend of the other; or because number two is convinced that number one has secretly evil intentions, and is a bad character and must be taught a lesson; or because one or both have "took a dislike"; or because the whole village is quarreling and it seems nearly impossible to keep out of the row — in that provocative and missile laden atmosphere. And nations as well as men are more human than economic. Commercial rivalries are negotiable, but national rivalries are three-fourths to nine-tenths emotional, sentimental, historical, visionary, compact of pride and affection, and as ticklish to a "point of honor" as a duellist's code.

The men who ten years ago were predicting war, with intimate knowledge of the conditions on which they based their judgment, had something to say about economic rivalries, but in general the condition they described was of national rivalries, in which the economic element was

only one of many. The nations have been growing more compact, organic and self-conscious for centuries; the process was stimulated by the onslaughts of the Napoleonic era; and the process is still going on. A world of separate and distinct nations, each "a living homogeneous entity" with a strong personality, "a special genius, special gift — and its own faith and consciousness of self," is a world very susceptible of war and pretty certain every now and then to experience it. The more homogeneous, special, self-conscious and distinct they become, and the more profound is the faith of each in its own genius, the more likely they are to clash with each other. The college professor who returned from Europe in the early days of the war and announced he was "through with patriotism," doubtless would not care to repeat the phrase now, but the phrase should not be held up against him. It represented not only the strong reactions of a humanitarian, but a clear insight of the fact that a group of such patriotisms as compose Europe is dry tinder, capable of flaring up almost by a kind of spontaneous combustion. The main phenomenon of Germany is not autocracy, or feudalism, or even militarism, but a self-conscious and self-centered nationalism, so intense as to seem, in some phases of it, a sort of mania — depriving ordinary men of their ordinary moral judgments; causing groups of cultured scholars to indorse screaming denials and assertions the reverse of scholarly; even reaching with its heat across the ocean to our looser, more easy going and less insistent, society, and sometimes or apparently re-Germanizing the American born sons of emigrant fathers — fathers whose sense of any ties with their native land had almost disappeared in the strong desolvent of American life. For American life is a powerful current, though an intensely self-conscious nationalism may not be the chief ingredient in the $\frac{7}{8}$ power. The special causes of that German intensity seem to have been the rapidity and success of the German national de-

velopment in the last fifty years, and (it will usually be added) the thoroughness and persistence with which this nationalistic state of mind was fostered by such agencies as schools, the army and the press. At any rate the study of recent German literature seems to show that it was not a state of mind produced by the war, but had been steadily growing, and had become, in degree or in kind or both, phenomenal even in Europe.

III

Mr. William Archer uses the word "tribalism" to describe and denounce it. The application may be criticised on various sides, but so far as the German phenomenon is an extraordinary merging of the individual in the state, it does seem to be a reversion. The tribal man, to modern eyes, is very imperfectly differentiated from his group, even in his own consciousness. The individual is not much, the group is "über alles," nearly everything. "A great empire possessed by a tribal spirit" describes, as accurately as perhaps is possible in brief, the menace of Germany as Europeans have felt it. And if now it is felt to be, in the recent words of Mr. Otto H. Kahn, an "evil spirit, which has made the government possessed by it — an abomination in the sight of God and men," the words may be held to have a further significance than the rhetoric of war's hostility.

Most conduct that is "abominable" in our eyes is at bottom a reversion to something which humanity has outgrown. When patriotism begins to speak with the accents of the Shorter Catechism, and to approach the definition that "The chief end of man is to glorify the state and enjoy it forever," we seem to see the looming menace of a new Moloch. When a nation becomes noted for conscientious honesty of internal relations, and noted for the opposite in its external relations, — when it nationalizes its god and bounds its morals by its frontier — it is reverting to tribalism.

The distinguished French anthropologist M. Durkheim insists that religion is a social product. The sense of a power not our individual selves, and stronger than we, which not only prescribes our conduct and marks our bounds of right and wrong, but flows into us, fills us at times with measureless emotions, lifts us beyond ourselves, and sweeps us away — this feeling of something flowing from every close group into its members, this inspiration and inner control, is experienced by all men, and by none altogether understood; nor much better understood by coining phrases for it that contain the word "suggestibility." The tribe, the nation, the massed society, is itself this power; and this, says M. Durkheim, is the original deity, the primal source of religion; fundamentally the god of the tribe is the personified tribe.

Nevertheless the "social organism," the "race genius" are idols of the imagination, symbolic and convenient, that grow dangerous as they grow definite — figures of speech that make haste usurp reality. Nations are organizations, not organisms. There is no "soul of a people." There is no racial personality that can possess a genius. The "personality" of corporate bodies is a borrowed term, and so is "corporate" — borrowed from organisms to describe organizations. Language is full of such borrowings, short-cuts of description, tentacles of analogy — (sea horse, sea anemone, Table Mountain, the constellation of the Dipper). It is language growing naturally. Writers on the philosophy or theory of the state, who assert that its "personality" is "real," so long as they have not lost their bearings, may add "real" to someone — a subjective reality only. But presently we are carried off our feet by that same feeling or imagination, to which that personality owes its existence. The use of the same word, "person," for a human being, and for a political or economic organization, or legal fiction, may have its practical values; but to any sociology which aims at precision it is perilous, even if convenient. Neither society,

nor any of its sub-groups, is an organism, any more than it is a species. We speak of "social evolution," but since society has developed largely through the transmission of things acquired, and species apparently not at all, it seems unfortunate to use but one word for two such different processes. The distinction between the *vital* or *organic*, and the *social* or *cultural*, — "between organic qualities and processes, and social qualities and processes, — the full import of the significance of their antithesis — may be said to be only dawning on the world. They are still more often confused than sharply distinguished" (Kroeber, *American Anthropology*, April-June, 1917).

A nation is a large, more or less organized group of persons, which, — in course of time, by heredity and the imitative that springs from association — comes to have much mutual resemblance abroad among its multitude of individual characters; and these resemblances are extracted, brought together and entitled "the national character." When this conceptual unit of character becomes attached to and blended with a unit of political organization, the imaginative faculty straightway personifies the national unit. The stronger and more intense, the more heightened and heated, the devotion of individuals to this personification becomes, the more there tends to emerge, not a state religion, but a religion of the state. The myth making faculty deifies what the imaginative faculty has personified. We have had deified emperors, and kings with divine rights; Cæsars and Mikados have had their cults and rituals; and society — if M. Durkheim is right — has the most aboriginal of claims to be adored as "the power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." It inspires, supports and controls. Is it not "nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet"? Its religion is the natural product of extreme nationalism.

But it produces fanatics, and fanatical nationalities will go to war with each other as the sparks fly upward.

It is a strong wine, and a group which suddenly absorbs large quantities of that wine gets collectively drunk. In order to love one's country and be proud of it with a great love and pride, and at the same time to acknowledge the values and respect the rights of other nations and other patriotisms — in order to possess this balance and combination, and be reasonable and tolerant — it seems that one should belong to a nation whose success, expansion and development in national consciousness, has not been too rapid, recent and extraordinary — to a country loved through failure and defeat, loved when low in its weakness and stained with its sins, not solely known in the pride of its success.

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

So sang Mr. Kipling, in noble verses, and amusingly naïve unconsciousness of his boasting. "Gentiles," "Thy people," "Lesser breeds without the law" have all the good, downright, crusty, arrogant tribalism of the Old Testament. Mr. Kipling's nationalism has always been somewhat obstreperous, somewhat military, if not Prussian, in type. "Unser deutsche Gott" is a tribal god, such as Robertson Smith describes among the early Semites, but the reversion is not exclusively peculiar to Germany. What country that is great and beloved of its people, is not declared by them to be "God's own" or words to that effect? Other nations have gone "drunk with sight of power" when they have drunk too much of that vision and too fast. Americans are not yet altogether free of the habit of brag. Our growth has been recent and rapid. The arrogance of Mr. Kipling's *Recessional* is unconscious because so profound, but it is apart from the intention. The text is humility, and means to say — more collo-

quially: "Let us be decent in our pride. Arrogance is bad form. It is unfair to other parties and dangerous to ourselves. The greatness of your country does not need your assertion of it." If the English and French nations seem more able to combine an intense patriotism with a rather better reserve and social consideration than some other peoples — supposing they do, for the purpose of illustration — it will be noticed that their national growth has been long, with many setbacks and valuable humiliations. If we seek a cause for the phenomenal arrogance of Germany, it would seem to lie in the fact that its corresponding growth in power and national self-consciousness has been very recent and phenomenally rapid. It has not had time to get civilized. *Pace* any offence in the figure, a nation must learn to "carry its liquor like a gentleman." A great patriotism is a great peril, and the peril is intrinsic.

And yet Mazzini was somehow right.

IV

Cardinal Newman remarked of the Roman Empire that: "It was too large for public spirit, and too artificial for patriotism." It would perhaps have been better to say that it was too large, rather than too artificial, for either; for by "artificial" must presumably be meant that — as seems to be the case with the Austrian-Hungarian Empire — the political lines and the lines of group feeling did not coincide; and this is not quite true. The Roman Empire assimilated its populations as certainly no empire had ever done before, until at last Spaniard and Gaul and Syrian really seem to have felt themselves more Roman than anything else. But it was too large for public spirit and patriotism, too large — under the conditions of its time — to be aware of itself throughout, too large for its good roads, post horses and sea traffic, to be sufficient. Whether railroads, steamers,

telegraphs, newspapers and universal education, make it possible now for a nation of that size to feel itself and its unity as vividly as a smaller one, at any rate they make a much larger nation practicable than is practicable without them. The Spaniard and Syrian felt Roman, but they did not feel public-spirited or patriotic. The lethargy that permeated the Roman world is likely to descend on any enormous grouping. Its attachments tend to divide into local and national; and the national ones to become dim, general, tepid. Men become resentful and resistant to demands on public spirit and patriotism. Figured as an organism, its size is too great for its blood flow to keep it warm.

But a better circulation will keep warm a larger organism. The swifter pace of modern life — the means of communication that keep New York and San Francisco talking more or less about the same thing at the same time — enlarges the possible boundaries of self-conscious and active nationalities. France and Germany seem almost, if not quite, as quick and vivid with their patriotisms as an ancient city-state, whose borders lay within the horizon of its acropolis. If a state remains of the same size, the intensity of its nationalism should increase with the increase of its civilization, because more civilization enables it more vividly to feel its unity.

We have here another reason for the phenomenal nationalism of Germany. Whatever it may be in other senses of the word, it is highly civilized in this sense, that it is highly organized; its industrial legislation is more advanced than that of other great powers; its educational provisions more elaborate and systematic; even the output of its presses is greater. If a German is out of a job, he looks to the state to a degree that hardly seems to be done elsewhere, and the state acknowledges the responsibility. The evils of these relations may be as great as, or greater than, the benefits; but it is patent that the masses of a nation maintaining these relations will feel

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the unity of their group with vividness and power because of these relations. The nation — its so-called “personality” — is more vivid to a West Pointer than to most other Americans.

“The intensity and reality of group feeling varies inversely with the extension” (Zangwill, *Principle of Nationalities*). Granted then, unless the means, which make a larger group unity possible, increase with the extension.

“The world is too big to be, or to be governed, as a whole.” The possibility of a United World depends on the same undeveloped possibilities, and the same reasoning implies that it is speculative and distant. Mazzini was right. The nations are the groups which our own and the near coming ages are destined to deal with, the channels and workshops through which they will flow and shape their humanity.

“Nationality, deep as life and narrow as the grave, is closing in on us. The time may come when we shall look back longingly to the great Roman empire, when Roman citizenship ran solid from the Ebro to the Euphrates.” American citizenship runs solid from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and includes more territory and more citizens than the Roman. Europe expects no such solidity, nor desires it. An empire solid to the Euphrates is more like *Mittel Europa* and the *Drang nach Osten* than any other longing in sight, and one naturally doubts the tendency to peace of such an empire in the hands of national fanaticism. The Roman Empire with its peace was nearly the whole known world; only oceans, deserts and barbarians surrounded it, and its ambition rested. A North-Sea-to-the-Persian-Gulf Empire would be no such matter, no such arrested ambition, and no such peace.

“Regionalism” — to quote Mr. Zangwill once more — “has thus a sounder basis than even nationalism. Villages inspire more poets than empires or Milky Ways. We are not at home in the infinities. It is the infinities

that are at home in us." Here we seem to be drawing nearer to ultimate things. To an American it naturally seems — the assumption fills the background of his mind — that all social and political groupings are means, not ends; that the final value of states and nations, of civilization itself, is their effect upon persons; that, first, the quality and quantity of the output in persons — the body, mind, character and capacity of individuals; and secondly, their freedom, comfort and happiness; are the test of civilizations, rather than civilizations the test of these. States are made for the sake of man, not man for the sake of states. Power flows into us individuals from the societies to which we belong, or — which means the same thing — we inspire each other in groups; and it does seem to be the case that the smaller groups furnish more or a better quality of inspiration than the larger. It is the near and vivid, not the large and general, that best fertilizes our souls.

If the civilized world today were all grouped in small regional and racial states, if the forty-eight United States were forty-eight separate nations, there might be more persons to the same population who would "feel deep, think clear, bear fruit well." But the world's wars would be many, America would be less prosperous and peaceful, and Americans less comfortable and free.

A United States of the World, if it avoided civil war, would be at peace; its patriotism would be humanitarianism; but the passion for this world-country would be for most men, but a vague, matter-of-course and passive state of mind. A homogeneous world of like-minded citizens would stagnate.

There is no solution for the dilemma. But the efforts to find one are not lost, for it is through them that adjustments and modifications are found. Nationality is closing in on us, but there are counteracting forces. The world grows more interrelated, and its distances count for less and less. It grows more democratic, and though

democracies go to war, they go more slowly. The peace ideal is spreading, and a League to Enforce it is not now the dream of visionaries, but the vision of practical men. It is not expected, if realized, to render wars impossible, but it is expected to work not vainly against them. The great nations grow older, and cover their pride with better manners. You have to understand other people in order to be effectively polite to them, and understanding involves some degree of sympathy. Every nation — if its special gift is to be fertile in the world — must grow, said Mazzini, “by the trust that other nations place in it;” the nation which violates that trust sterilizes its own seed; and there is hope — with a reason in its head, as well as a longing in its heart, — that, once more, Mazzini was right.

DREAM OR VOODOO?

THE sun was warm on Jamaica Dock, and to those who gathered at the warehouse door (of such as go down to the sea in ships, or of such as had gone but went no more) to them old Payson Biddle spoke of African witches; of whalemens of the North seas; of a certain snake he once knew, who swallowed a gemsbok and was quaintly, curiously, without precedent, spiked upon his horns. He spoke of one Fishy Farrand, so called on account of his face. He spoke of John Fingess of Provincetown, who had a granddaughter, and whose beard was sea green when it was wet by the water of the green sea.

“Old John Fingess,” he said. “I always had a notion the girl was a voodoo. I recollect going up to Cape Cod.” —

Thus slowly did Payson Biddle get under way, as some gray Gloucester schooner turns her prow slowly in to the tide, not because she hesitates, but because there is time for all things.

— “I recollect going up to Cape Cod for a sword fish, because John Fingess wrote me he had one in a trap, and I wanted it for an aquarium. But it got away, and I hung around Provincetown a week, jigging for squid, and waiting for the deep sea fleet to come in. I thought maybe they’d bring in some unlikely beast for me. I was buying odd fish. I was handling aquarium lines at that time, and had arrangements with sea fishers to keep an eye out. They catch small squid for bait around Provincetown. I was in a dory, jigging for squid, laying up under the *Maude F.*, which was John Fingess’ schooner, and John Fingess was musing around aboard, and I see Nanny Fingess diving off the foremast gaff, and I says to myself ‘Mighty! That girl’s got a steady head! I bet I could get her a job in Smith and Roper’s Circus.’

“Old John had an extra rope rigged out level for her

to hold on, and had the gaff steadied up to one of the stays, but I see her walk out the gaff without touching the rope, and dive twenty feet with a whoop. She was a hair-raising child. She was lean and black-eyed and played the banjo. She'd come swimming around my side of the *Maude F.* and climb into the dory, and shake her clothes all over me, and appeared to think it was funny. Then she'd go up the *Maude F.* like a monkey.

"It was a warm day near sunset. I got about four dozen squid. The way off shores seemed to wink and blink. Everything was quiet except Nanny Fingess. I was thinking it must have been old man Satan made squid to be crawly things, with one end like a bunch of worms, and spitting ink when they come up, such as nobody would create that respected Creation. 'Must have been old man Satan,' I says, feeling drowsy. Then Nanny Fingess come climbing over the side of the dory, and blamed if she wa'nt all over scales as big as your palm!

"'What you been rubbing against, Nanny?' I says.

"'Rub?' she says, 'I grew them! I'm a fish.'

"Seemed to me she looked pretty scaley, not to say finny, but I says, —

"'You'd better scrape them scales off before John Fingess sees you,' I says. 'How'd you like to walk a tight rope in a circus?'

"'I'd rather have a sweetheart,' she says.

"'Mighty Dinah!' I says. 'Where's the painter man?'

"'I'm a sea lady,' she says, 'I want you for a sweetheart.'

"'All right,' I says, 'you ask old John, and I'll ask Mrs. Biddle. Hi!' I says. 'Don't hug your Uncle Biddle when you're wet!' I says. 'Look at them squid!'

"Blamed if the squid in the dory wan't turned lively, and come swarming up my legs hand over hand! Between the squid, looking like little black devils spitting ink, and Nanny growing scales and looking finny, and all of

them getting affectionate, I was up the side of the *Maude F.* yelling murder, with Nanny Fingess giggling behind like a peal of sleigh bells. Old John was mending nets and feeling unpleasant; because, when I told him Nanny and the squid wan't acting Christian, but one was turned fishy and the others was imps with faces on 'em, he said we was all the same kind of idjits, including the squid and the painter man. The painter man wan't saying a word. He was painting a picture of old John Fingess mending nets.

"Well, I do' know. I'd have said Nanny Fingess was cut out for a tight rope walker, or high diver in Smith and Roper's, or for going to sea arm and fin with a herring, but she didn't. She married the long-haired painter man by and by, and went to live in Boston, and she might have had a good fisherman! I do' know. But one time I was up the Niger River getting monkeys, and I come into a tribe of blacks that had two rivals for leaders, named Yellytello and Borax, or names that made noises like that. Yellytello was a mighty likely nigger, and he was a fighting man; and Borax was a humpy sort of party, and used to go around scratching his ear like he was thinking. They were rivals, and Borax cut a death arrow on Yellytello; that is, you cut some slits like an arrow on a piece of timber, and lay it in the woods pointing to the other man's house, and you put poison on the point, and do some incanting, and go away. But Yellytello didn't know anything about it, and nothing happened. Then Borax got restless, and told a lady friend of Yellytello's what he'd done, and the lady friend told Yellytello. Then he took sick and began to die. It looked like Borax had sense. But this here lady friend got another doctor, a shanky man and no particular good to look at, a sort of glowery-eyed man, and his name sounded to me like Suds, and he smeared Yellytello with sure proof grease against poison. Then Yellytello got up, and felt good, and put his spear through Borax, who died of a number of

holes. But this here lady friend, she eloped with Suds. What she do that for! She might have had Yellytello! The fact of the matter is, she was voodooed by Suds. Must have been."

Uncle Biddle was silent.

"Are you talking about that lady friend or Nanny Fingess?" someone asked.

"Ain't talking at all now," said Uncle Biddle.

"Which are you going to talk about?"

"Which'd you rather?"

"Nanny Fingess."

"Well, there's sense in that," said Uncle Biddle, "because there ain't any more to say about the lady friend, except her name was Sarah, or Sahara, or Sore-eye, or part of it was like that."

"But Nanny Fingess might have been a voodoo according to gifts. The Niger blacks say it's born in you, or it isn't. It ain't a common gift to dive off the gaffs of schooners, or swim with the squirm motion that belongs to a seal. I do' know. She come after me when I was talking to John Fingess, with her hands full of squid. Naturally I dropped into old John's galley and bolted the door. She come pounding on the door, and saying I was her sweetheart, and was coming down to the depths of the deep blue sea with her, which being exaggerated, naturally I didn't pay it no attention. The next thing, she had them squids squirting ink on the cabin windows, because I see the splashes, and the windows turned black, and the cabin was all dark, but I says to myself if John Fingess didn't mind it, they wan't my cabin windows anyhow, and I got out a pipe, and lay down on a bench, and lay there smoking and thinking in the dark. After quite a spell, I heard a noise like the mainsail going up, and the *Maude F.* give a start and heeled over, and I see she'd cast off her mooring and was under way. It must have breezed up some. Likely old John was going out to set his nets. I got up and unbolted the trap and climbed out

of the galley, and I see it was past dusk. The *Maude F.* was slipping along quiet, old John sitting by the helm looking sort of weedy and green, and Nanny up forward twankling on her banjo.

"The fact is," said Uncle Biddle after a pause, "I'm a shy man. When another man looks as if he didn't believe what I was telling him, it dries up my juices, and I shrivels and says nothing. A person can't open his mind free when his feelings are hurt."

"What's ailing you, Biddle?" said an aged seaman hard by.

"Aint I admitting it, it was getting dark?" said Uncle Biddle plaintively. "Moon coming up to be sure, and some stars, and yet I ain't denying it was dark. If I says them squid was walking around on feet, it ain't taking oath but they might have been crawling on their sucking arms, and natural enough. If I says John Fingess' beard looked like seaweed, it ain't forgetting he was a weedy looking party anyhow. Candor is candor, and, making them shy statements, if I looks around and sees scorn on the face of a friend, it dries a man up painful."

"As for me," said the aged seamen calmly, "I never heard more soothin' statements, nor fitting my notion of what's right."

"Well, then if I was to state that Nanny Fingess was more scaley than ever," Uncle Biddle went on mournfully, "edging to finness, not to say flopperness, in the feet, and was sitting forward on the bowsprit with a school of fat porpoises swimming lively around the *Maude F.* in a great circle, it ain't saying they was doing a dance to the tune Nanny Fingess played. I only says that seemed to be her idea of it. Because she did act snippy with 'em."

"'Here you, Number Three!' she says, 'keep your tail flat!' she says, 'flop to the right there, clumsy! Number Eight too fast! Oh, fiddle! That's no good!' she says. If I was to state that painter man kept on painting, and used a squid for a paint brush, and never said a

word, it ain't taking oath I looked at him particular, because I never did look at him particular. Do I claim to know why he kept on painting after dark? Not me."

"Them statements," said the aged seaman, "don't raise a ripple on this company."

"As for me," said someone else, "I swallows them statements like raw oysters, smooth, and they tastes good."

"Ah!" said Uncle Biddle, "comforting, ain't it, when a man sees a long life of truthfulness bearing fruit? So it is. And yet, when I think over that time, sometimes, ever since, I gets haunted in dreams with seeing little squid turned into devil imps and spitting ink at me, same as the beasts that used to haunt a friend of mine named Low. He was a collector of animals like me, but he had visions, and took too much alcohol, and used to tie blue ribbons of the Temperance Society around his alligators, so they wouldn't haunt him. I says to Nanny Fingess, where she sat on the bowsprit, I says, 'I wished I had some blue ribbons,' I says, 'I'd like to tie 'em on to things in general,' I says. 'It may be the lobsters I eat, or it may be not,' I says, 'but things in general don't look right to me.'

"What's the matter with 'em?" she says.

"Well, I don't mind squid with faces," I says, "but why do they have feet? I don't mind the painter man's painting in the dark, but why does he use a squid for a paint brush?"

"They haven't any feet," she says. "Of course they coil their arms when they walk. He uses squid because he's painting after dark, because squid ink paints dark. Silly! He isn't using them for brushes."

"Seems all right when you explain it," I says. "And yet again, now, I don't mind John Fingess' beard being sea weed, not at all! But why do his clothes grow barnacles?"

"Oh!" she says, jumping up. "Does he look messy? You play for them. I must go and clean him."

“‘What for?’ I says, thinking John Fingess never did like being cleaned.

“‘It’s my wedding,’ she says, ‘I’m going to marry the painter man,’ she says. ‘Those fat fish have got to rehearse,’ she says.

“‘Then she was gone aft to clean John Fingess. Did you ever play the banjo for porpoises?’”

“‘Can’t play the banjo,” said the aged seaman, sadly.

“‘It pleases some beasts, and some it don’t,” said Uncle Biddle. “‘Elephants like it, and bears, but you take an orangotang and play a banjo at him, and he’ll rear up and swear. But what I says is this, if you ain’t ever sat on a bowsprit in the moonlight and played the banjo for porpoises, you don’t know what real pleasure is. Old John Fingess was making sounds of distress, but they wan’t unpleasing to me. The painter man didn’t say a word, and Nanny was laying down the law to both of ’em, and it seemed to me that was an agreeable arrangement. I never knew my spirit when it felt more balmy, nor played the banjo more skillful, nor heard a banjo sound so sweet, nor see moonlight so beautiful thick and soapy. Them porpoises rose, and curved, and slid under, soft and even, so you’d think they was all one animal, and the flakes of foam fell off them like a kind of moonlight fireworks. The *Maude F.* seemed to be headed for Plymouth, but going quiet and slow, and I says to myself, ‘Nancy Fingess ain’t really old enough to be married, but she will be before we get to Plymouth at this rate,’ and I went ‘twinkle-twankle’ on the banjo, and felt like a shepherd in a picture piping for lambs. I says to myself, ‘There’s something queer here, but what’s the odds? Old John is all seaweed and barnacles, and yet he never looked so handsome, which ain’t saying much. I don’t feel right, but I feel good. Squid ain’t interesting by nature, but when you see ’em passaying around the deck in pairs, blamed if they ain’t interesting! Maybe the *Maude F.* is sailing by the wind, but she feels to me like she was taking a stroll.

‘There’s the moon!’ I says, ‘and the shiny water!’ I says, ‘and the porpoises! A man must have gifts in him to feel as calm as I do.’ I kept on twinkle-twankling for the porpoises, thinking: ‘It’s a queer world, but the why ain’t important if it feels good. Let a man keep calm in the middle of him,’ I says, ‘for the Lord made the sea a fine thing and He made the moon to please us,’ I says, and I see Nanny Fingess and the painter man coming forward, and they sat down next me, and neither of them said a word.

“‘You two have been quarreling,’ I says. ‘Don’t do it. Don’t stir up nobody’s central calm.’

“‘Well,’ says the painter man. ‘I always said I’d marry Nanny when she grew up.’

“‘I said it first!’ says Nanny Fingess. ‘You’d never have thought of it without me!’

“‘That may be so,’ said the painter man, ‘but it’s not what the row’s about. Now, I don’t care where we’re married or how. She can have her ceremony up a tree by an archbishop owl, or under water by a high priest cod-fish, if she wants to. It’s all one to me.’

“‘That’s right,’ I says. ‘Keep your central calm,’ I says. ‘Them porpoises is running fine and steady.’

“‘But what I say is, she isn’t grown up,’ says the painter man.

“‘I am too!’ says Nanny Fingess. ‘I’m seventeen!’

“‘Why, it isn’t but a little while since I was snapping her fingers,’ says the painter man, ‘for sticking them in the paint.’

“‘Boo!’ she says, ‘you haven’t snapped my fingers for a year!’

“‘Then you haven’t stuck them in the paints for a year,’ he says.

“‘Then I will tomorrow!’ she says.

“‘Would you call that grown up, now?’ says the painter man. ‘Would any reasonable man call that grown up?’

“‘Well,’ I says, ‘it aint the common habits of the aged

as I know 'em,' I says, taking a look at the painter man, because I'd never took particular stock of him.

"He was a slow slim young man, with light hair, rather longish, and a pointed beard that added to the outrage. Name of Henry C. Shepardson. And he took things serious, and painted pictures that ruined the health to look at. If he painted a wave, you'd say he must have been thinking of lamb chops. Then he'd take them pictures to Boston, and get prices for them that staggered the reason. Well, I do' know. You never can tell what'll happen in Boston. I bumped into a street car conductor in Boston one time, and he said, 'Excuse me!' just like that, where in any average human town you'd say: 'Where the hell you shoving to?' like that, natural and friendly, seeing it was a harmless accident, and no call to give a man over to lifelong remorse. Anyhow, they bought H. C. Shepardson's pictures in Boston, and hung them in their parlors, which was a shame. But I asked him one time about them waves, and he said they was 'conventionalized,' and he said they was also rather Japanese, and I said they was lamb chops, and he stood off, and studied a while, and he says: 'By jinks, that's true! It's nearly the same line! There must be something in it.'

"Well, I kept on playing the banjo, and I see Nanny Fingess and the painter holding hands, sitting against the mast, and by and by he says:

"'What do you suppose she'll do afterwards?' And I says:

"'I expect she'll dive off the gaff in intervals of conubiality.' And he says:

"'I don't mind that, if she'll keep out of the paints.' And she says:

"'I won't touch your old paints!' And I says:

"'You folks are queer. Everything's queer tonight, Nanny. For instance, it 'ain't that you nor the painter man are gone fishy in the feature, for you ain't, but in some respects, not putting it too strong, there's some-

thing about the ends and outlyings of you, that don't seem likely to me, a sort of flopperness, or, as you might say, a sort of webbiness. Or take them shooting stars, I don't mind their shooting, but why do they all hit the water and blow up like fire-works? Moreover, I've got a central calm in me that's a wonder. It's more than calm, it's glassy. And yet, when I look overboard, it seems to me as if there was folks under the *Maude F.* somewhere, somehow, coming along in shoals. Now, what I want to know is, are they folks, or what are they?'

"'They're coming to the wedding,' says Nanny Fingess.

"'Wedding! How'll you look taking all that sea fry up street into Plymouth?'

"'Plymouth! We're not going to Plymouth! We're going down!'

"'Down where?'

"'We must be nearly there now,' she says. 'The big squid are going to take us down. We're there! Look! The porpoises have gone already.'

"'Holy snakes!' I says, dropping the banjo.

"Now, I am a shy man, and hope to die! If there wasn't a long black arm, big as a stove pipe, and all over suckers and warts, come slap over the bowsprit! And the water was boiling all around like a kettle!

"Me, I got up and yelled. I ran. Seemed to me the air was full of stove pipes all reaching for the *Maude F.* I ran aft. I felt the *Maude F.* go down forward and heave up aft, and she slanted like a house roof.

"I see old John Fingess pushing the helm like it was a pump, and yelling, 'Take in them sails! Why don't you take in them sails!'

"Thinks I, 'Where's that dory?' Then I see her floating beside. Thinks I, 'I don't like this wedding!' And I jumped for the dory.

"I heard the painter man's voice saying kind of sleepy, 'That's right,' he says, 'keep your central calm.'

"Well, I do' know," said Uncle Biddle, and paused to

knock out his pipe. "I don't claim to have gifts for calmness that can't be beat. The most gifted man I ever knew that way, was a man named Dion F. McCooey. I see Dion F. McCooey one time, and he was swinging a dog. Because the dog had bit him, so he got him by the hind foot, and swung him. And he says: 'He keeps away by centrifugal force,' he says, 'it's simply centrifugal force. As long as I swing him he can't bite me, don't you see?' he says, 'on account of centrifugal force.' By and by the hind foot slipped out of his hand, and the dog flew off, and then lit out kiyi-ing down the street.

"I says: 'His centrifugal force is pretty good, ain't it?'

"'Why,' he says, 'that's not centrifugal force any more. It's natural dog.' Mighty soothing kind of man, Dion F. McCooey. I recollect" —

"Did you jump into the dory, or into the water?" someone interrupted.

"Hey?"

"You was jumping overboard from the *Maude F.* a minute ago."

"Oh, I jumped in the dory! Yes! Must have. Because the next thing I was sitting with the little squid all around my feet. And I looks up, and there wan't no stove pipes, and no moonlight, no nothing of the kind, only the sun setting red over the sand spit, and the *Maude F.* at her moorings, and Nanny Fingess sitting on the prow of the dory, and kicking her feet in the water.

"'You've been asleep!' she says. 'You've been making awful noises, Uncle Biddle!'

"'Humph!' says I, and I give her the outline of that there vision. 'Now,' I says, 'what I want to know is, where did I go to sleep? In the dory or old John's cabin, or up forward with the banjo? Where did that there vision start in?'

"And Nanny Fingess give a grin. 'Well,' she says, 'if

you'll keep it secret I'll tell you. You didn't go to sleep at all. It all happened because I witched you.'

"I says: 'You're a voodoo!' I says. 'I ain't got no confidence in you,' and went up on the *Maude F.*

"But the painter man said, by jinks, he believed that was the matter with him, and John Fingess said witching wan't uncommon. But that conversation didn't go no further on account of Nanny Fingess climbing on the rail, and using squid on us for ammunition. She was a hair-raising child. Maybe she was voodoo. She married the painter man, and went to live in Boston, and she might have had a good fisherman."

THE DOGMATIC OBJECTORS TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

A NOTABLE feature in recent English Reviews is the proof they give of an immensely quickened interest in psychical research. The simultaneous outburst of discussion in the *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Fortnightly*, is significant of much. The *Hibbert Journal* for last July was almost a psychical research number, containing no fewer than three elaborate articles on the problem of communication with the deceased. Among the more popular magazines, which have not been slow to respond to the public appetite, the *Strand*, for example, arranged a debate on the question "Is Sir Oliver Lodge right or wrong?" Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was enlisted as a champion on the one side, and Mr. Edward Clodd upheld the other. Clear proof of this diffused concern may be drawn from the criticism by those writers who particularly dislike seeing it. Dr. Mercier laments what he feels to be a recrudescence of superstition, and calls almost frantically to the enlightened to be up and doing with preventive measures. For, he says, in any chance London omnibus the odds are that you will overhear sane men radiantly arguing together about the latest message from "the other side." But perhaps the most suggestive thing is the new tone of rancor with which in some conspicuous quarters Sir Oliver Lodge is being assailed. He used to be mentioned with a patronizing sneer, and his forsaking of physics for psychics was likened to Newton's digression from the *Principia* to compose a commentary on the *Apocalypse*. But he is now denounced, with a bitterness almost ecclesiastical, as if he were a sort of menace to civilization. Certain scientists and certain philosophers work themselves into a fury as often as they refer to him. *Tantæne cœlestibus iræ?* is the question that rises to our lips when we think of

the judicial calm with which this subject above all others, ought to be considered. But one inference is obvious from what we see, the same inference which we draw from the acrid comments by Lucretius, nearly two thousand years ago, upon those who then dared to believe in a world to come. One recognizes that the believers must have been either numerous or influential or both, if they were worth the expenditure of such copious abuse. And whatever else we may fail to learn from the passionate paper by Dr. Mercier in the *Hibbert*, we may at least take for granted that it is a growing body of opinion which has so inflamed him.

In one sense it may be called curious that so very speculative a matter should engage so much thought at a time when the harshly practical is so clamant. Yet the developed interest is a natural thing. Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* was sure to be eagerly studied just now by many who cast no more than a casual glance upon the earlier works in the same direction of that earnest and distinguished writer. It is a sort of by-product of the war. The type of death that we call untimely has multiplied a thousand fold, and with this has become deepened the old questioning of Tennyson about the "leaf that perished in the green." In countless desolated homes there are fathers and mothers who have the same pathetic cause as Sir Oliver Lodge to twitch impatiently at the Veil. There are very many who as they read his words of calm assurance love to substitute another name for that of Raymond, and to feel that for them too a new vividness has been given to the old faith: "I believe in the life everlasting."

One may doubt, indeed, how far it is wise that this general tendency should be encouraged. There are kinds of work which it is eminently desirable to have done, but upon which it is equally undesirable that the great mass of the public should have its attention too closely riveted. We hear that bad effects have already revealed

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themselves in the consulting room of the alienist; and although the particular alienist who has told us so may be suspected of exceptional alertness for such effects, — of being quite unconsciously predisposed to diagnose them upon insufficient proof — yet it is obvious that the study of abnormal psychic phenomena is not for every sort of nervous constitution. The Psychical Research Society has all along realized this, and tried to safeguard itself against doing harm. Moreover, no one knows better than the leaders in this investigation how dubious is the solace which many minds, perhaps most minds, will be able to extract from such evidence of persisting personality as can yet be placed before them. There is no kindness in stimulating a quest which will end in a mirage; and probably most of those who resort in their grief to an automatic writer will have their sanguine hopes badly disappointed. Even those who, like the author of this article, have long held that some proportion of the “Communications” are real, hesitate to take advantage of an excited public, or to exploit in any way at this time the intensified eagerness of “the will to believe.”

Now the subject is many-sided, and it is very expedient that one point should be discussed at a time. The present article is not concerned, for example, with the propriety or impropriety of spreading ideas about it in popular handbooks. It is not even concerned with the question whether any message has genuinely been sent to us from an unseen world. I am myself definitely favorable to the positive view, but I trust that if I were equally unfavorable to it, I should still press the single point with which this paper is to deal. For the issue is one of scientific method, to which judgment upon the actual case should make no difference. Beneath a vast amount of the prevailing controversy it has become clear that there is a conflict of principle, and that this ought to be settled before any detail can be effectively dealt with. Let me put it thus:

Communications purporting to come from “spirits”

have been presented to us, with "evidence" in support of their authenticity filling many volumes. Some critics after due consideration have been convinced in one sense, others after similar consideration have been convinced in the opposite sense. But influential public teachers have of late been assuring us that the evidence need not and should not be studied at all. And of a still larger number of writers it seems to me — for reasons which I shall give — not unfair to suspect that although they think they have examined the evidence on the merits, they have been mainly determined to their result by a prior conviction with which they began. A farther class have found some moral and spiritual danger in permitting, not only the general public, but apparently even the professional scientist, to engage in such a research at all. Let us call these critics *dogmatic* objectors, in contrast to those whose objection has been created by an impartial survey of the facts, and by what they take to be the *proved* futility of the investigation. The problem of this paper is to say whether any pre-existing certitudes should be allowed to deter us from examining the empirical proof of survival, as we would examine the empirical proof for any other proposition in human knowledge; and what should be our attitude in the name of science towards those who would erect such a barrier. The dogmatists belong to two very different schools. Materialistic physiology, and those psychologists who conjure with the word "parallelism," have to tell us that the very notion of scrutinizing these "messages" can be entertained only by the credulous, and that we who concern ourselves with it cannot be alive to those ascertained psycho-physical laws by which any such problem is foreclosed. On the other hand, influential leaders of the Church warn us that it is part of the Divine purpose to hide such matters from mortal ken, and that the assurance with which we should rest content is in a spiritual intuition or a revealed guarantee. In each case, it will be observed,

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our critics are out upon the "high priori road." Both types agree in thinking that there is an available certainty which forbids farther discussion. But they disagree as to what the certainty is. What the physiological objector thinks unquestionably true, the theological objector thinks unquestionably false. The argument of this paper is that of one who would not see inquiry burked by either member in this singular union of dogmatic extremes. The problem should be isolated as a strictly scientific issue, whatever be the convictions we entertain on non-scientific grounds. Viewing it so, I am one of those who neither know anything apart from evidence, nor can predict what the outcome of unexamined evidence will be, nor have been so far in the confidence of the Most High as to have been told what subjects have been allowed, and what forbidden, by Him who placed an inquiring spirit in man. Let the result go as it will; we have the same indignant word to say to dogmatic prohibitors of the debate.

I

Some of the antagonists of psychical research avow their dogmatism boldly. They glory in it. They deal with one who presses a case of communication upon their notice, as a physicist would deal with a new-fangled "proof" that the earth is flat. For example, the late Professor Münsterberg declared that in the matter of messages from a person deceased, we should refuse to look at testimony; we should take, he thought, the uncompromising position that such a thing has never occurred, never will occur, and never *can* occur. For him a spirit could not apprise us of its continued existence, for the simple reason that it no longer exists in any personal sense. This he professed to know on general philosophic grounds with which empirical investigation had nothing to do. Thus we understand exactly where Professor Münsterberg stood.

But many other critics, it seems clear, stand in just the same place, while assuring us — what I have no doubt they believe — that they await the compulsion of better evidence than has so far been produced. I shall advance some reasons to think that a good many of these persons are sadly in the dark as to the state of their own minds, that they are vehemently disavowing motives and convictions by which they are profoundly influenced in that dim unconscious sphere which psychoanalysts represent as so important. Like a famous Scot, they may be open to conviction, but would much like to see the man who could convince them. This may seem a rash judgment upon honorable disputants, but nothing like a slur upon anyone's personal sincerity is intended. Both sides in this debate have impeached each other of bias. Sir Oliver Lodge has complained that the scientific world will not give a hearing to his cold facts. His opponents reply that it is their facts which are cold, and Sir Oliver's which are hot, that they will be ready — none readier — to listen with all their ears, so soon as facts are presented without the gloss of question-begging interpretation. And of course there is nothing more difficult than to resolve such a controversy upon candor. When we watch experimentalists sitting down to a case of mediumship, we cannot tell how far their minds are already made up, or what chance the "facts", be they never so genuine, will have to impress them. *Nor can the experimentalists tell themselves.* Lawyers say: "The devil himself knoweth not the thoughts of a man." What if a man does not with any accuracy appreciate his own thoughts? If his mind is even to itself a palimpsest?

In one respect, however, the onlooker sees most of this particular game. One advantage makes him better able than those engaged in it to judge with what freedom from bias this investigation is being approached. For he can watch the methods of the investigators, and he

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knows well how these same men apply themselves when their expectant enthusiasm has been really awakened. If it should appear that on a subject of transcendent interest to mankind, only a languid attention is being devoted to the efforts at attaining knowledge, and this by persons who realize how strenuous is the labor by which knowledge is commonly won, it would be fair to conclude that there is an initial hopelessness. If those whose energy has been unwearied in tracking out the minutest particle of new truth about obscure nerve action, about the variation of animal forms, aye, even about events at an unimaginable distance in stellar space, can scarcely even have their notice engaged by a magazine article on an inquiry which, if it have substance, is of incomparably more human moment than any other inquiry that could be named, the inference is not hard to draw. And if among those who take the trouble to write upon the subject themselves, one finds amid a great pretence of industrious sifting of testimony, that the most ludicrous blunders are made regarding the content of that testimony itself, it is not unreasonable to suppose that those rigid methods and that indefatigable diligence which the authors use on a subject they think promising, have been dispensed with in this subject because they feel pretty sure, to begin with, that nothing can ever come of it. As soon as Sir Oliver Lodge can be convicted of the same ignorance regarding the relevant physiological objections that so many physiologists have shown regarding the evidence from abnormal psychic happenings, it may become a moot question which side is treating the other with a more prejudiced contempt. At present this question is not doubtful. Take one or two examples from the comments of men important enough to write articles on the subject for the great English Reviews. Sir Herbert Stephen was selected by the *Nineteenth Century* as the exponent of the negative position, and his paper stands bracketed in the Table of Contents with

one by so notable a contributor on the positive side as Mr. J. Arthur Hill, ex-Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. Sir Herbert disbelieves not only in messages from the unseen, but even in telepathy or thought-transference. And here is his crushing refutation. Some years ago, he reminds us, the Zancigs gave public and private performances, in which an object was exhibited by a member of the audience to one of the artists, and its name was immediately called out by the other, who stood blindfolded a long distance away in the hall. "It was a most excellent trick," writes Sir Herbert Stephen, "and I never heard anyone make a moderately plausible suggestion as to how it was done. But it was proved absolutely to be a trick, by the fact that for some months after the Zancigs had made it fashionable, you could not go into any music-hall whatever without seeing a pair of performers doing exactly the same thing — not so neatly or strikingly, because the imitators had not devoted so much ability and industry as the Zancigs had to learning it, but quite effectively enough not to be detected by the public."

Now I do not pretend to say whether the Zancigs are genuine telepathists or not. But the person who thinks he has exposed them by showing that they have had many successful imitators is ludicrously in error about the whole theory of thought-transference. A far more plausible objection would be made if these performers were a unique pair. It would be justly called incredible that powers withheld from all other persons should happen to be enjoyed by two individuals, and that these two should happen to be man and wife. The purpose of such an extraordinary endowment would puzzle the most ingenious exponents of the argument from Design, unless one supposed that it was meant as a commercial asset to two favorites of high heaven. "Many persons," writes Sir Herbert Stephen, "used to suggest idly that the performers had a power of 'telepathy' or 'thought-

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transference' denied to the rest of us." Who suggested such nonsense? Certainly not the Society for Psychical Research, which for thirty years before the Zancigs were seen on a London stage had been experimenting on this subject, and have now classified so many attested cases that the point is taken as proved. Dr. William MacDougall for instance, probably the best authority on psycho-physics in Great Britain, wrote in *Body and Mind* that the case for telepathy cannot now be denied by any competent person who is acquainted with the evidence. But I never heard that Dr. MacDougall relied upon Mr. and Mrs. Zancig. The more numerous such cases should turn out to be, the clearer would become the proof.

Again, is it not extraordinary that a writer like Sir Herbert Stephen should be unaware that to invoke telepathy is the sole alternative for those who deny the genuineness of messages from the dead? It is just the most uncompromising deniers of any real communication from such persons as Raymond Lodge who are most emphatic, and discreetly so, about the "unknown and illimitable possibilities of thought-transference among the living." I know not whether the courage of Sir Herbert Stephen would carry him the length of denying the existence of automatic script. Those who know are, of course, aware that he might as safely deny the anæsthetic powers of chloroform. How then is such script produced — script whose contents are a puzzle to the writer, but which purports to come from one on "the other side"? The only strategic position for those who will not admit the genuineness of the script's origin in the world of spirits, is to say that it comes from telepathic action in the sphere of the Unconscious, by the mind of some living person upon the mind of the automatist, or possibly from telepathic interaction between different strata in the mind of the automatist himself. I apprehend that an intrepid disputant like Sir Herbert Stephen would be forced, if he were brought face to face with the facts,

and persisted in his rejection of telepathy, to admit something like the "demoniac possession" of the nervous system of the automatist by a force without.

Or take Dr. Mercier's line of attack in the *Hibbert Journal*. With a sense of propriety upon which it is needless to comment, he makes a list of all sorts of quacks and mountebanks, Cagliostro, Mother Shipton, Old Moore, and what not, suggesting that in the next edition of *Raymond* Sir Oliver Lodge should corroborate the messages from his son by citing these precedents. Dr. Mercier could be presented with a long record of chicanery from the past of almost every natural science which he chooses to name, and could be forced to admit that from mountains of falsehood the grains of truth had often to be painfully disengaged. Horoscopes, philosopher's stone, elixir of life, phlogiston, etc., would make a goodly show. Unless his own sphere of medicine is greatly traduced by its historians, it was through much groping in the dark, and after the exposure of a great deal that was much worse than groping in the dark, that some faint notion about the therapeutics of mental disease was attained. Nay, if all one hears be true, the treatment of what alienists now call — because the patient insists on their calling it something — *neurasthenia*, is open to many a merry cavil. But we get no farther by recrimination like this. Granted that Cagliostro was a swindle. What does that tell us about the experience of some of the most indisputably honorable men and women in England to-day who are automatic writers? For it is the fraud doctrine which plainly haunts Dr. Mercier's mind, as it did the mind of many an eighteenth century Deist whose "refutations" of Christianity are still preserved in the British Museum. Mr. Gerald Balfour put the reply to all this admirably when he spoke of the experiments conducted by Professor and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick. "If," he said, "someone suggests to me that my sister and my brother-in-law conspired together to de-

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ceive the world, I can't refute him, but I can disbelieve him."

Dr. Mercier, however, has one new point. Sir Oliver Lodge, he says, has convinced no *professional conjurer*. And he adds in his sagacious way: "I think this is noteworthy." Why noteworthy? How many professional conjurers have had the evidence submitted to them? They are not, at best, a very large or a very intellectual section of the public, and I apprehend that we would not be much advanced by the judgment of gentlemen who have devoted their lives to acquiring manual dexterity in bringing watches out of handkerchiefs. But if light could be got from these sleight-of-hand men, why are they not produced? Has any of them detected the trick, and shown his own ability to reproduce it? I recollect that some years ago when the Society for Psychical Research appointed a Commission to investigate the physical performances of Eusapia Palladino, care was taken to select the most expert conjurers available. I also recollect that they pronounced in favor of some "unknown agency," — even as the American coroner's jury found that the deceased died through "being hit by something sudden."

It is this mode of argument which seems to justify us in saying that some sort of initial prejudice prevents men accustomed to thoroughness in other fields, from wasting thoroughness in this field. Random statements about the facts, sheer misunderstanding of what the psychical researchers claim to have proved, reckless denials for a strategic controversial purpose, of what is no longer in any doubt at all, preposterous stretchings of "the long arm of coincidence," — this is pretty good proof in the case of scientifically minded men that a problem has not been taken seriously. What we need then is to have the impeding assumptions out in the open. The hidden batteries must be unmasked. Socrates said in his trial that the main thing he had to confute was not

the actual evidence against him, but the lurking mental disposition of the Athenian public, which gave all hostile witnesses their advantage. It is similar in the case before us. What is the lurking dogma? Is it that physiology is assumed to have proved consciousness a mere function of the brain, certain to disappear with the brain's dissolution? The best physiologists are wholly agnostic on the matter, far more thoroughly agnostic than they were fifty years ago, and by their methods of inquiry only an agnostic result is possible. Such of them as venture positive opinions on the point are at sixes and sevens with one another, Schäfer with Haldane, Haeckel with Hans Driesch, the mechanists with the vitalists though that dispute is as old as the whole science itself. Is it Hegelian pantheism that bars the way? Is it a dogma about absorption in the "Absolute"? The Absolute has had a trying time of late, at the hands of men who believe as little in immortality as the most mechanistic physiologist of them all. It is not Hegelianism, but pluralism, or new realism, or personal idealism, that holds the field among those who know what o'clock it is in the world of philosophy. But whatever the presupposition, let us have it out, rather than that it should work in concealment, hampering and distorting the empirical controversy.

II

But the more plausible dogmatism by which this inquiry is confronted does not come from either the metaphysicians or the natural scientists. It comes from a class with a longer record, a deeper impulse, and a more mature expertness for the obstruction of new truth. A *theological* embargo is being proclaimed, and if the reader cares to turn to the very didactic article by the Dean of St. Paul's in the *Hibbert Journal* of last July, he will see one of its typical pronouncements.

The philosophic coachman in Mr. Hardy's *Desperate*

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Remedies remarks of an old country residence that it is a pity no "horrid stories" circulate concerning it: for "'tis just the house for a nice ghastly hair-on-end story, that would make the parish religious." Our hostile theologians would appreciate this. They keep telling us that it is a poor caricature of the Christian hope which has to rise and fall with the vicissitudes in the mediumship of Mrs. Piper. Some of them will not admit even telepathy; others declare that if by any chance telepathic action should be established, such a fact would point straight to Materialism. We are warned that we should not think much about a future world at all, and that when we do so, we should rest upon the strictly religious assurances or upon the postulates of a devout heart. Or again it is suggested that the refusal of a messenger from the grave to him who heard not Moses and the Prophets, is an express hint against the modern fad. Dean Inge says that faith in immortality stands or falls with belief in "absolute values"; if anyone has not come by it in this way he is to have no empirical aid. In short, just as some scientists lecture us on our folly, so the theologians are reproving our impiety.

Throughout their rebuke runs the assumption of a superior spiritual plane from which they contemplate us with mingled pity and disgust. They are in close friendship upon this point with the materialistic scientists whom elsewhere they execrate. Together they mock the quest of each doubting soul for that confirmation of faith, about which neither the Churchman nor his singular ally can be quite definitely sure that it is withheld by the God of all earnest seekers after truth. Perhaps the latest taunt in which these clergy exult is to the effect that even though the spirit were proved to survive bodily death, it might still be asked *how long* it survives, and whether its new life is any better than that of the pale wraith whose position Achilles thought meaner than the lot of a farmer's serf. And their whole argument is

often concluded by the assurance that the "evidence" may fitly be rejected unread. After examining many clerical articles on the subject, I am satisfied that of this last and somewhat ample permission free use is made by those who give it, so that here at least our religious guides have not failed to practice what they preach.

It does seem time for someone to challenge this spiritual self-consciousness. We hear much about the long record of impostures. Suppose one argued from the impostures of the past, what would happen to the fabric of mystical theology? We who are not ashamed of our interest in psychical research deprecate just as much as anyone else that sort of religion whose main prop is a timidity about ghosts. We understand the subordinate place of "signs and wonders." We realize what is meant by a "higher ground" for faith in the life everlasting, though perhaps we do not find this very lucidly expressed in a phrase about absolute values. If anyone desires to replace the ordinances of Christian worship with the frequenting of a spiritualistic *séance*, by all means let such an abuse be pointed out and reprobated. But we must insist with all directness upon those who use such commonplaces to discredit our research, that the religious considerations they mention have no relevance to the veto they would lay down.

As to the pitiful *dernier ressort* of urging that evidence for survival is not evidence for immortality, we may say that its like could not easily be produced in the record of controversial exigencies. If it could be proved beyond doubt to the scientific world that Raymond Lodge had manifested consciousness five minutes after he was indubitably dead, how many reams of argument from the Rationalist Press would have to be torn up as waste paper! For the whole point is whether consciousness can survive the body *at all*.

Laymen perhaps have no business to comment upon the specifically religious teaching of divines, but I con-

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fess to a feeling of vertigo when Dean Inge tells me that faith in immortality means faith in "the objectivity of a supra-temporal self." I know what Professor Münsterberg meant when he talked so, but what can an Anglican clergyman mean? The Neo-Platonists used to say that "Astyanax," "Andromache," "Hector," etc., in the *Sixth Iliad* were personified metaphysical abstractions. Is it from such a quarter that the new exegesis of S. Paul is derived? However, the concern of this article is limited to the one issue of scientific method. All that has been said is without prejudice to the concrete question between Sir Oliver Lodge and his opponents. The psychophysical problem has to be looked in the face, not confused by obsolete dogma, Hegelian or any other sort. And we need not fear that the attempts at foreclosure will succeed. The Society for Psychical Research consists of men who in the quest they have undertaken will go straight forward. Its members, pledged to nothing but candor of mind, and in intellectual eminence comparable to any learned Association in the world, are not to be deterred by either materialistic vetoes or ecclesiastical prohibitions. Not upon such investigators as these can the time-dishonored weapons of dogma be used with effect. When "telepathy" and "automatic script" are written in quotation marks, they only smile. They are not abashed by quips and jests, not even irritated, except when, as in the shameless mockery which Dr. Mercier has seen fit to pour at this moment upon Sir Oliver Lodge, the foolishness is aggravated by want of feeling. For they know that a comic history of science or of religion could be produced with equal ease, has been produced again and again, has aroused the same sort of merriment in the same sort of intellectual quarters as is aroused to-day by the causerie of a humorist on psychical research, and is now as thoroughly forgotten as such humor may well soon be. For less than forty years the Society for Psychical Research has been in existence, and if one

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chose to burlesque the first forty years of chemistry or astronomy, what a diverting — and what a fatuous — paper one might write! This discussion may before long take its place as the recurrence of a very familiar episode in the development of thought. Let me close with an obvious but suggestive analogy. When John Kepler advanced his daring hypothesis about the elliptic orbit of the planets, there were some who said, on the one hand, that if the planets moved so, Scripture and Church tradition would not have been silent upon so great a cosmic fact, that circular movement alone was “perfect,” — worthy of a perfect God — and to be accepted by all devout minds as an intuition of faith. And there were others who said that of course it was essential to keep an open mind, that as a matter of fact no minds were more systematically opened to new truth than were their own, but that Kepler was “mistaking his interpretation of the facts for the facts themselves,” that all the observed positions of the planets could be explained on the old well-established scheme by complicating just a little further the cycles and the epicycles, and that so revolutionary a notion as that of ellipses must not be allowed so long as yet a fresh epi-cycle could be imagined, riding upon the others, in order to account for each new aberration. And so the tale goes on. But Wisdom in the end is justified of her children.

INVOLUNTARY WRITING ATTRIBUTED TO THE BROWNING

WE give the following involuntary writing not from conviction that it is of "spirit" origin, but to raise the question how a child of ten expressed not merely the mild views which, indifferent as they are, are as good as some of Mrs. Browning's and perhaps slightly like her; and the far more difficult question how the child evolved also the powerfully contrasting expressions attributed to Browning himself, which have a distinctly masculine character, and very fair fitness to the circumstances, about which, also, she probably knew nothing. Editor.

WHILE the spiritual insight of Elizabeth Barrett Browning instantly discerned and recognized the possible reality of communication between the Seen and the Unseen, in the early days of Spiritualism, it is well known that her husband did not share her views. It is the more curious in that the great body of Robert Browning's poetry is the essential interpretation of the spiritual life of man. But he conceived violent prejudices against the possible truth of spirit communication, and his well-known *Mr. Sludge* was written in derision of Daniel Douglas Home, one of the greatest mediums of that time and perhaps of any time. During his sojourn on earth he never swerved from this attitude. Meantime, his expression in poetic production somewhat reversed his expression in personal opinions.

Such lines as this:

No work begun shall ever pause for death!

and such entire poems as *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, and many another reveal how entirely his conception of the wholeness of life was a spiritual conception.

Robert Browning (born in 1812) died in 1889. It was in the spring of 1903 that some friends of mine in London were getting a series of communications through the

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automatic writing of a little daughter of the house, a child of not more than ten years of age, whose hand was used. There came, among many others, communications signed "E. B. B." (Mrs. Browning) with many lyric expressions. One of these is as follows:

Look above!
Ye shall see His perfect love
 Overflowing, overflowing,
 Melt you in its blissful showing
That the truth is only love!

What, and was your faith so weak
That ye could not hear Him speak?
 What, and was your sight so dim
That when loving arms were round you
 Ye forbore to go to Him?

Look above!
Ye shall see His perfect love
 Poured out bountiful and free;
Look above! rise up, O, mortal,
 Knowing ye shall pass the portal,
 His full-hearted living see!

Of course there will be to this the time-honored criticism that if this is a specimen of poetry in the next plane of life, Mrs. Browning must have singularly deteriorated; but psychical researchers and experimenters understand that the physical brain through which such matter comes (if it *does* come!) makes a difference, much as a poor piano would make in transmitting the music of Paderewski, for instance.

One does not relate such matter as this in the sense of holding any brief for it; but merely to present it for consideration. The little girl through whose hand this and much other verse came, had not, in herself, the slightest poetic facility. To those familiar with all Mrs. Browning's work there is a certain suggestion of her temperamental tone in many of these.

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The especial message that I set out to relate, however, was one that purported to be from Robert Browning. This was given on Christmas Eve of 1902. The youthful medium described a mental impression of some one who came "strongly pressing, and almost beating the chest." (The mother of the little girl at once thought that the communicator was a relative who had recently died from cancer in the breast.) The child turned to her mother and asked: "Do you know who it is?" "I think so," was the reply; whereupon the "control" turned sharply toward her, in an impetuous and almost violent way, shook the child's head, and then wrote:

"My wife, who loves you and works with you, who has long loved and worked in this, asked me to come to you, and though long I have withstood and been as obstinate as a mule, God knows I thought I did right in withstanding what seemed to be, not, indeed, the work of the devil, but mere fool's play, and an unworthy mockery of God's truth, and the reduction of wise men to the level of fools.

"But I was wrong.

"With what difficulty I come to own this, and how hard it is, even now, to own that I have been wrong, I cannot tell you; but having been wrong, wrong for so long, I can only in justice to my wife, myself, and the cause, own that I was a fool, and renouncing my former beliefs, try to make some slight reparation. I call God to witness that my belief was indeed founded on firm conviction, and that which I did was done and said in all sincerity. God knows that, faulty as my life may have been, I did my small part as man might, struggling to be true to the ideal I had set myself, though perhaps an imperfect one.

"My work in the spirit land is a great one, and I thank God that I am permitted to labor and to make use of earth's experience.

"May God bless your work, friends. My name in earth-life was

"BROWNING."

CORRESPONDENCE

James's Attitude toward Spiritism

Dr. Hyslop writes us:

You say in last number of UNPOP., page 410, that Prof. James was the chief of those who were held back from the spiritistic theory. This happens not to be true. If you will read his last report, published by both the English and our own Society you will see that he explicitly committed himself to the spiritistic hypothesis. Everybody seems not to bet [get? Ed.] beyond the *American Magazine* article by James while the Palladino affair was going on here and in which he expressed himself as undecided. But in that report published soon afterward he explicitly took his position on the side of the spiritistic theory.

We asked Dr. Hyslop to refer us to the passages, and he kindly answered as follows:

In reply to your request for references, the first is James's qualified acceptance of the spiritistic theory on pages 117 and 118, bottom of 117 and top of 118. James definitely expresses his willingness to "bet on it, and take the risks." Then in the last two paragraphs of that Report, pages 120 and 121 have no intelligible meaning except his definite acceptance of the spiritistic hypothesis, though it may not be proved.

This is in Vol. XXIII of the English Proceedings (Part LVIII).

We were familiar with both of the passages when we made our assertion. They are:

Pr. S. P. R. XXIII, 117-18.

I have to confess that no crucial proof of the presence of the "will to communicate" seems to me yielded by the Hodgson-control taken alone, and in the sittings to which I have had access, yet the total effect in the way of dramatic probability of the whole mass of similar phenomena on my mind, is to make me believe that a "will to communicate" is in some shape there. I cannot demonstrate it, but practically I am inclined to "go in" for it, to bet on it and take the risks.

Ib. 120-1.

I myself feel as if an external will to communicate were probably there, that is, I find myself doubting, in consequence of my whole acquaintance with that sphere of phenomena, that Mrs. Piper's dream-life, even equipped with "telepathic" powers, accounts for all the results found. But if asked whether the will to communicate be Hodgson's, or be some mere spirit-counterfeit of Hodgson, I remain uncertain and await more facts, facts which may not point clearly to a conclusion for fifty or a hundred years."

. . . Had I been reviewing the entire Piper phenomenon, instead of this small section of it, my tone would probably give much less umbrage to some of its spiritistic friends who are also valued friends of mine.

We print the foregoing because in the place mentioned by Dr. Hyslop and elsewhere, we have spoken of James as being undecided.

The reader will judge these passages for himself. James's contributions to the Pr. S. P. R. contain others that appear to us as strong as the latter of these two. If he cares to know how they strike us: the first opens the question *how much* James would bet. If, like Myers and Hodgson and Lodge, he would bet everything, or even would bet very much, we should not say that he was "held back." But he does not even say that he would bet at all, but simply that he felt "inclined to." A man feels "inclined to" do a great many things from which he holds himself back, and James's writings show that up to the last his mind was in a state of great indecision regarding the spiritistic hypothesis. The first passage now under consideration is much the most decided we can recall.

The second passage is simply an expression of (I) a probability in favor; (II) a doubt of a single opposing hypothesis; and (III) (we feel much hesitation in saying, but think we ought to) if by "spirit-counterfeit of Hodgson," he means an incarnate one, the passage seems to us an entirely gratuitous assumption, and an

illustration of how tags of ancient superstition can hang around a great man, and obstruct the straightforward exercise of his intelligence.

“The Exception Proves the Rule”

In reading a friend's copy of *THE UNPOPULAR* (July-September), I came across your note (p. 107) on “the exception that proves the rule.” Your point is well worth considering, if “proves” means something like “establishes” or “makes true,” as it certainly is taken to mean nowadays. But didn't the verb originally convey the meaning “test,” which it has in King James' Version; “Prove all things: hold fast that which is good”? “The exception tests the rule” pretty well gives the meaning of the Latin legal phrase “*Exceptio probat regulam*,” and this meaning seems to have been lost simply by a change in the common meaning of “prove.”

Subordinate Clauses. Farther and Further.

It was some time ago, in fact, that I was impelled to say a word concerning your “Fads in Writing.” I trust my procrastination may be counted not a fault, but a virtue. You object, most right-mindedly, to this atrocious conglomeration of words: “When we went fishing we had great luck last Tuesday”; and you tell us that subordinate clauses should never* stand at the end of the sentence. What heresy is this? Is “last Tuesday” a clause? Surely the technical distinction, that a clause contains a subject and a predicate — pedantic, if you will; smacking, if you will, of Lindley Murray and The Grammarian's Funeral — is too useful to be thrown aside. But in the immediate context I find, *at the ends of sentences*, “if you haven't done it,” and “who never had.” Now by Jespersen, Sweet, and Grimm I swear, I should have thought each of these groups of words a subordinate clause, both in my sense of the term and yours. Are my eyes beglamored? Or have you fallen into a pit of your own digging, like the old-fashioned teacher who told us that a preposition was a poor word to end a sentence with?

As to *further*, if its adjective or adverbial employment is to be taboo, what shall we think of *furthest*, a word not disdained by reputable writers? Where did we get the verb *further*, if not

*[“Hardly ever,” and then mainly for emphasis. ED.]

from the adverb? † *Furthermore*, shall *furthermore* be a literary outcast? Are you not haunted by the outraged ghost of Professor Lounsbury? I am.

† *I. e.*, our verb is from the Anglo-Saxon *fyrðran*, which was built upon the adverb *furðor*.

Yes, "last Tuesday" *is* a clause. So is anything else more than a single word, which can be shifted from one part of a sentence to another.

We were aware that a *sentence* "contains a subject and a predicate," and may contain even a "subject clause" and a "predicate clause," but that each of these clauses (or anything, to be a clause) must contain a subject and a predicate, is news to us, and news we don't believe.

Lexicographers differ about *further* and *farther*. We have never been dogmatic about their present use: there is no question that *further* is more used than *farther*, as the comparative of *far*, which on its face is inconsistent, and we have merely suggested the restriction of *farther* to that use, and of *further* to that of a *transitive* verb.

The Oxford Dictionary says that usage (not etymology) now justifies *farther* as the comparative of *far*, and Webster says *further* is not the comparative of anything, *i. e.*, calls it a comparative with "positive wanting."

Our correspondent's etymology of *further* we believe is orthodox, and it supports our suggestion that *further* be reserved for use as a verb. Its use as an adjective or adverb seems really to be a corruption of its original use. As yet nobody seems to have corrupted *farther* into a verb, which circumstance seems to be one more argument for our suggestion.

Forgive us, dear readers: this correspondent has set us to driving two hobbies tandem.

No you don't! You haven't caught us in a mixed metaphor: for driving two horses (hobbies?) tandem is, or used to be in our equestrian days, a favorite sport at the Riding Club in New York. If you want to run us

to ground, you've got to prove that when a man rides a horse, holding the reins, he doesn't also drive him. We admit that he doesn't if he rides without a bridle.

Forgive us some more! Another hobby!

How About Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics?

The following is doubly welcome as bearing on the controversy which was touched upon in the article on *Herbert Spencer* in No. 16.

The writer of *France and "The Great Race"* [also in No. 16. Ed.] takes too much for granted. It is true that Cæsar represents the Germans as a light complexioned race but not as the *only* blonde people. The Gauls, by the much surer test of language, had nothing Teutonic about them. If red hair and light complexion are sure tests of Teutonism why not include the Irish? What about the Scandinavian races? There is every reason to believe that complexion depends mainly upon climate and not upon breed. The Vandals who peopled southwest Spain have become, with time, as dark as anybody else; nay, the Teutonic race itself, all over south Germany has taken on dark hair and complexion, and this owing, unless I am mistaken, to the cutting down of the forests and consequent amelioration of climate and not to any change or admixture of blood. What does your writer think about:

"O tell her, Swallow, thou *that knowest* each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South
And dark and true and tender is the *North*"?

Freedom from Hereditary Bias

ALFRED HOLZMAN

BRIEFS

LAWYER

306 GREENWOOD BLDG.

CINCINNATI, O., Sep. 28, 1917.

"UNPOPULAR EDITOR":

Aren't you ashamed of that first article in the July-September issue of your periodical? Read it over real carefully, and then once more, and if you don't get "cold feet" about having

dumped it onto your hopeful readers, and say so, you have less stamina than I gave you credit for. The writer is as much a German hater as you are, or as is the author of the article in question, and wants to lick hell out of them and thereby perhaps push some humaneness into their ugly thick skulls; but if he was called upon to give his *raison d'être*, he would be scientific about it or silent if unequal to sound logic. Talk about Teutonic Schrecklichkeit, it isn't a marker to that effusion labeled *Let us Finish Our Job* (Is that the label? I forget.) that you have just handed us. On the level, after finishing it I began to believe that we are wrong and the Teutons right, though I am on record here in my home town of prophesying that Wilson would compel a declaration of war a year after the *Lusitania* was sunk. But maybe a German cast of mind wrote the article in question; yes, that must be it, so that I am sure of my position after all. But don't let it happen again.

Disappointedly yours,
(signed) ALFRED HOLZMAN.

EN CASSEROLE

A Family Talk

MANY of you have told us that this is a pretty good sort of Review. But we know that it could be made a better one. What it needs is an assistant editor. If he is many times as competent as his chief, so much the better. It is an opening for a young man of the requisite tastes and capacities, whose sole ambition is to be of some use. At the start he would need a moderate fortune: if he has an immoderate one, the chances of his buckling down to a job are very slim. Moreover, on this job he would have, for the present at least, to work for nothing. So far, the editor has worked for a good many thousands less than nothing, and worked harder than he did while accumulating the thousands now used to make up the deficit.

You may care to know, however, that the second year showed a gain of twenty per cent on the first, and the third year, the same gain on the second. The indications for the fourth were equally favorable until our entering the war materially disturbed them. The most experienced adviser we have had said that it would take five years to put us on an even keel, and he foresaw no war.

It is certainly up-hill work — how up-hill is well illustrated by the fact that the offer in our last number, of free subscriptions to subscribers sending us new ones, has, so far, received but two responses.

Whoever is that noble youth who may help us, unless he is physically incapacitated, he is now off to the war. But if he cannot be accepted as a volunteer there, he might try his luck here. Perhaps he could be of at least as much use as in the trenches. When guards were being placed for the aqueduct and the bridges, Police Com-

missioner Wood told the Publishers' Lunch Club that they could amply do their bit by keeping public opinion straight; and most editors think they know what that is, though some evidently do not know or care.

Here is another thing which, of course, like all our allocutions, is said only for those of you who care. No advertising can profitably be done for such a Review but such as is done by itself and its friends: other kinds must be paid for reaching many more people who cannot possibly care for such a Review, than who can. The only effective advertising we can have must come from you. We are really working very hard and spending very freely to keep the Review going: now if any of you think its going of consequence, don't you want to do something too — send in a subscriber or an advertisement or a word of encouragement now and then? Or if you are a teacher, how about using the Review in a class? Many of its contributors are acknowledged masters, and many others are going to be. If you care to work for the same ends we are working for, work with us.

One thing a good assistant could do (We assume you are interested) would be to make possible more frequent publication. That, even if it involved a corresponding reduction in the contents of each number, would, we incline to think, be an advantage — to you because we could be more timely; and to us because not so much matter would have to be killed or altered for being out of date, and also because each issue of a periodical is an advertisement of it. Those that depend more on advertisement than on quality would, if quarterlies, die between issues. On the other hand, two or three of you have told us that they like our issue to be quarterly, because it gives you more time to read, ponder and inwardly digest. Now while we don't want to be indigestible, we do want to be mighty solid; and we don't think we need be indigestible, especially if we are careful in the cooking, and get in salt and spice enough properly to stimulate digestion.

As to how often we should serve — Well! What do you think about it?

We hope many of you will answer, especially the men who are ordinarily too busy to give us the benefit of their advice. We heartily wish our relations with all of you could be more personal.

Our Position Regarding Spiritism

A CRITIC in the Indianapolis *Star* says regarding our review in a recent issue, of Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, that we "decline to accept the writings as proof of spirit communication . . . personally rejecting the genuineness of the messages, believing them to have been a reflection from the minds of living persons."

In our effort to tell both sides, we gave a wrong impression. We are very much perplexed by all mediumistic phenomena. So far, at one moment they seem to demonstrate the truth of one side and the absurdity of the other, and in the next moment to demonstrate the absurdity of the first side and the truth of the other. But while we do not yet know what to make out of the dreams of mediums, certain dreams of our own have satisfied us of the future life, and of course those dreams lend a presumption, but by no means a complete demonstration, that the dreams of the mediums also should satisfy us of a postcarnate life.

Perhaps in fairness we should add that our dreams may be "dreams of a medium," though our only warrant for the suspicion is that Mrs. Piper's control, Phinuit, said so. We never tried to cultivate the faculty, though, having enough else to do, and wanting to keep a level head: not, however, that all mediums' heads are by any means out of level.

Probably the more people are interested in the question, the sooner will come its solution. We welcome reports of experience, though we cannot use as large a portion of those offered as we wish we could.

Mock-Cosmopolitanism

THE term is Coleridge's. He says it "really implies nothing but a negation of, or indifference to, the particular love of our country."

I am the only cosmopolite that I know. All others are Anglophiles, or Parisians, or ultramontanes, or *ver-deutsch*. "Particular love" of the United States I have never heard one of my cosmopolite friends confess. Hatred, dislike or impatience of things American, I have long learned to take for granted. Love of country, save when an American is restricted on foreign soil, has been a kind of bad form. I am familiar with the idea that we are crude, inarticulate. We are earnest when we should be casual; indifferent when we should be aroused. In general, in the society of cosmopolite Americans I am aware that we of the United States are wrong, and that some other nation is right.

I have borne this burden without argument for years. I like British casualness, French wit and clearness, German thoroughness and Italian digestion. I resent having to defend one against the claims of another. I also resent the exclusiveness of mock-cosmopolitanism, which leaves out the only test of appraising its like elsewhere, — love of my own country.

Since the war began there has grown the conviction that in all these years of passive non-resistance to the cosmopolite, I have been simply pusillanimous, — a kind of jelly-fish. I have also spent time and money in keeping up with German scholarship in one slender segment of learning; with the result that I have no mean library — in size, but one in which I find it difficult to separate fact from opinion. The virtues of thoroughness are manifest; its vices are subtle, self-persuasion being not the least. While still craving German thoroughness, I do not regard it as quite so necessary as I did. I have

been surprised into the conviction that my own notions of thoroughness are about as good as anybody's else.

Coleridge thought Shakespeare's love of his own country the binding filament of his cosmopolitanism, of his greatness. Certainly one does not feel that the poet's center of gravity was outside England. Neither Horace nor Virgil knew, in the modern phrase, "his Greece." I am refreshed in believing that one's characteristics need not be foreign, for the genius does not bother about such matters, nor does the common man. Both are happily exempt from provincial imitation. Both are honest with themselves: their centers are within. The common man has a quite unsuspected insight into genius, and genius has repeatedly preferred the ingenuousness of common life to the sophistication of culture. Scholastic philosophy did not fail because it lacked wit or ingenuity or polish or style. It would not work; it had got itself outside human nature, into a limbo where the local, the national had no place.

Something of this sublimation of culture I find in mock-cosmopolitanism. Sentimental I feel it to be, ignoring the needs of the moment, endowing what is vulgar in Europe with the charm of the picturesque, while making doubly vulgar the same thing at home. Foreign standards, taste, manners, may be advisedly adapted by the true cosmopolite; they will be mischievously exploited by the mock-cosmopolite, who is attached to one foreign country, and whose heart is elsewhere.

Since the President has finally arrested the attention of the world with a new definition of Americanism, genius and common humanity are rejoicing in our new self-respect. Europe cares little for our adaptation of Europe; that is still the measure of provincialism. Rather, as many testimonies show, to our contributions of money, munitions, and men, the Allies bid us add our character. A vague pursuit of foreign culture may well withdraw, for

a generation, before devotion to law, to contracts, and to common honesty.

The Answering Sex

MEN are such knowing animals! With the exception of a few silent ones (and they are very scarce in our climate) they have a reply ready for every question. It makes no difference whether you ask them how to pronounce a word, or what that constellation is, or please to explain the Currency Bill, they will answer instantly, fully and to their own complete satisfaction. They will tell you when Luther was born, or how to run a furnace or train a baby. And it makes no difference whether you ask an LL.D. or a gardener, though if you are of a sound mind you may vary your questions slightly. I sometimes think that the truest picture of man in all literature is the omniscient father in the *Swiss Family Robinson*. This knowledge is a perpetual marvel to me. It is vast and mysterious, like some great force of Nature. Its origins are shrouded in obscurity. In what secret congresses do the men amass all this information for feminine ears? None of those I know are given to reading the encyclopedia, nor are they ever seen consulting a dictionary. Yet they know everything, absolutely everything. I cannot imagine how they get it, for I do not believe that it is all in the newspapers.

Yesterday I went on a walk with one of these imparters of knowledge. Listen to what he told me in fifteen minutes. He had been expatiating on the Home Rule question.

"I wish you would explain," I said, "why people seem to dislike the poor Ulsterman so much. All the Scotch-Irish I've ever known have been very attractive."

He is ready at once.

"That is easily explained. The North of Ireland man is improved by coming to this country. You know some races are improved by the change and others lose by it.

The Ulsterman and the German, who have commonly somewhat worse manners than ourselves, improve in bearing here, and their thrift and ambition have free outlet. The Irish-Catholic, the Frenchman and the Italian, who at home have better manners than we, lose some of their courtesy and charm, and the competition here sharpens them."

"What an interesting theory!"

"It's the truth, I assure you."

At this point a passing couple suggests a new query.

"How do you suppose it is that most Jews manage to look so well-fed, when they are such a nervous race?"

He can tell me all about it.

"You see, they are an intellectual and sedentary people. They like to sit around and talk. They haven't our love of out-door activity. Now, you seldom see a Jew exercising."

"Well, one does occasionally meet them walking. That man and woman we just passed were walking fast, but they were both fat."

"Were they Jews?" He turns to look after the pair who are rapidly disappearing up the hill. "Dear me, that's very odd. It's quite an exception. However, they are also very fond of sweets."

"What kind of sweets?"

"All kinds, but especially sweet ceremonial cakes, which they are continually eating."

"But if they are ceremonial cakes why do they eat them all the time?"

"Because they are always having ceremonials. That is, the strict ones are, and the others keep on eating the cakes from a sort of family tradition."

"It must be very nice, if the cakes are good."

"They are delicious, and have long interesting names."

"Did you ever taste one?"

"No, I don't happen to know any Jews, but I have been told about the cakes."

Just here a very nice dog comes trotting by.

“What a love of a dog! I do like Airedales so much. Do you know, are they a very mixed breed?”

Of course he knows and proceeds to enlighten me.

“Pretty well mixed. Irish terrier crossed by otter-hound, with a dash of bull.”

“What in the world is an otter-hound?”

“It’s a smallish, long-eared dog, very faithful and intelligent. The English use them for hunting otters.”

“Rather like a beagle-hound?”

“Well, somewhat like a beagle.”

“Did you ever see one?”

“No, but I’ve had them described to me.”

I reflect on this information for a minute and then say, “But — I don’t quite understand — ”

“What don’t you understand?”

“Why, an Irish terrier, a bull dog and an otter-hound (if it’s like a beagle) all stand lower than an Airedale. Where does the Airedale get his height?”

My friend does not hesitate a second. There is not a trace of effeminacy in his make-up.

“It does seem strange, doesn’t it? You see, it’s the mixture.”

“Oh, that’s it.”

I believe we seldom criticise the information thus received, but in recording these examples, I find I still have some doubts about the ancestry of the Airedale. It really does seem as if there must be a “dash” of something else to account for his size. Still, I would not for anything give up my newly acquired friend the otter-hound. His sudden introduction on the scene pleased me immensely. Then, I am really compelled to take those incessant “ceremonial” cakes with several grains of salt; yet that does not in the least spoil their flavor. What strikes me is, that having once heard of such cakes, the man could show such speed and ingenuity in warming them up for this emergency. In short, the answers satisfied me. Women do not stickle for accuracy. It really seems as if we put

our questions from some other reason than a thirst for pure knowledge.

And our informants seem in some obscure fashion to understand this. They realize that it is an answer at any cost that we demand. You will have noticed that my friend had at best only a second-hand acquaintance with "ceremonial" cakes and otter-hounds, yet at my question his replies sprang from him fully developed, like Minerva from the head of Jove. I am sure that I know more Jews and more Airedales than he, but I had heard nothing of fattening cakes or faithful otter-hounds. I could never have produced them, like a conjurer, in answer to a questioning friend. But then I should never be asked; I belong to the sex that makes the inquiries. Men never ask us questions about matters of fact, except whether dinner is ready and if their clean shirts have come up yet. Neither do women hand out information, except about how to take out spots; unless, of course, they happen to be school-teachers or suffragists. Yet something drives us to be perpetually asking questions, so that we cannot be long with a man without making some inquiry, if it is only what the news is or what o'clock it is.

It appears to be an instinct on both sides. I was right in calling it a force of Nature — a beneficent force which thus provides for man an inlet to the conversation. Where would our talk be without this great antiphonal system? It would resolve itself into one huge feminine monologue, which would presently pall upon even the participants. But a kindly Nature has prevented such a disaster. She has used woman's enjoyment of curiosity and man's desire for domination for her own wise ends. She knows that woman loves an appeal to authority, and man the exercise of it. And so man gets his chance. We ask, he answers; and when we doubt, he explains or offers a second and better reason. So the ball rolls merrily, and we bow in respect to that mental agility which we have ourselves helped to create.

The Blight of the Unbalanced Ration

WE are hearing a great deal in these days about the balanced ration. Earnest writers of magazine articles and serious students of dietetics are doing their energetic best to inform the world that unless each meal provides a perfect proportion of certain necessary elements, mental and moral havoc will result. It is not mischief, they tell us, but malnutrition, that is filling our jails; it is not right living, but right feeding, that makes men virtuous; not upon character, but upon cookery, our destinies depend!

I rise to rebel against this depressing doctrine that would tweak the halo from every heroic head. I rise to refute this surprising sophistry that, upon the ground of the irresponsibility of the perpetrator, would cancel every callous crime.

Following this theory, one must not blame the Borgias; one must blame their bill-of-fare. Doubtless they mixed their potions in a desperate attempt to find some concoction which would satisfy the inner craving left by badly balanced meals, concoctions which they prudently tried first upon their enemies. When Nero stepped outside the customary bounds, in indulging a pretty fancy for open fires, he was not actuated by viciousness, but by the viands of an iniquitous Roman table d'hôte. The Scourge of God was not only Attila the Hun, but Attila the hungry!

If the bad are no longer to be blamed, no longer can the good be credited. Not to Napoleon, but to the Bonaparte family cook belong the glories of the first empire; it was the Bonaparte family cook that met a Waterloo!

Alas! if we but knew what was served upon the Round Table to send the knights of Arthur forth with spotless hearts and swords! What dishes drove the Lily Maid to the fields of France? "What porridge had John Keats?"

When we pause before the piety of Paul or John Fox

or Martin Luther, are we to respect, not their religions, but their recipes? When we admire the art of Milton or Wordsworth or Matthew Arnold, are we to envy, not their culture, but their cuisine?

Enough! Patience protests and reason rebels. The facts of history reassure us that man is more than meat.

In her charming letters from Italy, Mrs. Browning tells of dining, "with miraculous cheapness and no trouble, cook or kitchen," from the little carts which came at meal time to their door. "Dinner, unordered, comes through the streets," she writes, "and spreads itself on the table as hot as though we had smelled cutlets hours before." Thus the unpremeditated portion of the Brownings was the impartial cutlet which also nourished their neighbors. Thus while the carefree catering of the cart furnished food for all Florence, all Florence furnished but one Robert Browning.

All the Children of Israel partook of the daily manna; all the tribes of Israel produced but one Moses. All the holy brothers in the monastery of San Marco shared the frugal fare with which a monk must be content; from the cloistered cells there came but one Savonarola. We bow to the men but not the menus!

All honor, then, to the heroes of history who have triumphed over the table, who have risen above the unbalanced ration, and dominated the diet!

Courtesies and Calories

A WORD of newly acquired importance has a way of shoving us from complacency with an upstart's aggressiveness. Of late I have not been able to make or to receive a call in comfort, nor to divert myself with the most innocuous magazine without having my conscience bruised by the impact of the word calorie. A calorie is in itself merely the unit of measurement by which we reckon the nutritive value of the food we used to assimilate in happy unconcern, but in application and implication the

calorie has to me become a term symbolic of our new whirlwind campaign for efficient eating.

As a staunch pro-ally and pro-American, may I at once avow my admiration for the noble motives of our present economizing, and protest against any imputations of being pro-German or pacifist if I ponder some of its methods and point to some possible results to our manners? May I also in modesty add that it was no supercilious observation of other people's reactions, but a sudden and alarmed realization of my own, that has prompted these few words of caution. In childhood I remember being admonished always to leave some portion of my food untouched out of consideration for a mythical personage known as "Miss Manners." Has not the reader at some time been besought by nurse or parent to "leave some for Miss Manners?" When, in spite of being thus studiously trained from infancy to middle life in table technique, I have lately experienced, in discovering a dime-sized circlet of abandoned gravy on my plate, a sudden overpowering impulse to lick it up, combined with an equally overpowering conviction that in so doing I should be both benefiting some Belgian baby and serving my country, it seemed high time to consider the effect upon manners and upon mentality of a too close attention to calories.

While the war on waste is one to which every creed may subscribe, my counteractive plea for business as usual in the matter of alimentation has evidence in its favor. An absorption in food values leaves us less energy to expend on activities of less material immediacy. That the popular confidence in the connection between low living and high thinking is a fallacy may be proved by a glance at the course of human achievement. The periods when people have written a great deal, discovered a great deal, painted a great deal, have also been periods when they ate a great deal. That matchless minstrel, Homer, stuffs his heroes with beef and mutton in prodigal abandon. The fire of Kit Marlowe had for fuel,

those dainty pies
 Of venison. O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his Maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

The eloquent appeal of the calorie would have been unheeded by some of our most ethereal of singers, would have been an appeal "dumb to Keats, him even," for that young man, as great a lover as a poet, could write from heart-wrung conviction,

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
 Is — Love forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust!

Love and literature have most unfortunately for present-day arguments, flourished best on an abundant diet. When we look about us, we perceive that our artistic and literary acquaintance are above other men possessed by a zest for food, and are obviously more productive on a generous fare than on a rigorous one. You may perhaps demonstrate the advantage of a meatless regimen to mentality by histology, you cannot demonstrate it from history; Chaucer and Shakespeare belonged to extremely carnivorous eras.

To science all things are possible, and a generation exhaustively informed about calories may in the future produce as notable poets as those of the past, but at present evidence is against this result. Calculating each mouthful and calculating its course and conduct in digestion is too engrossing to allow the free flights of genius. "Look into thy heart and write" is sound advice, but "look into thy stomach and write" is singularly sterile in literary output.

A perilous preoccupation with our gastronomy is not the only danger from the calorie. The calorie is but the symbol of that austere examination of our domestic concerns which may condemn as a selfish and sybaritic indulgence, many customary household appurtenances.

A rigid reduction of table equipage to pure utility, in the interests of a warring world, may extend to napery. The wear and tear of a table napkin is perhaps unpatriotic.

The calorie is influencing our social relations, infecting with its grossly material considerations the essentially spiritual intercourse between friends. It is difficult to be at ease as a guest when the table is too conscious of its calories. One feels a horrible hesitation in measuring one's appetite to a nicety before one helps oneself from a dish. When visitor and hostess are both familiar with those long placards of listed percents by which a bean is proved bigger than a beefsteak, one is constrained in consuming either of these delicacies. When the weekly budget is reckoned in calories, any indulgence at a friend's table, once a compliment to the cuisine, may nowadays be an unkind upsetting of a much meditated ration. Matters are not improved when one becomes entertainer instead of entertained. The calorie is subtle symbol of much disintegration of courteous impulses. The spontaneity of an invitation is threatened when hospitality halts before the possible depredation and devastation of a guest's appetite. There is for any potential hostess a temptation concisely stated by the familiar rhyme:

Cross-patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin,
First make a cup
And drink it up,
Then call the neighbors in!

We are an energetic and thorough-going people, we have wasted royally and now there is no telling to what extremes we may go in saving loyally. Weighing in all its possibilities the power of patriotism over our purses, I shudder to think to what lengths of discourtesy the dominant little calorie may lead us.

Typewriting and Good Writing

LATELY we have had growing on us a consciousness that foreign words—words that have until lately been printed in Italics—are now at an unprecedented rate, being printed in Roman and so adopted into the English language. This occurs especially in typescripts (TS. if you please), and the words are being carried over from the typescripts onto the printed page.

The reason for this is of course that the typewriting machines generally contain no Italic fonts, and the foreign word is usually put in the plain Roman or with quotation marks—the quotation marks of course having more and more of a tendency to be omitted.

We hardly know whether to rejoice in this tendency or to mourn over it. If we were of those who are hyper-æsthetic regarding what they see fit to call the “purity of the language,” we should of course be sorry; but we think that on the whole the language is gaining richness from it, as it is from improved spelling and even from slang, neither of which we wish to carry to an extreme, but the usefulness of which we like to acknowledge.

Touching one other effect of the typewriter we have not the slightest shadow of doubt: it tempts to dictation, and we know no other such foe of good writing. It is all very well for business routine, and there, is enormously useful; but in any composition that approaches literature, even that of a difficult business letter, it is apt to be full of distraction. The dictator cannot compare his current sentence with the preceding one, falls into infelicities, repetition of words and even of thoughts; loses terseness; and carries his dilution to unreasonable length—at least we do, and we are even ungracious enough to see signs of it in our friends.

One of them, very eminent in two specialties, got to producing bad books—ideas good enough, but expression

spun to thinness and disfigured by all sorts of blemishes. He forsook the typewriter and took to the dictagraph; and there he reached his *reductio ad absurdam*. Since then he has written a book or two which are vast improvements on the preceding ones.

Herbert Spencer's later books were all dictated. He told us that he overcame the disadvantages by merciless overhauling of copy and proofs — but he didn't, as any competent student of his works knows.

There may be a genius here and there who, like John Fiske, has everything thought down to the very words beforehand, and simply copies it out of his mind. His MSS. were terse and seldom contained alteration. He probably could dictate effectively.

The ordinary writer, we suspect, needs a sort of aid to concentration — a mild hypnotism from the paper and pen; or, vastly better for composition, pencil; and if he wants the benefit of typewriting, his salvation may be found in writing originally with pencil — or pen, if the same devil who got Martin Luther's inkstand, tempts him to use one — and then giving his copy to an amanuensis — preferably with a typewriting machine — and a reasonably fresh ribbon, out of mercy to editors and printers, should he intend to seek them.

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The Unpopular Review

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WHY AMERICA LAGS

LET it be granted, at the outset, that America is playing no mean rôle before the nations. When the war broke out in 1914 we were, from a military point of view, among the most negligible of great nations. Our army was insignificant; our navy ranked well below second place; our industry, however efficient for supplying the needs of peace, was hopelessly outclassed by those of Germany, England and even France in all that pertained to the needs of war; our financial power, though enormous in the aggregate, was dispersed and disorganized to such an extent that vastly poorer nations were in a position to bring greater effective power to bear when the national interest demanded it. When it first began to appear that we might be drawn into the struggle, the Germans, by no means so ill-informed a people in foreign affairs as it is our patriotic pleasure to assume, made merry over the prospect. What could America do: make faces at the Germans over the wide seas? Well, after three years our war industries are ready to challenge those of any other country in the world. Bethlehem can beat Essen at the Krupps' own game. Our financial system is now organized to meet any international strain that may be placed upon it. Our ship yards will launch more bottoms in the next twelve months than those of any other country have ever launched in any one year. We have an army that, before the year's campaign is over, will compare well in magnitude and spirit with those of the great military powers, and what is more to the point, we have already transported a greater number of soldiers

to France than the Germans thought we could possibly transport before 1919. And we must not fail to add to these material achievements the immensely more important moral achievement that we have managed to consolidate public sentiment in support of the war more promptly and thoroughly than any of the other powers whose territory was not directly menaced by invasion.

We have accomplished far more than our most competent enemy critics feared or our most competent friendly critics hoped. It is a healthful thing to bear this fact in mind. But it is not a healthful thing to be content with it. When our European Allies were speculating on what we were likely to do, they naturally calculated in terms of the assistance we could be expected to bring them in their war. But President Wilson's diplomacy is slowly but surely revising the character of the war. If the war was from the beginning a struggle of the more democratic nations against the more autocratic, it was nevertheless only incidentally a war for democracy. American diplomacy demands that the realization of democracy shall be an essential aim in the war. If at the beginning it was expected that Allied victory would make possible a stable international order, this was to be an incidental result of altering the balance of power in favor of the more pacific nations and at the expense of the more belligerent nations. American diplomacy demands that progress toward a stable international order shall be an essential aim, not an incidental one. The difference is not merely one of phrases. If American diplomacy prevails, our European Allies may be compelled to renounce territorial and commercial gains upon which they had counted to compensate themselves for their immense losses. It may take more fighting to realize the war aims President Wilson announces than to realize those for which our Allies were fighting.

It is in view of the fact that we are making this war

in a peculiar sense our war, that we ought to criticize our performance in it. We are demanding a greater share in the shaping of the political strategy of the war than our Allies had expected us to demand. We ought to assume a correspondingly greater share in its burdens. We can not be content with merely rendering invaluable assistance to our Allies. It is our plain obligation to render all the assistance of which we are capable. And this we are not doing.

II

Today, after ten months of war, in which we have constructed the most ambitious scheme of world diplomacy ever launched, we find ourselves in no sense industrially mobilized for a great war. By this time, one would suppose, the tremendous urgency of our shipping requirements would have swept away every obstacle to the most effective use of the ships we have, to the acceleration of the building of ships on the ways. Not so: the Shipping Board is still revolving plans for drawing out of the unessential trades a half million tons of shipping fit for the North Atlantic voyage. And therewith we are offered proof that in these ten months, while munitions and food supplies for our Allies have filled our seaboard warehouses to bursting, for want of bottoms, we have been wasting the use of half a million tons in carrying over safe routes goods we could do without. One would suppose that we should have devised means to coal and load ships promptly. Not so: the ships held up during the recent coal shortage represented in effect the loss of many tens of thousands of tonnage. Because we had failed to provide in advance bunker coal for clearly foreseeable needs, the British government actually sent cargoes of coal across the Atlantic to relieve the scarcity. One would suppose that by this time we should have reached the best practicable plan for operating ships, bunkered and laden. But the navy and the merchant

marine are still debating the question whether all the ships should be taken over by the navy.

As for our shipbuilding enterprise, we are making progress, but nobody is left under the illusion that it is satisfactory progress. We wasted an immense amount of time in negotiating contracts with the shipbuilding concerns, and we are now investigating those contracts and talking of revising them, as if time counted for naught with us. We are still nourishing strikes in our shipbuilding establishments, because we have not yet devised a labor arrangement that will work for the period of the war. We still have shipyards that are shorthanded, and cursed with a discontented, fluctuating body of labor, because we have not recognized that out of working hours the laborer must be able to find a roof over his head.

That we need to keep our munition plants working at top speed is equally elementary. Because we were unable to handle the transportation business, it has not been possible for them to work at top speed. They have been handicapped for want of fuel and materials. They have been further handicapped by the coming and going of workmen unable to find decent living quarters in munitions towns. Now, if ever, our general production ought to press upon all our possible labor resources. But we are not fully employing all our adult male labor, and the great potential supplies of women's labor lie fallow as if we were at peace.

Food, Mr. Hoover and common sense tell us, will win the war. But in spite of all the exercise of collective good resolutions, we are not saving enough food. We stinted ourselves on sugar, while our confectioners, thanks to stocks we did not think of touching, continued in business as usual. We stand by while our purveyors of food make a mock of the popular impulse to economy, with reduced portions and no reduction in prices. Although we recognize that general good will is essential to the success of our food-saving program, we nevertheless allow profiteer-

ing to slip in. We may make shift to feed our Allies and ourselves until the next harvest, but the winning of the war requires the next harvest to be bountiful. Are we preparing to make it such? From all over the country the cry of the producers goes up. There is shortage of credit, shortage of labor, shortage of seed, of fertilizer. And we seem to be blind to the fact that the season of seeding is at hand. Unless we make haste it will be too late.

III

If we were bent on presenting a catalogue of our national sins of commission and especially omission, it would include reference to the way our armies are equipped and drilled and officered. But we have no time now for catalogues; our interest is engrossed in the causes that lame our national efforts, that make us lag when our supreme need is haste. Only if we can attain to a clear view of these causes, is it worth while to dwell upon those disagreeable evidences of our national incompetence, at a time when we most need an optimistic national morale.

It is an easy inference that something must be the matter with the personnel of our administration. The party in power has not been distinguished historically by administrative talent. Suppose that Hughes had been elected and had surrounded himself by the best talent in his party, should we not now present a more formidable front to the enemy? Or suppose that President Wilson had followed foreign precedent, and had created a coalition cabinet, should not our condition have been greatly advanced? Perhaps. But every fairminded observer of conditions at Washington must recognize that the Administration commands a great deal of personal ability. The ablest men in the country have tendered their services to the government, and although they are serving for the most part in advisory capacities, it is not reported

that the department chiefs are loath to listen to advice or to act upon it.

We shall get nearer to the heart of the matter if we will examine in detail some concrete problem of war administration. Let us take the railway service as an example. When we entered the war it was plain that a tremendous strain would be placed upon the railways. They had to prepare themselves to move great masses of material for the construction of camps, and to transport hundreds of thousands of soldiers, some over distances running into thousands of miles. They had to keep munitions and supplies for our Allies moving, and to meet more promptly than ever our pressing civil needs. This meant that the railways had to work as nearly as possible as a single organic unit. And under the Railways War Board they honestly tried to do this.

But while they tried to work as an operating unit, they could not work as a financial unit. They could not make whatever operating arrangements would best meet the country's needs and take their earnings out of a common pool. This would have been to violate the anti-pooling law, and any move in this direction would have brought the Department of Justice about their ears. They could not make their arrangements with the expectation that any road part of whose traffic was diverted to lines that could handle it more expeditiously could recoup itself by higher rates on the remaining traffic: this would have been to run afoul of the Interstate Commerce Commission. There were possibilities of relieving the railways of less-than-car-load freight, through development of freight service on electric lines and corresponding reduction of passenger service: but here the jurisdiction of state public service commissions would have been involved. It would have been possible to throw much necessary freight to lake and coastwise shipping devoted to carriage that might have been dispensed with, but such an arrange-

ment required the coöperation of the Shipping Board. Finally, the roads might have discriminated in favor of essential shipments and against unessential ones: but to do this on their own account would have been in contravention of the Interstate Commerce Law. They did, in fact, discriminate in favor of shipments endowed, by the executive departments, with the priority quality: but when the war department, the navy department, the food administrator, the fuel administrator were issuing priority orders without reference to one another, what headway could the railways make against the confusion? The voluntary railway organization, being human, failed of its purpose.

Any concrete problem of industrial mobilization, as the foregoing example indicates, involves the coördination of many branches of the government. The railways could have operated successfully as a unit, if they could have induced Congress, the Department of Justice, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the state public service commissions, the Shipping Board, the Army and Navy and the Fuel and Food Administrations to work together.

IV

But the different branches of our government and administration are not in the habit of working together. We took over, from an age of despotism, the conception of the government as a potential enemy, which we had to divide in order to conquer. Our administrative departments, to be sure, are directly dependent on the President, and in specific cases might, by his order, be made to work together. But in practice they do not work together, regularly and smoothly. If you want to know what is being done about a certain matter, you may find some preparation for action going on, we will say, in the Navy Department, the Shipping Board and the Tariff Commission; but you are unlikely to find that the one branch

knows what is going on in the others. Those who were in Washington when the British experts first arrived will recall the chance expressions of bewilderment that escaped them. They had exceedingly important information to communicate, but nobody could tell them where to communicate it, nor, when they had enlightened one apparent authority, had they any guaranty that the information would be transmitted to other authorities equally in need of it.

While the Food Administration arranges with the Chicago packers to place limits upon the charges they might otherwise make in war time, the Department of Justice serenely proceeds to prosecute the same packers for violations of the Sherman law dating back to peace times. One would suppose that an arrangement might have been made by which Mr. Hoover could use the Department of Justice as a club. "We have the goods on you: now coöperate with us faithfully in this war emergency or —" But no: Mr. Hoover asks the packers to coöperate, and Mr. Gregory prosecutes them.

Labor in the Northwest is pretty well infiltrated with I. W. W. ideals. That may be a pity, but it is true. If we want spruce for aeroplanes or fir for ships, if we want ships built on Puget Sound — and heaven knows we want ships built at every point from which they can float to deep waters — we have to employ I. W. W. men and their sympathizers. And it is worth noting that those I. W. W. laborers have done important pieces of our war work in record time. The actual producers have found it not impossible to do business with men of I. W. W. leanings, and to get them to agree to sink their private predilections for sabotage for the country's good. And while the employers of labor were achieving this unexpected result, the Department of Justice fell upon the I. W. W. leaders with indictments for conspiracy. Believe what you will against these I. W. W. leaders: many of them were to be counted on to hold labor in line; and the

rank and file of workers in sympathy with the organization now feel suspicious of the government and all its works.

Lest it appear that I am making a special attack on the Department of Justice, let me hasten to add that I recognize that however unfortunate the result of its action, the Department has no precedent for acting otherwise. The Department of Justice does not exist for the sake of engaging in industrial statesmanship. It exists very properly to put men into jail when they give it the chance, though the skies cave in. But sometimes there are other things to consider.

V

Anyone who has observed the concrete details of our administrative blunderings must recognize that what chiefly ails our government is not the character of Mr. Baker or Mr. Daniels or Mr. Gregory or Mr. Houston, not the competence of the personnel of the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Shipping Board or the Food or Fuel Administrations, nor the character of the President himself, but a system that divides our administration into water-tight compartments, and makes not only common action impracticable, but conflicting action inevitable. Under our administrative system, as it now stands, the Cabinet is not a body endowed with joint responsibility, but an association of independent chiefs with only the President's volition, sporadically exercised, to hold them together. On any particular matter involving the coöperation of more departments than one, the several chiefs may indeed work out a common plan, and they do this in fact with sufficient regularity to keep the country's business from breaking down altogether. But no single chief or group is responsible for taking the initiative toward common action, and if a dominant personality in the Cabinet attempted this, he would straightway be suspected of a purpose of personal

aggrandizement, and would meet with stubborn resistance from the other chiefs and their departments. Let it also be remembered that the functions of the several departments are fixed by the laws constituting them, and that any attempt on the part of a dominant personality in the Cabinet to override the wishes of his colleagues respecting their proper fields, would be bound to fail. This is why the project of inserting Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Root or Mr. Taft into President Wilson's Cabinet must appear absurd to anyone who holds before himself the concrete details of our system.

So far as the work of administration is concerned, the natural direction of reform is indicated by the President's plan as revealed in the Overman bill. Throw all the administrative functions together under the unlimited authority of the President. It would then be possible to reconstitute the Cabinet as a body with corporate initiative and responsibility. If then it were desired to deal with the railways or the packers or the I. W. W., the Cabinet could bring to bear the powers of the Department of Justice, the Labor Department, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Food Administration, the Federal Reserve Board or any other branch that might be effective for the purpose. This supreme administrative body ought to be in practically continuous session, either under the actual presidency of the Chief Executive, or authorized by him to wield his full powers. Every administrative transaction that could not be settled in a routine way should be transmitted promptly to the cabinet for full and final decision.

VI

But this, it may be objected, is not giving us a war cabinet, like those of England, France and Italy: it is merely changing the organization under which our present cabinet works. There is no room for the coalition principle under the existing organization. There would be

no obvious reason for employing the principle under the proposed reorganization.

All this is true; but it points to a still more fundamental reform: the coördination of executive and legislative functions. Such coördination is possible under the British, French and Italian systems, where the chiefs of the administration are also, as a rule, the leaders of the legislative body as well. And it is to be observed that foreign governments resort to coalition cabinets, not at all in order to produce unification of the executive branch — which is more easily effected under a partisan cabinet; but in order to assure better coördination with the legislative branch.

In any important war project the government has, as instruments, its regular administrative powers; but almost invariably it requires also the warrant of new law, if only to provide the necessary finances. If the British government desires to provide its munitions workers with houses, it must supplement its executive powers with acts enabling it to expropriate the needed land, and to find the requisite funds. As the cabinet itself is competent to prepare the bills and force their enactment — unless Parliament chooses to overthrow the government altogether, which is practically impossible when a coalition has been effected — there is no more question of the failure of the legislature to enact the necessary laws than there is of the refusal of subordinate executive officers to obey orders. Accordingly, when the cabinet has decided on a housing project, it can let contracts forthwith, knowing that the necessary powers and finances will be forthcoming.

But if our cabinet, when reorganized for maximum efficiency, were to decide on a similar project, it would have to induce some friendly Congressman to introduce a bill giving it the necessary powers. And the bill would fall into the hands of a committee that might pare down its estimates or clip its wings in other ways. Then it

would come before the house, any member of which might saddle on it, say, a prohibition or anti-vivisection amendment with the purpose of breaking its back. The cabinet could take no action at all before the bill had actually passed both houses and received the President's signature. And in the meantime much water and much blood would have passed under the bridges.

Now, if any of our statesmen, in the governing party or in the opposition, can devise a means by which the course of legislation can be subjected to executive control, or what amounts to the same thing, the executive can be subjected to legislative control, we shall be in a position to profit by a coalition cabinet. And we shall be in a position to bring all our forces to bear upon the war. But for so far-reaching a reform we are not yet prepared: the delusion of the separation of powers still rules our souls. What we can do is at least to coördinate the administration. And this we must do, and soon, if we are to reap from the war any other fruit than regret for the wasting of the greatest opportunity that has come to a nation in all history.

ON GOING AFOOT

THERE is a tale that somewhere in the world there is a merry river that dances as often as it hears sweet music. The tale is not precise whether this river is neighbor to us or is a stream of the older world. "It dances at the sound of musick," so runs the legend, "for with musick it bubbles, dances and grows sandy." This tale may be the conceit of one of those older poets whose verses celebrate the morning and the freshness of the earth — Thomas Heywood could have written it or even the least of those poets who sat their evenings at the Mermaid — or the tale may arise more remotely from an old worship of the god Pan, who is said to have piped along the streams. I offer my credence to the earlier origin as the more pleasing. And therefore on a country walk I observe the streams if by chance any of them shall fit the tale. Although I confess that I have not yet seen Pan puffing his cheeks with melody on a stream-side bank — by ill luck I squint shortsightedly — yet I often hear melodies of such a woodsy composition that surely they must issue from his pipe.

Whether or not this is true, I confess to a love of a stream. This may be merely an anaemic love of beauty, such as is commonly bred in townfolk, or it may be a faint inheritance from braver ancestors who once were anglers and played truant with hook and line. You may recall that the milk-woman of Kent told Piscator when he came at the end of his day's fishing to beg a cup of red-cow's milk, that anglers were "honest, civil, quiet men." Of these virtues I boast. I have, also, a habit of contemplation, which I am told is proper to an angler. I can lean longer than most across the railing of a country bridge if the water runs noisily upon the stones. If I chance to come off a dusty road — unless hunger stirs me to an inn — I can listen for an hour, for of all sounds it is the

most musical. When earth and air and water play in concert, which are the master musicians this side the moon, surely their music rises above the stars.

In a more familiar mood I throw stepping stones in the water to hear them splash, or I cram them in a dam to thwart the purpose of the stream, laying ever a higher stone when the water laps the top. Or I rest from this engineering upon my back and watch the white traffic of the clouds across the summer sky. The roots of an antique oak peep upon the flood as in the golden days of Arden. Apple blossoms fall upon the water like the snow of a more kindly winter. A leaf puts out upon the channel like a painted galleon for far adventure. A twig sails off freighted with my drowsy thoughts. A branch of a willow dips in the stream and writes an endless trail of words in the running water. In these evil days when the whole fair world is trenched and bruised with war, what wisdom does it send to the valleys where men reside — what love and peace and gentleness — that it makes this eternal stream its messenger?

And yet I like a stream best if it is but an incident in travel — if it breaks the dusty afternoon and sends me off refreshed. Rather than a place for fishing it invites me to bathe my feet. There are, indeed, persons so careful of their health as to claim that cold water endangers blisters. Theirs is prudence to be neglected. Such persons had better leave their feet at home safely slipped on the fender. If one's feet go upon a holiday, is it fair that for fear of consequence they be kept housed in their shoes? Is there such torture in a blister even should the prevention be sure — to outweigh the pleasure of cool water running across the ankles?

It was but lately that I followed a road that lay off the general travel through a pleasant country of hills and streams. As the road journeyed no farther than the nearby town where I was to get my supper, it went at a lazy winding pace. If a dog barked it was in sleepy

fashion. He yelped merely to check his loneliness. There could be no venom on his drowsy tooth. The very cows that fed along its fences were of a slower breed and a more contemplative whisk of tail than are found upon the thoroughfares. The country was laid out with farms — orchards and soft fields of grain that nodded in the sunlight — but there were few farmhouses. In all the afternoon I passed but one person, a deaf man who asked for direction. When I cried out that I was a stranger, he held his hand to his ear, but his mouth fell open as if my words, denied by deafness from a proper portal, were offered here a service entrance. I spread my map before him and he put an ample thumb upon it. Then enquiring whether I had crossed a road with a red house upon it where some friend resided, he thanked me and walked off with such speed as his years had left him. Birds sang delightfully on the fences and in the fields, yet I knew not their names. Shall one not enjoy a symphony without precise knowledge of the instrument that gave the tune? If an oboe sound a melody, must one bestow a special praise, with a knowledge of its function in the concert? Or if a trombone please, must one know the brassy creature by its name? Rather, whether I listen to horns or birds, in my ignorance I bestow loosely a general approbation; yet is the song sweet in my ears.

All afternoon I walked with the sound of wind and water in my ears, and at night, when I had gained my journey's end and lay in bed, I heard beneath my window the music of a little runnel that was like a faint and pleasant echo of my hill-side walk. I fell asleep to its soothing sound and its trickle made a pattern across my dreams.

Reader, are you addicted to these country walks, either for an afternoon or for a week's duration with a rucksack strapped across your back? If denied the longer outing, I pray that at the least, for your enjoyment, it is your custom to go forth upon a holiday to look upon the larger

earth. And I pray that you wander out at random without too precise a knowledge of where you go or where you may get your supper. If you are of a cautious nature, as springs from a delicate stomach or too sheltered life, you may stuff a bar of chocolate in your pocket. Or an apple — if you shift your other ballast — will not sag you beyond locomotion. I have known persons who prize a tomato as offering both food and drink, yet it is too likely to be damaged and squirt inside your pocket if you rub against a tree. Rather, I commend a cucumber for its coolness, and a pickle as a sour refreshment to be nibbled in turn against the chocolate. Nor shall I complain if you hold roughly in your mind, subject to a whim's reversal, an evening destination to check your hunger. But do not bend your circuit back to the noisy city! Rather, by preference, let your march end at the inn of a country town! If it is but a station on your journey, and you continue on the morrow, let there be an ample porch and a rail to rest your feet! Here you may sit in the comfortable twilight when crammed with food, and observe the town's small traffic. Country folk will come about, if you are of easy address, and will engage you on their crops. The village prophet will stroke his wise beard at your request and, squinting at the sky, will foretell a storm. Or, if the night is cold, a fire will be laid inside, and a wrinkled board for the conduct of the war will debate upon the hearth. But so far as your infirmity permits, I bid you go forth at random with a spirit for adventure. Choose a fair direction, if possible through a hilly country, but alight from your train by chance! If the country pleases you as the train slows down for the platform, cast a penny on your knee and abide its fall!

Or if on principle you abhor a choice that is made wickedly on the falling of a coin, let an irrelevant circumstance direct your destination! I once walked outside London, making my start at Dorking for no other reason

except that Sam Weller's mother-in-law had once lived there. You will recall how the elder Mr. Weller in the hour of his affliction discoursed on widows in the taproom of the Marquis of Granby when the funeral was done, and how later, being pestered with the Reverend Mr. Stiggins, he immersed him in the horse-trough to ease his grief. All through the town I looked for red-nosed men who might be descended from the Reverend Shepherd, and once when I passed a horse-trough of uncommon size I asked a merchant at the corner if it might not be the very place. I was met, however by such a vacant stare — for the fellow was unlettered — that to rouse him I bought a cucumber from an open crate, against the time of lunch, and I followed my pursuit farther in the town. I recall that the cucumber was of monster length and thin. All about the town its end stuck out of my pocket inquisitively, as though it were a fellow traveler down from London to see the sights. But though I enquired for the Weller family, it seems that they were dead and gone. Even the Marquis of Granby had disappeared, with its room behind the bar where Mr. Stiggins drank his pine-apple rum with water, *luke*, from the kettle on the hob. Leaving Dorking, my companion and myself walked all afternoon through a pleasant sunny country to the town of Guildford. In the middle afternoon, to break the journey, we laid out our lunch of bread and cheese and cucumber and rested for an hour. The place was a grassy bank along the road above a fertile valley where men were pitching hay. Their shouts were carried across the fields with an agreeable softness. To-day, doubtless, women work in those fields.

On another occasion we walked from Maidstone to Rochester on pilgrimage to the inn where Alfred Jingle borrowed Mr. Winkle's coat to attend the Assembly, when he made love to the buxom widow. War had just been declared between Britain and Germany, and soldiers guarded the roads above the town. At a tea-room in the

outskirts army officers ate at a neighboring table. Later, it is likely, they were in the retreat from Mons: for the expeditionary force crossed the channel within a week. Yet so does farce march along with tragedy that our chief concern in Rochester was the old inn where the ball was held. A surly woman who sat behind a cashier's wicket fixed me with her eye. "Might we visit the ballroom?" I enquired. Evidently not, unless we were stopping at the house. "Madame," I said, "perhaps you are unaware that the immortal Mr. Pickwick once sojourned beneath your roof." There was no response. "The celebrated Mr. Pickwick," I continued, "who was the discoverer of the sources of the Hampstead Ponds." At this — for my manner was impressive — she fumbled through the last few pages of her register and admitted that he might have been once a patron of the house, but that he had now paid his bill and gone.

I was about to question her about my old friend, the poet Augustus Snodgrass, who had been with Mr. Pickwick on his travels, when the waiter, a humorous fellow with a vision of a sixpence, offered to be our guide. We climbed the stairs and came upon the ballroom. It was a small room. Three quadrilles must have stuffed it to the edge — a dingy place with bare windows on a deserted innyard. The candles of its former brightness have long since burned to socket. Vanished are Sir Thomas Clubber and Lady Clubber and the Misses Clubber! Gone is the Honorable Wilmot Snipe and all the notables that once crowded it! Vanished is the punchbowl where the amorous Tracy Tupman drank too many cups of negus on that memorable night. I gave the dirty waiter a sixpence and came away.

I discourage the usual literary pilgrimage. Indeed, if there is a rumor that Milton died in a neighboring town, or a treaty of consequence was signed close by, I bid you choose another path. One of the finest walks I ever took

was on no better advice than the avoidance of a celebrated shrine. I was led along the swift waters of a river, through several pretty towns, and witnessed the building of a lofty bridge. Finally I rode on top of a rattling stage with a gossip for a driver, whose long finger pointed out the sights upon the road.

But for the liveliest truancy, I bid you keep an eye open for red-haired and freckled lads, and make them your counsellors. Lads so spotted and colored, I have found, are of unusual enterprise in knowing the best woodland paths and the loftiest views. A yellow-haired boy will suck his thumb upon a question. An indifferent brown, at best, will run for an answer to the kitchen. Whether or not the roving spirit of all red-haired youth, which is the basis of their deeper knowledge, proceeds from the magic of the pigment, the fact yet remains that such boys are surer than a signpost to direct one to adventure. This truth is so general that I have read the lives of the voyagers — Robinson Crusoe, Captain Kidd and the worthies of Hakluyt — if perhaps a hint might drop that they too in their younger days were freckled and red haired. Sinbad in his youth must have glowed like a torch. But whether or not the theory holds, on making inquiries of a red-haired lad, one must have a clear head in the tumult of his direction. For myself, I was once lost for several hours on the side of Anthony's Nose above the Hudson because I jumbled such advice. And although I made the acquaintance of a hermit who dwelt on the mountain with a dog, and a scarecrow for his garden — a fellow so like him in garment and in feature that he seemed to be his younger and cleaner brother, still I did not find the top or see the clear sweep of the Hudson as was promised.

If it is your habit to enquire of distance upon the road, do not quarrel with conflicting opinion! Judge the answer by the source! Persons of stalwart limb commonly underestimate a distance, whereas those of broken wind and

stride stretch it greater than it is. But it is best to take all answers lightly. Be like a collector and seek for rare and strange opinion! I have heard of a man — but he must have been of marked eccentricity — who spent his rainy evenings on a walking trip in going among the soda clerks and small merchants of the village, not for information, but to measure their ignorance. Aladdin's wicked uncle, when he inquired around the Chinese village for the mountain in which lay the genii's cave, could not have been so misdirected. Shoe-makers, candy men and peddlers of tinware — if such modest merchants existed also on the curb in those magic days — must then have been of nicer knowledge.

There is a legend of the Catholic Church about a certain holy chapel that leaped across the Alps. It seems gross superstition, yet although I belong to a protesting church, I assert its likelihood. I solemnly affirm that I once chased a whole village on a hot afternoon that skipped before me across the country. It was of stout leg and lung, and as often as I enquired of a countryman, I learned that it still kept seven miles ahead. Once, when I labored up a hill, I found out at the top that it had even gained a mile, but I made this up by trotting on the descent. Not until night when the village lay down to rest beside a quiet river, did I finally overtake it. And next morning I arose early, in order that I might be off first upon my travels, and so keep the lively rascal in the rear.

In my country walks I usually carry a book in the pocket opposite to my lunch. I seldom read it, but it is a comfort to have it handy. I am told that at one of the colleges, students of smaller application, in order that they may truthfully answer about the length of time they have spent upon their books, do therefore sit on a pile of them as on a stool, while they engage in pleasanter and more secular reading. I do not examine this story closely, which rises, doubtless, from the jealousy of a

rival college. Rather, I think that they perch upon those books which presently they must read, on a wise instinct that this preliminary contact starts their knowledge. And therefore a favorite volume, even if unopened in the pocket, does nevertheless color and enhance the enjoyment of the day. I have carried Howell, who wrote the Familiar Letters, unread, about the country-side. A small volume of Boswell has grown dingy in my pocket. I have gone about with a copy of Addison with long S's, but I read it chiefly when my feet are on the fender.

Hazlitt tells us in a famous passage with what relish he once read *The New Eloise* on a walking trip. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," he writes, "that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and cold chicken." I am quite unfamiliar with the book, yet as often as I read the essay — which is the best of Hazlitt — I have been teased to buy the book. Perhaps this springs in part from my own recollection of Llangollen, where I once stopped on a walking trip through Wales. The town lies on the river Dee at the foot of fertile hills patched with fences, on whose top there stands the ruins of Dinas Bran, a fortress of forgotten history, although it looks grimly toward the English marches as if its enemies came thence. Thrown across the river there is a peaked bridge of gray stone, many centuries old, on which the village folk gather at the end of day. I dined on ale and mutton of such excellence that, for myself, a cold volume of the census — if I had fallen so low — must have remained agreeably in memory. I recall that a street organ stopped beneath the window and played a merry tune — or perhaps the wicked ale was mounting — and I paused in my onslaught against the mutton to toss the musician a coin.

I applaud those who, on a walking trip, arise and begin their journey in the dawn, but although I am eager at night to make an early start, yet I blink and growl when

the morning comes. I admire the poet who was abroad so early that he wrote of the fresh twilight on the world — “Where the sandalled Dawn like a Greek god takes the hurdles of the hills” — but for my own part I would have slept and missed the sight. But an early hour is best, despite us lazybones, and to be on the road before the dew is gone and while yet a mist rises from the hollows is to know the journey’s finest pleasure.

This is largely hearsay. But in general, persons of early hours — whether for a journey or for usual business — assert that they feel a fine exaltation. I am myself inclined to think, however, that this is not so much an exaltation that arises from the beauty of the hour, as from a feeling of superiority over their sleeping and inferior comrades. It is akin to the displeasing vanity of those persons who walk upon a boat with easy stomach while their companions lie below. I would discourage, therefore, persons that lean toward conceit from putting a foot out of bed until the second call. On the other hand, those who are of a self-depreciative nature should get up with the worm and bird. A man of my own acquaintance, who was sunk in self-abasement for many years, was roused to a fine conceit by no other tonic.

It is certain, anyway, that to be off upon a journey with a rucksack strapped upon you at an hour when the butcher boy takes down his shutters is a high pleasure. Off you go through the village with swinging arms. Off you go across the country. A farmer is up before you and you hear his reaper across the fields, and the neighing of his horses at the turn. When the hill falls sharp against the sky, there he stands outlined, to wipe the sweat. And as is your nature, swift or sluggish thoughts go through your brain — plots and vagrant fancies, which later your pencil will not catch.

There are cool retreats where you may rest at noon, but Stevenson has written of these. “You come,” he writes, “to a milestone on a hill, or some place where

deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come around and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience."

And yet a good inn at night holds even a more tranquil joy. M—— and I, who frequently walk upon a holiday, traversed recently a mountain road to the north of West Point. During the afternoon we had scrambled up Storm King to a bare rock above the Hudson. It was just such an outlook as Rip found before he met the outlandish Dutchmen with their ninepins and flagon. We lay here above a green world that was rimmed with mountains, and watched the lagging sails and puffs of smoke upon the river. It was late afternoon when we descended to the mountain road that runs to West Point. During all the day there had been a distant rumbling of thunder, as though a storm mustered in a far off valley — or perhaps the Dutchmen of the legend still lingered at their game — but now as the twilight fell the storm came near. It was six o'clock when a signboard informed us that we had yet seven miles to go, and already the thunder sounded with earnest purpose. Far below us in the dusk we saw the lights of West Point. On a sudden, while I was still fumbling for my poncho which was rolled inside my rucksack, the storm burst upon us. We put up the umbrella and held the poncho against the wind and driving rain. But the wind so whisked it about and the rain was so eager to find the openings that presently we were drenched. In an hour we came to West Point. Luckily the cook was up, and she served us a hot dinner in our room with the washstand for a table. It was a plain room with meager furniture, yet we fell asleep with a satisfaction beyond the Cecils in their lordly beds. I stirred once

when there was a clamor in the hall of guests returning from a hop at the Academy — a prattle of girls' voices — then slept until the sun was up.

But my preference in lodgings is the low, sagging, half-timbered building that one finds in the country towns of England. It has leaned against the street and dispensed hospitality for three hundred years. It is as old a citizen as the Castle on the hill. It is an inn where Tom Jones might have spent the night, or any of the rascals out of Smollett. Behind the wicket there sits a shrewish female with a cold eye toward your defects, and behind her there is a row of bells which jangle when water is wanted in the rooms. Having been assigned a room and asked the hour of dinner, you mount a staircase that rises with a squeak. There is a mustiness about the place, which although unpleasant in itself, is yet agreeable in its circumstance. A long hall runs off to the back of the house, with odd steps here and there to throw you. Your room looks out upon a coachyard, and as you wash you overhear a love passage down below.

In the evening you go forth to see the town. If it lies on the ocean, you walk upon the mole and watch the fisher folk winding up their nets, or sitting with tranquil pipes before their doors. Maybe a booth has been set up on the parade that runs along the ocean, and a husky fellow bids you lay out a sixpence for the show, which is the very same, he bawls, as was played before the King and the Royal Family. This speech is followed by a fellow with a trombone, who blows himself very red in the face.

But rather I choose to fancy that it is an inland town, and that there is a quieter traffic on the streets. Here for an hour after dinner, while darkness settles, you wander from shop to shop and put your nose upon the glass, or you engage the lamplighter as he goes his rounds, for any bit of news.

Once in such a town when the night brought rain, for want of other employment, I debated divinity with a rigid parson, and until a late hour sat in the thick curtain of his attack. It was at an inn of one of the midland counties of England, a fine old weathered building, called "The King's Arms." In the tap — for I thrust my thirsty head inside — was an array of old pewter hung upon the walls, and two or three prints of prizefighters of former days. But it was in the parlor that the parson engaged me. In the corner of the room there was a timid fire — of a kind usually met in English inns — imprisoned behind a grill that had been set up stoutly to confine a larger and rowdier fire. My antagonist was a tall lean man of pinched ascetic face and dark complexion, with clothes brushed to shininess, and he belonged to a brotherhood that lived in one of the poorer parts of London along the wharves. His sojourn at the inn was enforced. For two weeks in the year, he explained, each member was cast out of the conventual buildings upon the world. This was done in penance as the members of more rigid orders in the past were flagellants for a season. So here for a whole week had he been sitting, for the most part in rainy weather, busied with the books that the inn afforded — advertising booklets of the beauties of the Alps — and peering out of doors for a change of sky.

It was a matter of course that he should engage me in conversation. He was as lonesome for a chance to bark as a country dog. Presently, when I dissented from some point in his creed, he called me a heretic, and I with gentlest satire asked him if the word yet lived. But he was not angry, and he told me about his brotherhood. It had a branch in America, and he bade me, if ever I met any of its priests, to convey to them his warm regards. As for America, it was, he said, too coldly ethical, and needed most a spiritual understanding; to which judgment I assented. He was a mixture of stern and gentle qualities, and seemed to be descended from those earlier friars

that came to England in cord and gown, and went barefoot through the cities to minister comfort and salvation to the poor and wretched. The evening at last being spent, by a common consent we took our candles on the landing, where, after he inculcated a final doctrine with waving finger, he bade me goodnight, with a wish of luck for my journey on the morrow, and sought his room.

My own room lay down a creaking hallway. When undressed, I opened my window and looked upon the street. All lights were out. At last the rain had stopped, and now above the house-tops across the way, through a broken patch of cloud, a star appeared with a promise of a fair tomorrow.

THE PROBLEM OF ALSACE-LORRAINE

THE Treaty of Frankfort, which closed the Franco-German War of 1870, transferred to Germany from France a territory nearly as large as the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island, 5,600 square miles, 1,700 villages, town and cities, and 1,600,000 human beings, the consent of not one of whom was either asked or given.

Thus was effected a famous transaction of which the world has not heard the last. Not only was the map of Europe changed peremptorily and by force, but the history of Europe from that day to this received a profound and a lamentable impress. The forty-three years of peace that followed were years of peace of a peculiar and oppressive kind — years of armed peace, of recurrent crises and dangers, of intermittent terror for the sagacious and reflective. As we can now see all too clearly the world during those years was passing through the valley of the shadow of death only to meet death in the end in its most tragic form, tragic because avoidable.

What reasons did the Germans give for this momentous act, this violent mutilation of a neighbor, this subjection of a million six hundred thousand of its citizens to an alien rule? Many different arguments were urged by many different kinds of people. Poets, historians, editors gave one set of reasons, economists another, military men and Bismarck still a different one. It was the opinions and the determination of the military men and of Bismarck that really counted and were decisive. Nevertheless the latter were entirely willing that the German masses should be influenced by considerations less harsh and materialistic, provided only they were influenced in the same direction and toward the same end. Virtue in their opinion had its place in the world of thought and

action, only virtue should never become a fetish. This danger has thus far been successfully avoided in Germany.

The argument that presented the fairest exterior, and that influenced the great popular classes of Germany, justifying this forcible annexation against their will of a protesting people, was that after all these people had once been Germans, and were Germans still in all essentials, and that, as soon as they found themselves once more in the German family, the false and perverted ideas that the French régime had inculcated in them would drop away, and the "long-lost brothers" would thus be liberated not only in body but in soul from an intolerable and unworthy thralldom to the foreigner. It was widely asserted that the Alsations were real Germans at heart despite the attempts of the French to make them French, and that annexation, as soon as it was an accomplished fact and, therefore, safe, would be greeted by them with unfeigned satisfaction and joy.

This was the argument of Germany's historical rights, an argument which can be clearly presented only if given at length, a task from which we are precluded here. Alsace and Lorraine had once been included within the boundaries of the Holy Roman Empire. Therefore, they should be included within the new German Empire. But so had Holland and so had Switzerland been parts of the Holy Roman Empire, but had long been independent, and were entirely satisfied with their independence, and were highly resolved to maintain it, as their history and their constant attitude amply demonstrated. Was this a reason for Germany's resuming them? Nowadays the Pan-Germanists believe that Germany should do this very thing, but in 1870 the reason was not considered applicable to them, though it was considered pertinent and adequate to the case of Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans said that the annexation of Alsace to France was the work of a robber-king, Louis XIV, who had torn it from Germany; and that Germany, now that she had the power,

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had also the duty to take back the stolen goods. We have no desire to enter upon a defence of Louis XIV. His political morality was not fundamentally superior to that of the present Emperor of Germany. But he lived in the seventeenth century, while William II lives in the twentieth. Moreover it is altogether too summary a statement to say that Louis XIV simply seized Alsace-Lorraine by an unjust and wanton use of force. To say, as Count von Hertling does, that they were snatched by a robber king is an undue simplification of history. The process of annexation began in 1552 with the acquisition of Metz, Toul and Verdun, in return, it should never be forgotten, for services to the Protestants of Germany in their war against Charles V, bent upon the extermination of Protestantism. A part was secured by violence and usurpation during the succeeding period. A century later, in 1766, Lorraine was incorporated in France by an entirely natural and peaceful process, the extinction of the reigning house by death, and the passage by inheritance of the country to the related House of Bourbon. Mulhouse voluntarily and unanimously sought incorporation in France in 1798.

Thus Alsace and Lorraine became French. The process covered therefore a period of two hundred and forty-six years. One thing is certain, the robber king did not reign or live that long. German historical exegesis is sometimes too curt.

Having acquired Alsace and Lorraine, France did something which Germany has not done since 1871. She ruled them well and humanely. She gave them the maximum of liberty. She left them largely alone, trusting to time and not to compulsion to reveal to them the advantage of the French connection. Gradually and quietly, without friction or injustice or heart-burning, the Alsations and Lorrainers found themselves more comfortable, more prosperous, more peaceful than they had ever been. And when the French Revolution came, with its attrac-

tive, captivating message of liberty and equality, with its powerful attack upon a despotic past, upon feudalism and tyranny in social and political customs and institutions, when the tonic and invigorating spirit of the new era of democracy swept over France it found no more enthusiastic adherents than in Alsace and Lorraine. By a profound intellectual and spiritual sympathy, by a complete community of interests and convictions, those provinces became French through and through in every fibre of their being. The evidence of this complete and willing and joyous absorption of Alsace-Lorraine in the life of France is overwhelming.

The Napoleonic period continued the work of consolidation and inner fusion. Alsace and Lorraine were swallowed up, like all the other provinces of Old France, in the general history of the country. They took an honorable, wholehearted and distinguished part in the long series of Napoleonic wars. By every token a people could give, they were completely and proudly French.

On the Arc de Triomphe in Paris are inscribed the names of twenty-eight Alsatian and Lorraine generals, among others, Kellermann and Kléber, Lefebvre and Rapp, Custine and Marshal Ney. The careers and characters of these men were the common talk of the Alsatian fireside and of the camp. They were the heroes of the people, adding imperishable lustre to the history of Alsace and Lorraine, their native lands.

In the face of evidence like this it was sheer and jejune nonsense to claim, as many of the Germans did, that the people of these provinces were Germans, long-lost brothers, waiting to be delivered from bondage. Some of them knew that this was nonsense, though they would not admit it or would only half concede the facts. Heinrich von Sybel, friend of Bismarck, and historian of the Founding of the German Empire, made at the time a brief for Germany's right to the provinces, basing it on ancient possession, yet he said this in 1871:

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We know, indeed, that the Lorrainers since 1766, the Alsations since 1801, have become good Frenchmen, and today, oppose, by a large majority, the reunion with their Fatherland. For such an attitude, we do not deny, we feel respect. The inhabitants were born and brought up in the great French commonwealth; they would be men destitute of common feeling and patriotism if, notwithstanding their German speech, they did not consider themselves French today. But we trust to the power of Nature; water can be diverted for a time into artificial channels, but with the removal of the dam will flow with the full stream. If today the inhabitants find the French more sympathetic than the Germans, soon they will find themselves among their own kind in Germany. In Germany they will find the best gifts of the French State, the consciousness and security of a mighty commonwealth, a sound harvest of science and art, a wide market for their industry, and a progressive parliamentary life. They will have lower taxes, greater religious freedom, numerous schools, and in the army will meet the sons of the educated class.

It may be said in passing that the Alsations and Lorrainers have not found their own kind in Germany since they were forced to become subjects of the Empire, nor have they participated in a particularly progressive parliamentary life, nor has their service in the Germany army been to their taste or advantage.

Other reasons in justification of their seizure of Alsace-Lorraine were urged by the Germans, and have been reiterated ever since. Ethnology has been invoked. Skulls in Alsace are of the German type. Ethnic unity should be represented by political unity. To which it may be replied that in Alsace are also abundantly found skulls that are of the Celtic type. Moreover if Germany has the right to annex this country by reason of ethnic affinity, by what right does she hold unwilling Polish people, who are racially utterly dissimilar, Slavs not Teutons? Evidently what is sauce for the goose is not necessarily sauce for the gander. This ethnological argument is not serious, nor is the other one that, as the Alsations largely speak German, they are Germans and belong

in the German Empire. Yet this argument has seemed to a good many superficial people to have weight. Are those who speak a given language justified in forcibly annexing others who speak it? In Switzerland three languages are spoken, and the one most widely spoken is German. Would the Germans be justified in annexing the larger part of Switzerland, France in annexing the French cantons, Italy the Italian? There are several million Germans in Austria. Vienna is a German-speaking city which, however, is the capital of Austria, not of Germany. Ought they all to be annexed to Germany?

If the map of Europe is to be based on the linguistic theory of one language, one people, it will have to be redrawn from top to bottom and from end to end, and will when completed along the new line present a surprising and shocking appearance. For in nearly every existing state of Europe more than one language is in use; in the British Isles, Gaelic, Welsh, English; in France, Breton, Basque, Provençal, Italian, French; in Finland, Swedish, Russian, Finnish; in Austria-Hungary at least ten different languages; in Russia a considerable number. But the Germans, while seeing the beauties of this much-trumpeted linguistic theory as applicable to certain areas of Europe, decline to recognize its applicability to certain others, and especially right at home. Prussia holds unwilling subjects two hundred thousand Danish speaking people in Schleswig and several million Poles. The former have shown for over fifty years, the latter for well over a hundred, their desire to be free of Prussia and joined with their linguistic affinities. However, the Prussians have not seen much in the theory when looked at from that particular angle. They have reserved their enthusiasm for it for neighboring states, it not being considered adapted to the climate of Berlin.

Moreover one is tempted to ask if the fact that the people of the United States speak English would give England title to our country which, it will be recalled,

once belonged to the British Empire. If the German Empire, created in 1871, has the right to "resume" what had belonged to the Holy Roman Empire, which died in 1806, it is difficult to deny similar privileges to the British Empire, which has never died, but has had a continuous history. And those privileges should also be extended to Spain, which once ruled most of Central and South America, where Spanish is still spoken. Evidently Count von Hertling's linguistic statesmanship leaves out of account some rather important historical factors necessary to the picture of the contemporary world. It is not a panacea for the ills of the world; it is a quack medicine, liberally advertised, and the honesty of whose proprietor is not absolutely above reproach.

But the Germans had still other arguments. In annexing Alsace-Lorraine, in drawing the western boundary as they did, they said that they were but establishing the "natural" boundary. In other words the Vosges, being mountains, are a natural obstacle of importance, therefore, a fit frontier, while the Rhine, being a river, is not one. Concerning this it may be said that the Vosges mountains are not Alps, and that the Rhine was considered a boundary by Julius Caesar, and has always been and will always be a formidable ditch to cross in the face of an enemy controlling the other side. Moreover, in 1871, the Germans were not bound by the theory when it didn't suit them. They pushed their line west of the Vosges whenever they saw a sufficient advantage in so doing.

These various reasons for the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine were not the real ones that determined the action of the Government. They were simply so much food for gudgeon, so much dust for the eyes of excessive innocence. Military reasons were the primary reasons for the famous act. The boundary was determined largely by the military men. They wished Metz, and they took it, because, as Moltke said, it was the equivalent of an army of a hun-

dred thousand men, though it was west of the linguistic boundary, and as French as Bordeaux itself.

The Germans took Alsace because it would be, as Bismarck said, an admirable *glacis*, a military zone behind which is a fortress, in fact a powerful first line fortification. It was on the ground of military necessity, in other words of military advantage, that Germany made the annexations of 1871. Bismarck, there is abundant reason to believe, took no stock in the other arguments to which we have alluded—that of language, that of the natural frontier, that of historical right. These theories might be valuable, as they had an influence over the popular mind. Over his own mind they apparently had none. In 1867 he expressed in an interview the following opinion: "Suppose," he said, "France entirely conquered, and a Prussian garrison in Paris; what are we to do with our victory? We could not even decently take Alsace, for the Alsatians are become Frenchmen and wish to remain so." But by October, 1870, after the Prussian victories of August and September, he sang a different tune. "Germany," he then said, "wants peace and will make war until she gets it, let the consequences be ever so lamentable from a humane point of view. . . . This peace will be secured by a line of fortresses between Strassburg and Metz, as well as by those two towns, which will protect Germany against the dread of a second attack by France." At the end of the following January, after the capitulation of Paris, his words were as follows: "As you see, we are keeping Metz; but I confess I do not like that part of the arrangement. Strassburg is German in speech and will be so in heart ten years hence. Metz, however, is French, and will be a hotbed of disaffection for a long time to come."

Bismarck, feeling the need of justifying this memorable action before the world, this reaffirmation, in all its traditional brutality, of the ancient idea of conquest, this right of the stronger to use his strength as he sees fit, gave one

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constant and invariable reason during the course of the war, in his interviews with the French peace plenipotentiaries, and later in the Reichstag, namely, the right of a nation to provide for its legitimate self-defence. His thesis was simplicity itself. France, he said, was always turbulent, agitated, aggressive, unable to live at peace with her neighbors. Therefore the neighbors must take all necessary measures to protect themselves from this constant menace. Germany must rectify her frontier, pushing France farther back. It would not suffice merely to declare Alsace-Lorraine neutralized, nor would the dismantling and razing of the forts and fortresses in Alsace-Lorraine be adequate protection. Annexation outright and complete was the only way of guaranteeing the safety of Germany. Germany did not desire land for its own sake, said Bismarck, it was actuated by no spirit of aggrandisement, it was guided solely by considerations of national safety. Such was the avowed, the official, reason assigned by the German government for the dismemberment of France.

This reason had certain obvious advantages over the others which we have considered. In the first place it is for the victorious state alone to decide just how much territory is necessary for the future self-defense. Its judgment is alone concerned and is final. Once it has settled that point, there is nothing to discuss with the defeated state. There is a mere announcement to be made. National safety, state necessity, is something that cannot be compromised, is something that can be determined only by the circumstances of the case, as appraised by the victor. Had Germany chosen, as the standard in determining the future boundaries, the character of the language spoken, then, while annexing German-speaking people, she could not consistently annex French speaking people which she intended to do, and did do in considerable measure.

State necessity is, as our own day has seen, a reason

that can be extended to any length, that can cover any purpose, that knows no law. It offered, in 1870, a more solid basis than did any and all of the other reasons, and Bismarck knew it. Therefore he relied on it alone, allowing sentimental people to be affected by sentiment if they chose. The argument he had selected allowed Germany to extend her conquests beyond the linguistic and beyond the natural boundaries which she did. It also had another great advantage; it left her absolutely free. From the moment when the possession of certain territories was, as she affirmed, necessary to her self-defense, indispensable to her security, this necessity eliminated every other consideration. Germany was under no obligation to consult anybody in regard to that. The opinions or wishes of the Alsatians and Lorrainers were an entirely negligible element when placed in the balance with the vital interests of Germany. Thus there should be no consultation of the people concerned, no plebiscite. The German government had another reason for refusing a plebiscite. It knew full well, as Bismarck later admitted, that the sympathies of the Alsatians and Lorrainers were in favor of France. It had no intention of having its purposes balked by the people of the provinces. It did not entertain for an instant the idea of allowing a referendum.

Military reasons then were the primary reasons for the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Another reason, powerful with the government, was the economic advantage to be derived. Germany wished the coal and iron mines of these provinces. She had begun the process of acquiring such lands at the expense of France in 1815 after the overthrow of Napoleon. She carried it much farther in 1871. It is to the annexation of 1871 that she is indebted for much of her industrial strength today, the basis of her political power and of her vaulting ambition. In 1913, out of 28,000,000 tons of iron ore extracted from German soil, 21,000,000 came from the mines of annexed

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Lorraine. To the rapes of 1815 and 1871, Germany owes much, as she is very well aware. The French, having lost their mines, subsequently discovered others in the part of Lorraine left to them in 1871, in the valley of the Briey.

In 1913, owing to the expansion of her industries, Germany was obliged to import from abroad 14,000,000 tons of iron ore. This is almost the exact amount annually extracted from the mines of Briey, which Germany seized at the beginning of the present war, and which she intends to keep, if she can.

If Germany did not possess the coal and iron mines of Lorraine, formerly French, she would not be able to continue the present war six months. In fact she would never have been able to begin it. Her metallurgical development, her munition plants, her railroads, her numerous and inter-related industries, resting on the basis of coal and iron, all trace their prosperity to the economic conquests of Germany at the expense of France. A complete restoration of those resources to France would be the surest way of bringing peace to the world and of perpetuating it. The power that has used those resources for the devastation of the world and its attempted enslavement, should not be permitted to hold them a day longer than is necessary. They can be more safely trusted with France. Indeed this war has absolutely proved that France needs what was wrongfully and violently taken from her, in order to be able to live and permanently to do her share in defending the cause of freedom and peace. If Bismarck urged national safety as the justification of the Treaty of Frankfort, the present age should urge international safety as the justification of the complete reversal of that treaty and the system and the spirit embedded in it.

But there is another angle from which this famous transaction must be contemplated, the point of view of

those most immediately concerned. In February, 1871, before even the negotiations for peace between France and Germany began, the people of Alsace-Lorraine protested against what they saw was coming. Their representatives in the French National Assembly solemnly declared "the immutable will of Alsace and Lorraine to remain French territory," asserted that France could not agree to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, that the French people did not have the right to accept such a mutilation, that France might "experience the blows of force, but could not sanction its decrees," that Europe could "neither permit nor ratify the abandonment of Alsace and Lorraine," that it could not allow "the seizure of a people as a common herd" nor permit a peace which would be "a legitimate and permanent provocation to war." The conclusion of this protest was as follows: "Wherefore we call our fellow-citizens of France and the governments and peoples of the entire world to witness in advance that we hold to be null and void every act and treaty, vote or plebiscite, which would consent to the abandonment, in favor of the foreigner, of all or of any part of our provinces of Alsace and Lorraine."

Two weeks later, on March 1, 1871, immediately after the ratification of the preliminaries of peace by the National Assembly, the representatives of the sacrificed provinces again solemnly protested against outraged right. This famous protest, whose passion and whose pathos have since moved all right-thinking men for two generations and ought to arrest and fix the attention of the world to-day, should be read in full.

The representatives of Alsace and Lorraine submitted to the Assembly, before peace negotiations were begun, a declaration affirming in the most formal way, in the name of the two provinces, their will and their right to remain French.

Handed over, in contempt of all justice and by an odious abuse of force, to the domination of foreigners, we now have a final duty to perform.

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We declare once more null and void a compact which disposes of us without our consent.

Henceforth and forever each and every one of us will be completely justified in demanding our rights in whatever way and manner our consciences may approve.

At the moment of leaving the chamber where our dignity no longer permits us to sit and in spite of the bitterness of our grief, the supreme thought which we find at the bottom of our hearts is a thought of gratitude to those who, for six months, have not ceased to fight in our defense, and our unalterable attachment to France from which we are torn by violence.

We shall follow you with our wishes and we shall await with entire confidence in the future, the resumption by a regenerated France of the course of her great destiny.

Your brothers of Alsace and Lorraine, now cut off from the common family, will preserve for France, absent from their hearths, a filial affection until the day when she shall resume her rightful place there once more.

Three years later, on February 18, 1874, Alsace-Lorraine registered another protest, this time in the very capital of the victor, in Berlin. For three years Germany had ruled with an iron hand the country which she pretended to have "liberated." Scores of thousands of Alsatians and Lorrainers had left their native land, and scores of thousands of Germans had entered it. Yet in the very first elections to the Reichstag after the war, Alsace and Lorraine, entitled to fifteen members in the Reichstag, elected fifteen men whose first act after they reached Berlin was to protest formally before the Reichstag against the change of nationality forced upon them and to demand a referendum, which demand was greeted with guffaws from the members of the Reichstag.

Since 1871 the question of Alsace-Lorraine has been the nightmare of Europe. The annexation to Germany has been the chief cause of the ruinous armaments of the Triple Alliance, which have prompted and necessitated those of the Triple Entente. In 1871, the Germans asserted that the provinces were fundamentally German, and they have asserted it ever since. We have

seen that the people concerned, quite as good authorities on that point as the conquerors, declared that they were French and that their immutable will was to remain French, and that they pronounced null and void the act which transferred them. From August, 1870, to August, 1914, the Germans themselves showed that they did not believe their own assertion. They followed for over forty years a process of vigorous Germanisation of the provinces, using to that end every measure and artifice of coercion that their sinister ingenuity and their experience of a century as oppressors of the Poles suggested to them. To Germanise the fundamentally German was a sorry paradox, or else the premise with which they started was fundamentally false. The latter was the case. By every token a people can give, the Alsatians and Lorrainers showed their loyalty to the protest of 1871 through the entire subsequent period, so gloomy and tragic for them. Now and then some German official has admitted the failure of the programme of the government. In a speech on November 30, 1874, Bismarck, who in the early days of annexation had professed a lively and sympathetic and probably insincere interest in the Alsatians, irritated by the stubborn opposition of the people, blurted out his real feeling, saying that Alsace had not been annexed because of her good looks, her *beaux yeux*, but simply and solely because she would furnish an excellent military defence of the Empire, and that Germany was equally indifferent to Alsatian lamentations and Alsatian wrath. The brutal and contemptuous statement was true, but was not greatly calculated to further the process of winning over the Alsatians.

In 1890 another Chancellor, Caprivi, successor to Bismarck, said this: "It is a fact that after seventeen years of annexation, the German spirit has made no progress in Alsace." In 1913 the head of the police department of Berlin, von Jagow, an important civil official, appointed by the Chancellor and subject to him, referred

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in a conspicuous public manner to Alsace-Lorraine as "the enemy's country," a term in constant use among the military. Does this look as if the governing classes of Germany considered that these alleged Germans were Germans heart and soul, or even tepid and passive Germans? In 1913 the present Emperor announced that he would smash to bits the constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, itself a sorry imposture of make-believe self-government, if opposition to the administration were not abandoned, and told the people of Alsace-Lorraine that if they did not behave he would annex their country outright to Prussia, the implication being that annexation to Prussia was a punishment that might well give them pause, as indeed it might.

The history of German rule in Alsace-Lorraine since 1870 has been a long and ignoble record of oppression. It is the Germans who are responsible for the question of Alsace-Lorraine, not only in its inception but in its progress and fruition. Denying categorically and arrogantly that any such question exists, they have made it one of the danger spots of Europe, and through their handling of it have given the world the accurate measure of their ability and character as rulers. The fate of Alsace-Lorraine is a striking and melancholy object lesson to a world threatened with German domination. Its history is a sufficient revelation of what such a domination would mean.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. When the future peace is made, the first article in the territorial readjustment should be one restoring Belgium to the Belgians, and restoring to France her lost provinces — those lost in 1870 as those lost in 1914. No honest man believes that because Germany has controlled a part of France for the past three years, she has the slightest right to that territory, or ever will have, or ever could have. If she should keep her grip upon them for forty years and more, as she has kept it upon Alsace and Lorraine, she

would have no greater right than on the very day of her unspeakable aggression. There is no more a question of Alsace-Lorraine today, after forty-seven years of occupation, than there is a question of the Department of the North after three years of occupation.

If the German annexations of 1870 are justified, then the actual annexations of the present war are justified. The two cases stand upon an absolute parity. They represent the right of force, and they represent nothing else.

Our fathers fought the American Revolution against misgovernment and oppression immeasurably less than that endured by the Alsatians and Lorrainers since 1871. Any American to whom the principles for which our ancestors struggled are real and vital, must necessarily sympathize with this sorely visited and outraged people. The odds against them were thirty to one. Had they been small enough to offer a chance, it is entirely safe to say that the Alsatians would have revolted long ago. So would any people with a spark of self-respect and manliness have done under such conditions.

The war, which the Germans have declared for a generation was coming from the West, has come, but not by act of France. It has come from "peaceful, Godfearing" Germany, and was conceived in Berlin and Essen. In August, 1914, the Treaty of Frankfort was thrown into the waste paper basket, along with another famous scrap. In the coming work of European reconstruction, the iniquity of 1870 must be repaired. The Protest of Bordeaux must be shown to be more valid and august in the conscience of mankind than the Treaty of Frankfort. No single act could so emphatically secure for conscience the position that belongs to it in the affairs of the world and before the tribunal of history. Upon the twentieth century is incumbent the redressing of the monstrous wrong of the nineteenth, and in a manner so unqualified and so emphatic that in the future no aggressive power will be tempted to repeat the evil deed.

VISCOUNT MORLEY

THE world," say Lord Morley in the introduction to his *Recollections*, "is traveling under formidable omens into a new era, very unlike the times in which my lot was cast." And, indeed, those of us who had our beginnings in the Victorian age seem, as we read his pages, to hear a voice out of our own youth, speaking to us almost as strangers — so hard is it for a man in the season of harvest to recall the days of his sowing. That is the deeper meaning of the book. Of the ordinary intimacies of biography it contains small measure. Save for a few sentences about his parents in the first chapter, and the casual mention of "my wife," the writer might be regarded as a modern Melchisedec, "without father, without mother, without descent." Nor has he much to say of his own more private emotions, of the sweet and bitter currents of self-approval and self-distrust that flow through the heart when the world is shut out. In that respect we may call his taste impeccable or his intellect cold, as our judgment inclines. But of the other ingredients of good biography there is abundance. Everywhere there is felt the charm of a writer who has borne a great rôle among great men, and who knows how to wield all the necromatic devices of literary art.

No small part of the record is purely bookish, the reflections of a man who began life as an author, and through all the distractions of a public career never forgot the seclusions of his library. There was in Morley the making, perhaps the actuality, of a first-rate critic, in the narrower sense of the word, and the interest of these critical comments is enhanced by the fact that much of it relates to writers whom he knew personally, often intimately. No finer tribute to the overflowing courage of Meredith, "his spaciousness of mind and outlook," will

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be found anywhere than in these pages. What, for instance could be more significant than this extract from a letter of Meredith's, written after Morley had called his attention to Goethe's psalm of life, *Das Göttliche?* —

Anything grander than the days and nights at my porch, you will not find away from the Alps, for the dark line of my hill runs up to the stars, the valley below is a soundless gulf. There I pace like a shipman before turning in. In the day, with a S. W. blowing, I have a brilliant universe rolling up to me; after midnight I sat and thought of Goethe, and of the sage in him and the youth.

That, as Morley adds, is Meredith as he lived, and at his best.

Yet, as a critic, Morley was not blind to the strain of contortion in Meredith's genius, and to what such contortion means.

"It is of no avail," he says, "for any writer to contend that he is not obscure. . . . The truth is that Meredith often missed ease. Yet ease in words and artistic form has been a mark of more than one of his contemporaries, who amid the world's riddles saw deepest and felt warmest. Even into his best talks there came now and again a sense of strain; if a new-comer joined the little circle of intimates, he was transformed, forcing himself without provocation into a wrestle for violent effects.

It would be well if the implication of these words were remembered not only by the over-zealous partisans of Meredith, particularly of Meredith the poet, but by all those would-be "intellectuals" who measure the wisdom of an author by his difficulty.

Space would fail if I undertook to recall the judgments of like clarity passed on R. L. Stevenson and Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen and Browning and other lights of the Victorian age. Only one of the greater names is conspicuous by its absence. Thackeray is nowhere even named. I have inquired whether there was any personal reason for this strange silence, but no one has been able

to explain it on such grounds. And so I can only fall back on the suggestion of a very wise friend, that Morley may have been repelled by the novelist's insight into the vanities of the human heart, and made uneasy by the realism of the social ideas expressed in the conversation between Pendennis and Warrington. That is mere conjecture, but there are, in fact, sentences in the talk of those observers of the Upper Temple which might strike as a chilling wind on the illusions of a sentimental Liberal.

But the literature of the *Recollections* is not confined to contemporary writers. To the end, Morley carries on the love of the Classics which came to him, we may suppose, by right of his Oxford training. Late in life, when released for a while from business, he finds more refreshment from a treatise of Cicero than from the daily press. And one of the best of his chapters is really an independent essay in little on Lucretius, to whom, as to the greatest of those who have "denied divinely the divine," he was peculiarly drawn. It is even characteristic of his reserve that nowhere else do we seem to get so near a glimpse into his own more intimate thoughts as in his lingering reflections on the lines of the *De Rerum Natura* which describe the inroad of death upon the pleasant customs of life:

It was impossible that our own glorious literature should not contain, in prose and verse alike, a thousand things of superlative beauty about this universal theme, from Raleigh's "*O eloquent, just, and mighty death,*" or the thrilling dialogues in Claudio's prison, down to the most melting and melodious single verse in all the exercises of our English tongue, "*After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,*" the tender summary of it all. Still, the famous passage of Lucretius at the close of his third book is of such quality that I hardly find in my heart to quarrel with the accomplished critic of to-day who suggests that "its lofty passion, its piercing tenderness, the stately roll of its cadences, is perhaps unmatched in human speech."

Death is the tritest of events, save only birth, and the world, it should seem, has agreed to debar it from further

exploitation in literature, as a theme long ago exhausted. Yet in this same chapter — the record of an Easter holiday spent in turning over a volume of collectanea on *les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant* — Lord Morley has prefaced his criticism of Lucretius with a sheaf of quotations from English sources which might make the act of dying appear as a new experience to each of us. I will not apologize for writing out two of these extracts; for the more personal flavor of Lord Morley's book is in these things, and still, despite our modern convention of silence, death is closer to our minds than any man.

FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH. (*Philosophy of the man of action.*) — As for me, I see no such great reason why I should either be proud to live, or fear to die. I have had good experience of this world. I have known what it is to be a subject, and I now know what it is to be a sovereign. Good neighbors I have had, and I have met with bad; and in trust, I have found treason. I have bestowed benefits on ill deservers; and where I have done well, I have been ill reputed and spoken of. When I call to mind things past, behold things present, and look forward to things to come, I *count them happiest that go hence soonest*. Nevertheless . . . I am armed with better courage than is common in my sex, so that whatsoever befalls me, death shall never find me unprepared.

FROM LEIGHTON. (*The Scotch divine of the time of the Restoration, indifferently episcopal and presbyterian, the friend of Bishop Burnet who reports this of him.*) — There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish.

In comparison with the point and variety of the literary comments, the narrative of Lord Morley's political career is, it must be admitted, rather monotonous. I do

not mean that these chapters are wholly without interest. Here and there they are enlivened by sprightly anecdote, as when he tells the story of the Irish peasant in the dock for a violent assault. — *Prisoner*, puzzled by the legal jargon of the indictment: "What's all that he says?" *Warder*: "He says ye hit Pat Curry with yer spade on the side of his head." *Prisoner*: "Bedad, an' I did." *Warder*: "Then plade not guilty." All this aloud and in full hearing of the court. — We may be grateful to an Irish Secretary for assuring us that one of the ancient fancies of Hibernian humor was a real creature of flesh and blood; it is in a small way a footnote to the veracity of history. There are also in these political chapters several set character sketches of statesmen — notably of Harcourt, Rosebery, Chamberlain, and Lord Spencer — which are scarcely less elaborately drawn than the literary portraits. Nevertheless, the main narrative, when it gets caught in the backwash of Home Rule and Indian administration, moves with a provokingly sluggish tide. Here Lord Morley contrives to be almost as dull about himself as he was about Gladstone in that biography of which he has been heard to say that no one ever read it through.

Yet, withal, it is true that the main, or at least the final, interest of the *Recollections* is drawn from this political background. In telling his story Lord Morley makes rather a sharp division between his hours in Parliament, and the hours spent among his books. Such an arrangement would suggest rather an incompatibility between the two parts of his life than their harmony. And so, in fact, after relating his election to Parliament, he pauses a moment to reckon up the difficulties that have beset the literary man in politics, beginning with Cicero, who came to a bloodstained end on the Italian sea-shore, and closing with Thiers, who used to say that he "would willingly give the writing of ten successful histories for a single happy session in the Assembly or a single fortunate

campaign in arms." But certainly the reader of Lord Morley's life feels no such difficulties; on the contrary he is charmed by the apparently easy blending of fine culture with practical success. Perhaps we are the more sensitive to the beauty of this delicate adjustment, for the reason that in its perfection it is not likely soon to appear again. We shall, no doubt, continue to see literary men engaged in politics, but scarcely of Lord Morley's type; and even if such appear, their literature will be a thing rather held apart, easily forgotten when they stand in Parliament before the representatives of the people or when they are talking business in private with their colleagues. At least the habit of the Classics, linking the senate with the schoolroom and associating the problems of to-day with the long tradition of experience, is passing, or has passed.

Somewhere Lord Morley tells of a conversation with Harcourt, when it was a question of letting Home Rule fall into the limbo of pious opinions, or of pressing it to a quick and perhaps hazardous issue. Harcourt was for postponement, and one of the strongest incentives Morley could bring for action was the appeal of three lines of Virgil. "Harcourt," he observes, "could be trusted in passing to forgive desperate politics for the sake of a classic quotation." In another place he imagines a debate between Harcourt and Fox, in which the elder statesman expounds his well-known theory that if a man's aim is public speaking, Euripides ought to be his constant study, scarcely less than Homer himself. (Ah, if one could have been present at such a meeting, and could have been allowed to put in a word for Thucydides as the master statesman of them all!) And the reply is that Homer and Euripides alike have long followed the power of the Crown.

"Never again," adds the recorder of the imaginary scene, "never again will either House hear a Minister declaim the solemn hexameters of Lucretius, among the noblest in all poetry;

or the verses where Virgil describes the husbandman turning up with rake and plow the rusty javelins, empty helms, and mighty bones of a forgotten battle-field of long ago; or like Pitt in his glorious speech against the Slave Trade, inspired by the shooting of a beam of the rising sun through the windows of the House to the most beautiful and apt of recorded parliamentary impromptus in the two Latin lines:

Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.*

These are but pretty customs, the practical man may say, the frippery and baubles of political life, which only the dilettante will regret much to see stripped off. Does human welfare depend on the memory of a few scraps of Latin? The matter is not so simple as that. The disappearance of the ancient habit, as Lord Morley himself acknowledges, is "significant of a great many more important things than a casual change in literary taste"; it means a new kind of men in the seats of authority, a new sort of life as the aim of government, a new standard of morality, other hopes and other prizes, a world set free from its moorings. The change began with the Reform Bill of 1832; it was a revolution by the time the century closed; its fruits, whether bitter or sweet, our children shall eat. Lord Morley speaks of Harcourt as the last of the line of orators and law-makers, great from Somers and Sir Robert Walpole onwards, who, one might add, like the riders seen by Socrates in the Piræus, carried lighted torches which they passed from one to another as they raced through the night. The reader of these memoirs will probably think of Lord Morley himself as the last of the bearers of the torch. When that light has flickered out, will the dawn have come, or will it be only darkness?

Of this revolution which has been going on under our eyes Lord Morley was sufficiently aware, as may be known from the sentence of his Introduction already quoted in

* Virgil, *Georgics*, i, 249: "Upon us the Sun just rising has sent the breath from his panting steeds; there the ruddy Evening kindles her late lights."

this essay. But it is not clear — and this is the question that has constantly intrigued us while reading the *Recollections* — whether he really ever stopped to reflect on his own ambiguous position in the movement. That absorption in the great literary tradition, especially the vivid reality of the Classics, which has formed so large a part of the consolation and dignity of his life, and has made him a citizen of the world of Ideas, whilst engaged in the pursuits of time — what is this but the fine flower of his Oxford training? And it is incontrovertible that Oxford, whatever the disadvantages or virtues of its discipline, is, and was to a much greater degree when Morley went up, a creation of the Church. Take away the influence of those priests, whose semi-seclusion from present affairs threw them back upon the past, and whose study of the Christian Fathers was curiously blended with reverence for the earlier antiquity of paganism, and you have taken away the very spirit of the place. I am not unaware of the paradox inherent in the age-long coördination of Aristotle with Saint Paul, nor do I believe that a truly classical education is necessarily dependent on the maintenance of such a paradox; but it is a fact nevertheless that the culture of Oxford was, and essentially still is, of this sort — a working compromise between the authority of the Church and the liberty of ancient literature; to discredit the one has been to weaken the other. Now if Morley had seen the intricacy of this compromise, and had sought to justify it or with tender touch to readjust its members, or if he had cast away both elements together as rubbish, one could understand his motives, whether one approved or disapproved. But he nowhere hints that he was even conscious of such a problem, and one is left to feel, in his attitude towards his intellectual nurse, something that smacks of mere disloyalty. The few paragraphs on his undergraduate days are the shabbiest thing in the book. He does not deny the spell of “antique halls and gray time-worn towers” — his whole

autobiography would prove his sensitiveness to such a spell, had he not expressly acknowledged it — but at the close of his career, as he looks back on those days, it seems as if the only intellectual matter that seriously concerned him then was the spread of Liberal principles, as they percolated into the university from the writings of John Stuart Mill. His scant gratitude to the real *genius loci* has not even the dignity of Gibbon's outspoken contempt. And after that, if one stops to think, there is something disquieting in the cold and calculating purpose of his life to undermine the religious faith of Oxford, while continuing to indulge himself in the glamor of her hoarded literary faith. It were better to feel the power of Lucretius, and still to believe in God, as the Oxford priests had been content to do, than to be blind, as Morley seems to be, to the subtle complexity of the forces that moulded his taste. A positivist who loves Plato, after the manner of Mill and Morley, is a harsher paradox than ever held the heart of the charmed city by the Isis.

And Morley's acceptance of the finer pleasures of society is of a piece with his ingratitude towards the source of his culture. It would be hard to name a recent book that brings us into higher company than do these *Recollections*. Considering the humbleness of the author's origin — he was the son of an insignificant Lancashire surgeon — one might be tempted to regard his relish of noble names as a sign of snobbishness. But it is nothing of the sort. He moved among the best of the land because by taste and character and achievement he was one of them. His easy familiarity with men born into the ruling caste, if any criticism is to be pronounced, is rather an apology for the existence of such a caste, than an indication of subservience on his part. But that is a question beside the point. We are only concerned with his unconcealed delight in the inherited manners of great families and in the decorum of great houses. No Tory of them all could show a franker appreciation of the political

advantages coming by natural right to a man like Lord Houghton, now Lord Crewe, from a father "of singular literary and social mark." With such a colleague he admits that he found it easy to work harmoniously. And he is equally sensitive to the grace of noble surroundings. He was never, we may suppose, much attracted to Disraeli's tinsel splendors, but there is no note of disapprobation when, to the account of an evening in the magnificent library of Althorpe, he adds: "Like a scene from one of Dizzy's novels, and all the actors men with parts to play." Still more characteristic perhaps is his record of two visits to Lord Rosebery. "Meanwhile," he says of one of these, "the upshot of our various talks as we drove, or strolled about Epsom Downs, or chatted in the library, was something of this kind: — The triple alliance (Harcourt, himself, and me) — so much more really important, as I said laughing, than that of the Central Powers — to remain on its proposed footing." From the account of the second visit I may quote at greater length:

Later and after tea we had an hour's drive, and then at 8:30 we had dinner served under the veranda in the garden. Reminded me of a dinner I once had at Berchtesgaden with Chamberlain years ago. Only we had now a perfect service, instead of two German waiters attending on twenty miscellaneous people, screaming and being screamed at by an overdriven cook. After dinner we walked for an hour in the woods, the silver moon gleaming through the branches. *R.* a charming companion. Before going to bed, he showed me a truly deep and beautiful page in one of Newman's Sermons. When I can get the proper volume, I shall like to transcribe it. [Would that he had transcribed it in this book!] Among other things, he wondered how it was that members of Parliament came to see me so much, and to talk so freely to me. "They never come to me," he said. *J. M.* "You're too big a man for one thing, and for another you are uncertain — not always to be found. I am always there, you see." *R.* "Oh, that's not it. When I was in every morning at Lansdowne House, 'twas just the same. No, you are sympathetic." This comparison paid me an undeserved compliment, for nobody surpassed him in

that inner humanity which is the root of good manners and good feeling and other things lying at the core of character."

A triple alliance in Parliament, a sermon of Newman's, perfect service and the glamour of moonlight, sympathy and the core of character — it was of such strands as these that the cord of politics and society was twisted; and all the while he who helps in the spinning is standing with the fatal shears ready, if he may, to cut the thin-spun thread. Liberalism may bring it with the promise of many blessings to mankind, it may even be preparing the world for a society intrinsically finer than the old — I do not know — but for the privileged graces of aristocracy it certainly has little heed; and Morley was the very type of the Liberal who relishes all the pleasures of privilege, while advocating every measure of reform which would make them no longer possible. It is of the essence of his whole life that, having at the close of his active career accepted, or rather chosen for himself, a seat in the House of Lords, he immediately set himself to carry through a bill which should deprive that body of its power and prerogative. Say what one will, and making allowance for any necessity of the move, there is a taint of ingratitude, of unconscious duplicity, one might say, in such a procedure. There is this paradox, if you will call it so, in Morley's attitude towards society, comparable to that of his attitude towards Oxford.

Perhaps thoughtlessness is a more appropriate word than ingratitude, unless, indeed, the two epithets come in the end to the same thing. The fact is that Morley, save in matters of taste, is not a man of originality, nor even of steady reflection; he never quite came to terms with himself in regard to the ideas which he took over from his teachers. In religion and politics he was a professed follower of John Stuart Mill, a utilitarian agnostic and Liberal; yet one cannot read together the biographical works of Mill and the *Recollections* of Morley without feeling the profound difference between the mind of the

master, who, to some degree at least, felt the deeper complexities of life beneath the system he was creating, and the mind of the pupil, who took the system as a finished formula and carried it on ruthlessly. Read Morley's three essays on Mill. There is something almost amusing in the change of tone from the first two, in which he celebrates his master as "one of those high and most worthy spirits" who never falter or compromise in their pursuit of pure truth, to the third essay, written as a reply to Mill's posthumous volume on religion. Lord Morley tells us in his *Recollections* with what consternation he learned that the thinker and complete agnostic of his reverence had fallen back at the last upon the belief, shadowy indeed yet almost orthodox, in a wise and beneficent Creator and upon the hope of immortality. Let us admit a strain of inconsistency in Mill's mental make-up. I have said elsewhere that he is the example *par excellence* of a philosopher who combines the most lucid powers of exposition with an incapacity of clear thinking, and I believe this could be demonstrated not only from the incompatibility between his earlier positivism and his later sentimentalism (or intuition, if you prefer) but from his position at any given moment of his life. Yet, after all, if inconsistency must be reckoned lower than the consistency of clear insight, it still has its virtue when compared with a consistency bought at the price of spiritual blindness. And in Mill the confession that seemed to his disciple only a weak retraction was really the final utterance of a deep uneasiness with his own rational theories, which at a moment in his youth had thrown him into a mood of dark despair like Coleridge's *Dejection*, and which, though generally concealed, always continued to lie beneath his heart. There were in Mill stirrings of doubt, of wise scepticism, which the Oxford scholar, in his consistent hostility to the spirit of Oxford, never fathomed. His only substitute for these would appear to be the art of commenting prettily on the universality of death.

Nor does Morley give any sign that he ever in his active years felt Mill's hesitations in regard to the ulterior consequences of social reform. There is a problem that has lain heavily upon the conscience of the more philosophic Radicals, a problem that Mill faced honestly in his treatise on *Liberty* — the natural antagonism between the equality to which progress looks as its practical end, and that freedom of the individual, the benefit and necessity of which might seem to be recognized in the very name of Liberalism. Were it not for a habit of obstinate forgetfulness in human nature, we should think it needless to recall the great passages wherein Morley's acknowledged teacher dilates on "the tyranny of opinion" almost inevitable in a state governed by the immediate will of the majority — a tyranny more far-reaching in its grasp than the arbitrary despotism of any single man or group of men. And Mill, the progressive Radical, was not blind to the peculiar tendency of this tyranny to produce a condition of dead mediocrity.

"All the political changes of the age," he declares, "promote it since they all tend to raise the low and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences, and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvement in the means of communication promotes it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact, and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. A more powerful agency than even all these, in bringing about a general similarity among mankind, is the complete establishment, in this and other free countries, of the ascendancy of public opinion in the state. As the various social eminences which enabled persons entrenched on them to disregard the opinion of the multitude gradually become leveled; as the very idea of resisting the will of the public, when it is positively known that they have a will, disappears more and more from the minds of prac-

tical politicians; there ceases to be any social support for non-conformity — any substantive power in society, which, itself opposed to the ascendancy of numbers, is interested in taking under its protection opinions and tendencies at variance with those of the public.

And so we have, as Mill would say, this clamorous paradox: an equalitarian Liberalism is based on and justified by the doctrine of progress, yet by its own weight tends to depress that variety of situations and that liberty of the individual which are the efficient causes of progress. Mill's own solution of this difficulty depends on the feasibility of training the better endowed few to a consciousness of the obligations of self-development and public leadership, and on faith in the natural instinct of the masses of mankind to follow a true guide; he would give to education the place in society which Burke gave to prerogative. But I do not raise these perplexing questions for the sake of criticising Liberalism, or for the purpose of considering plausible remedies. My aim is entirely the more modest one of pointing to a certain thoughtlessness, a certain unheeding straightforwardness, in the mind of a man like Morley who, while enjoying and frankly eulogizing the distinctions of a society based on the higher individualism, yet never hesitated in carrying through measures which, as he himself knew, were laying the axe at the roots of such a society. Though he knew this, you will find, at least within the compass of the *Recollections*, no regret for the ambiguity of his position, no anxious questionings such as troubled Mill, no moment of sober reflection on the end of things.

This difference between Mill and Morley is significant of much, but we are brought even closer, I think, to the heart of Morley's Liberalism by considering his relation to two earlier writers — Burke and Rousseau. Now if there be two names in the history of sociology more antipodal to each other than these, I do not know them; and it is extraordinary, to say the least, that throughout his

life Morley has professed himself an admirer and, to a certain extent, a follower of both of these men. This is verily a compromise worthy of a new chapter in his treatise on that subject, a compromise indicative of some dulness of the mind to the law of mutual exclusions, possible only to one who has never really assimilated what is essential to one or both of the terms included. As for Burke, Morley's attitude towards that enemy of destructive innovation is more than extraordinary. One of his earliest ventures in literature was an essay, in large measure eulogistic, of the author of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and in 1907 Burke is still, he assures a correspondent, "a high idol of mine." That is consistent enough, but the remarkable thing is the grounds of this continued admiration. More than once in the *Recollections* he avows that what he learnt from Burke was the "practical principles in the strategy and tactics of public life," and for this lesson he accepts Macaulay's estimation of Burke as "the greatest man since Milton." Such praise for such a benefit is rather startling, but surprise turns to amazement when we find that this teacher of practical politics was, according to the statement of Lord Lansdowne, quoted with approval in Morley's life of Burke, "so violent, so overbearing, so arrogant, so intractable, that to have got on with him in a cabinet would have been utterly and absolutely impossible." And if Morley acquired from Burke a virtue — for of practical politics of the more honorable sort Morley was a past master — of which Burke himself was the doubtful possessor, he quite failed, on the other hand, to take from him the one quality of imaginative perception which gives meaning to the whole of Burke's career. Of this quality, to be sure, Morley's critical intelligence was fully aware when he wrote his monograph. He saw its positive aspect: Burke, he says, "was using no idle epithet, when he described the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, 'moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human

race.'” And he saw also its negative aspect, the inhibition exercised by the higher centripetal imagination upon the egotistic expansiveness of the individual. This, he avers, was with Burke “the cardinal truth for men, namely, that if you encourage every individual to let the imagination loose upon all subjects, without any restraint from a sense of his own weakness, and his subordinate rank in the long scheme of things, then there is nothing of all that the opinion of ages has agreed to regard as excellent and venerable, which would not be exposed to destruction at the hands of rationalistic criticism.” The strange thing is that one who could analyse Burke’s political creed so fairly, and express it so sympathetically, should persistently profess himself a follower of Burke for qualities which Burke possessed superficially, if he possessed them at all. The simple fact is, I suspect, that Morley appreciates Burke by the contact of what may be called a purely literary imagination, and by a certain sympathy of character, whereas in the higher imagination as an actual controlling element of statesmanship, or in that deeper wisdom of the human heart which goes with it, he is profoundly deficient. So it is I explain to myself his almost callous indifference, so far as the records show, to the destructive hazard in a rationalistic programme, which even a Mill could perceive.

In the case of the other great leader to whom Morley remains addicted throughout life, the procedure is of a reverse order. With Burke our statesman feels himself in sympathy, whatever he may say of Parliamentary strategy, chiefly by reason of the British tradition of sturdy character, while he rejects the principle upon which that character is really based. To Rousseau he is drawn in a contrary manner. Here it is the central impulse of the heart, the generating principle of conduct, that holds his loyalty. Early in the *Recollections* he quotes, as justifying his own addiction to Rousseau, a

passage from a letter of George Eliot, that throws a flood of light on the nature of his Liberalism.

"I wish you to understand," the novelist had written, "that the writers who have most profoundly interested me — who have rolled away the waters from their bed, raised new mountains and spread delicious valleys for me — are not in the least oracles to me. It is just possible that I may not embrace one of their opinions — that I may wish my life to be shaped quite differently from theirs. For instance it would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's views of life, religion, and government are miserably erroneous. . . . I might admit all this, and it would be not the less true that Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has awakened me to new perceptions — which has made man and nature a world of freer thought and feeling to me; and this not by teaching me any new belief."

Now a plain man might be inclined to ask by what right a practical statesman, however it may be with a maker of fiction, dare avow his adherence to a philosopher who kindles a relentless flame of passion, yet whose "views of life, religion, and government are miserably erroneous." It might be in order to observe that this reckless surrender to emotion, without conscientious scruples for the direction the emotion was taking, has been one of the causes which have brought the world to its present dolorous pass. But at bottom Morley has taken from Rousseau something more than the mere shock of feeling; as one may learn from many passages of the *Recollections*, there are involved with this emotionalism two leading ideas, or views of life, distinct in expression, though springing from the same head. One of these is what he calls "Rousseau's resplendent commonplace," and is directly political: "'Tis the people that compose the human race; what is not people is so small a concern that it is not worth the trouble of counting." The other idea is rather the philosophical, or psychological, basis of Rousseauism. It is what Morley in various places upholds as the law of

“bold free expansion,” “the gospel of free intellectual and social expansion”; it is the “belief in Progress” as the mechanical result of this expansive instinct, which he insistently preaches as a substitute for the belief in God and providence. It might be remarked in passing that these two Rousseauistic ideas are in violent opposition to the doctrine of Morley’s other acknowledged master. To conceive society as composed of the people alone (the masses, that is, as contrasted with the privileged classes) is certainly, whatever else may be said of it, to deny any meaning to Burke’s notion of the hierarchy of orders forming together “the great mysterious incorporation of the human race”; it is even to forget the reservations of leadership demanded by so complete a Liberal as Mill. And, again, to trust for progress to an instinctive desire of expansion in human nature, is certainly to encourage that letting loose of the individual imagination, without any restraint from the sense of a man’s own weakness, about which Burke would throw the bulwark of the restrictive social imagination.*

But that is by the way. The striking fact is that no one should be more sensitive than Morley to the actual outcome of these principles in character, yet that he should so entirely overlook the nexus of cause and effect. Of Rousseau’s personal weaknesses he was an unsparing critic; he has written of them in the spirit of Burke and of an English gentleman. Theoretically, too, he knows that such fine emotional words as “truth, right, and general good,” if allowed to usurp the place of plain thinking, may be nothing more than a cloak for factious malignity; he can praise Bishop Butler for “the solid distinction of never shutting his eyes to dark facts in human life and history.” Yet one might suppose, for anything said in the *Recollections*, that there is no connection between

* It may occur to the reader that Burke’s fear of the unrestrained individual imagination is not compatible with Mill’s fear of the leveling force of democracy. If there is any contradiction here it is only apparant and can be easily explained away. But this is not a sociological essay.

Rousseau's theory of natural goodness, and that lack of personal reticence in speech and conduct which make his character so repulsive. And in his political course, again as reflected in the *Recollections*, Morley is content to reiterate his confidence in the British workman as a being whose desires will instinctively limit themselves without any outer control, as if here the "dark facts" of selfishness did not exist. "My faith," he writes in a letter after the Kaiser's visit to London, "in the political prudence of our democracy is unshaken, and I don't wonder that the German Emperor should have wished that his men of that kidney were half as sensible." It is probable that Lord Morley, in his present retirement, has changed his opinion somewhat in respect to William, and does not now, as he did in 1907, when cajoled by that monarch's table talk, regard the Imperial Government as solely intent on preserving "a little decent calm all over Europe." One wonders whether he has seen a light also in respect to the possible greed of a class of men who find the way open to grasp at unlimited political power. Will it occur to him that in the one case as in the other, in the Pan-Germanism of Berlin as in the programme of British Radicalism, there is at work the same law of untrammelled expansiveness, and that there may be some peril in following the electric thrill of freer feeling as a force beautiful and ennobling in itself, whatever may be the accompanying views of life, religion, and government. Long ago the first Marquess of Halifax, who had learnt much in the hard school of revolution, discovered that "the greatest part of the business of the world is the effect of not thinking." How far is the business of the world to-day the result of feeling without thinking?

I must say again, and emphatically, that I am not writing a political treatise, nor am I attempting to weigh the good and evil of Liberalism in general. My task is the humbler one of trying to analyse the character of a particular Liberal. Here before us lies his autobiography:

it is a life replete with charm, most of what was best in the literature of the day is reflected in it, and much of the culture of antiquity; the traditional graces of society give it lustre, and it is actuated by a steady and unselfish purpose; yet what is the conclusion? At the end of the record, as a kind of epilogue, the statesman who had played a part in the social changes of an epoch, describes a walk in a Surrey upland with little Eileen, a four-footed favorite, and these are the closing words:

A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges. Has not your school — the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest — held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? *Circumspice*. Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie.

Now and then I paused as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend squat on her haunches, looking wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysicians. So to my home in the falling daylight.

I am not wrong, I think, in being disconcerted by such a conclusion to such a record. Is all our intelligence and all our aspiration after the truth no more than the wistful and aimless searching of a dog? I believe that no man is justified in laying his hand on the complicated fabric of society until he has a surer sense of direction than this; and I am tempted to ask whether the Witches' Sabbath into which we have reeled may not be the natural goal of a world divided between those who follow the instinct of expansion without feeling, and those who follow the same instinct without thinking. If British statesmen

like Lord Morley and Sir Edward Gray and British scholars like Gilbert Murray had not been so steeped in the illusion of human righteousness as to discredit the possibility of war, would this present war have occurred? It may be unfair to drag in these stupendous issues when criticising the work of one who was, after all, a minor figure in the politics of the day; but Lord Morley is a type. And waiving these considerations, there is still the uncomfortable fact that Lord Morley seems never to have reflected seriously — never, at least, until too late — on the ambiguous position of a statesman who accepted the ungrudged gifts of a culture and a society which all the while he was deliberately undermining. Such action bears at least the semblance of ingratitude. And if it is the ingratitude born of magnanimous sympathy for the less fortunate, one must still ask whether sympathy, unbalanced by clear understanding of human nature and uncontrolled by the larger imagination, may not be found in the end on the side of the destructive rather than the constructive forces of civilization. These disturbing doubts, despite our admiration for Lord Morley, will arise in regard to the special form of utilitarian Liberalism which he took from Mill, without Mill's anxiety; they bring to mind the strong words of Leopardi:

Stolta, che l'util chiede,
E inutile la vita
Quindi più sempre divenir non vede.*

* *Il Pensiero Dominante*; "Blind! that demands the useful, and sees not that ever thence life becomes more useless."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TRAINING CAMP

HIS great opportunity seemed to have come with the creation of the training camp for aspirants to membership in the Officers' Reserve Corps. Here was the way out for John Doe, the young professor, a door of escape from all the petty futilities that had long fretted his soul. Here was the chance to be a man among men. For him there should be no more teaching silly freshmen how to spell and punctuate, how to describe a tea garden or how to expound the principle of the single tax in orderly paragraphs. There should be no more repolishing, at the required calendar time, of one's expected enthusiasm over the life and works of Goldsmith, no more meretriciously clever talk about sex problems in contemporary drama. The Officers' Reserve Corps meant a new world, as glorious as new, a world of action, of stir and conflict and achievement. The President's declaration of a state of war had brought the great emergency. Here was the great opportunity for the mere academic parasite to meet the emergency and to live in the sun.

Already much talk had flowed among the members of the faculty, some of it hot and most of it entertainingly unintelligent, concerning what should be the place of the university in national defence, and especially concerning what should be the proper function of the individual members of the teaching staff in the conduct of the war. It looked as if the medical men, the chemists, the engineers, and (for some vague reason persistently baffling to the understanding of John Doe) the geologists must all be tremendously important to the country in their respective fields of knowledge. Also there were, of course, those to whom the work of the Quartermaster's department seemed best adapted. But to the mind of young Professor Doe

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there was hardly anything better than the most odious pusillanimity in the safe remoteness of all these ready colleagues of his from the thick of the clash of arms. The Officers' Reserve Corps meant ultimately carrying a weapon and looking straight into the bloodshot eye of the desperate enemy.

Furthermore, the announcements concerning the camp seemed to promise something genuinely democratic, even though selectively so. There would be a wide range in age, in social rank, and in the occupations from which the members came. No privileges should be asked, no favors granted. There should be a careful erasure of distinctions, and this involved one of the mysteries of democracy that had long tantalized the intellectual curiosity of John Doe.

So he jerked back his shoulders, lifted his chin, filled his chest, and quickened his stride, his eyes bright and his nervous system full of initial military thrills.

The first shock of surprise and the first lesson in democracy came with the physical examination to which he with all other candidates for the camp must submit. Nakedness in the presence of strangers was something a little too coldly direct, too vulgar. A professor is certainly not used to *intellectual* nakedness, he who must have learned so well, in order to be a professor, how to conceal as well as to adorn his intellectual self with words. And physical nudity is a state normally confined to the shower-room at the club or the bath-room at home. But here John Doe, when clothed a man of some dignity in society, must stand bare and undignified in the presence of other candidates, some of whom, though they might be only of middle class breeding, might have no knowledge whatever of contemporary drama, and might have forgotten even some of their elementary grammar in the press of the real things of life, had bodies superb in stature and proportion, and must glance with a touch of scornful pity at his own till now undiscovered and negli-

gible leanness. Besides, the examining physicians asked him very intimate questions, and required him to jump about and to put himself into very ludicrous postures. All this as a means to determining fitness, and without the slightest distinction of intellectual or social station.

The next shock came when the professor, now denominated a "student," found himself in barracks among his "bunkies." Knowing the general published requirements of successful applicants for admission to the camp, he had supposed that most of his associates would be persons of gentlemanly instincts, of reasonably mature and gentlemanly behavior. Most of them were indeed men answering to this description. But the others! Well, Professor Doe would keenly resent having himself looked upon as a Galahad, and yet it did turn his stomach to breathe the air vitiated by steady jets of profane and obscene language, most of it too utterly crude — that was the main trouble, perhaps — and barren of that salty tang of picturesqueness which can make almost anything at least tolerable to a man of literary likings. One's "bunkie," right there in the next cot, cannot be escaped and cannot be ignored. If he happens to be very racial, or very loud, or plays a mouth-organ, or sings unsavory ballads, or has no taste at all, or no tact, or sleeps with his mouth open, or is in any other way obnoxious to a person of academic refinement, he must be endured — and endured all day and all week and perhaps much longer than that. This fact supplied Professor Doe with further observations for his notebook on phases of democracy.

But there was another condition much more difficult for a man like the professor to accept than that of mental and moral crudity. Most of the aspirants to commissions in the National Army with whom the enlightened Mr. Doe was able to converse knew much more about insignia of rank and the best kind of leather leggins than about the causes and the history of the war. Louvain was but an unfamiliar sound to some, and no one in the professor's

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squad room had the dimmest notion as to what a Junker might be. The opportunity to win a commission was the great opportunity for all, but to many it was the opportunity for stirring hazard, or prestige, or command — nothing else. The fire of conviction concerning the rights of free peoples burned not fiercely in many breasts — a fact that for the first two or three nights kept the professor awake half an hour or so after “Lights Out” at nine-thirty. By the fourth night no facts, no pranks of the natural clowns among his fellows, no excesses of the obscene could have kept the professor awake. The weariness of muscles tried by drill is a great leveller, and a great anodyne.

The spirit of drill was in the air from the very first morning, the first five-thirty reveille, when it was necessary to stand in ranks at attention, in the “position of a soldier,” not later than ten minutes after being roused by the bugle from very sound slumber. But the actual strict marching, wheeling, halting, and marching again, all in the smart cadence prescribed by the Infantry Drill Regulations and almost religiously enforced by the Regular Army officer in charge, did not begin until each man was equipped with rifle and pack.

Now to the blandly experienced reader these words, “rifle” and “pack,” may bring no thrill of suggestion or recollection. But to John Doe that pack, with cartridge-belt and canteen and meat-can and condiment-can and other items, as issued him unassembled by the Ordnance Officer, was for a sweaty half hour one of the most insoluble problems he had ever tackled. And that gun gave him tingles of excitement brand new in his sober experience. Never before had he had a real gun in his hands. The nearest he had ever come was when as a boy he used to place carefully at his bed’s head a very rusty old musket, a relic of the Revolutionary War, as a safeguard against surprise by the always possible pirates and other cut-throats vivid to the inner eye of youth. Further, this was not only a gun, but a gun that required to be cleaned,

and an army rifle, as issued by the Ordnance Officer, is one of the very greasiest things in the world of mechanical contrivances. Also, it required to have all its parts learned, their names and their uses — a task comparable in difficulty with learning the elements of English prosody. When the professor had contrived at length to get his bolt apart, to get the “striker” off the “firing pin” without shooting it into the diaphragm of somebody across the squad room, and to get all the parts together again so that they would stay there and fit into the bolt’s vitally important place in the rifle, he felt as proud as on the day when he had climbed Mt. Whitney. It didn’t occur to him that this fascinating object was an instrument of death. It seemed a thing of life — and the ability to expound its design seemed vastly more desirable than the ability to expound, for instance, the aspects of romanticism in the poetry of Mr. Yeats. At last he was putting hand and mind to something *useful*.

The real test of his mastery came with Inspection, the regular event of Saturday morning. Army officers differ in their ways of conducting the weekly inspection. Some are savage and meticulous, and the professor’s commanding officer was of that order. It was a month before John Doe could keep his apprehensive heart-beats from violently (and as it seemed to him, visibly) jarring his whole frame as the officer came down the line. It was a month before he could rid that gun of every microscopic particle of dust and oil which the eye of the officer was ever uncannily alert to discover. Besides, his hat brim must always be exactly parallel with the ground, all his buttons must be present and buttoned, his shoes and leggins must be as spotless as soap and water and elbow energy could make them, and his toes must be turned out at an angle of forty-five degrees. Being not more than five feet seven in height, Mr. Doe found himself near the left of the company, that is, near that end of the line to be reached last by the inspector. And the consequence of this fact

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was that he must sometimes stand for as much as thirty-five minutes in a position of virtually *absolute correctness*. To the complacent reader this thirty-five minutes may seem trifling enough, but more than one stalwart votary of modern Mars has swooned under the ordeal.

The apparent expectation of the army is that every man in it shall be capable of passing a perfect inspection every time — which, the professor soon came to believe, is a very creditably aristocratic ideal for a democratic organization.

Correctness and precision are, however, static ideals at inspection, and concern chiefly the individual. At drill the individual is a member of a larger unit — rather, of several units, and must move correctly and precisely as one inseparable from and essential to others. The movement executed at the command, "Squads Right," appears simple enough to the untrained and uncritical onlooker. But when it is known that Number One of the front rank must, after having faced to the right in marching, mark time until Number Four has come into line with him, and that Number Three of the rear rank marches three paces straight to the front before turning to the right, while Numbers One and Two follow him in file, it is clear that even this most common and rudimentary movement has in it some dignity of exactness. Every member of the squad has his particular part to play in making a perfect squad movement. But it is the squad leader, the corporal, who must carry responsibility as well as a gun on his shoulder.

The professor, in his capacity as a "student," automatically became in the third week the leader of his squad. In the army itself one does not attain the distinction of a corporalship until his company commander deems him fit for promotion. But no rightful corporal could feel his significance more profoundly than John Doe felt the military exhilaration of his temporary squad leadership. There is a time when the squad leader must, at precisely the

right moment, open his mouth and command, "Right Turn, March," "Squad, Halt," "Right Dress," and all in proper cadence. (Never forget cadence in the presence of a Regular Army officer.) There are times when he must open his mouth and command other things, and if he gets any of these occasions and commands confused, he must expect to suffer the ridicule of his fellow soldiers and a "bawling-out" from his commanding officer. The professor began to realize something of the rewards and burdens appertaining to those who demonstrate superior fitness in a world of military organization.

Drill ultimately involved keener realization of these things. There came a day when Student Doe must act as Guide and march alone at the head of the company — in proper cadence and with proper stride. Later he must be a Platoon Leader, that is, a sergeant or a lieutenant, and be quick enough to shout "Right Turn" (not "Squads Right" or any other preposterous thing), as soon as the captain commanded, "On Right into Line." Then finally came the day full of tremulous pride when Student Doe must perform all the functions belonging to the acting company commander. The first thing after mess and chores in the morning he must direct the physical drill — and this although there were in the company men who could have picked him up with one hand and spun him on his head. Throughout the day he must give commands for all sorts of performances, bringing his voice up every time from his abdomen, never from his throat, and assuming always as leonine and martial a bearing as his five feet seven, a hundred and forty pounds, and spectacled nose could achieve. There was something much more exacting, he felt, about this than about suavely discoursing before a class of young ladies and gentlemen on the critical austerity of Matthew Arnold.

But the next day after being captain the professor was in the ranks again, probably Number Two in the rear rank, with no obligations heavier than that of correctly

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following Number Three in "Squads Right," that of carrying his gun on his shoulder without canting it, and that of not talking when the command was "At Ease."

(One may talk only when the command is "Rest.") Of course such abrupt elevations and reductions in rank do not obtain in the regularly constituted military organization. But the training camp was a place where the first might be last and the last first any day. Your squad leader might be in civil life a railway brakeman, the man next you in line a judge, your platoon leader a rich man's idle son, and your captain — yes, actually — a former bartender. It was an ideal of the camp, not quite realizable, that every member should by the end have had a taste of all the primary military functions.

"Policing," the professor learned, is one of these primary military functions. Such police duty as swabbing out barracks on the morning of inspection can hardly be worse than a bore and for a time or two may be even a bit entertaining to one whose hands have never before pushed a mop. There is cause for pride in knowing how to do even so inglorious a thing in the right way. Also this exercise not unpleasantly intensifies one's secret scorn for the men who are serving the government in ways undisturbedly distant from the firing line. But when, *horribile dictu*, policing involves the bare-handed removal of all traces of those who use tobacco in its various forms (especially if one be himself nothing more uncleanly than a decent pipe-smoker), and the performance of certain other duties connected with the maintenance of sanitary conditions where men, through mob psychology or whatever it may be, revert to brutish ways, one's gorge does rise. On several occasions Student Doe's gorge rose sufficiently to make him wonder whether that phase of democracy expressed in universal military service might not be of debatable practicability. He murmured not, however. For his soul was full of hope that he would be an officer by-and-

bye, and policing is one of the necessary duties incident only to the life of the lowly private.

Police chores, certainly, and even close order drill have no obviously direct connection with the means to vanquishing the nation's and Humanity's foes. It was partly in the studies set, partly in the various field exercises belonging to the general scope of "extended order," that the professor began to be aware of his initiation into the science of war. There was one book, prescribed for careful reading, over which Mr. Doe, despite his professionally trained patience with mere sober textbooks, could not have stayed awake, had it not been for his military conscience. This was *Army Regulations*, which for the ingenious tying up of rules, procedures, and specifications in cumbersome bundles of tape must be unsurpassed. Another of the prescribed books, the *Manual of Courts-Martial*, troubled the professor's mental digestion not so much by any inherent difficulty as by the hugeness of the doses in which it had to be swallowed, and by the shock to his consciousness caused by the revelation of the variety and the character of the crimes that can be committed by members of the Army of the United States. The books most enlivening to the imagination were *Small Problems for Infantry* and *Minor Tactics*, the latter a somewhat more "advanced" and complex continuation of the former. The solutions of the divers problems of tactical operations herein presented were set forth as made by imaginary persons, ranging in rank from mere Private X, sent out as a connecting file, to Colonel A, gravely deliberative with the many reins of responsibility in his hands. But one solver of problems loomed more conspicuously and more enviably infallible than all the rest, one Sergeant Hill — so much so, indeed, that the professor, as he followed the actions and the mental processes of this most excellent tactician, could not refrain from spinning in his imagination regaling yarns about a hero (himself) quite in the best style of the in-

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comparable Henty. The immense literary possibilities suggested in colorful perspective by the one sentence, "Major B galloped up and viewed the scene," were quite too distracting from the bare tactical problem involved.

In general the more entertaining lessons were to be learned outside of books. Signalling by semaphore and wigwag was as good as playing a game. If you practised sending and receiving with a man of some curiosity and inventiveness you might easily fabricate a stirring train of alarms and excursions, or you might quote a poet or recall a period of sonorous seventeenth century English prose. Further, if you attained excellence in the use of the flags, you might be sent out to a knoll several hundred yards from the company, with orders to send messages as a test for your fellows, and certainly on a bright breezy day there was something of the thrill of real action about this.

Signalling was easy. Military sketching, which drew upon far less ready faculties, gave the professor some concern. His pencil had been used to spending itself on errors in students' themes, or at best on correcting the proofs of a contribution to intensive literary judgment. At such tasks it moved with speed and assurance. But the pencil that he now applied to the drawing board moved only with the timidity of helpless ineptitude. He was dismayed to realize, first, that every spirited officer ought to be able, in an hour or two of perilous reconnoitering under the guns of an eagle-eyed enemy, to make an accurately contoured map of that enemy's terrain, and second, that his, John Doe's, capacity for drawing a line of the right length in the right direction at the right place was no higher than his capacity for doing a problem in the integral calculus. It was humiliating, too, on looking over the shoulders of his fellow students to see how inexplicably adept at so scientific and artistic an undertaking as *panoramic* sketching were certain persons whom hitherto he had half-consciously been holding in general intellectual contempt.

Both sketching and signalling are closely related to "field work," but they are in the nature of frills for the individual to cultivate, and field work is a kind of activity in which the individual is lost in the larger unit. If, however, one be privileged to hold some place of command, he is also significant as an individual, and if he makes a blunder, no matter how seemingly trivial, he finds himself suddenly perched into horrible isolation, conspicuous to all the world — and especially to the commanding officer. Student Doe enjoyed being a squad leader when the company went forth to simulate battle. To be quick in deploying his men, to be watchful of how they carried their pieces, how they set their sights, how they aimed, and how they locked their guns before making a rush — this was all very agreeably flattering to one's sense of growing fitness. It is easy to convince oneself that the difference between being a good corporal and a good colonel is one of degree, not of kind. But when one is a platoon leader he must watch his captain, *take* orders quickly and accurately, *give* orders with corresponding dispatch, make sure that these orders are properly received and communicated by his corporals, indicate targets, sectors, and objectives, regulate fire, advance (himself spiritedly in the lead) or retire at exactly the right time in exactly the right way — and all this with imagination alert to conceive the enemy, his strength, his position, his movements, and his intentions, and to effect his signal defeat.

To Student Doe, being a platoon leader was tremendously exciting — so much so that he lusted after greater excitement, which was denied him. When the company (of nearly two hundred men) was assumed to be a battalion and was divided into three or four companies, for field work of a larger scope and more complicated order, each company must, of course, have its captain. The professor yearned to be a captain. But neither the honor nor the embarrassment of it was he permitted to taste.

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His luck was usually to be a mere private, and worst of all, a private in the "support." The support lurks somewhere in a very cold place or a very hot one or a very dirty one, and waits for action, waits long, empty hours, perhaps, for the one crucial moment. This is one of the hardest lessons in military tactics — learning to wait.

Field work comes pretty near being the real thing. When, after much company manoeuvring into position, you deploy at a run, fling yourself prone in the nearest tall grass, wriggle forward with the line, fix a cold eye on the target, set your sight with sinister precision, aim with deadly accuracy, and squeeze your trigger with grim confidence — if you are gifted with any imagination you are having a good time. But the first experience of the real thing that thrilled John Doe to his marrow was the actual firing of his gun on the range. Remember that the professor had never been a mighty hunter, had never fired a gun big enough to kill a sparrow. And now he was handed three "clips" of real man-piercing cartridges, which he must fire from a weapon weighing nearly ten pounds, with intent to hit a target two hundred yards away. Five cartridges must be fired from the sitting position, five kneeling, five standing. Day after day at the barracks he had been taught how to adjust his sling, how to raise his piece into position, how to sight on the target, how to squeeze the trigger — all the details of perfect simulation. Now he must justify the long preparation by reasonably respectable performance.

He began his firing of the initial fifteen cartridges with quivering nerves. He ended it with nerves as steady as a veteran's (or so he fancied), and with a passionate desire to keep on firing until his shoulder and the liberality of the Ordnance department had been completely used up. There was nothing very remarkable about his score, to be sure. But he was getting his grip, he was getting his "eye," and he already had the righteously glorious sense of being able, with plain good luck, and within a range of

two hundred yards, to *kill* a foe to human liberty and the rights of small nations. His dreams that night were somewhat extravagant. Of those made widows and orphans by his terrible hand there was no end.

On the succeeding days at the range there were more ambitious things to do, with correspondingly larger satisfactions attached. When he discovered that he had made a bull's-eye at five hundred yards, and another at six hundred yards, and that he had won a word of unquestionably sincere praise from his coach at the rapid fire, at which it was necessary to take position, load and fire two clips within two minutes, the professor felt quite ready for the trenches. As a matter of severe fact, his general performance at the range was not a whit better than the average. There were a few unfortunates in the company whose shooting would have been hooted at by small boys. But there were many who were quite justified by their own records in being snobbishly contemptuous of such mediocre achievements as Student Doe's. There were plenty of marksmen and expert riflemen who drew long faces, swore sullenly, and produced lengthy, hyper-technical explanations of their present "bad form" when they found that they had made a score of say only ninety per cent. But the presence of these militarily valuable persons, none of whom, probably, could have stated one fact concerning the history of Poland or pronounced the name Rheims, could do little to dampen the professor's elation. He had fired a real gun, and had hit something for present purposes worth hitting. If, then, in a democratic organization you give a man of unknown capabilities something difficult to do, and he does it with some degree of sufficiency, you have increased both his potential value and his potential danger to society.

Other phases of the real thing soon followed the activities of the rifle range. One day the company was marched out to a windy hill where model trenches, hundreds of yards of them, complete and complicated in design, had

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been dug by soldiers of the Regular Army under the direction of a studious and enthusiastic officer fresh from a tour of the battle front in France. Student Doe felt a pang of regret that he had not had a share in the construction of these fascinating duplicates of the scenes of fighting. But his disappointment was short-lived. A few days later the company was set to work — somewhat in playschool fashion, to be sure — at various little tasks in the construction of other trenches. The professor's squad had as its assignment the digging of a section of a communication trench (full of suggestions of "liaison"), and the professor took his turns at spade and mattock. Another day his squad was busy with the erection of a barbed wire entanglement. On both occasions he was brought rather dismally to the realization that, despite the best will in the world, he lacked the plain physical stamina and the plain practical understanding requisite to such work as must be done by the common soldier. Perhaps many months of persistent effort would teach and harden him. Perhaps as an officer he would be spared the heavy physical output, even if not the shrewd and ingenious devising of means to ends. At any rate, he envied the well muscled and mechanically intelligent men who could do the things that broke his back and tried his wits. No longer could he nurse any self-satisfied contempt for their ignorance of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

It was the real thing again with the bayonet. Mere bayonet drill was no better than Squads Right or the physical exercise that started the day. But when the company was marched to attack the dummies, constructed, evidently by men of humor as well as ingenuity, for the instruction (and one might almost dare to say, the diversion) of the men, it seemed that the flesh-and-blood enemy could no longer be far away. With regard to the stationary dummies, the professor could not escape suffering a qualm or two at the first few assaults, because of the utterly helpless non-resistance of his victims. But the

moving dummies, those worked into a violent frenzy by the ropes and pulleys attached to them, roused the professor to his best efforts of pitiless combat. In fact, one *must* fight these moving dummies, with their crazy arms thrashing the air, to keep himself from the grotesquely ironical humiliation of being knocked heels over head. It must be noted, however, that the fighting, whether of stationary or moving dummies, must be scientifically done. Small circles had been marked on the stuffed sacks, indicating the general locality of the throat, the stomach, and other vital regions, and it was into these circles that one must endeavor to thrust his death-dealing weapon. If one fought his dummy with strict imaginative conscientiousness, he was bound to regard himself as at least sorely wounded by his adversary every time that he lunged or thrust without hitting a circle. It was in such an attitude that Student Doe pursued his bayonet exercise, thus undoubtedly deriving from it much moral as well as physical benefit.

A refinement on this relatively simple form of bayonet practice consisted in the charging of a trench full of dummies postured like soldiers at bay. The game was to spring from another trench a hundred yards distant, to advance very coolly at double time two thirds of the intervening space, then to rush forward at top speed, leaping over a barbed wire entanglement and over a first trench, supposedly abandoned by its defenders, and then, with climactic gusto, to attack the last trench, bayoneting the dummies therein with all the thoroughness of finality. There was a stimulating touch of lifelikeness — or deathlikeness — in the fact that the dummies had been attacked so many times by previous classes of bayoneteers that their stuffing was already bursting from many great wounds.

The first time that the professor engaged in this sport he enjoyed it hugely. The second time, it suddenly occurred to him that he was rehearsing one of the most

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savage and utterly terrible forms of warfare, and his heart went sick. This was very nearly the real thing. But he discerned no pallor of dread in the faces of his fellows.

Practice in throwing grenades was another feature of the program of preparation for the work of training the National Army, and the professor hoped that there might be at least some realistically simulated resistance to gas attacks. But this last phase of contemporary warfare, like many others, had to be taught solely by lectures. Such very interesting subjects as the use of the first-aid packet, the estimating of ranges, and all the technical particulars of fire control could under the circumstances be treated in nothing better than the dull schoolroom fashion already too long familiar to the professor. The only very important branch of the science of war that remained for practical demonstration was that of the all-day march, with full packs, and the pitching of shelter-tents, as if for the night, at some stopping-place on the way.

It was in this tent-pitching that Mr. Doe had his most disagreeable taste of the democratic associations belonging to the military life. Each soldier in a company — as the reader may need to be instructed — carries in his pack a "shelter-half." When the company forms for setting up the tents, each front rank man and his rear rank man proceed, in the prescribed manner, to fit their halves together. Each man has his own specific duties to perform in the process, but the two must be complementary in all they do. Finally, the tent pitched, they must share it, and as its size has been reduced, for various military reasons, to the smallest practicable dimensions, this sharing involves a very high degree of inescapable intimacy. Now it happened that John Doe's rear rank man was a person of very deficient education, and very bad taste, and very odious personal habits. He had had experience in the army (so that he was always volunteering instruction about things), he was clever at construct-

ing barbed wire obstacles, he threw grenades with deadly aim — and all that. But the fact remained that he was extremely unpleasant as a companion in a shelter-tent, and this fact, while it made the professor hate himself a bit, kept him from being as good a soldier as he wished to be.

The marching was great fun. One had an absurdly agreeable sense that he was being of some use in the world because he was marching, and with full pack — blanket, poncho, shelter-half, mess-kit, intrenching tool, toilet articles, and of course rifle, cartridge-belt, bayonet, and canteen. After a mile or so, almost everybody in ranks, except the temperamentally sullen or sodden, was cheerful, and there was much jesting and singing. Some wag would render an astonishingly picturesque (and, under most other circumstances, shockingly indelicate) song about mountaineers with shaggy ears, or some such matter, which presently all the marchers in his vicinity would be taking up. Sentimental songs about a little old red shawl or down in the dear old apple orchard varied the tone and character of the selections. And under the circumstances the professor enjoyed these crude renderings quite as much, he thought, as ever he had relished Brahms or Schumann. In fact, the lustiness with which his own voice joined in them quite surprised him. Democratic closeness of touch on the march presented no difficulties whatever.

After this there remained little to be learned at the camp. But towards the end of the training period the Regular Army officers in charge began to practise the men frequently in a form of military expression from which Student Doe found himself capable of deriving little other than amusement. This was the parade — first, battalion parade, and then finally a very grand regimental parade of the entire camp. But whenever the men stood at Present Arms while the colors were lowered and the band played the National Anthem, John Doe did feel a real stirring of the soul, and on more than one occasion he

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found to his amazement, but with a deep pride in his heart, that his eyes filled. It was an experience that lifted him suddenly out of his trivial self, above all the disgruntlement that he had felt at some of the inevitable, the essential collisions of the life and associations of the camp. He could even have hugged the odious partner of his tent-pitching. For he realized with a deep poignancy that, in however inept a capacity, he, John Doe, was in the service of his country, and that he was of kin with the founders of the free republic in which he had been born and bred.

From the first it had been understood that not all the members of the training camp would finally be recommended for commissions. At one time or another during the period some of the candidates had resigned, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, and others had been dismissed on account of physical defects discovered in the examination made by the Army surgeons. But it was known that many others must, at the end, submit to the humiliation — or if not quite that, at least the bitter disappointment — of honorable discharge, on the ground that they had not demonstrated as much efficiency or compatibility or military promise as the War Department expected of those who should be entitled to officerships in the National Army. There was much frowning of brows, much guessing and hoping and fearing over this. One anxious day slowly or swiftly followed another, till at last the fatal morning arrived. The commanding officer came forth, his mouth grim and his voice hard, to read the list of those who should return their equipment to the Ordnance department, receive their pay, and resume their civil status in society.

In the professor's company, the list was read at reveille, five-thirty, on the foggiest, darkest, most dismal morning of the training period. The names were arranged alphabetically. It was not long before the blow fell. John Doe was among those rejected!

His first impulse was of anger. He wanted to swear — more horribly than anybody had ever sworn before. He wanted to fight somebody barehanded. Then he was ready to weep. He clutched his gun as if it had been an only child. He wished a sudden onslaught of the nation's enemies might be precipitated upon the camp, that he might spring forward and with terrific bayonet lunges prove his fitness to lead troops into action. He wished he might be sent out, right then and there, to engage in single combat with some chosen champion of the enemy, that thus he might demonstrate his ability to win or die. He was the most wretched of men.

Can he ever now pat Quentin Durward on the back? Can he ever swagger with D'Artagnan again? Can he ever laugh with Hal, or dare to cast a jibe at Ancient Pistol? Why, even Jim Hawkins would cut him dead, and round-eyed Peterkin would ask him no wondering questions. Alas, he would have worn well his olive drab. But the democratic organization of the army of America is no respecter of persons, and the man of rigid intellectual training may still lack that indispensable something which makes the leader of fighting men.

“HALF SOLES”

AS soon as the flimsy door slammed behind me, I knew that I had been cheated. My shoe had been leaking, and let the slush up through: so I had turned into a doorway beneath the sign “Modern Shoe Repairing Co.” I unlaced my shoes and pushed them across the counter at the back of a workman ranged at one of the rows of machines which whirred and clattered down the length of the place.

“Half Soles,” I shouted at him. He nodded briefly, shoved the shoes at his machine and threw over a lever. Shafts whirled, belts groaned, and with great clatter and fuss, the shoes spun about as if of their own accord. A rat-tat-tat of a hammer, and they were tossed back to me, not only soled but polished in addition, and the charge was modest. But just the same, as I said, I felt cheated. For at the smell of the leather my memory snapped back to the deliberations of the village senate which accompanied a job of cobbling in my youth.

Next door to the postoffice stood a double store building with a centre entrance. After the village breakfast hour a procession of older men straggled into the post-office, and from there to this double building, where a few turned in at the door marked D. Humphrey, Justice of the Peace. By far the larger number, however, opened the door before which leaned a boot-shaped wooden sign, with a boot and lace shoe painted on it, and the further information, “C. Church, Repairing my Specialty.”

Inside they gathered about the pot-bellied stove, red-hot in winter, and in summer an ample receptacle for tobacco juice, an easy target even at long range. The chairs were a decrepit and ancient collection, mostly with rounded backs which sloped abruptly down to slim arms at the sides, repaired with wires and bits of sole leather.

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Then Spence Summers, who took the city paper, would open it ceremoniously, and say: "Now if James G. Blaine was president —" and the daily symposium was open. Pretty soon, as the arguments warmed up, those who had at first gone into Justice Humphrey's filtered over one at a time. For the atmosphere at the Justice's, while more erudite, was too reminiscent for much geniality, of line-fence disputes, sheep-killing dogs, and an occasional "bound over to keep the peace." Then too there was an authority invested in the yellow-backed law books, which precluded too positive a statement of opinion. So, sooner or later, they all went across the hall to the shoe-shop, even the Justice himself tagging in after a grumpy half-hour alone.

My earliest remembrance of this village forum is of a Saturday in early fall, when my father took me there for a pair of shoes. Where my shoes had come from before this, I do not remember, nor is it of any account: for these particular shoes marked an epoch.

Charley Church laid down his lap-stone, took off his leather apron, and straightened up from his low bench to become a merchant — temporarily. He peered among his little stock of boxes, and pulled out two or three whose labels were already yellowing, and fitted the heavy black little shoes, square-toed and stiff, on my feet. "Step down in 'em and see if they be big enough," he ordered, so I stamped up and down the strip of carpet valorously.

Then my father took me to Rowley's book-store, where he bought me a slate and *McGuffey's First Reader*. The next Monday I started to school and entered upon the world of men, which I was to learn centered at Church's Shoe Shop.

Each fall, from year to year, we made this trip to Church's, with changes as I grew older. A different *McGuffey's Reader* — I remember particularly the one which opened with a picture of the contented family seated about

the fireside after supper, with the basket of apples on the table — father reading, mother mending and the cat presumably purring. There was a story too, of the cat that carried her kittens by the scruffs of their necks from one place of safety to another. And the most thrilling one about an adventurous family surnamed “Rose.” This struck me at once as an absurd name for a whole family, but their escapade was worth chronicling. For they all went out in a rowboat propelled by Mr. Rose, and through the misadventure of Fannie Rose, who was the villain in the piece, tipped over and nearly drowned. I always felt that their rescue was but a sop to our sentiments. The family must have been wiped out, for I knew no others of their name.

As the years went on there was an occasional *White's Arithmetic* or a *Geography and Atlas of the World*; but the program so far as the shoes were concerned never varied. I stamped about each time to make sure that they were big enough, while Charley would say: “That boy do grow, my, my!” Then my father would reach way down in his trouser pockets, and pull out his worn purse, take out two silver dollars, sigh patiently, and lead me out clomping along in my new shoes.

The first few Sundays it was a joy to shine them with the curved handled shoe-brush with its little round brush for the blacking on the top, and the box of “T. M.” blacking that smelled like licorice candy, and got under my fingernails. But after a few fall snows when, to take out the stiffness, my shoes had been rubbed with hot tallow and put back of the stove, I could work away with the old brush until I rapped my ankles sore, without getting a gloss.

Before Christmas time the soles would be worn to a dangerous thinness, and some Saturday morning when I particularly wanted to try the skating on the bayou, I would be sent whining and protesting to Charley's, to have my shoes “tapped.” Charley would hold them up

one at a time, and inspect them sympathetically, and run his tarred fingers through his hair, whistle softly, and shake his head as if he hated to see his merchandise come to such an untimely end.

While I would point out to him the advantages of a new sole that should be thick and stick out far on the sides for my skate clamps, he would fill his mouth with nails and set to work. Then with my stockinged feet braced against the stove fender, I would look disconsolately out at my wasted Saturday racing by.

A team of heavy horses steamed slowly by, pulling a long pair of bobs loaded with logs for the sawmill, and a crowd of boys, their skates clinking at the end of straps, swarmed over it. While I watched this dimly out of the depths of my gloom, my subconscious mind was soaking up the discussions of current history that were going on about me. Children in those days were emphatically to be seen and not heard: so I remember the things that were said better than those who said them would, for each man was merely waiting for his chance to talk.

Most likely it was about politics or the war, for the rebellion seemed very recent in those days. The most of the men wore the heavy blue uniform. There were many black campaign hats with service cords, and a few long army overcoats with capes. Whole campaigns were fought over in detail, and the relative merits of Grant and Sherman hotly debated. They all, however, agreed on one point, that the four years of war were fought to free the slaves, though I remember one or two negro families, who lived in the village a month or so, and then moved on again because their life was made so unpleasant.

Two old cronies near the stove with their knees drawn up were usually playing a game of checkers on a battered old board and they threw their remarks like stray faggots into the fire of the argument at hand.

I think Charley Church himself was a veteran, but I never knew it from anything he said. He sat on his low

bench in a hollow rounded-out seat of heavy leather, his legs protected by a leather apron, and an iron foot between his knees. At one side was an old bucket half full of water, in which strips of leather were soaking; on the other, a rack of pegs, nails, thread and wax-ends laid out primly. On one knee was smeared a little lump of wax cut from the big piece on the shelf. He was a big man, and humped his heavy shoulders over his task, and was always running his waxy fingers through his stiff gray hair, which stood at ends as a consequence.

Whether it was a keen regard for the goodwill of all his customers, or because his mouth was full of nails, no matter how hot the debate, he never took part more than to duck his gray head in a silent chuckle. When he was called on as a final arbiter to settle a delicate point at issue, I have watched with anxious dread his Adam's apple bob up and down his long neck, for I was sure he was filling his stomach with nails; then he would say with due deliberation, “Well, I have knowed them as thought different.” This was his invariable reply, and then he would bob his head back to his work, and nothing farther could be got out of him. A diplomat indeed!

It was here that I heard all the bitterness of the James G. Blaine controversy, fresh gall for Spence Summers each time he opened his city paper. “If it aint finally showed that James G. Blaine was elected president, this here republic might as well be ‘Roosia’, was his daily hymn of hate. Then Cleveland's stormy second term and the even stormier “Free Silver campaign.” Few of these local savants knew what “16-to-1” meant, but it had an alluring sound, and they argued on it well.

I had a celluloid campaign button with pictures of McKinley and Hobart on it, that I wore day and night, and from the opinions I picked up at Charley Church's I was sure that the Free Silverites were plotting the ruin of the nation for the benefit of the West.

Political faiths, in those days, were faiths to be fought

for. There was Will Dunbar, for instance, who ran a clothing store. Campaign caps of both parties, with the candidate's names embroidered on them, were sold for boys to wear that summer, and my father took me to Dunbar's store to get me one. But Will only kept those with "Bryan and Sewell" in silver letters across the front. He wouldn't have the others in his place, he said, and talked "Free Silver" to my father for an hour, before we could get away. He finally drove away all but a few of his customers, but he stuck to his principles, "by chowder." He spent all the time he could get away from his store in trying to convert the senate at Charley Church's, and this grew to be more and more as the campaign advanced. But he made small headway against McKinley, "The Major," the old soldiers all called him.

Then there was the murder of Pearl Bryan, the poor little Indiana girl who went down to Cincinnati and fell among thieves, to discuss for months. Uri Sharr always wound up with, "Hanging is too good for them fellers."

Along about maple sugar time, it would be decided by the family council that if my shoes were tapped again and patched a little, "about there, on the side, they'd last the Spring out." So I'd shuffle down through the melting snow, on a Saturday morning, with the warm sun on my back, and meditate on the sticky delights of the sugar camp that I was missing, while Charley tapped the shoes, and put the patch, "about there." "Rubber boots were what a feller ought to have. Yes sir, nice high ones," I would complain to him while he hammered. It was on one of these Saturdays, as I thought mournfully of the ice going out of the river without an audience, that old Ed Heckman tore in, his watery blue eyes popping out of his red face, and gasped the news of the declaration of war with Spain. How the stabled old war horses cheered and whooped at that! My career from then on for a year or more was military.

As the spring days lengthened, the shoe situation be-

came more and more acute. I rebelled against wearing the shoes, and they rebelled against being worn any longer, until the last day of school and their ultimate disintegration arrived simultaneously.

Then the long foot-loose summer, with only a weekly imprisonment of a few Sunday morning hours, and no lost Saturdays at Charley Church's! Of course, I went up now and then to get a leather for my sling-shot, and once he covered a base-ball for me; for he didn't seem busy, with so many boys barefooted.

It was on one of these sleepy summer days that the assembly discussed the first automobile, which had come to town the day before. It was a high rubber-tired buggy, without top or shafts, and under the seat a clattering bunch of machinery, that snorted a puff of steam and pushed the buggy along in a series of jumps at equal intervals. It had raced a horse at the fair grounds the afternoon before. Of course, the horse won, and deep contempt was general toward this new contraption. “Give me a good horse and a light buggy, any day,” preferred Dwight Young, while old Lew Beadle quavered, “How do you pronounce it now, autumbil or automobilly?”

It was shortly after this that my connection with Charley Church's ceased abruptly. I did not realize it at the time, of course, nor did I realize what philosophical avenues I was closing to myself. Like all fine simple things, it was lost by an access of prosperity: for about this time I went to work at my first job, helping in the hardware store. And the first thing I knew I had an extra pair of shoes, an unusual luxury for our village; so when the old ones needed repairing, I could toss them carelessly on the low bench, and say nonchalantly; “Tap 'em, Charley,” and walk out, without the necessity of waiting while the job was being done. And old Charley would shake his head and chuckle between his mouthful of nails, “How that boy is growin' up, My! My!”

PRICE FIXING BY GOVERNMENT

IT is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest." So wrote Adam Smith, a hundred and fifty years ago. So might the Son of Sirach have written, and butchers and bakers are now what they have always been. Of course we have had much denunciation of those who do business from regard to their own interest. It is easy to praise altruism and condemn selfishness. Some writers think to prove their own virtue by displaying horror at the wickedness of their neighbors. Verily, they have their reward. But we may incidentally observe that whoever maintains that Adam Smith meant selfishness when he said interest, is bearing false witness.

What did he mean by saying that men had regard to their own interest? He meant to state the economic laws on which civilization rests. He showed that man is of a little higher growth than the beasts of the fields, a being that looks before and after. He showed that by labor a man could produce a little more than enough to sustain himself and his family, and that if he saved this little, it would enable him to produce more. The desire of man to better his condition — including, of course, the condition of his family — is the force that moves the industrial world. Regard for one's interest is only the expression of this desire; and without this desire, and without this regard, there would be no production beyond that of other animals. There would be no provision for the future; starvation would be the state of all beyond the number who could find sustenance in the meagre supplies provided by unaided nature.

While it is true, as Adam Smith said, that every man desires to better his condition, the proposition must be

qualified. Some men desire to better their condition by getting others to better it for them. They are a burden to society. The more of them there are, the poorer are the rest of us. But the great mass of men propose to better their condition by work. Their interest is essentially more benevolent than selfish. They dread nothing so much as that their children should beg for bread; they will work and scrimp and save until they can accumulate enough to keep the wolf from the door.

This is the meaning of the maxim that capital is the result of saving or abstinence; a proposition that has been much derided by some writers on economics. These writers are thinking of rich bankers and financiers, and it seems absurd to them to speak of abstinence by such men. They fail to consider that the great fund of capital now available is made up of an infinite number of little capitals; savings of many millions of humble workers, filtered out through bank loans and subscriptions to bonds and stocks. Were not these millions of obscure workers steadily engaged in saving, the great capitals would soon melt away. These toiling millions do not spend their time reflecting that they are contributing to the great fund of capital that carries on our modern industry. They do not constantly consider that in their daily work they are providing for the future. They think only of their daily tasks; but all the while they are unconsciously promoting the welfare of their country. They are not professional philanthropists, but they are the practical benefactors of the world.

Let us consider how this ever active principle of regard to their interest causes men to determine the market price of the goods which they produce. Speaking of temporary variations of price, Ricardo observes:—

It is only in consequence of such variations that capital is apportioned precisely, in requisite abundance and no more, to the production of the different commodities which happen to be in demand. . . . In all rich countries there is a number of

men forming what is called the monied class; these men are engaged in no trade, but live on the interest of their money, which is employed in discounting bills, or in loans to the more industrious part of the community. The bankers too employ a large capital on the same objects. The capital so employed forms a circulating capital of a large amount, and is employed, in larger or smaller proportion by the different trades of a country. When we look at the markets of a large town, and observe how regularly they are supplied both with home and foreign commodities, in the quantity in which they are required, under all the circumstances of varying demand, arising from the caprice of taste, or a change in the amount of population, without often producing the effects of a glut from too abundant supply, or an enormously high price from the supply being unequal to the demand, we must confess that the principle which apportions capital to each trade in the precise amount that it is required, is more active than is generally supposed.

There is nothing obsolete in this description. Business is carried on, and prices are fixed to-day as they were when Ricardo wrote. In every trade there are numbers of men who make their living by forecasting prices; they buy to sell again, and their success depends on the accuracy of their forecasts. They have money of their own, but they borrow a great deal.

They are the much-maligned class of speculators: not mere gamblers, who will bet on the price of grain or cotton, as they bet on the horse-races, without knowing much about the conditions; although they may do more good than is commonly supposed. But the regular dealers are great students of supply and demand. They must act with great caution. They are obliged to make up their minds what future prices will be; if they are uncertain, they will keep out of the market, to the embarrassment of both producer and manufacturer. The producer tries to sell his product for as much as he can, and the distributor wants to buy it for as little as he can; and until the speculator is reasonably sure how much the distributor will pay, he will hesitate to buy of the producer.

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“Probability,” said Bishop Butler, “is the guide of life.” But when prices are fixed by law, this guidance is lost. No one can predict what price will be fixed, when it will be fixed, or how long it will stay fixed. The producer cannot make his plans for the coming year, nor can the distributor judge of the quantity that it will be safe for him to contract for. Agriculture is a ticklish business at best; its profits depend on the weather. The farmer must decide for himself what next year’s weather is to be; he must decide in the fall or early spring what crop he will harvest in the summer. He is greatly helped by the judgment of the dealers in grain. But if an arbitrary price may be fixed for next summer’s crop, the dealers will not commit themselves. They are great borrowers of money, and they will not run the risk of ruin. The guide posts are taken away, and neither the farmers nor the dealers know what road to take. The wonderfully constructed machinery of credit will not work. A single tooth broken in a single wheel will interrupt the movement of all the wheels in the machine. Guess-work takes the place of probability; but money is not loaned by guess-work.

Let us consider what is involved in the fixing of prices by law or executive fiat. If an omnipotent and omniscient being were to fix all prices, it is conceivable that the results to the whole community might be advantageous, although many individuals would be ruined. The President of the United States is not such a being, nor is Congress, nor all the great and costly horde of federal and state and city administrators with all their inspectors and subordinates and prosecuting attorneys. There are many kinds of wheat, and many qualities in every kind. There is a standard kind of wheat suitable for standard flour. Much wheat of this kind does not come up to the standard; it is too light or too soft. The proportion of this standard wheat to the whole crop varies much from year to year. If the price of this standard wheat is fixed, the

price of all other wheat is affected. Not only this, but the price of all other grains, and of other food stuffs, is influenced. The price of flour and of bread must be changed, for these prices are regulated by demand and supply. There are varieties of flour and varieties of bread; all are affected. The demand for some will be increased, for others diminished. Many bakers, including the great biscuit companies, must change their scale of prices. If the law or its officer fixes on a standard of bread to be sold at a standard price, some bakers cannot do business at a profit and must suspend; others will make even greater profits than before. Moreover the prices and the production of all other food stuffs will be affected. If bread is cheap people will eat fewer potatoes; if bread is dear they will eat more potatoes, and prices will vary accordingly.

If there is no omniscient being to fix prices, there must be a great many ordinary human beings; some ignorant, some arbitrary, some acting on one theory, some on another, and some on none. It may be possible for the farmers, the dealers, the millers and the bakers to agree on a scale of prices. But by doing so they would engage in an illegal combination of most hideous mien. For years our legislatures, our commissions, our prosecutors and our courts have been trying to crush monopoly, at a frightful expense to the whole community. All this apparatus is still in existence. It is partly paralysed, but its disastrous expense continues. The policy of fixing prices began with the regulation of the business of transportation and other public services. The charges of all concerns engaged in such business were enormously increased, and they were forbidden to increase their income. *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* The terrible decline in the prices of railroad securities, formerly regarded as the safest of investments, has reduced millions of people from comfort to misery. All their expenses have greatly increased; sometimes they have doubled. Now their

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property has been seized by the government, and it is uncertain whether they will get it back; or, if not, what price the government will pay for it. Railroads have deteriorated, terminals have been outgrown, rolling stock has not been increased, and at the most trying crisis in this most frightful war in history, this most vital industry has almost broken down. Railroad credit is gone; no one wants to lend money to a prospective bankrupt. This is a concrete illustration of arbitrary price fixing. The Germans have displayed diabolical ingenuity in hampering our military preparations; but all their machinations have been surpassed in mischief by the blind folly of our own rulers.

The coal famine is a startling illustration of what follows when rulers try to compel their subjects to do business from benevolence. When we went to war it was evident that more coal than usual would be needed, and miners and dealers put up prices to a very high figure. Coal is an absolute necessity. Consumers will pay almost any price rather than go without it, and producers and dealers took advantage of the demand. But the officers of government thought they lacked benevolence, and determined to enforce this virtue. It cannot be denied that the miners showed some willingness to be benevolent. The matter was in the first place taken charge of by Secretary Lane — who seems to have more common sense than the average cabinet officer — and after consulting with men representative of the industry, it was agreed that three dollars a ton was a price at which soft coal could be produced and sold in normal quantities, — although it was then selling for five or six dollars — and the business was not seriously interrupted.

Secretary Baker and Secretary Daniels then appeared in the proceeding, and it was at once decided that the coal miners were not benevolent enough. A price of two dollars a ton instead of three was ordered, and the business was demoralized. Some mines could not be worked on

that basis. Laborers had to be paid very high wages, and were hard to get at that. Many contracts at all sorts of prices were outstanding and had to be completed. There was trouble over transportation. Coal cars were lacking. About half the coal needed by the New England manufacturers, it is said, is usually brought by water. But some officer had seized a number of the tugboats and barges used to carry coal to New England, and the customary supply could not be accumulated there during fair weather. Moreover a number of officers had issued conflicting "priority" orders for expediting their shipments, thus blocking the normal movement of trains, and causing a congestion at terminals that in midwinter, as we know, became disastrous.

Dr. Garfield was made fuel controller on August 24th. He announced that the big dealers, and the "efficient" little dealers, would be supplied "with the coal they needed at the prices which the Government believes will make it possible for the Government to meet all conditions imposed. The public, I am firmly convinced, will get coal at the scale thus fixed." On September 6th, October 6th, October 15th, and October 23d, Dr. Garfield, made similar encouraging statements. He denied on October 6th that there was any shortage of coal in the East, and he declared on October 15th that communities really in need of coal could get it at government prices. On October 23d he announced that in any crisis the government would seize one-tenth of the coal at the mines, for the use of consumers. It was not until October 27th, when the situation became alarming, that Dr. Garfield admitted that the attempt to do business on benevolent principles was a failure, and the price of soft coal was raised to a figure corresponding with market conditions. It has since been several times increased.

It was too late. What had happened meanwhile? In some parts of the country the normal production of coal had been reduced. In many parts the usual stock had

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not been laid in. Some consumers relied on Dr. Garfield's promises, and did not fill their cellars. Some dealers did not accumulate a large supply, for fear it might be seized. Some coal miners did not supply their best coal, but worked their inferior veins. Some coal was not carefully picked over, and gave out little heat, as many householders found out to their ultimate distress. The price of coke was not fixed; it rose to six dollars a ton or more. Now three tons of bituminous coal will produce, approximately, two tons of coke. Three tons of coal, sold for two dollars a ton, brings six dollars. Two tons of coke, sold for six dollars a ton, brings twelve dollars. One must be more than ordinarily benevolent to sell coal at a loss when coke can be sold at such a profit.

Dr. Garfield seems to have meant to favor the consumers of coal at the expense of the producers. He has no doubt caused loss to some producers; but he has caused greater loss to many consumers. The poorest of them have suffered most. They have had to pay very high prices. Some of them could get no coal at any price. They have had to pay great sums for stoves, and gas and oil. Millions of our people depend on kerosene for light and heat. Owing to the great demand for gasolene, kerosene had been cheap. It was almost the only cheap thing consumed by the poor. But the sudden demand for it raised its price, and those who depended on it were thus taxed because the production and distribution of coal had been interrupted by the attempt to fix its price.

The war has brought several new terms into use. We read much in the papers of "commandeering" and "profiteering," and the public rolls these words as sweet morsels under its tongue. But profiteering is nothing but the making of profits greater than the public or its rulers approve. Commandeering is nothing but the seizing of goods of subjects by their rulers; and hoarding, it may be added, is nothing but the laying in of goods to be used

tomorrow instead of today. If some people had their way, no food would be preserved in cans, cold-storage warehouses would be abolished, and no one would be allowed to fill his coal bin. These persons need to study their Testaments. The parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five foolish, is very much to the point today. We may pity the foolish virgins. Their plight was sad. But it was not proposed by the rulers of that time to enforce their request for the oil of the wise virgins. It remained for the present rulers of the United States to experiment with that policy.

In every age rulers have arbitrarily "commandeered" the goods of their subjects, commonly on the ground that they were "profiteering," or hoarding. This has sometimes for a while profited the rulers; it has never profited the subjects. Some rulers may have acted from benevolent motives. They have thought that they could take from some and give to others, with benefit to the whole people. Whether they were sincere or not, they have never succeeded. The processes of confiscation and redistribution are always ruinous. Everyone has read of the statutes against usury, now mostly obsolete, but still capable of mischief, as we may before long find out for the thousandth time. These statutes were either useless or injurious. When they fixed the rate of interest at the prevailing rate, they did no harm. When they ordained a different rate they were always evaded. They caused some loss to honest lenders, a little gain perhaps to the dishonest, and only injury to borrowers.

Probably most of us know something of the repeal of the English corn laws; but perhaps less is known of their enactment. Whoever wishes to understand not only this history but also the subject of this paper, can do no better than consult Adam Smith's celebrated disquisition. We can only say of this dreary but instructive history, that these laws began in the reign of Edward VI, and were not got rid of till that of Victoria. They were "benev-

olent" laws. Profiteering was then called engrossing and forestalling. Dealing in corn — which in England always means other grain than maize — was a crime. Whoever bought corn intending to sell it again, forfeited the corn for the first offense, and for the third was set in the pillory, imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and forfeited all his goods and chattels. Then, as now, necessity compelled some modification of the law; carriers were allowed to take grain from the farmer to the consumer; but then, as now, no one could engage in such questionable business without a license. Some people, nowadays, demand that the milk dealers should be driven out of business, and that the farmers should sell their milk directly to those who drink it. These people have their way at least in imposing licenses and other restrictions on the milk dealers; for which expense consumers pay. Some future historian writing of us may use Adam Smith's words:

Our ancestors seem to have imagined that the people would buy their corn cheaper of the farmer than of the corn merchant, who, they were afraid, would require, over and above the price which he paid to the farmer, an exorbitant profit to himself. They endeavored therefore, to annihilate his trade altogether. They even endeavored to hinder as much as possible any middleman of any kind from coming in between the grower and the consumer.

These corn laws never did anything but harm, and sometimes a great deal of harm. Adam Smith summarizes the results, concluding that in modern times a dearth never had arisen from any combination among the inland dealers in corn; and that a famine never had arisen from any other cause but the violence of government attempting by improper means to remedy the inconveniences of a dearth.

The repeal of the English corn laws was one of the greatest victories ever won for liberty over prejudice, ignorance and selfishness. It is almost enough to justify Buckle's dictum, that the only good laws are those that

repeal the bad ones. The immense growth of wealth that took place in England when trade was made free might seem enough to deter our people from assuming the fetters that England shook off. But the accursed poison of the German theory of the state has entered the brains of our professors of economics, and has been diffused among our rulers and their subjects. We have come to look on our state as an omniscient and benevolent being, of wisdom sufficient to take our business out of our own hands, of virtue enough to expend our earnings with greater beneficence. Never was a theory less supported by reason, or more confuted by facts. Besotted with this theory, the Germans have brought ruin on themselves and on their neighbors. If we cling to this theory, our prosperity and our liberty will disappear together. The state is an abstract entity. We know it only in the concrete form of its agents, our visible rulers. If it has knowledge, that can be exhibited only in the knowledge of these rulers. If it has a will, it is manifested only in the wills of these agents.

In a free country, prices are fixed as resultants of millions of forces. Men are universally seeking their particular interests, using their individual knowledge, exercising their individual wills. The state could attain the same results only if its agents used their individual knowledge and their individual wills. They can do nothing of the kind. The conflict of individuals moved by their interests results in promoting the interest of all. The conflict of rulers can have no such result. They have no such motive as their interest. They are paid out of the earnings of their subjects; the state has no other revenue. The compensation of the individual subject depends on himself. The compensation of the ruler does not depend on himself. If all our rulers had the same purpose, and adopted the same permanent policy, if they all knew how the fixing of the price of one thing would affect the prices of all other things, hereafter as well as now, if every one of

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them knew all the prices fixed by all the others, if in every individual case he possessed the knowledge and exercised the will that was possessed and exercised by all the subjects for whom he is substituted, the theory might be applied in practise. Otherwise nothing but confusion and disaster can result.

It is with some reluctance that I take up Mr. Hoover's policy. He brightened the honor of our country at a time when it was sadly tarnished. The Germans, with the contemptible meanness which has characterized many of their actions, threw on their enemies the burden of saving from starvation the unfortunate people whom they had enslaved. With a degree of mercy almost more exalted than that prescribed in the New Testament, with a humanity almost piteously sublime, the English and the French subsidized the unfortunates to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, rather than let the victims of German conquest suffer the fate that German "Kultur" provided for the Armenians. Some of our generous people, it should be said, contributed over thirteen millions to the cause. This splendid work of charity was managed by Mr. Hoover with such consummate skill and such wonderful success, that the governments of France and England both refused to audit his accounts; and the gratitude of his countrymen for his glorious achievement has made them eager to comply with any request that he chooses to make of them.

Mr. Hoover's main purpose seems to have been to assure to our allies so much wheat as would enable them to continue to fight. Their supply was alarmingly small; but our own was deficient. The harvests had been bad for two years, and the quantity on hand when war was declared was much less than normal. As was to be expected, the price of wheat at once rose to a very high figure. The agents of the European countries were frantically bidding against each other, the speculators saw that

the profits were certain, and the dealers and millers had to compete or go out of business. The violent competition drove the price of standard wheat to over three dollars a bushel. Mr. Hoover's persuasive powers effected an agreement between the parties, and the price of wheat was fixed at about \$2.20, a higher price being made unlawful. The farmers, many of whom are speculators, could not be compelled to sell, but whether moved by interest or patriotism, they seem to have accepted the terms. The other parties were compelled by law to accept them.

What would have happened if the government had not fixed the price of wheat? In the first place the competition of the government buyers could have been stopped. There might have been one purchasing agent, and the existence of a cash buyer with unlimited funds, able to absorb a third of the supply, would have itself steadied the market. Speculators would have been cautious. The government had the power, since exercised, to take most of their profits away from them. It could have made all parties report their excessive profits every month, instead of postponing their collection till next June. Existing laws forbade combinations of dealers, and no single person can fix the price of such a staple as wheat, or long maintain it at an artificial price. There have been "corners" of wheat "on the spot." Some of them have been profitable to the men who managed them, others not. Some of them have at once collapsed. None of them has long maintained an abnormal price, as is proved by the fact that the price of bread has seldom risen to or been maintained at such a price. But when there is an actual dearth of wheat, the price of bread must normally rise, and it is desirable that it should.

For, to refer again to Adam Smith, the wheat grown in one year must last till the next. If there is a scant harvest, the usual consumption of bread must be diminished or there will be famine before midsummer. Consumers

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must be pinched now, or they will be starved then. If the price of bread had been allowed to rise by a half last spring — it would perhaps not have risen so much — consumption would have been at once checked. The bakers would have bought less flour, the millers would have ground less. A very high price for wheat could not have been maintained — unless the buying of the government maintained it. It might be said that a very high price would not have been abnormal. There was a military necessity; our allies had to be helped, cost what it might. Great profits would have been made, but they would have gone to the farmers, who would thus have been encouraged to increase their production the following season.

But great expenses would have been avoided. The cost of the army of food administrators is enormous. Their interference with the natural course of prices has done little good and much harm. Hoarding — in our climate absolutely necessary as a safeguard against famine prices, and an important regulator of consumption — has been penalized, with little present gain and much later loss. Tons of printed matter containing all sorts of counsels and prescriptions and appeals and threats, many of them conflicting, many simply foolish, have burdened the mails and plastered the walls and windows of our buildings. The government issued a proclamation setting up standard prices for staple groceries, bought for cash and carried away by the buyer. A company in New York City, supplying the wealthier class, advertises that its prices average lower than the government's, while it allows credit and delivers goods. If our food administrators would really accomplish something, they should study the methods employed in Dotheboys Hall. Mr. Squeers understood food conservation. When boys' appetites were concerned, appeals were vain; he administered treacle and sulphur. But some of the bread that we are ordered to eat may answer the purpose. For

saving food, nothing is more efficacious than chronic indigestion; it is perhaps even more so than patriotism.

In a literal sense, man does not live by wheat bread alone. There are many substitutes. If flour doubles in price, people who live in the country and bake their own bread, will buy less flour and use more of the other products of their land, and more of their land for these products; — milk, poultry, nuts, fruits, vegetables. In the Eastern states many farmers have this year raised their own wheat. Millions of our people like nothing better than cakes made from corn or oats or buckwheat. Millions in the cities, if they found that a five cent loaf was to cost ten cents, would reduce their consumption of bread. Many have done this from patriotism or benevolence; a great many more would have done it when a high price made it for their own interest. This year, fortunately, the crop of potatoes is large, but they have not come freely to market. The price of bread being held down by our rulers, people ate bread rather than potatoes. The city dealers dared not hoard potatoes; they might be "commandeered." Potatoes are spoiled by frost; wheat is not injured. The relative cheapness of bread caused the farmers early in the season to hoard their potatoes; the early coming of winter and its severity has locked up these hoards. They may be later released; but all the time the consumption of bread has been abnormally stimulated by fixing the price too low.

But could the common people have paid more for their bread? It is said that Mr. Woolworth, in a recent conversation with the architect of the splendid building with which they have adorned the city of New York, asked him how much iron was used in the structure. Mr. Gilbert reported the quantity as over 27,000 tons. "Last year," said Mr. Woolworth, "I sold in my stores more than that weight of candy." Now with the money which people paid for that candy, they could have bought from 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 loaves of bread — the number

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varying with weight and price; and there are many sellers of candy besides Mr. Woolworth. In the fiscal year 1916, some twenty-one billions of cigarettes were consumed; in 1917, nearly thirty-one billions, costing perhaps \$250,000,000, "one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

We wish Mr. Hoover success in his aim. Perhaps it has not been attained, but possibly it will be attained. We shall believe him if he says it will be; but perhaps it might have been better attained by letting our people attend to their own interests under the natural law of supply and demand, rather than by compelling them to obey the arbitrary orders of a great number of petty dictators, very few of whom possess Mr. Hoover's wisdom, and none of whom commands the enthusiastic devotion that he has so honorably deserved.

TURKEY UNDER GERMANY'S TUTELAGE

DURING my nineteen years of continuous residence in Turkey I found that peace there is always more relative than real.

"Turkish atrocities are more the result of German commands than the wishes of official Turkey," is a statement I have heard and read many times. In a way it is true. No military action whatsoever is undertaken in Turkey without orders from Germany.

As early as April, 1914, four months before the outbreak of the great war, the German General Liman Von Sanders (Now Liman Pasha of Dardenelles fame) had started the work of Turkish "preparedness" by ordering the immediate removal of all Christians from the seaside towns and villages. Von Sanders had undertaken the reorganization of the Turkish army after the defeats of the Balkan war.

Although we knew that the sweeping out of the Orthodox or native Greek population from along the coast was done at the instigation of the Germans, we did not understand until six months later that this was also a part of Germany's world policy. The stigma of the wholesale ejections of Greeks and Armenians throughout Turkey should not pass into history as a crime originating in the minds of Turks. They were but the instruments of their more intelligent masters.

In the removal of the Greeks from along the coast in April and May, 1914, no German officers were present, but the responsibility was placed by many of the higher Turkish officials who openly condemned their Government for following the council of the German Military Mission to Turkey. This measure was put into effect in a manner which called forth much criticism from the representatives of all foreign governments at Smyrna, except

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the German Consul. The American Consul General, Mr. George Horton, was much incensed by the stories brought to him by the fleeing peasants, and he sent Vice Consul Leeland Morris down to Fochias to investigate. The Vice Consul's report showed that the Mussulman population had been guilty of much brutality, and were only partially kept in hand by the authorities.

In the interval Mr. Horton drove down to the Konak to see the Governor General Rahmy Bey. When he touched the question of "many native Christians having been killed lately at Fochias," Rahmy Bey politely gave him to understand that the internal affairs of Turkey did not concern the United States. But as Consul General Horton is not a man to be so easily put off, he began talking on personal lines, and not officially.

On this basis the Governor could not refuse to listen, and finally admitted, after two hour's talk, that such things were not in accordance with his views; and though these measures were a military necessity he, Rahmy, would do all he could to see that they were carried out in as humane a manner as possible. He said that he would have done so before, but felt that he had no right to interfere in the work of the military authorities. He promised, however, to interfere to the extent of seeing that there were no more killings. In this he showed much energy, and really brought order out of an apparently hopeless situation. The expulsions continued, but thanks to Rahmy Bey, there was little if any farther loss of life.

When war broke out in Europe, about ninety-five per cent. of the Turks in the Vilayet of Smyrna were opposed to war, the total population then being about four millions. They practically all felt that they had had enough of war during the recent Balkan fight, and they wanted time to recover their strength. But when England seized their two dreadnaughts then building in English shipyards, they were frantic with anger. Every Turk in the

Empire had contributed to build those ships. Every school child had given his mite. Every house and every school had a picture of the ships as they would appear when completed, rushing through the sea with plenty of black smoke pouring from the funnels. To seize those ships was a fatal miscalculation of Turkish psychology. With them the Turks meant to retrieve their honor against Greece. With these ships they intended to attack Greece, and it was this sentiment that the Germans played on when they encouraged them to clear out 60,000 Turkish subjects of Greek blood and Christian religion from along the coast, where they might assist their kindred from the nearby islands when the next war came.

From the time these ships were seized, we saw a marked change in the attitude of the Turkish peasant. He ceased being friendly to the English and French residents, and many talked openly against foreigners of all nationalities. At this time I took up the question with Rusti Bey, who is a Turk of the Old School and a fine man. We were neighbors and had become good friends, and as we both spoke Greek, could converse in that tongue.

I asked him why all his people were down on England, whereas formerly they had always been such good friends.

"Was it not," I asked, "in the contract, at the time you placed your order with the British builders, that in case England found herself at war before these ships were delivered, they should be seized for account of the British Government? And of course, you know your money is safe."

"Yes" replied Rusti Bey, "but England had plenty of ships, she did not need our two, and since she took them it shows she preferred to do us an injury rather than to stretch the contract a little in our favor, and thus cement our friendship at a time when she may need us. You will see later."

This attitude was true of all Turks at that time, and Enver Pacha, Talat Pacha and others were not slow to

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grasp the change of heart among the people, and use it to further their own plans.

When I arrived at my office one afternoon after luncheon I was shown a copy of a telegram saying the Goeben and Breslau had passed the Dardanelles and taken refuge in Turkish waters. This news created a panic among the Christian merchants, for it could mean nothing but that Turkey was coming into the war on the German side. The Government was even then straining every nerve to complete its mobilization, all classes having been called out. Cold chills ran up and down my back when I thought of the frightful consequences to Turkey and all in Turkey unless the Entente fleet should go through the straits and destroy the two German boats.

At that time a passage of the Dardanelles was perfectly feasible, and could have been effected without a shot being fired from the shore batteries! The channel through the mine fields was marked by buoys at frequent intervals, and merchant ships by the hundreds were passing in and out every day, while the farce of the so-called "purchase" of the vessels was being played out to its tragic ending at Constantinople.

The exit from the straits into the sea of Marmora is such that the Goeben could have defended herself to advantage. Supposing her commander had seen fit to fight it out at that spot, she might well have caused the loss of several big ships before her assailants could get fairly into action. This, however, would have been an infinitesimal price to pay for the destruction of the Goeben and Breslau, in view of the political strength they were then giving to the German position in Turkey.

How the Ambassadors of the Entente powers could have stood the impudence of the German commander of the Goeben at that time, I cannot understand. One incident will suffice to show the German temper. Several days after the passage of the straits by the German ships,

the French steamer *Sagalien*, of the *Messagerie Maritime Cie.*, came into Smyrna to take 3000 French reservists who had been called to the colors in France. From Smyrna the *Sagalien* started for Constantinople, and of course had to pass by the straits. After traversing the channel and entering the sea of Marmora, she was stopped by a shot across her bows from the *Goeben*, which was at anchor about 300 yards distant. The *Goeben* sent out a motor boat at once, with a detail of ten marines and an officer. They boarded the *Sagalien* and proceeded to the wireless station, where they demolished all the wireless apparatus and the operator's cabin as well. This was done by a party of German sailors in Turkish uniform, who, though they did not address a word to anyone on board the French ship, were talking German among themselves. Half an hour after the boarding party left, the *Goeben* signalled the *Sagalien* she could proceed. Ten hours later she arrived at Constantinople, and the French commander reported the incident to the French Ambassador. No action was taken, however, except a protest at the Sublime Porte, and profuse apologies from the Turkish ministry while they laughed in their sleeves.

The Entente powers lost the key to the whole war when they let the *Goeben* and *Breslau* escape from Messina, and again when they failed to go in and get them at the Dardanelles, when forty-eight hours had passed and they were not disarmed. Had the English gone in and sunk the German ships, they might then have kept two or three large cruisers in the Sea of Marmora to hold Turkey up to her duty as a neutral power, and to protect communications with their Russian ally. And if Turkey had not entered the war, Bulgaria would never have dared to enter, at least on the German side. It was only when Bulgaria saw that Turkey and Germany could hold the Dardanelles, that she decided to throw in her lot with the Central power. The war would have been ended in two years, not militarily, but through lack of supplies.

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Serbia and Roumania would never have been overrun to be converted into an Austrian wheat, corn and potato field.

Before getting away from the Goeben and Breslau I must relate the story of how near they came to being captured only eighty miles from the Dardanelles. The story has never been printed. It seems the German ships had to leave Messina in a hurry. The favorable moment arrived, and they had not coal enough to carry them to the Dardanelles. Of course they left at once, and equally of course they travelled at top speed, using forced draft and much coal. After passing Cape Mat-a-pan, the southernmost point of Greece, the Commander of the Goeben wirelessed a message to Admiral Conduriottis of the Greek fleet then stationed at Lemnos, to send him a Greek collier which should meet him at a point indicated in the Ægean Sea. Conduriottis was favorably disposed, but did not want to take such grave action without authority. He sent a wireless message off to the Greek Secretary of State, Venizelos, asking instructions. Now it so happened that Venizelos was absent from the Foreign Office at that moment, though his chief assistant, Mr. Street, knew that he was at a conference at the British Legation. However, without waiting to consult Venizelos, he took the telegram and hurried over to the palace, entering the king's private office without delay. He explained the Goeben's request for coal, and asked what instructions should be sent Admiral Conduriottis in view of Venizelos' absence. The King replied "But you are in the Foreign Office, and must be more experienced in international usage in time of war than I am. What is usual?" The Secretary replied that "if any belligerent ship entered a Greek port at this time, we could coal her, but she would have to leave within twenty-four hours, or disarm. It would seem therefore that we can send them the coal."

The Secretary wanted to please the King and the King

wanted to please his brother-in-law the Kaiser. The result was that the King gave his authority to coal the ships. The Secretary returned to his office, and sent off to Admiral Conduriottis, a Marconigram, authorizing him to supply the coal. In the interval Conduriottis had weighed anchor on one of his colliers, several of which were always in attendance on the Greek fleet. On receipt of the permission, the collier was despatched at once to the rendezvous, and when she got in between the Goeben and Breslau, in a calm sea all hands continued to pass coal until the smoke of the pursuing fleet was seen on the southern horizon. The German ships then rushed off, and got into the Dardenelles some twenty miles ahead of their pursuers.

Shortly after the reply had been sent to Conduriottis from Athens, Venizelos returned to the Foreign Office, and was informed as to what had taken place. He at once proceeded to the Palace, and handed his written resignation to the King. King Constantine seemed greatly surprised, and asked an explanation. "The explanation lies in your authorization to coal the German ships at sea. We have always been protected by the English, French, and Russians, and to their representative, I, as Prime Minister, have promised a benevolent neutrality; we have now gone out of our way to aid their enemies." The King assured him he had not understood the situation, regretted it, and implored Venizelos to remain in office.

This Venizelos finally consented to do, on condition that Conduriottis and the first assistant Secretary of State should be at once dismissed. This the King agreed to, and both were dismissed.

Of course the removal of Conduriottis, the Admiral of the fleet, caused much comment in Athens, but the King did not see fit to give out the real explanation. Many Greeks believed the fake story of the purchase by Turkey of these two German ships, and the consternation in

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Athens was great, when a few days later the Turks announced that the Breslau had been renamed the Midili. This was, of course, an implied threat that she should be used to retake the beautiful island of Mytilene captured from Turkey during the Balkan war.

About this time the closure of the Foreign Post Office by the Turkish authorities was announced, and we knew that the inviolability of mail to or from Europe and America was at an end. Several days later a notice appeared in all the papers that martial law had been proclaimed in Smyrna and suburbs.

Also about this time the government began to requisition petroleum and store it in five gallon tins in the police stations of the Christian quarter, and it was not known by the police why this order had been given. A police Caracol or station is as a rule too small to provide accommodation for several hundred five gallon tins of petroleum. Therefore in several instances the kerosene was stacked up outside of the station, and this of course could not but attract attention. The Governor had not shown himself particularly sympathetic to Christians as a class, and this petroleum storage with the police caused us much anxiety.

Rahmy Bey has since then shown himself, if not a particular friend of the Christian or of any sect, at least just and fair to all. He is a Turk through and through, and believes in Turkey for the Turks, but he understands that the Christian also has certain rights that must be respected, and he will permit no persecution. The result was that the Vilayet of Aidin, which is the official name of the Smyrna district, became the best governed vilayet of the Empire. About the end of August Rahmy Bey called the Greek and Armenian archbishops to the Konak, and told them he had heard from Constantinople that the English meant to send a fleet into Smyrna harbor to seize the city, and that in case one English ship of war

showed herself inside the gulf, he would burn the whole city, and the English would find nothing but ashes. The Governor further requested the archbishops to take such action as they might through their ecclesiastical authorities at the capital, to the end that the British should leave Smyrna unmolested. This was part of a well marked policy of the Governor at that time, to ignore all the Consuls of foreign powers. The British and French Consuls were still in the city. Of course the Archbishops at once informed the Consuls, which was exactly what the Governor wanted. He hoped they would all cable his threat to their respective embassies in Constantinople, and thus prevent the English from coming to Smyrna. Turkey was not yet officially in the war, but by harboring the Goeben and Breslau she had made it evident where her sympathies lay.

It seemed probable that the Entente Ambassadors had made a threat in Constantinople that unless the Goeben and Breslau were disarmed they would seize Smyrna. Rahmy had called their bluff. Bluff by bluff, if you will, but Rahmy's bluff drove sleep from the city for many nights. Of course none of this was published, but it soon became generally known. The same day the Consuls went in a body to ask the Governor to change his position, and issue a statement to calm the people. But Rahmy Bey was firm. When told by one of the Consuls that his threat was "atrocious, uncivilized and inhuman," the Governor said: "Yes and unchristian. If I followed Christian example, I should do as your Greek friends did recently in Salonica, when, ten days after they had captured the city, they set fire to the barracks and burned alive 2000 Mussulman soldiers, prisoners of war. If we are attacked, I will inform the Christian inhabitants that they may have time to leave their homes before they are burned. If we are left in peace, I intend no harm to any one or his property."

The result was that no attack was made at that time

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nor until long after, when the city and gulf had been well fortified.

In October the famous attack of the Goeben on the Russian ports of the Black Sea came as no great surprise, though the Turkish papers reported that Russian ships had attacked the Turkish ports on the Black Sea. It had long been evident that the German crew on the Goeben intended sooner or later to make a *coup d'état*, and if possible force Turkey to come in on their side. This action of the Goeben was precipitated because a meeting of all the Governors of Vilayets and leaders in the Young Turkish Committee had been set for October 31st, and it was well known that many influential members of the Committee were opposed to Turkey entering the conflict. The Germans felt it was possible that a decision in favor of neutrality might be taken, and the occasion lost. They therefore took the Goeben out and made their attack. When the Committee met, they were furious with the Germans. Enver Bey was accused of complicity, which he stoutly denied, though he was always strongly in favor of war on the German side.

Turkey could hardly disavow the action of the Goeben, in view of her repeated statements that the crew of the Goeben, as well as the officers, were all Turks. After much excited discussion in the Committee, in which Rahmy Bey took a very active part in favor of neutrality, a vote was taken, and a majority favored accepting all consequences of the Goeben's acts, and of course was on Germany's side.

At this time all foreigners, Americans included, were extremely anxious over the violent anti-foreign feeling openly shown by the Mussulman inhabitants. Every one in the Christian colony longed for an American man-of-war to come in and give us some means of asking security with a show of authority. Many requests were made to

our Consul, Mr. Horton, to urge our Ambassador at Constantinople, Mr. Morgenthau, to obtain an American man-of-war for our protection. But Mr. Morgenthau believed a policy of conciliation would be the best for us in the long run. Perhaps he was right, as the sequel showed. At that time, however, we could not be denied, and finally the missionaries and their friends at home, who have votes that must not be neglected, made such a clamor that the Tennessee and Des Moines were sent into Turkish waters. The Tennessee was sent into Smyrna Gulf, and anchored off the town of Vourla, sixteen miles from Smyrna, as the captain had been informed that the port of Smyrna was closed to navigation.

The next morning Captain Decker accompanied by his Aide started in a motor boat from the Tennessee to run up to Smyrna and make his official call upon the Governor and the American consul. About a mile from his ship, and half a mile from the shore, he was fired on seven or eight times in rapid succession. One shot passed only two feet over the captain's head. As he saw the Turks evidently intended to hit him, he stopped the boat and turned in to the shore, where the officer accompanied by a Greek who knew some English, came down to the water's edge and demanded: "Why are you trying to run into the harbor when you know it is closed?" The captain replied that he did not know the port was closed to small boats, and he was going to pay an official visit of courtesy to the Turkish Governor. But in any event a single shot across his bow would have stopped him, and it was unnecessary to try to sink him. The Turkish officer evidently thought he had gone too far, and changed his tone, but said he had orders to allow no one to pass, and he would have to ask the captain to return to his ship. This, of course, the captain did, but at once sent a messenger by land to inform the Consul at Smyrna of what had happened. Consul General Horton telegraphed the whole matter to our Ambassador, but the only action taken was

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a request from the Embassy that the Tennessee should leave Turkish waters without delay. She left, and our hopes went with her. Had she remained, perhaps we should not have been so well off. Captain Decker and all the officers of the Tennessee were very bitter at not receiving an apology for the fashion in which they had been treated, but they had to swallow their wrath.

When Turkey entered the war against England, France, and Russia, there was great consternation in Smyrna among the foreigners. The authorities announced that all Russian men should be sent to Diabekir, 800 miles, on foot. About one-half of the colony was sent off immediately, as far as Magnisia, fifty miles distant, this being the first station on their route. Many Russians made application to become Turkish subjects, and after taking an oath of allegiance to the Government of Turkey, they were allowed to return to Smyrna. From this time they became "Rayahs" or cattle, and had the same standing as the Armenians or any of the other subject races of Turkey.

When war was declared by Turkey, the manager of the English Railway had about sixty thousand pounds in gold in his safes. This was equivalent to about \$264,000. He feared it would be seized, so he had it packed in six cases and transferred at night to the American Consulate, as being the only safe place in the city. Mr. Horton accepted it, but without responsibility. He naturally desired, however, that the presence of such a large sum in the Consulate should not become known.

Nevertheless some one had reported that several cases, apparently very heavy, had been transferred from the railway to the Consulate; so the next day the Governor's Secretary, Cara Bi Ber Bey, called with reference to the matter, but left with an intimation that he would come again. The same day Mr. Horton had six cases with railway markings transferred with much secrecy to the

Imperial Ottoman Bank. The next day Cara Bi Ber Bey came again and began to bluster and insist that the money be turned over to the authorities. Mr. Horton told him finally, "The money is no longer here." Of course the Bey had to take the Consul's word, and he left somewhat chagrined. On making enquiries the police learned of the transfer to the Ottoman Bank, and from this institution the Governor seized the cases. Whereupon the Bank Manager notified the Consulate. The cases, however, bore the seal of the United States Consulate, and the Governor did not want to break this seal without instructions from Constantinople. After several weeks the cases were opened, and found to contain old iron and stones. The gold had, of course, in the interval been put in a safe place. Though Rahmy Bey and Mr. Horton had always been good friends, the latter was now somewhat apprehensive lest this trick should put them on bad terms. But His Excellency is a good sport, and he never showed the slightest resentment. Though they often smoked a friendly narghilee together after this, no mention was ever made of railway money.

The intense hatred against the English, in the early period of the war, had all but disappeared, and the Turks had finally come to understand that all their troubles had been brought on them by the Germans. The people asked nothing better than to be allowed to throw out the Germans, and to return to their fields.

Then came the French and English aeroplane attacks. There could have been no attack made by Turkish planes against England or France, and the Turks could not understand what provocation they had given for that kind of warfare. The exasperating feature to the Turks lay in the fact that all the bombs were thrown into the Mussulman section of the city, which is quite distinct from the part occupied by the Christians. There could

be no other interpretation put on it than as an attack on the Mussulmans.

I must admit that the authorities used every precaution to keep their people quiet. The victims were all buried quietly at night, and no crowds were allowed to gather in the streets, though the Turkish papers clamored for vengeance. Their claim was that for each civilian killed among their people, a French or English civil prisoner must be hung. The papers also stated that Pertew Pasha the military commander had declared that this should be done. Also that there had been a meeting of the city council, and that they had unanimously passed a resolution to the same effect. The first, however, I discovered was not true; for I have the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Pertew Pasha, and he assured me that he would do all he could to keep his men in hand, and no summary action would be taken. As I had, and have, unbounded faith in Pertew Pasha, I was greatly relieved. One of the military aids, however, who had recently come from Arabia, openly declared that when he was with Djemal Pasha on the Syrian coast, there had been several attacks of a like nature, and after the general had hung ten notables among the French colony residing there, the attacks ceased. At such a time this kind of talk from a highly placed official was not encouraging. Our feelings can be imagined when, five days after the first attack, the air planes came again. I had taken my family to a village four miles out as a precaution, but the city could easily be seen from our terrace. On this occasion I counted twenty-three explosions. This attack, however, was clearly directed against the railway station, and as the planes were flying very low, it was possible to drop the bombs with some precision. Many bombs fell to the south of the station, in the Turkish quarter, but just as many fell on the north side, in the Christian quarter. Later it was shown also that more Christians had been killed than Turks, and this did much

to convince the Mussulmans that the bombs were not intended solely for Mohamedans, and vengeance need not therefore be directed against Christian civilians.

It was a constant source of wonder to the residents of Smyrna, where the never ending streams of recruits for the army came from. The vast tract of rolling country southeast of the city sent countless thousands of its sons to Smyrna, to be converted from clod-hopping peasants into first class troops, and this also within a few months under German direction and intensive training methods. These men would come down from the interior dressed in a calico shirt, a bolero or vest, baggy trousers, cow-hide shoes shaped like slippers, and a fez. They would drill with wooden guns for two weeks, working hard all day, then be put into uniform, probably Belgian, as many thousand uniforms taken from the Belgians were brought to Smyrna and used for the Turkish troops. Their arms were largely their own returned from a visit. The rifles had been made in Germany ten or twelve years before, and had been used to arm the forces of the revolution of Talat, Rahmy, Enver, and Doctor Nazim. Later they were lost to Bulgaria and Servia during the Balkan War. While Bulgaria was carrying on negotiations with the Entente powers for the cession of Servian and Greek territory, which she demanded as the price of her assistance, she was selling back to Turkey the thousands of Mauser rifles captured from Turkey during the Balkan war.

Six weeks before Bulgaria came into the war, some of my Turkish friends in Smyrna assured me that Bulgaria was coming in with them, and gave as their principal reason that new troops in Smyrna were even then being armed with rifles lost to Bulgaria in the Balkan war, and lately purchased by Turkey from her former enemy. Later, when Servia was overrun by Bulgaria and Austria, and vast stores of munitions and arms were captured, Turkey bought again thousands upon thousands of rifles which she had lost to Servia in the Balkan war.

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When injustice or oppression was exercised, it was owing to the military authorities, at whose head was Liman von Sanders, ably assisted by other German Kulturists, and whose operations Rahmy Bey could not prevent, but which he did much to ameliorate.

Since the war began, Rahmy has been invited on three separate occasions by the Sultan and the Ministry to enter the Cabinet. He has always refused, and has promised his friends in Smyrna, who are legion, that he will remain to protect them. For my friends who are locked up there I can wish nothing better than that Rahmy Bey should stay there until the end of the war. He is untiring in charitable work, and gives as readily to Christians as to his co-religionists. He has constantly protected all American schools in his district, and has organized many corps of Boy Scouts on the lines followed by our American professors in their school work.

MACHINE AND MAN

THE age in which we are living calls itself by a variety of names. Up to three or four decades ago, it called itself the age of steam. Then it began to call itself the age of electricity. In a few years came gasoline, to make it a trinity. But the trinitarian phrase still fails to satisfy an age as lively as ours. It thinks of specific achievement, and calls itself the age of the printing-press, the age of the aeroplane, the age of the high explosive, the age of the submarine. It thinks of endeavor in the large, and calls itself the age of the practical, the age of the material, the age of applied science, the age of invention, the age of industrialism, the age of efficiency. It thinks of movements in mass, and calls itself the age of inquiry, the age of enlightenment, the age of democracy, the age of progress, the age of service.

This is what the present age calls itself. What the future will call it, when the din and whir and the boil and bubble and the detonation and vociferation shall have died away in the receding past, it may be said in all reverence, only God knows — and not even God, if he is the Finite God of Mr. Wells. Indeed, we may suspect that the present itself, with all its self-consciousness and readiness of self-characterization, feels less confident than most ages have felt of being capable of the philosophic "Know Thyself." During the past three years, at least, most minds not utterly slight have felt frequently the pang of doubt, and sometimes the agony of despair.

There is nevertheless to be detected, running through all the variety of self-nomenclature we have just reviewed, a common thread. Our vision may not be keen enough: there may be another and a more important thread; but this one is more or less clearly visible. The present is the age of the machine. It is an age of pride in what the

machine has done. It is above all an age of faith in what the machine can do.

I

It is an age of pride in what the machine has done. The wonders of the machine stagger and overwhelm the mind. The average intellect finds itself unable even to comprehend the intricacies of mechanisms in common use. It can no more enter into the realm of invention than it can realize the numerical significance of millions of billions. It can only be astounded into credulousness — sometimes into credulousness the most infantile.

But there is ground for doubt as to the absolute beneficence of the machine. There are many factors in the total product of civilization: "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;" and, if it is true that "our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues," it is no less true that "our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not."

If there ever was a time when our faults had the whip hand, it surely has been since the summer of 1914. And yet, ten years before that, the Devil in Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman* could say with some show of reason: "And is Man any the less destroying himself for all this boasted brain of his? Have you walked up and down the earth lately? I have; and I have examined Man's wonderful inventions. And I tell you that in the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. The peasant I tempt to-day eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by the peasants of ten thousand years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered as much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his fingers all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the

javelin, the arrow, and the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. In the arts of peace Man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles: they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth: his heart is in his weapons. This marvellous force of Life which you boast of is a force of Death: Man measures his strength by his destructiveness. . . . I could give you a thousand instances; but they all come to the same thing: the power that governs the earth is not the power of Life but of Death: and the inner need that has nerved Life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for a higher life but for a more efficient engine of destruction. . . ."

These are words that arrest, even if we choose to regard them as the utterance, after all, not of the real Devil, but of only a more or less capable representative. If a more earnest voice is needed, let us listen to John Ruskin, writing sixty-five years before the wreck of the European world: "I could smile when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science, and the vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of days. There is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar."

A great deal has happened since Ruskin wrote. The machine is everywhere. It has gone where it belongs, and helped our hands and feet to do that which unaided they could not do, and it has gone where it does not belong, and mechanized and artificialized and sterilized life. It has done worse: it has brutalized life. It is part of the great modern progression which has annihilated distance and made mankind into one community, but which has also forced the world into antagonisms and animosities

that have culminated in the cataclysm. It has cheered us with the promise of universal brotherhood, but has horrified us with the threat of world domination. More machinery, increased production, increased commerce, increased greed, increased jealousy — these are in the train that has led to the abyss of a hell of hatred where men in millions are slain by machines; where machines do the work of eyes and ears and arms and legs when the conflict is on, and of arms and legs, at least, when the conflict is done.

The machine has invaded the realms of peace as well as of war. It has given what the author of *The Seven Lamps* called "the very doubtful advantage of the power of going fast from place to place," and it has robbed us of what he called "the certain advantage of increased pleasure in stopping at home." It has robbed us of the leisurely ride or drive. It has robbed us, all except the very few, of the pleasure of walking. It has filled highway and street with dust and stench. It has robbed us of the oar and the sail. Its gongs, its bells, its whistles, its explosions, beat upon our ears by day and by night. We are not safe from them beside the still waters of reposeful lakes, or in our chambers at dead of night, or on the bed of sickness.

The machine has invaded art. It has entered our homes. It plays our pianos with insolent accuracy. It sings our songs in raucous and strident voices. It exacts in payment for its horrible performances the artistic birthright of our sons and daughters. It has produced not only music in the can, but "snappy" music in church and concert hall that can hardly be distinguished from it. It has not only produced and loaded our buildings with ready made terra cotta mouldings, but invented Gothic and Romanesque in structural steel and imitation stone. It has invaded the field of painting and given us the colored print. It has given us the illustrated postal card and the comic section. It has invaded the drama and the novel,

and given us photographic reproductions of the rottenness and ugliness of life. It has invaded the theater and given us the movie. It invades the art of dress. It forces us to clothe ourselves according to the dictates of commercial conspiracy. It has robbed us of skill of hand and of the enjoyment of the eye. It has given us false arts and crafts, and made real arts and crafts a fad.

The machine is our master as well as our servant. The machine is not only an object of admiration; it is an object of adoration. Creation itself has come to be but a huge machine. Mechanical law is the force that keeps it going. Almighty God is at best but the inventor, unable to stop his own machine or change its working. The Maker's place is usurped by his own machine.

II

Yes, an age of pride in what the machine has done; of pride that deserves the whippings it only too rarely gets. But, above all, and in spite of all, an age of faith in what the machine can do. Whoso is offended by the suggestion that our faith in the machine may be fatuous will be offended still more at being told that in the minds of many thoughtful men the intensely pitiable thing in the life of to-day, and a most alarming sign for the future, is the faith of mankind in what the machine can do.

It is possible that the reader is harking back to our catalogue of the age's titles, and is saying to himself that "the age of the machine" is a phrase easily referable to the press, the engine, the dynamo, and the motor, to industry and war, but is inquiring how it can apply to enlightenment, democracy, progress, service. These, he is thinking, are the features really descriptive of the age. The machine belongs to the material; these, to the spiritual. The machine, after all, is only an instrument.

But the term "machine" is not restricted to contrivances of brass and steel. There are machines of another

sort — machines whose cogs and wheels and levers are men. There is the machinery of Method. The machinery of method, too, is a bad master as well as a good servant. The machinery of method may be as much worse than the machine of brass and steel as men are more precious than metals. The machine of method has become an object of adoration. It takes the place of man, and it takes the place of God.

The machine of method is everywhere. In industry, it is enthroned. It makes of the man at the machine no less a mechanism than the mechanism he operates. It analyzes into minutest detail the part of the man in the production of bolt and shaft, it describes and times each movement of his hand, it takes account of fractions of minutes and even of seconds. It provides inspectors — local inspectors and traveling inspectors, inspectors and sub-inspectors, and inspectors and sub-inspectors of inspectors and sub-inspectors. It has produced the local union, the national union, the traveling delegate, the strike. It has produced the trust. In both labor and capital, it has produced heartlessness, treason to the law, violence, destruction, and murder.

The machine has invaded civic life. It has produced movements by the myriad. It excites our humor. It has produced the local movement, the State movement, the national movement, the international movement. It has brought into being committees and commissions and boards innumerable. It has produced the social center and the community Christmas tree, not only where they were appropriate and needed, but where the population had to forego its own social life and its own Christmas trees in order to attend to them. It has produced bureaus of municipal research, and catalogues, and indexes, and report blanks.

The machine has invaded conscience. It has produced the conscientious citizen. It has filled the individual heart with misgiving as to every act of life. Everything he

does or thinks of doing, it makes him first project against the big background of universal society — his labor and his recreation, his receiving and his spending, his marrying and his begetting of children, his eating and his drinking, his sternutations and his salivations. It has so filled him with the sense of responsibility for the happiness of humanity and the general welfare of the world present and the world yet unborn that his own happiness and welfare are destroyed. The machine has ground him fine. The tyranny of priests and kings has given place to the tyranny of the civic conscience. It is making us all into Mr. Britlings: "To his personal consciousness," says Mr. Wells, "he was answerable for his private honor and his debts and the Dower House he had made and so on, but to his impersonal conscience he was answerable for the whole world. The world from the latter point of view was his egg. He had a subconscious delusion that he had laid it. He had a subconscious suspicion that he had let it cool and that it was addled. He had an urgency to incubate it. The variety and interest of his talk was largely due to that persuasion, it was a perpetual attempt to spread his mental feathers over the task before him."

The machine has invaded humanitarianism. It blazons forth as its motto, "Safety First." It is a liar. This is no humanitarian motto; it is a business motto. It means only, "Do not get hurt, for I shall have the bills to pay." The machine has produced the Associated Charities in the midst of plenty, the community nurse in the midst of obstinate health, the community playground in the country town, the social settlement in Friendship Village. It forbids you to give unless you give through the machine. It compels you to report the items to its committees. It teaches men to purchase peace of mind with money. It mechanizes the sympathies. The quality of the machine is strained. It dehumanizes him that gives, and him that takes. It is twice cursed.

The machine of method has invaded the home. It has enslaved the housekeeper to system and the card-index. It prescribes *Menus for the Month*. It has ruined the digestion of conscientious men through anxiety over Postum and balanced rations. It writes and sells health-destroying books on "*How to Keep Well*," and "*Health in the Home*." It has invented Pink Pills and Microbicide and Vacuum Cleaners, and banished the broom that gave our mothers muscle. It has populated universal creation with germs, and counted them every one. It has done away with perfectly harmless religious superstition, and filled its place with scientific superstition that leads to the asylum and the early grave.

The machine has invaded the church. It has produced the printed programme of worship. It has made the pastor a business man who reports progress in figures on a chart: in the last twelve calendar months 13 suppers with an aggregate attendance of 503 adults and 49 children, 728 calls, 23 funerals, 40 weddings, 75 baptisms, 81.5 sermons, 50 prayer-meetings; the cost to the congregation of prayer-meetings averaging \$2.27 in summer and \$6.45 in winter, of funerals and weddings \$.50, of calls \$.23, and of sermons \$.30. It has made him chairman or ex-officio committee member of 40 organizations, and his wife of 57. It has produced the institutional church and the athletic pastor. It has produced the minister of music and the baton behind the pulpit. It has produced the double-quick doxology and the speed-maniacal gloria.

The machine has invaded education. It has graded our common schools and standardized our high schools, given us a universal A. B. degree, made Ph. D. mean quantity instead of quality, made Phi-Beta-Kappa a matter of 92.3 instead of 92.299, and made college education a business. It has produced intercollegiate athletics and the roter and the cheer leader and the patriot bettor. It has produced squads of deans and directors, and brigades of assistant deans and assistant directors. It has filled the

faculty with curricular politicians who call each other "Jim" and "Billy," just like the real ones. It has produced the professional investigator and the university survey, the questionnaire, the statistician, the instructional report blank, the business manager, and the noon whistle on the campus. It has consumed forests of pulp trees and made the high cost of writing a phrase.

The machine has measured the value of the unit hour in education. It has made one hour as good as another hour. It has substituted hours for ideas. It measures the value of the professor by the number of students that elect his course. It makes ten the minimum recognizable class, whether in Sanscrit or sociology. It is mangling and grinding the small nation in education. It measures the value of courses and subjects. It makes plans and charts. It demonstrates that sewing has a disciplinary value of 9, a utility value of 30, and a cultural value of 10 — total, 49; and that Latin has a disciplinary value of 17, a utility value of 10, and a cultural value of 14 — total, 41. It leaves me convicted of having stupidly missed 8 golden points in the development of my immortal soul through not having taken sewing instead of Latin.

The machine is measuring the efficiency of courses in actual living. It has discovered from a careful study of the statistics of Kansas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Colorado, South Dakota, North Dakota, and Wisconsin that of 1866 graduates of courses in home economics 532 are married and only two divorced, and concludes that these courses therefore have a strong tendency to make happier homes. It invites other courses to furnish competitive statistics. I respond, and prove from statistics of the past year that University of Wisconsin graduates in Latin never get married and never die.

The machine is measuring the intellect. It spends time and money in proving that idiots with adenoids get on more slowly than boys with brains. Once, at least, it

has essayed to weigh the soul — or, at any rate, a soul; finding that the difference in the body's weight before and after departure of the immortal part of ourselves was $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounces — fondly to be hoped and fervently to be prayed, the minimum.

The machine has created the professor of pedagogy and the department of pedagogy in college and university. It seizes upon our candidates for teaching. It clips them and trims them and sweats them and presses them out, and stamps them with the factory mark. It insists on the factory mark. It makes bad material marketable. It makes the best look like the worst. It hampers individuality, it cools inspiration, it mars genius. It distrusts intellectual distinction. It distrusts intellectual devotion. It can not comprehend unmachined success. It looks with hostile wonderment upon teachers who have never known motor education or who have never measured intelligence; who got to college before the candidate for the teacher's profession was compelled to surrender one hour out of five for four years to courses *about* teaching, before it ceased to be the fashion to suppose that natural enthusiasm and a thorough knowledge of the subject, with a minimum of pedagogy, were the proper qualifications for the teacher, and before distinction in scholarship became a pedagogical crime; who graduated without reading a history of education or making a chart, without a practice course, without a course in high school management, without a critical examination of the recapitulation theory, without realizing the tremendous significance of the vital and the vocational, without even a remote suspicion of the essential and odoriferous rottenness of formal discipline — and who are tolerated in professorial chairs on shamefully munificent salaries, whereas, by every rule of pedagogical scripture, they ought to be abject failures.

We protest. We say to the machine: "We resent your exaggerated requirements in non-essentials. We resent

your yardsticks. We resent your fads. We don't believe you can measure intellect half so quickly or half so accurately with your tests as we can with our eyes and ears and common sense. We don't believe that one in fifty of your charts proves anything, or, if it does, that it is anything worth the time and the paper. We don't believe you can estimate the value of a subject better than any other statistician who knows nothing beyond its elements. How, please explain, does the estimate of 58 teachers and superintendents, not one of whom has had either cooking or Latin, and all of whom have three good appetites a day for cooking and not a vestige for Latin, prove that cooking is worth 49 and Latin 41? Away with this useless foolery to the scrap heap where you yourself have already thrown the recapitulation theory and are fast lugging the anti-formal-discipline theory by which you have made a temporary reputation. We resent your weak and bombastic attempts at science. Your science is pseudo-science. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices? Your incense is an abomination to us."

But the machine crushes us, and goes rolling and clanking on. The machine in education, as elsewhere, has got to going, and can not be stopped. We can only hope that before long its speed will be reduced until we can control it. We can only cry out in protest that education is not mechanics, but art, and pray that Heaven will raise up for its promotion men who will work not as mechanicians, but as artists.

III

And now, let it be believed that, in the course of this light-running review of the encroachments of the machine upon territory essentially non-mechanical, the debt we owe the machine, whether the material mechanism or man's inventiveness in the machinery of method, has not for a single moment been forgotten. If we are to move

great masses of matter and men, we must have machinery and we must have organization. If we are not to waste our lives on the insignificant and the unessential, we must make use of convention and system. A world industrial activity can hardly be based, at present, upon arts and crafts. The educational raw material of a vast democracy can hardly be made into the finished product, with the means at our disposal to-day, unless we handle it in masses.

But neither has it been or must it be for a single moment forgotten that the machine is a rigid and unyielding application of force. The realm of the machine is the material world. The machine may be applied with safety only to matter. The mind of man can not be measured or weighed. It does not occupy measurable space. Its movements can not be predicted or mechanized. Much less can we mechanize the mysterious thing we call spirit; and spirit is what makes man a human being rather than a beast or a clod. Man is in essence an emotional being. Because he can feel, and because his feeling is what determines his actions, he belongs to a different realm from that of mere matter. It is the logic of the emotions, hidden and mysterious, rather than the logic of mere thinking, or the pressure of outward circumstance, that moves us. The great part of mankind — yes, and not of one sex alone — thinks it is thinking, when it is only feeling. When we used to sing,

'Tis love, 'tis love,

'Tis love that makes the world go round,

we were not so far from the truth. However much we owe to appliances and means, it is the passion of the soul that has always caused the onward sweeps of the wave of progress.

In other words, man in relation to man belongs, not to the realm of science or of mechanics, but to the realm of art. Art is a thing of the emotions. If the artist's work does not rise to the level of emotion, it remains mechanics.

Not all the unworked marble of the isles of Greece and the quarries of Carrara stirs us in the least until the hand of the sculptor has passed over it and made it breathe the feeling of the race. Art is begotten of feeling, it expresses feeling, it inspires feeling. It can not be produced at will. It does not carry its message to every beholder. It can not be produced on scientific principles. Its effect can not be predicted or measured or standardized. "Accuracy First" has nothing to do with art. Art is an individual thing, instinct with life. Mechanics is universal, cold, unfeeling. Art operates upon life sympathetically, yieldingly, mercifully. It enters the veins of civilization, and quickens it to life.

And life itself, whether in the individual or in the social whole, is an art. The individual life is a long succession of events determined by spiritual reactions. We may, and we must, employ the machine. We must conventionalize; but we must not allow the machine of convention to master us. Machine-made diction, machine-made manners, machine-made styles, machine-made careers, machine-made character — we know how unbeautiful they are. We know the difficulty of the simple style — in letters, in manners, in life. We wonder at its power in all three. It is only an art secret. "A simple style is one that, like perfect good manners, steers a middle course between affectation and negligence." This is only to say that the life of power makes use of the mechanical as a means, never as an end. It is also to say that the life of power is a life of attention to every detail, of constant watchfulness, of constant discrimination, of constant renewal of the fires of devotion. It is an individual product, and an emotional product.

The life of the social whole is only more complex than the individual life. Society, too, is a life, and its life is an art. The machine has invaded life at large. It has brought into being a great party whose professed ideal is the automatic working of justice among men — the equaliza-

tion and the normalization of their labors, their automatic compulsion to activity, their automatic reward for service performed—but their heteromatic birth control. “The ultimate goal of socialism,” says one of the men at the lever, “is to establish an economic condition embodying the freedom of men and the equality of opportunity.” He repudiates the thought that socialism is a doctrine of brotherly love and the “help one another” spirit, and declares that the term means “the philosophy of history and a method of progress.” He insists that “the plan of action is found in the economic interpretation of history, and in the class struggle, as first explained by Karl Marx and Frederick Engel. This action can not rest upon sentimentalism, altruism, Christianity, or any other appeal except that upon the return of the land and the tools of production to the workers who use them.”

This is the emotionless, the mechanically perfect State, the State in which everything is accounted for—but liberty. “Blessed also is Hope,” long ago said the dour old Scot who wrote of the greatest upheaval the social life has ever known, “and always from the beginning there was some Millennium prophesied, Millennium of Holiness; but (what is notable) never till this new era, any Millennium of mere Ease and plentiful Supply. In such prophesied Lubberland, of Happiness, Benevolence, Vice cured of its deformity, trust not, my friends.”

It is in statecraft that the menace of the machine is deadliest. We have not yet seen, and probably never shall see, unless in greatly modified form and scale, a socialism for which perfection is claimed; but we are not without an example of the highly mechanized State. We have had our attention focused the past three years as never before on two different manners of statecraft. With the one, and all its looseness, uncertainty, and mechanical unreadiness, we are familiar because of the kinship with it of our own statecraft. With the other we are familiar through what we have read from the pens

of both friends and enemies. It may be described in brief as the aristocratic State with socialized methods. It is the State with complex, multifarious laws that govern every act of life; the State with rigid, unswerving, impersonal, unrelenting authority; the State with de-personalized and absolutely obedient citizenship; the State that moves with method and precision, unquestioned and irresistible; the military State; the State that is likest the machine. It is the Efficient State. Its friends regard it as the highest expression of civilization. German organization and German efficiency have become almost a legend. Nothing can be said of them too improbable to find believers.

But a great part of the world can not see in this type of statecraft the most perfect manifestation of the collective human life. It can not regard civilization as a machine. When the State becomes a machine, the man becomes a cog. Man is not made of metal. Man is a living spirit. Civilization is not the play of cog into cog. It is the play of spirit upon spirit. It is the composition of freely operating spiritual forces. In the highest civilizations the place of man has never been fixed. The individual has *found* his place, and the finding has been made possible only by democratic freedom — the greatest measure of individual liberty consistent with the general good. The highest civilization is not mechanics. It is art.

In the highest civilization the State is not end, but means. Legalism is only servant, not master and tyrant. The administration of law can not be perfectly mechanical, inflexible, dehumanized. No law covers with absolute exactness more than the single case in the mind of the framer. In all the other hundred thousand cases, its strict enforcement involves a varying degree of hardship. Law is system. Violence inheres in system. Men cheerfully acquiesce in the defect, because law is a necessary means. But, because of the defect, enlightened society will never tolerate the absolute enthronement of legalism,

and its ally, the soldier; for legalism can not exist without armed support. The law must be mitigated, or it can not be endured. The Art-state — Greece, Rome, France, the Latin and Anglo-Latin commonwealths — has mitigated the law. The Art-state is not precise. It blunders, it gropes, it wastes. But it is always intensely human; and it rises to the inspiration of an Athens of Pericles, an Amiens, a Florence, a Shakespeare's England, a democratic France. The Art-state works from the individual soul outward to the ideal community.

The Machine-state works from the ideal community inward to the individual. It can not treat him first of all as a soul. The Machine-state does not mitigate. The Machine-state is precise. It does not blunder in the ordinary sense, it does not grope, it does not waste in the ordinary sense. But it must of nature always be intensely unhuman. It must prune and curb and train the individual soul. It must on occasion be inhuman as well as unhuman. The Machine-state converts the treaty into the scrap of paper. The Machine-state is frightful. It sinks the Lusitania. It executes the nurse. It trains its guns with cool deliberation upon Rheims. It murders civilization. These things are not accident. They are inherent. The Machine-state rises to Sparta — and to Berlin. The Machine-state is an idea carried to its logical conclusion. The machine type of mind alone is capable of this. The really human has always rebelled before the logical conclusion. The logical conclusion made efficient is monomania. With Germany it is the monomania of egotism.

IV

To earnest seekers after permanent solution of the difficulties that vex men most, the thought is painful, but the fact remains: there is no such easy solution as the machine. We can not, and we should not, hope for finality. Finality means the death of spirit. The State that fails to realize the importance of the individual impulse,

and of freedom as the only atmosphere in which it can live and bear fruit, the State that puts all its hope and all its will into organization, is marching to its doom. We can not hope for finality, and we can not hope for ease. The Art-life and the Art-state are not easy tasks. They demand unceasing effort and unceasing watchfulness. They require a devotion hardly to be found without religious faith. They represent the equilibrium of countless forces. Equilibrium is always difficult. The Golden Mean is always harder than either extreme. It is infinitely easier to have the perfectly autocratic or the perfectly socialized society than the ideal democratic State.

But the democratic State means that all the members are responsible, as well as the whole. The democratic State means that man is to have a part in his own making, and is not to be machined. If democracy is difficult, it has its great rewards. They are freedom, and character. These are the products, not of the machine, but of man.

THE ATHLETIC HABIT OF MIND

MY friend — has the soul of a good fellow and the body of an athlete, but what most interests me in him is the attitude of his mind, and the kind of thinking which he has gradually and with some effort imposed upon himself. An educated man, and having to do professionally with religion, he has so arranged his mental conclusions that they will give him the least possible trouble in view of the uncertainty of life and the even greater uncertainty of human reason. Already he has adjusted his mind to the probability that his wife — who is not athletic — will one day leave him alone in the world, and in other ways he has schooled himself to expect little of life. Where other men live by faith and vision, and seek to buttress these by thought and research, he has settled down to the deliberate conclusion that all intellectual questioning is as wasteful as it is futile; and that the best climate in the world to live in mentally is the one which puts the critical faculty to rest, and permits the most pleasurable sitting in the sun.

Someone has said of one of the great controversies of the race that it will end only when the world ends, and that this will be soon enough. This saying would not appeal to my friend. Nor would that other remark, that the seventeenth century knew better how to die than how to live. My friend is wholly scientific in his appreciation of the fact that life is a matter of the present moment only; and he is equally convinced that it is time that every troublesome controversy should cease. A brisk walk of twenty miles across country does not seem too much for him physically. In his personal relations with his fellows he is both hearty and helpful. But otherwise, intellectually and perhaps spiritually, his fibre has relaxed. Distinctly and finally he has renounced the burden of the world's thinking. Condemned, and to his sorrow,

to dwell in New England, his mind has long since domesticated itself in southern Europe, where a Mediterranean horizon of unbroken blue alone contents him.

What I seem to see in him is a lack of moral robustness corresponding ill with the ease and vigor of his bodily functions. He has not hardened himself by a consistent discipline of life to feel that intellectual difficulty is a wholesome and saving thing, that spiritual risks are salutary, and that the zest of living is not lessened, but rather intensified, by honest, earnest mental effort. This unwillingness to live largely and confidently, and to accept the order of nature and spirit alike without any weak concessions or reserves, doubtless arises from an inability to take the risks of spiritual adventure. The chances are that his frail life-partner will in the event survive him, and it may easily be that the devout souls are right, and there is after all a God, and a good one at that. If this should indeed prove to be the outcome, what a needless amount of running away my friend will have been guilty of, and how much happier it would have been for him to trust the main stream of simple living and thinking, and go with it.

There is no greater mistake than to fancy that the great tasks of the human spirit, its problems and conflicts, are to be undertaken at an inevitable loss of zest and pleasure in living. There are, to be sure, knights of mournful countenance upon this road, as there are upon all others; but at heart the quest is a joyous one, and those who rightly engage in it know their own appropriate exhilaration of spirits. It was Phillips Brooks who, meeting his brother clergyman, Brooke Herford, on Boston Common on a Monday morning, saluted him thus: "Well, Herford, how does it go, trying to make the world better?" To which the latter replied, with something of Mondayish depression, that it wasn't by any means an easy task. And then Brooks threw back his head, and, with a burst of boyish laughter, demanded, "But isn't it fun *trying* to make it go better?"

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Here was that "silent pleasure," which Arnold of Rugby said was so dear to every Englishman, "of enduring, resisting, and struggling with something, and not giving way." And the more forlorn the struggle the deeper the satisfaction to any rightly constituted nature. Humboldt thought he had discovered that "monkeys are more melancholy in proportion as they have more resemblance to men;" that "their sprightliness diminishes as their intellectual faculties appear to increase." This, however, need not be taken as a reflection upon the more serious side of life. The normal gravity of the average monkey is so great that the safer assumption would be that it is rather the thought of the ordinary flippancy of the human race which causes its depression. What no animal intelligence could ever know has been revealed through a long evolution of intelligence to the wisest of men. That "largeness, sanity and repose" which Walt Whitman found in nature has been taken over by them, not to their hurt but to their happiness, and they have slowly learned the secret of a deeper and more lasting cheerfulness than any superficial pleasure can bestow. They have learned to accept the limitations of life, and to tolerate the imperfections of society, seeing that the steady and unchanging elements are there also. It is this ability to focus the vision on that which does not change which gives the serious man his ease and lightness of motion among the evils and uncertainties of life.

"I sometimes feel a little blue," writes James Russell Lowell, . . . "but the more I learn, the more I am impressed with the wonderful system of checks and balances which history reveals (our Constitution is a baby house to it), and the more my confidence in the general common-sense and honest intention of mankind increases. When I reflect what changes I, a man of fifty, have seen, how old-fashioned my ways of thinking have become; . . . in short, that my whole life has been passed in what they call an age of transition, the signs of the times cease to alarm

me. . . . I take great comfort in God. I think he is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that he likes us on the whole, and would not let us get at the match box so carelessly as he does, unless he knew that the frame of the universe was fire-proof. How many times have I not seen the fire-engines of church and state clanging and lumbering along to put out — a false alarm! And when the heavens are cloudy, what a glare can be cast by a burning shanty!”

Would it have been better never to have felt this momentary depression nor to have seriously faced these evils and dangers? Yes, if it be true that there is in man no appropriate resource with which to meet them. But there seems to be general consent that man has mind as well as body, and if so there ought to be opportunity to exercise it. Mental muscle is surely as desirable as physical muscle. Why should any Son of Harvard crave the privilege of wearing an H upon his breast, and look with indifference on the right to carry the same honorable letter in the front he offers to the real problems and difficulties of living? It is a poor Alma Mater, be it academic or merely the school of ordinary living, which does not furnish us this kind of moral training. It is surely a mournful confession if one must go south every time adversity comes or the winds of doctrine blow Marchlike and uncomfortable. The rigors of straight thinking and brave endurance of the ills of this still most unintelligible world ought not to be too great for any healthy mind which has not so accustomed itself to running away from difficulty that it has become weak and flabby.

It was N. P. Willis who, after a long sojourn in Italy, found the uninterrupted blue of the Mediterranean skies oppressive, so that he came to long for a New England cloudy day. By the same law of wholesome reaction do we account for recent demands that we return to the Puritan spirit. It may even be that this is the explanation of the appearance of a Nietzsche upon the intellectual

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horizon. One does not easily forget Walt Whitman's demand for "an athletic and defiant literature," nor is the demand for an athletic and defiant philosophy of life any the less insistent. At least the attitude and spirit of Nietzsche help, whatever one may think of his conclusions. He is not afraid to grapple with real problems and to think things through to an issue. One sees men running to and fro, not so much in search of new doctrines, as to get away from all doctrine whatsoever, and he wonders what is to stiffen the backbone of our thinking in an age of intellectual subterfuge and accommodation.

An age which has had Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Stevenson surely ought not to be wanting in mental robustness and moral stamina. There are characteristic selections which might be made from their writings and grouped in such a way as to forcibly impress the use and meaning of the athletic mental life; and such a grouping might well serve as a text-book in our colleges. To get the attitude and spirit of these hardy and enduring soldiers of life into the minds of our young men ought to do something toward fitting them to live successfully in a world of uncertainty and change. As it is, we teach them only the easy side of life. We preach the gospel of success to them and prepare them only to succeed. Whereas life is and always must be a mixed and varied discipline. It is made up of loss and gain, of success and failure; and any system of education is faulty which does not fit men to be good losers as well as probable winners. It is said that disappointment at not reaching the Presidency hastened, if it did not cause the death of Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglas. The recent defeat of William Howard Taft for the same office gave that best of all good losers an opportunity to read the American people a much needed lesson in the art of meeting reverses when they come. The splendid qualities of mental rebound, of personal superiority to the chances of life which he showed

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endeared him more to the country than could any amount of happy fortune.

It all illustrates in ways that are individual and personal the characteristic limitations of the doctrine of preparedness which has proved so misleading in national affairs. There are so many things which Germany might have foreseen had it not been for her preoccupation with the one idea of military certainty, that even a possible victory for her must be achieved at an ultimately fatal cost. And in the event of defeat, what moral reserves or what appeal to the sympathy and good will of the rest of the world would she have? To be prepared, to be ready for success and failure alike, is to have something left over from any event which can happen, which gives one standing in oneself and in one's relations with both friend and foe.

The athletic habit of mind is a trained ability to meet, not only the risks, but the responsibilities of living. To be able to step down defeated with grace and ease of mind is more than a personal accomplishment, it is a social duty. "Courage, a quiet mind, and little nonchalance will heal much," wrote that wisest of wise women, Alice Freeman Palmer, whose own life went out all too early, but still brightly and with undaunted front. What indeed is success or failure to us, when we have "subdued our life to the one purpose?" Even a clock, as Lamennais would say to his pupils, if it knew that it was to be destroyed the next instant, would still keep striking its hour until that instant arrived. "My children, be as the clock; whatever may be going to happen to you, strike always your hour."

"Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye!"

"Very likely. 'Tis in our power, then, to be hanged and scorn ye."

This heroic and nonchalant attitude is not fostered by the popular teaching of the hour, with its exclusive emphasis upon certainty and success. Again and again has it been proved that one does not have to be a "hardened

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optimist" in order to be "obstinately happy." One may refuse to believe that "all is right with the world," and still, by dint of stiffening up his own moral fibre and looking out on life as a great, though often trying adventure, find the world a very tolerable place of residence after all.

Walt Whitman somewhere contrasts the hopeless melancholy of modern tragedy with the more invincible quality in the tragedy of the ancients. One wonders if it is because we have ceased to study the classics that we have lost the art of treating tragedy in this lofty and uplifting way. Whitman declares that George Eliot's *Romola* would have a totally different impression on the reader if it had been the product of a Greek mind in the days when men were not afraid of the grander motives in the drama and in life. It is only when our fortitude and courage have been impaired that we erect comedy into a disproportionate place upon any stage. Our age stands in no danger from its love of amusement, provided it will see to it that the tragic muse is not crowded out by the comic muse. "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to fail in good spirits," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson; and this is what true tragedy does. It "bears the frowns of fortune with cheerfulness, and in silence shows courage." It knows the greatness of life, and takes account of its unexpected issues. It can even believe that good may be on the way to us when only hardship is at hand. Profoundly calm and patient, its very suffering becomes a source of strength, exhilarating instead of depressing the beholder.

When of this flurry thou shalt have thy fill,
The thing thou seekest, it will seek thee then;
The heavens repeat themselves in water still
And in the faces of contented men.

ARBITERS OF FATE

MISS DUNE, M.A., looked up from her note-book and frowned. She was in the midst of finding the quartile for THE ENGLISH COMPOSITION GRADES OF CITY SCHOOL CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE AS CONTRASTED WITH THE ENGLISH COMPOSITION GRADES OF RURAL SCHOOL CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE: EXPERIMENT 95. This interruption by a Common Person annoyed her.

"I have an appointment with Dr. Whitman. He is to examine Mary." The Common Person rather proudly shoved forward a nice, rosy-cheeked little girl.

Miss Dune, M.A., gazed over the heads of the Common Person and The Child, then rose, opened the door into the Sanctum, and coldly signified that they might enter. The Common Person, however, did nothing so presuming. She stood humbly on the threshold, and gazed respectfully at the Great Man.

"Ah yes, — Mrs.-ah-Smith. I believe I have an appointment for The Child." He gazed leniently at The Child. The Great Man was very lenient toward his fellowmen.

Dr. Whitman leaned back in his swivel-chair and lightly pressed his finger-tips together. Mrs. Smith waited expectantly.

"The trial and error method," he said slowly, "is wasteful, expensive, futile. Experimental psychology has substituted — Vocational Guidance."

He paused impressively.

"Vocational Guidance, my dear Mrs.-Jones-ah-Smith, enables the individual at an early age to choose a career. — Miss Dune!"

Miss Dune, M.A., entered.

"Yes?" She spoke with a rising inflection.

"Kindly take The Child into the laboratory and administer the Cancellation Test."

Miss Dune, M.A., had difficulty in locating Mary. She looked above the Common Person and above The Child, and finally merely nodded in their general direction, saying, "Follow me."

"The Cancellation Test," kindly explained Dr. Whitman, "consists in the subject's crossing out a given recurring letter in a printed context. It is very significant."

Mrs. Smith looked properly enlightened, and respectfully watched the Great Man sorting papers. At last Miss Dune, M.A., entered. She addressed the Great Man.

"It is done," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Dune. While you average the score, I shall give the Tapping Test." And once more he kindly explained to Mrs. Smith:

"The Tapping Test is of fundamental importance. The subject holds a steel stilo firmly, first in the right hand, then in the left, and alternately taps as swiftly as possible. By an electrical arrangement, the taps are counted. This test is designed to measure motor control and temperament."

Mrs. Smith again watched Mary disappear. She sat very still in order not to disturb Miss Dune, M.A., who was doing some intense calculations at the desk. Shortly Mary reappeared.

It was soon evident that the Common Person grew hopelessly bewildered. The Great Man kindly, occasionally recognized her presence with a lenient smile. But Miss Dune, M.A., never seemed able so to lower her range of vision as to include the Common Person. Her focus was always just about three inches too high.

At last the Great Man kindly but firmly returned Mary to her mother, saying:

"Mrs.-Brown-ah-Smith, if you will take The Child

into the vestibule, Miss Dune and I will endeavor to classify the results and put them in some form comprehensible to you."

"That will be very kind of you," and they went out.

Soon Mary grew restless. She marked her mother's watchful gaze fixed upon the closed door. She whispered reassuringly,

"Don't worry, mumsie. He won't hurt you."

"Who?" Mrs. Smith started.

"That crazy man."

"He must be crazy 'cause he asked me the silliest questions. Why, mumsie, he doesn't even know the difference between a stone and an egg."

"Mary!" But Mary refused to be silenced.

"It's true, mumsie. He asked me the difference between an egg and a stone, and a butterfly and a fly, and he made me count backwards and tell what I saw in a picture, and — and — then he said —"

"Mary," Mrs. Smith spoke firmly, "be still!" She looked so spankingly determined that Mary was silenced.

At last the door opened. Once more Mrs. Smith entered the Sanctum.

"May I ask, Mrs. Whi — Smith, before I give my opinion, just what you had planned for The Child?"

The Common Person answered eagerly:

"Mary has been studying music, I thought she should be able to appreciate the higher arts —"

The Great Man interrupted:

"I should stop the music," he said firmly. "According to the Tapping Test, The Child shows splendid motor control, which is proof of a phlegmatic temperament. By all means, stop the music."

Mrs. Smith looked somewhat dashed, but bravely continued:

"Then, Mr. Smith and I had hoped to send her to college. After a careful study of Mary, I —"

"Pardon me, Mrs.-ah-madam, but I see you are de-

ceived by a popular misapprehension. Doubtless you sincerely believe that by a careful study, you have learned to know The Child?" The Great Man looked searchingly at her.

"I — I had hoped so," humbly admitted the Common Person.

"My dear Mrs.-ah-friend, let me attempt to impress this upon you." The Common Person watched his lips with passionate earnestness. "No Mere Parent can ever know The Child. Only the Experimental Psychologist, with his scientific data gained through infallible experimentation, really knows The Child."

After an impressive silence, the Great Man cleared his throat. He gave his verdict professionally but kindly.

"The Child's psychological age, according to the Binet-Simon test, is six years and a half; however, according to the Memory Span test, it is only four years. Her physical age was ten, I believe you said?" (The Common Person blushed and looked at rosy-cheeked Mary.) "She is of phlegmatic temperament, as shown by her high scores in all control tests. Her score is below average in the logical reasoning test. Her sense of construction, as displayed in the puzzle-box and picture-puzzle, was good. Now, my dear Mrs. Jones, in any of the following occupations, Mary should succeed:

"Millinery, Architecture, Landscape gardening, Civil engineering, Household decoration, and Agriculture —

"It is a great pity The Child was not of the opposite sex, for her score in Münsterburg's Sea-captain's test was unusually good."

Mrs. Smith looked bewildered. She gazed peculiarly at rosy-cheeked Mary. Then she asked hesitatingly:

"Mary's teachers have always spoken highly of her work. Her school superintendent suggested —"

The Great Man interrupted firmly:

"The teachers! My dear Mrs. Black, what do the teachers know of The Child? They know something of

the superficial exterior, but of those secret, vital parts, — The Child's mental faculties — not even the Mere Parent betrays more gross ignorance."

"No, if Mary's academic record has been high, then I shall have to disillusion you. Her work has not *really* been high; it has only *seemed* to be so. My judgment is based on these tests, and the experiments, my dear Mrs. Jones, are infallible."

Mrs. Smith took poor little Mary by the hand. Her thoughts were in a jumble of disappointment, tests, sea-captains and psychology, but through it all she clung to her one clear idea. The Great Man had turned the pitiless search-light of science upon poor Mary. Was it his fault if that fearful glare displayed her imperfections? Mrs. Smith looked through grateful tears at the Great Man.

"Dr. Whitman, I deeply appreciate this opportunity. You have prevented me from ruining little Mary's future. Please accept a grateful mother's humble but heartfelt thanks."

With wet eyes she left the Sanctum.

A few minutes later, Miss Dune, M.A., looked up from the statistical report she was filling in, and asked doubtfully:

"Dr. Whitman, was The Child we just examined a feminine or masculine specimen?"

The Great Man meditated. At last he said confidently:

"Feminine, Miss Dune. I think, Mary — Mary — Jones? — Yes, Mary Jones, Miss Dune."

Miss Dune, M. A., returned to her report. Her patient murmur was just audible:

"What is more boring or more insignificant than — the Mere Individual?"

FOOD CONSERVATION AND THE WOMEN

IT is singular that in view of the present widespread food shortage, the food administrations of all countries are characterized chiefly by their traditionalism. In the business of collecting and transporting food stuffs needed by our own and our Allies' forces, staggering as it is, nothing has been devised that calls for any other kind of social habit than that which enters into the food transactions of peace. The licensing of food sales, though unused, is not unusual, and follows the practice of drink and tobacco licensing. No measure involving a radical change of food practices has yet been officially suggested.

In the warring countries, this has no doubt been due to the emergency character of the new offices. But even here in America, where the slow approach of war gave us time to think about it, we have an official Administration attempting with high courage and no little skill to bring about the required food-saving by trimming and intensifying the tradition, in the face of an ignored, and unappreciated, revolutionizing tendency. An impartial examination of the household food propaganda proceeding from Washington, would lead one unavoidably to conclude that social conditions and household exigencies in America have undergone no change in the last fifty years. As a matter of fact, there is no country in the world where they have changed so much.

Apparently the Food Administration began with the ancient and unattested assumption that American housewives are wasteful, and that American women are all housewives. The conclusion from these two hypotheses was that this waste is all dead waste, preventable by intelligence and high patriotic fervor; and that no considerable food saving could be made by women outside the housewifely province. It is proof of the same intelligence and

high patriotism on the part of American women that the assumption was allowed to pass unchallenged, and in pursuance with our Republican custom of educating our public officials at the public expense, the household propaganda has been allowed to fall slowly into line with the actual food-saving going on unofficially among American women. But let us glance a moment at the facts of American life which lead to this interesting situation of a people wholeheartedly supporting their official leader by working fifteen or twenty years ahead of him.

Household savings can be effected in three general ways: by reducing the amount eaten, by substitution, and by adding time and pains to the preparation of food. Leaving aside for the moment, the question of over-eating, it is easy to see that neither substitution nor food-saving at the expense of time-spending has an entirely clear field. Between eight and nine million American women are engaged in paid labor of one sort or another, and any housework they may do must necessarily be secondary to the office or factory which claims their time. Also it must be remembered that in America but one household in sixteen keeps a servant. (This is the last available report; probably by this time the number of women who have given up house-service for factory work reduces the per cent.)

The slavey or scullery maid, indispensable to Continental kitchens, is unknown here. In small cities the char-woman is rare; the governess, known even to the middle-class family of Europe, is practically non-existent in America. The result is that as these functionaries have disappeared, the work has devolved upon the housewife. When one recalls the demands made on the American woman's skill and time by modern hygiene in the care of the young, and the social and community duties which she feels obliged to undertake, and the new absorbing interest of war relief, one can easily see that the prob-

lem of kitchen saving is by no means the whole problem of the American housewife.

To say that cookery is not the most important department of housewifery, always has a revolutionary sound — suggestive of short hair and hunger strikes and soap-boxes. But every modern housewife knows that intelligence in home-management is chiefly shown by the skill with which the kitchen is kept from encroaching on the other functions of the home. This is frequently done in peace times by the sacrifice of food, by throwing away the stale loaf, by shopping by telephone, by *not* making cottage cheese out of the sour milk, by buying an eighty-five cent steak instead of working an hour and a half to make an imitation roast out of a thirty-five cent soup-bone. The choice of food-spending or time-saving is one that has to be made every day by fifteen out of every sixteen house-wives in America. Patriotic it may be to can all the ripe tomatoes, but when it becomes an alternative between that and letting the baby cry with prickly heat, there is no question about where the duty lies.

The complication of food-saving with labor problems is accepted everywhere in excuse of the food waste on farms, just as the complication of market waste with "business conditions" excuses the seventy-five tons of food going to waste every week on the piers of New York. What we do not grasp, is the complication of kitchen waste with labor.

A recent study of the garbage of New York City seemed to indicate that the greatest waste of usable food came first from hotels (which are ordinarily run by men for men) and from families whose food spending is not governed by necessity and whose time spending is regulated by social activities. That is to say, a certain proportion of food that is apparently wasted, represents a choice between saving and some other occupation heretofore considered more important. Contrary to popular impres-

sion, neither the very poor or the very rich are shown to be wasteful food users. The waste of the poor is rather in injudicious buying, and the rich are not only able to employ experts to eliminate waste, but the "seconds" of the wealthy household are usually consumed by the servants.

There is no way of accurately estimating the number of families who not only cannot save food, but must have special food concessions in order to keep up their working strength. It is no doubt large, and steadily on the increase. In the cities where no opportunity is afforded the poor family to increase its food supply by production, already such concessions have begun. In New York City the need is so marked in the advancing infant mortality rate and the increase of malnutrition among children of school age, that it has already been judged wisest to extend the privileges of school luncheons to all the schools.

But there is another interruption to the course of household food-saving which is quite as necessary to take into account as its complication with living conditions and labor. I mean the set of associated habits which go by the name of food prejudice. One thinks at once of notable instances, such the Hebrew avoidance of pork, and the Syrian preference for lamb. But actually we are all to some extent affected by prejudices which call for efforts of the will to overcome. The persistence of food habits long after the conditions which gave rise to them, is due to the psychology of food having so large a place in its physiology. Familiar dishes eaten in surroundings adjusted to your taste, amid the congenial souls of whom your family is supposed to be made up, digest better, and go further toward nourishing the body. Occasional dining out is valuable for its psychological stimulus, rather than for any nutritive advantage. Any attempt to suddenly alter the dining habits of a whole people is bound to result in psychological and consequent bodily disequilibrium, even when the change is in the

direction of an improved dietary. Those of us who read this are abundantly able to overcome our own food prejudices by opposing the psychology of patriotic understanding. But we should not fail to realize at the same time, that for people who live close to the hunger line, radical changes in food habits may mean a disturbance of equilibrium that we can ill afford. The Food Administration has been heartily supported by the American people in maintaining that the men at the front should not be put to the strain of an altered regimen; we must have a similar attitude for the front of labor.

These considerations are all involved in the private waste of food. Some of them have been taken up by scientific management, by the use of the telephone, the fireless cooker and the vacuum cleaner. Still more of the time problems have been solved by the food factory and the bake-shop. There is no denying, however, that some of it is arranged for by the simple process of throwing away food stuff whenever the time element involved in saving it encroaches on other interests. This is the source of much, probably the greater part, of the usable food which is found in the garbage cans of large cities. It is this selective element in household waste which has been overlooked.

Returning to the census indication, it seems probable that the measurable returns from the household saving have been greatly overestimated. By available statistics, 21.2 of our women are bread winners. Of these, forty-five per cent., or about four million, have dependants, so that their income must be figured as family income, the same as a man's.

Scott Nearing, in his *Wages in the United States*, states that in recent years in mining and industrial centers, the average income of the wage-earning class is from seven to eight hundred dollars, and the average number in the family, 4.5. The recent advance in wages has been so

nearly met by increased cost of living that it is safe to say that the only contribution to food-saving that can be made by the American wage-worker is by substitution. That is to say, that of the approximately twenty million families in America, not more than forty per cent. can be expected to make quantitative savings.

Every one of these considerations has been more or less in the minds of American women since the beginning of the war. They discussed them in their clubs and planned to meet them in their manner of living. And it was because of this preoccupation with the relation of food facts to living possibilities, that the response to the first food pledge campaign was so small, just as the second response was largely due to the women already having got their problem in hand in their own fashion. It was clearly recognized on all sides by the women of America that isolated kitchen savings not only could never meet the expectation of the Food Administrator, but that the proposed household campaign would by no means use up the potential food economies which were visible on the surface of American Life.

I have in hand an estimate of the liability to waste to which food is subject on its journey from the producer to the consumer, compiled by Dr. Lucius Brown of the New York Health Department. It divides naturally into three:

From the producer to the City Terminal, thirty-three liabilities.

From the City Terminal to the Retailer, twenty-three liabilities.

From the Retailer to the private table, four liabilities.

Thus the daily ration which is due to every citizen of New York, takes fifty-six chances of being wasted between the farmer and the grocer, and only four chances of waste after it passes into the hands of his wife.

Eliminating the twenty-two liabilities which are due to conditions beyond the control of the handler, the evidence of Dr. Brown's digest is that there is still about

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seven times the recoverable waste of food outside of kitchens that there is in all the kitchens in the country. I say recoverable rather than preventable. Possibly much of the waste of market and transportation can be eliminated by more efficient handling, but those things take time, and are tied up with too many other matters for consideration here.

There is no way of accurately measuring food on farms and orchards and comparing it with the waste at markets and in kitchens in a quantitative manner. The impression which one gets traveling through the country is that the producer's waste is prodigious. Certainly the aggregate of kitchen waste in spinach in New York last year did not approximate the waste of fields of spinach ploughed under because of bad market conditions. In the piers of New York alone seventy-five tons of fruit and vegetables every week was dumped with the city's garbage before the women took hold of it.

In proportioning the kitchen waste, Dr. Brown is of the opinion that the single item that out-balances all the rest is overeating. Whether a whole people can be kept happy and successful on a scientifically determined ration is problematical. It has never been done; but that is true of so many things. The most we can admit now is that the Food Administration has all the evidence on its side when it asks of us a serious curtailment in the amount of certain foods eaten.

But the problem of increasing the amount of exportable food by administrative reform is by no means so simple. It is not even so simple as it seems. That it has seemed so at all is doubtless due to the fact that it has been approached only by men, unacquainted with kitchen practices, and biased by the traditionalism which is always in evidence when one sex attempts to deal with the social functions of the other. It was men who this time last year, could be heard counseling women how to win the

war by carrying their own market baskets and peeling the potatoes thin. Every competent woman knows that when potatoes are so scarce that the thinness of the peeling matters, it is wiser not to peel them at all. And as for marketing by telephone, what else can the mother of a young family do? In the poorer districts, where the telephone cost is prohibitive, there has evolved the push-cart market, which enables the mother to make her daily purchase in the street where her little Isaacs and Pietros are at play.

We get out of focus in this question by failing to realize that the private kitchen is a social rather than an economic institution. Probably in actual labor-cost and food-cost, it would be cheaper to feed us all at a common table, as was done in Sparta. The private kitchen is popular chiefly because it favors the social institution known as the home. It is a by-product of family life, and not the excuse for it. The whole tendency of modern living is to make it simply the last distributing station of food in its travels from producer to consumer.

Dr. Brown in his estimate of four chances for waste inside the house, as opposed to fifty-six outside, rather overstates the chances on some of our chief food staples, by putting all the responsibility for poor cooking on the house-wife. As a matter of fact, from one-quarter to one-third of preparatory food processes go on commercially outside the house. Most bread and most breakfast food comes to the table ready cooked. Butter is made, meat and fish salted, smoked and dried commercially; fruit and vegetables are canned, preserved and dried. Enormous quantities of food pass directly to the table without even the intermediary process of reheating. Even where bread is baked at home, the equally vital process of milling is carried on removed from the housewife's sphere of supervision.

It is fortunate for our Allies that two of the staples most needed by them, sugar and fat, can be saved with

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practically no time-spending; economy of these two foods being largely a matter of self-denial. But the saving of meat and bread, and the utilization of left-overs, involve time and labor. No very considerable saving along these lines can be effected in private kitchens without withdrawing women from other occupations, and to a certain extent disorganizing our social habits. As a matter of fact, the Food Administration's own admission that America has eaten more food this year than the previous year, is accounted for almost entirely by the preoccupation of women with other war issues. The rest can probably be laid to loss by experimentation in the stimulation of the cooking interest.

There is another condition affecting private kitchen savings which would probably never occur to the stock-brokers, college professors and dietitians who have the conservation of food in charge (though it would undoubtedly have appealed to the Food Administrator himself if he had thought of it), and that is that the modern kitchen is not equipped for a resumption of the grandmotherly practice of food-saving at the expense of time-spending. Modern teachers of home economics have long doubted the expediency of home baking. On the east side of New York, where the quarter in the gas meter is an item, the housewife sends her bread to the baker around the corner. Studies made this winter in connection with the food committee of the Mayor's Committee of New York, convinced me that as a fuel saving consideration, any dish requiring more than forty minutes to cook on a fire separate from the heating apparatus, is an extravagance.

It appears from this commonsensible and scientifically reinforced view, that we must reconstruct our idea of the part women are to play in food conservation. If what the food experts say about our eating too much and not the right things is all true, selective saving can

be practiced by most of us. But in view of the close relation between food consumption and incomes, quantitative kitchen saving can be expected from a little less than half of the twenty million-odd housewives, and *whenever such saving involves time-spending*, from not more than six or seven million.

All these things being understood by American women, they had hardly recovered from the first gasp of surprise, at realizing what the Food Administrator did not, then, unrecognized and undirected, they set about meeting the situation as they understood it.

Taking advantage of the recent rapid development of community feeling, they organized centers for dealing with the waste, which by Dr. Brown's showing is so much greater outside the house than inside. In the community garden, loose ends of labor, uncounted half-hours and empty holidays, were consolidated in the production of food. Community canning centers took care of the excess product of the private garden. Women with automobiles went about to farms and collected the fruit and vegetables which the farmer's wife, cooking for hay-hands, could not handle. In the cities they re-sorted and variously disposed of the market waste. Commission merchants and green-grocers gladly contributed the left-overs of the day. All this work was unauthorized and local, so that there was much overlapping and many gaps. Coöperative marketing and City planning had their share of attention; experiments were tried, many of which proved unsuccessful. The point I am trying to make is, that the instinctive and natural attack of American woman on the food problem was not from the private kitchen, but from the standpoint of the community. It was a recognition of the relation of food to social processes, and an attempt to equalize the pressure of the food shortage.

The most significant undertaking was the community kitchen for the centralization of cooking. Vast quantities of food in every community have to be cooked fresh every

day. It is impossible to insist that the country is better served in any way by dividing this food up in little lots and cooking each lot over a separate fire with individual handling. Think of our national dish, pork and beans. Think of one hundred thousand women in New York city, each one washing and picking over and cooking a hundred thousand pints of beans, and the one hundred thousand separate two-hour fires in a hundred thousand kitchens, and about fifty thousand of them turning out badly because of being complicated with other affairs. But put sixty women to cooking those beans scientifically over a single fire, and sending them out hot in large containers to local distributing stations. Then think of the number of Red Cross bandages that could be rolled by the other ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and forty in the time saved. This is what the central cooking kitchen means to the average American woman. What it is going to mean to the working woman next winter, in enabling her to feed her family with the diminishing purchasing power of her income, can hardly be calculated. Fuel, labor and money, all neatly gathered up and saved in one compact performance!

The problem of food prejudice is one of the gravest which is intimately connected with the maintenance of our working power. It cannot be met by a group of business men at Washington, but by the women who have had long experience in working with our immigrant population, and it cannot be met by local voluntary effort. It calls for the highest type of social diagnosis, and national authority. It speaks well for the patriotism of American women that they have attempted to meet it unofficially and alone.

This is the sort of contribution the American woman has been making to the problem of food-saving, and there does not seem to be any good reason why the coöperation of the National Food Administration should any longer

be withheld, or that it should continue to insist that the women of America should serve their country's food necessities only by the unsocial activities of the private kitchen.

Men in their food activities are always hampered by the man habit of dealing with food as a commodity. That is what is the matter with the milk problem just now. Men are sitting in milk commissions which amount to nothing, because there is at present no way of dealing competently with milk, and at the same time keeping it in the commodity class, subject to the incidents and rapacities off trade. In the meantime the infant mortality rate of large cities is steadily increasing, and farmers are killing off their milk cows. While we are talking of waste, it is well to remember that the most conspicuous item of waste now going on in America is the waste of the woman power of the country, and its hereditary aptitude for dealing with food as a means of sustenance.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON REVOLUTION

THE present upheaval in Russia is probably symptomatic. There is good reason for believing that it is merely the beginning of a wave of unrest which will sweep over the entire world and affect all civilized peoples. If this be true, it would seem wise to consider the matter philosophically in order to gauge future tendencies and if possible attenuate their results. Forewarned is frequently forearmed.

In the first place, we would do well to ask ourselves the question: What is Revolution? The usual explanations are unsatisfactory because wholly inadequate. They account for specific revolutions in terms of politics, economics, or other factors largely external, but these particular causes do not possess that universality which would give them the value of a scientific generalization.

The basic cause of revolution is, however, not inscrutable. A revolution is simply a disturbance due to a sudden breakdown of an old social order under conditions which render difficult the formation of a new social order. In normal circumstances the social organism functions like the human organism: it is being incessantly destroyed and as incessantly renewed in conformity with the changing conditions of life. These changes are sometimes very considerable, but they are so gradual that they are effected almost without being perceived. A healthy organism well attuned to its environment is always plastic. It instinctively senses environmental changes and adapts itself so rapidly that it escapes the injurious consequences of disharmony.

At the present hour humanity is passing through an epoch of almost unprecedented change. I am not here referring solely to the Great War. That event is itself only one effect of deep-going causes which have long

been at work. It is a truism that in the last few decades Man's material environment has radically altered, and it appears certain that his idealistic environment has undergone an equally profound though less obvious change. Man is, therefore, today faced with imperative problems of adaptation which will tax his energies to the full. The dilemma is inexorable: adapt he must, or suffer all sorts of unpleasant consequences.

The variety of human types and social organisms makes it certain that there will be a corresponding variety in attempted solutions. What these are likely to be in specific cases would far transcend the limits of this article. We can, however, lay down certain general principles which will be valid for any particular situation. With a society, as with an individual, the two basic factors determining a specific course of action are heredity and environment; or, as we say when speaking of a society — race and institutions. We can, therefore, divide societies into three categories: those in which race and institutions are both sound, those in which one is sound and the other unsound, and those in which both are unsound. Societies of the first category have little cause for alarm, however severe the process of adaptation which they may be called upon to undergo. With a minimum of disturbance they will successfully weather the storm. Societies of the second class will have serious troubles, but after a more or less lengthy revolutionary period they will probably pull through. Societies of the third category will fall into chronic anarchy ending in iron despotism or foreign conquest.

A striking example of how a society may pass through a period of stressful change unscathed is England during the French Revolution. A movement which shook the societies of the Continent to their foundations found England revolution-proof. This was because the British stock was preëminently sound, and British institutions, despite minor imperfections, fundamentally in accord

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with the spirit of the age. Britain therefore entirely escaped revolution, and brought itself abreast of the times by a gradual evolution culminating in the Reform Bill of 1832.

A good example of the second category is the American Revolution. Here we have a race-stock and local institutions both thoroughly sound and therefore capable of evolutionary adaptation, but we also have unsound imperial institutions necessitating radical revision. Since this could not be effected by evolutionary methods, revolution took place. But it was a revolution strictly limited both in time and in scope. The high quality and essential homogeneity of the Colonial stock had evolved a race-consciousness with specific desires and definite aims. The local institutions of Colonial times gave a sure base upon which to erect the new edifice of independent national life. Accordingly, political confusion was evanescent, social disruption and anarchy were virtually absent, and the new social order was solidly constructed in a very short space of time.

A more extreme variant of the same category is the French Revolution. Here again we have a sound, fairly homogeneous race-stock, but institutions so rigid and antiquated that they had petrified into a dead mold incapable of organic change. The inevitable consequence was that this "Ancien Régime" was suddenly blasted away by the dynamite of the French Revolution. So shattering was the explosion that France has even yet scarce repaired the ravages; yet through all the painful stages of reconstruction we see the capable French race-soul moving ever more surely along the proper path.

As for the other side of the shield, a valid instance is to be found in ancient Rome during the stormy transition period between the Republic and the Empire. Here we have a degenerating race-stock carried along by the force of good institutions. The splendidly endowed Roman stock was rapidly losing itself in a mongrel horde

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of paupers, freedmen, and slaves. Yet so plastically vital was the institutional legacy bequeathed by the Republican past that the reforms of Augustus and the skilled Roman legists sufficed to check the consequences of ethnic decline for many generations.

Regarding the third category of social organisms, the history of the Latin American Republics after their war of emancipation from Spain affords many illuminating examples. These unfortunate countries were the victims both of bad institutions and unsound racial stocks. Accordingly, no sooner was the despotic hand of Spain lifted than they fell into frightful oscillations between anarchy and tyranny. Their half-breed populations, having no fixed race-consciousness, possessed no instinctive norms of conduct or aspiration. In certain regions, to be sure, especially in Argentina and Uruguay, recent wholesale Spanish and Italian immigration is evolving a "Latin" type which bids fair to develop into a stable ethnic entity, but elsewhere the sole hope of restraining the endemic anarchy seems to lie either in iron despotisms like that of Porfirio Diaz or in the prolonged discipline of foreign tutelage.

Given these two basic criteria — race and institutions, it should not be impossible to diagnose any given society's adaptability, and hence to estimate its chances of escaping revolution. For surely that is a matter earnestly to be desired. Goldwin Smith was right in urging men never to glorify revolution; i. e., never to lay exultant emphasis upon that phase of a movement which, however necessary, was merely its destructive side. Revolution is always a *pis aller*. Even at best, it involves irreparable social losses and leaves ugly scars. Farthermore, revolution is always atavistic — a resurgence of the brute and the savage in man normally held down by that complex network of codes, customs, and traditions which forms so essential a part of the fabric of civilization. This primitive animality, however long repressed, is never

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destroyed. Potentially present, even in the noblest natures, it continuously dominates the pauper, criminal, and degenerate elements — those sinister barbarians who swarm in the depths of every society, always ready to pour forth and wantonly destroy. The consequences of such social reversions can be unspeakably terrible: where no fixed race-instinct exists to redress the balance, the way may be hopelessly lost and a civilization irreparably ruined.

There is today altogether too much glorification of revolution as such. Most of this laudation originates with that peculiar type, the congenital revolutionist — a restless, unstable breed, ready to rebel against any established order whatsoever. Such persons are animated by the mere love of revolt, and if all their present desires should be realized tomorrow, they would simply revolt again. The congenital revolutionists are powerfully reinforced by their kinsmen the utopian doctrinaires — monomaniacs who see a cure for all human ills in some specific principle, and who are ready to upset the universe in order to give their pet nostrums a chance. The trouble is that both these types are richly endowed with burning enthusiasm and persuasive eloquence, which, in times of change and stress, tend to exert a marked effect upon the average human being, who, in such periods, is generally discontented, shaken in his old beliefs, and instinctively seeking a new idealistic allegiance. Once the naturally conservative masses are disorientated, the revolutionary officers-corps above described finds a ready army in the ever-waiting rabble, and a revolutionary upheaval becomes possible.

As yet, however, it is far from being inevitable. Such critical moments have been safely passed on many historic occasions, without any violent breach in the course of social evolution. It is here that constructive foresight and remedial measures are of supreme importance. The fact that the average man (always normally conserva-

tive), gives ear to the prophets of violence, is the danger-signal denoting social ill-health. A sound society rejects such doctrines, just as a sound body repels microbes. The proper course in such cases is to make a careful diagnosis on the first appearance of pathological symptoms, and then resolutely set to work removing the conditions which are inducing the disease. Almost all social maladies are remediable if taken in time. With society, as with the individual, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

In this social prophylaxis, the chief element is intelligent public opinion. The gravest mistake which a threatened society can make is the suppression of free speech. Frank discussion is the best way of exposing abuses and conceiving effective remedies. Revolutionary doctrines, however subversive, are not dangerous in themselves; they become dangerous only when bad conditions incline average individuals to accept them as avenues of escape from existing evils deemed intolerable. Remove the evils, and revolutionary incitements lose their charm. So long as the bulk of a population is sincerely attached to a social order, both congenital rebels and base rabble are powerless. The more outrageous the heresy, the more surely will the popular instinct reject it with angry loathing, or consign it to limbo with a shout of Homeric laughter.

Right here, however, we should mark the vital distinction between thought and action. Revolutionary speech, except where it incites to violence, should not be curtailed; revolutionary action should be promptly and ruthlessly repressed. The maxim: "*Liberty under Law,*" is the very cornerstone of every free and progressive society. The "*Majesty of the Law*" is, in truth, our tower of strength. Yet, unfortunately, this tower may be easily undermined, through overlooking or condoning defiance of the law's commands. Its stability resides, not in the material trappings of State power — constables, judges,

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soldiers, etc., but in the ideal obedience instinctively rendered by the mass of citizens. When, by successful defiance of individuals or groups, the principle of authority is injured in the public consciousness, it dissolves very rapidly, reverence turns to contempt, and society is left naked to the assaults of anarchy. Hence, the deadline between speech and action should be rigidly drawn, and trespass sternly penalized. Where thought and discussion are free, where evolutionary change by peaceful methods is possible, revolutionary violence has no excuse. Those who, under such conditions, persist in violent methods, thereby prove themselves the foes of all social order — apostles, not of reform, but of chaos. Such irreconcilable rebels should be ruthlessly repressed, and, if need be, exterminated.

Yet such repression must never become the cloak for reaction. Every society contains blind opponents of change — Bourbons, who “learn nothing and forget nothing.” Invincible enemies of all reform, these persons are the mental counterparts of the congenital rebels who deify all revolution. Under normal conditions neither class is dangerous, but in troubled times society, frightened by revolutionary excess, is prone to throw itself into the arms of reaction. We would do well to remember that such reactionaries are, unwittingly, the surest allies of anarchy. Their success tends so to stereotype existing ills that the only escape is revolution. Here again, the surest prophylactic is unfettered public opinion. Free speech and intelligent criticism will expose the shams and sophistries of both breeds, and relegate them to their proper place.

As a result of public discussion there will gradually be evolved a reform program which public opinion will recognize as the just norm of realizable evolutionary progress. Once this norm is discovered, it should be unflinchingly applied. The liberal elements in the community can here render their best service by employing

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their idealism to combat the selfish and reactionary forces which always seek to block progressive change, while honest conservatives may best be converted by emphasizing the vital necessity of yielding in time. To give way only when one is forced to do so merely increases the demands of those to whom one yields. In politics one should always look ahead and give way long before one is compelled.

By the intelligent and temperate application of these principles, most societies may hope safely to weather critical times of change. Such achievements are certainly of immense social value, since they represent a clear saving of the irreparable losses inflicted by revolution, and an avoidance of those sinister reactions which so often follow hard on revolution's heels.

THE JOB AND THE OUTSIDER

I REMEMBER when I was a busy schoolmaster (I may not mean quite the same thing by "busy" now, in that connection) a stranger once appeared on the outskirts of our snug little "academic community," and planted himself there. He was a pleasant fellow, we took to him at once, but we couldn't altogether make him out. To begin with, he bought a run-down old estate too far off for any of us to have tried to live on: it was a good half-mile from chapel. What should have been more serious for a layman, it was a mile from the station. But of course we saw that was nothing to him. Distance was nothing, because time was nothing; that is, he never had to cover the one in the other. As far as we could see, he couldn't seriously *miss* anything but a theater train or a dentist's appointment. The L—— farm would be all right for a fellow like that, we dared say.

He thought so, and made it into a haunt of ease. Some of us very quickly got the habit of it. Blessed place of rest from the too familiar atmosphere of gossip and shop! You could hear, and even be surprised into, another kind of talk there. You could find a cup of tea there or, if you chose, a little something else. You could come when you liked and go when you must. It was delightful. But I believe we always went there with a half-guilty sense of escape from the responsibilities of life: it was playing hookey — taking our eye off the ball. Life had no business to be as pleasant as these people made it; we knew there must be a screw loose somewhere.

I see now that the really bothersome thing, the unsettling thing, was that poor D—— had no steady job in the world. A middle-aged man with an attractive wife and nice children and nothing to "do" — a portent, certainly, in any Yankee village! He never talked much about him-

self, but we gathered somehow that after a not too easy young manhood, he had been lifted into a competency by the agreeable road of marriage. I don't believe we thought he had done the marrying for the money, they were too happy and congenial a pair to suggest that kind of thing. No, I am sure what we marveled at and dimly resented was that the man had taken advantage of his good luck. Just because he had money in his pocket, or his wife's, which happened to be the same thing, he had actually gone and cut the tie that chiefly binds us to our fellow-citizens in this land of the free — the tie of servitude. Whatever his job might have been, he had quit. Quite casually he had left his place in the ranks, withdrawn from the honorable brotherhood of slaves to the alarm-clock and the desk. *He* didn't have to be rung into a schoolroom three or four times a day. *He* didn't have to set an example for boys, or correct papers. Nor, like those lay members of the community whose social responsibility we freely acknowledged, did he have to catch the eight-five train six days in the week, or even (with fortune's favorites) the eight-forty-six. Confound it, he didn't *have* to do anything!

We really liked him very much, we made all possible allowances. For one thing, he had lived some time in England, after his marriage; and we saw that he might naturally have been infected by the low standards of that easy-going isle, where a competency is frankly preferred to an efficiency. But we had no doubt that they were low standards, and we couldn't bring ourselves to concede any sort of legitimate place in the community to one so patently unattached and jobless as D—— was.

Now the point of humor about it all is that the good D—— was anything but an idle fellow. He had all sorts of interests and employments. He bought real books, and read them with keen and lingering enjoyment — poetry, essays, intelligent fiction: books to be read in a quiet thoughtful spirit, which is the spirit of

true leisure, and therefore mainly beyond the powers not only, I suspect, of the tired business man, but of the frittered and exacerbated professor. He fiddled acceptably and painted uncommonly well. Now and then a picture sold itself, but he wouldn't bother with the machinery of peddling. He busied himself a great deal out-of-doors, delighted in his woods and his garden, and played, with infinite zest, a moderate game of golf. He had wider interests, as they are called, of the public-spirited kind. . . . No matter: none of these things could budge our official opinion of him. The main fact remained, that he had no job, caught no diurnal smoker, drew no salary for sitting at no desk (stet?). When you came down to it, what could be said for a man like that? Officially, I say, we had more respect for the doddering janitor who rang us into chapel, or for D——'s next neighbor, a rich and stupid and often drunken manufacturer of paste-board shoes.

That was in New England, and we were New Englanders, and enemies must make what they can of the fact; but when the usual platitudes have been rehearsed about the Puritan inheritance and the N. E. conscience (no doubt about the quarter it blows from!), I can't think the subject will have been altogether disposed of. May not a D—— be found in almost any of our communities, whether academic or unlettered, East or West? Of course the cruder the local atmosphere is, the cruder and stronger the feeling against him is likely to be. I daresay D—— chose, among us, as favorable ground for his technical inactivity, as he could have found anywhere in these States — unless in one of the big cities, where any sort of incompetency except the pecuniary one may count upon being pretty comfortably ignored. Elsewhere among us, certainly, your man of leisure is the eminent and hopeless outsider.

There are, you say, other classes of native aliens. There

are the "idle rich," for example. Well, we have our theory about them, — the inter-shirtsleeve generation, with its parasitical little-brotherhood and sisterhood. There is no order which our democracy so pretends to despise and so transparently makes pets of. The Harry Thaws and the Lily Barts! — how easily, by virtue of their gilded picturesqueness, do they hold their own against the codes! The spender will always be granted his place in the sun: not an outsider, at worst, since in the mere act of spending, doesn't he roll the ball? — doesn't he, in his way, help make the wheels go round? Then of course there are the farmers, who, after a fashion, set their own hours and tasks, and so work out their own salvation, or the other thing. But this is merely a departure from schedule: there is no doubting that the farmer has a job, he so plainly fulfills Adam's curse to the last drop. He has plenty of company, too. And he feeds us. — No, we may pity him or make fun of him, but we can't help respecting him, we can't deny his usefulness in the machine.

Finally, there is the free lance: the citizen with, as it were, an incompetency, the chap who must somehow make his living, and who chooses to do it off his own bat, disdaining the prescribed team-work of desk-driven trades and professions. He works, let us say, in a study or a studio instead of in a classroom or an office or a shop. He is master of his own hours and his own output. It is true that sad-eyed topographer of the dingy ways of art, the late George Gissing, took a different view. He held the discouraging theory, you remember, that the artist without "means," the free lance, though he owned to no single master, was really the slave of twenty. But this fact (if it is a fact) however far it might go towards reinstating him in the general opinion, is by no means generally known. How are these apparently detached and masterless persons, for whom no other man or institution is responsible, to be worked into the cosmogony of the plain blunt citizen? No wonder their morals are under suspi-

cion. They commute not, neither are they on the pay-roll. What do they do with all that time? If they don't wear their hair long, it is probably as a kind of disguise. If they go to church now and again, it is perhaps a blind. If they settle their bills, it is good luck, no doubt, for their creditors. How could you get hold of them if you had to? You can't attach their salaries, or compromise them with their employers. You can't seize their crops and tools — or at least what you got wouldn't be worth putting up at public sale: a few bundles of paper and a battered typewriter, maybe, or certain pieces of canvas once clean but now hopelessly smeared. If you are a gentleman who has formed the habit of making (strictly for his own use) a fifteen cent cigar of superior quality, and if generous sentiments for your fellow-man prompt you to offer it to him in any quantity at five cents, and if you farther propose to ship him some at that nominal figure, on approval, — even then you find it pleasant to receive from your beneficiary, with his order, a souvenir in the form of his business letterhead. Owning that letterhead at once identifies him as the kind of person a philanthropist may safely befriend.

But what of the unbusinessed, the letterheadless one who has no wolf at the door, no vulgar devil to pay? Him the guaranty of the tax-book, the permitted bank-reference, may serve in their degrees. Even in a democratic state, the citizen of permanent solvency may, on the surface, be forgiven much. My friend D—— could always count upon the affability of grocers and tax-collectors; dividends permitting, his bankers would always greet him with, approximately, their fattest smiles. And yet in a deeper way his independence was an added barrier between himself and his neighbors. To spend your time striving to earn the means of ease — there is a real man's job. But to spend your time enjoying that ease, while you have strength and zest to enjoy it — contemptible! Poor D—— must always have felt something missing

in his human relations. For he really was a monster, you see: a man with no living to make, and only a living to do.

Feat how difficult, and how greatly to be honored! — as older and riper societies than ours have understood. With us it is rather a boast that we have no leisure class. The women might make something of it, perhaps, but as for a real man, let him “get busy” and keep busy. “What’s his job?” is the first question we ask about a newcomer in the neighborhood, — and are uncomfortable if it can’t be answered in three words of good commercial standing. Fancy saying to the man next door: “Why, he’s a man of leisure.” “Oh, a *gentleman* of leisure!” he would retort, grinning devilishly, — and somebody’s communal hash would be settled on the spot. For of course there’s nothing your conventionally busy man grudges his neighbor more than leisure, which he takes to be the same thing as idleness. As for him, there are working-days and holidays. The working-day is easily recognized. He may take the eight-six and re-commute by the four-fifteen. He may have spent two or three of his office-hours with a “good cigar” in the corner of his mouth, feet on desk, swapping stories with some other busy man. He may have put in another couple of hours at lunch, and polished off the day with a round of golf, much dinner, and an evening at bridge. What of it? Hasn’t he lived his day under the canons? At least, he has reported himself for duty, proclaimed himself a comrade of the desk, shown himself in the ranks of the vast (and complacent) army which everlastingly fights the good fight for civilization and the main chance. A good and faithful servant: mighty little leisure coming *his* way, he can tell you!

After all, this fat citizen’s distrust of the D——s of life is perfectly natural, especially in a democracy where anything exceptional is an insult to the rule it proves. A fellow who paddles his own canoe must look out when he crosses the liner’s wake. As for the people lounging at the

rail, they are bound to think him more ass than hero for his pains, a handy mark, at best, for the superfluous cigar-stub or superannuated banana-peel.

It may be owned that a state of leisure is a parlous one, and calls for qualities of character, and resources of mind and will, such as are too rare among any people in any day of the world. Most of us are more contented as well as more respectable under the lash or on the treadmill. We may, at least, make a merit of our sufferings and there is always the luxury of cursing the man higher up. But it's your own fault if you undertake to be your own master: you must shoulder the whole responsibility for this fellow who is daring to be at ease. He must dare himself, to begin with. Perhaps it's only among the Latins and the Orientals that an *otium cum dignitate* really exists. After all, the qualms of the unjobbed are by no means peculiar to Americans. FitzGerald, who, one would say, was a tolerably successful cultivator of reasonable leisure, had his queasy hours: "I have been all my life apprentice to this heavy business of idleness," he sighs, "and am not yet master of my craft; the Gods are too just to suffer that I should." The plaint, to be sure, belongs to his thirties, when, very likely, he hadn't yet left youth and its conventions far enough behind. Master of his craft he became, and on the whole well content with it, long before the half of life that remained to him drew to its close.

True leisure and ease of mind are inseparable, and isolation is an enemy to that ease. When Boswell made one of his brilliant remarks to the effect that "We grow weary when idle," Johnson took him up with, "That is, Sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should entertain one another." Whatever Bozzy meant, his master can hardly have been thinking of idleness as pure frivolity or vacuity. His own "Idler" is anything but a manual for wasters and nincompoops. "Man of Leisure" might have better expressed his meaning, to a

modern ear. Louis Stevenson also defends idleness *qua* leisure — “idleness so-called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class.” Stevenson’s ruling class is the class which controls society by virtue of keeping unitedly “on the job,” — and snubbing people who stay out. “It is admitted,” he goes on, “that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. . . . And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow.”

There is a little affectation in this: young Stevenson is, as often, conscious that he is saying something bold, and saying it very prettily. He himself lacked the temper of the man of leisure, his detachment never quite ran to either ease or dignity. He was the artist-vagabond outsider whom it is comparatively easy to place. But the pure outsiders, the D——s, the men who, without strong creative or acquisitive instinct, dare live as creatures for whose rational enjoyment, other things being equal, the world may have been made — what practical good are they? You can hardly express them in English, — or in any other tongue without debauching it. Dilettante — there’s a nasty word to fling at a man! — a simpering, fatuous word, as the man in the street reads it, label of the æsthetic dabbler without energy or entrails for real achievement. Or amateur — another noble word gone wrong, popular sign of the fellow who can half do a thing or two, and who makes a point of not taking his little efforts too seriously.

And yet there we are — there, if with an effort we can make ourselves use and not abuse the term, is the whole thing in a nutshell, the complete apologia of the man of leisure at his purest and best — that he is an amateur of

life. It is easy to say that living is not an art but a job, a mess of "practical" duties and activities. But there are moments when even the man in the street has his obscure doubts of the formula. Perhaps it does him good to feel that there is somewhere in the neighborhood a fellow-man who dares ignore it. . . . In his robust hours, to be sure, whether consciously on the job or consciously off it, — in his hours and days of safe and cheerful conformity, — he will continue to look upon the man of leisure as an outsider, a thing of unwarranted mystery, a man in a tin mask, a creature neither fish, flesh nor feathered: a traitor, on the whole, to the decent, four-wheeled, wage-paid, step-lively-plenty-of-room-in-the-front-of-the-car order of human affairs.

DURCHHALTEN!

THE Germans expect to win by holding out. They expect the Allies to lose by not holding out. The Russian *debacle* and the Italian catastrophe are not things that end the war. Germany knows this. They are not even things, I think it can be shown, that mean very much — at any rate, immediately — in the way of making the German situation actually better as to food, clothing or comfort generally for the mass of the people. The women and children and the old men must go on suffering and worrying. No dead husbands and fathers and sons are returned alive to them; no large relief comes in the strain, already over-long endured, of short commons in everything needed in the home. Just — but of high importance, no doubt — a temporary renewal of faith in the invincibility of German arms, in the star of German destiny, in the reality of the Germany of the unrestrained poet, the mythological music-drama, the pseudo-scientific natural philosopher, and the fanatic Pan-Germanist.

It is enough, though, to encourage further *Durchhalten* by the suffering people. And that is enough for the game of the military leaders, the dynastic gamblers. For after all the game must be played with the people in it. There is not a government in Germany carrying on a war unsupported by the people. The whole German nation is in the war; the very children are fighting, in their own way, collecting gold coins or acorns, or doing without butter on their *Butterbrod*. So the rulers and military leaders who were perilously near the end of their string, because the people were perilously near the end of their patience and belief and hope, can go on managing things a while longer. How long, all depends. It depends on *Durchhalten* — on both sides.

What an exciting and puzzling situation it is for Germany just now! Russia, so long feared as a great military danger, now definitely impotent; its huge mass too large, even when defenseless, to be swallowed as a whole, politically or commercially, now obligingly breaking itself up into masticable pieces. Italy out of the running for a while, at least, as a danger to Austria. A very welcome breathing time it is for the Germans, and a time for a much needed strengthening and straightening out of internal affairs, and for a new orientation as to what they can perhaps, after all, get out of this, so far, very unpromising war for sunny places.

First, must come the straightening out of things internal, the re-conviction of the people as to the rosiness of German outlook, their re-assurance of the near end of the war and an end which is victory. For this the Berlin publicity bureau and a press still fairly well controlled are relied on. On the whole it is a safe press. But there are dangerous exceptions. There is always the socialist, if not too socialist, *Vorwärts*, and the now more socialist *Leipsiger Volkzeitung*, which is becoming really amazingly bold. Then there is the liberal and powerful *Berliner Tageblatt*, and the even more powerful *Frankfurter Zeitung* which represent Jews, banks and commerce — in a word, Money.

For it is not only the people in the homes that are suffering and want an end of war; it is also the men in the counting houses, the great traders, the men of the big shipping companies. German big business and foreign commerce can stand a certain amount of interruption; but there comes a time after which every added month of standstill is more and more serious, and enough added months make the situation critical, while a few more make it hopeless. German commerce is in the serious, if not indeed the critical period; and it can see in front of it the time of hopelessness. Hence, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* wants peace, and says so. And there are other

papers that show signs of chafing under the Berlin bridle.

But, on the whole, it is a safe press. It is a press that has meant much, through all these hard and ever harder months of the last three years, to the palace on the Spree and to the Great Headquarters in the field. However weak and stupid Germany's external propaganda — and it has not been wholly weak and stupid in Russia and Italy — it has been strong inside the country. The Highest Command has had a good press at home. The news to the people has been always useful news.

Next, this breathing time must be well used to solve the Russian situation, and to lay the plans, and get them working, that shall insure the needed winning in the East that may excuse the inevitable losing in the West; that may justify a readjustment of the "aims of the war," so that impossibilities elsewhere, everywhere else, indeed, may be obscured and forgotten in the obsessing attention to be given to the vivid possibilities in Russia.

For all this, some time is needed, and there must be *Durchhalten* during this time. If Germany can hold through a few months longer, the way out of a bad business may be revealed. What are the necessities for this further holding out? Two all-important ones are men for fighting and working, and food for eating and producing more food, that is for feeding animals that convert vegetable food into animal food, into milk, fats and meat. What do the Russian *debacle*, the treaties with the Bolsheviki, the Ukraine and Rumania mean in this connection?

As to a release of man-power, I have little to say. Most of that release has been anticipated. The West front has certainly been reinforced. It needed to be, even for defense, let alone offense. But not all, nor by any means nearly all, of the German troops of the long East front can have a change of scene — a change most of them will not welcome. Russia is and will remain for

a long time, an uncertainty, a problem, with a lurking menace ever in it. And to meet this menace there is but one sure way, to have always ready a sufficient occupying army spread over the many leagues of inhospitable land that was Russia's and is now Germany's to watch and control. There must never be any danger to the long lines of communication between fatherland and adopted-son land.

As to the release of German prisoners held in Russia; first, there are not many German prisoners, however many Austrian ones; and second, these prisoners have not had a comfortable nor healthful — neither physically nor spiritually healthful — sojourn in the Russian prison camps. However easy and attractive life has been for the Austrian prisoners in Russia: — for they have been amazingly free to wander about and help themselves, to do odd jobs, to mix with and almost be of the Russian peasant and village people — life has not been easy for the Germans. They have mostly been confined to prison camps, where food has been never too present, and disease never too absent. They are not in good fighting trim, these German prisoners of war coming back from Russia. And both they and especially the many more and physically stronger Austrians, have been inoculated with Bolshvikism, a subtle virus that has amazing possibilities of effect — yes, of effect in any country, Germany, or Italy, or France or England or America. A farther word of this later.

But it is to the possibilities in relation to the food problem of the German conquering of Russia, that I would give special attention just now. Has Germany only to arrange for the transport — not, perhaps, itself a matter to be dismissed with a “trust German efficiency” phrase for solution — of the reputed great stores of wheat and other cereals in the Ukraine, in order to begin a great national gorging after these long hard years of national

banting? I do not believe it. And I do not believe it, simply because I do not want to, but because there are reasons for unbelief.

From the very beginning of the Austro-German negotiations with the representatives of the "Ukrainian people," the Teutonic officials repeatedly emphasized the high desirability of an immediate arrangement, pending the settlement in detail of other matters, for the "resumption of economic relations" between the Central Empires and Southwestern Russia. The two great wheat regions of Russia are the Siberian and the Kazan regions; most of the Kazan fields lie in the Ukraine. It is readily understood why for half-starved Germany and Austria "the resumption of economic relations" with the Ukraine seemed urgently desirable.

But now that these relations have been effected, how much is meant by them for the food relief of Teutondom, especially for its immediate relief: for that is especially important? Can we pierce that heavy veil that always lies over Russia, and today is more obscuring than ever, sufficiently to see in what joy Germany may fairly indulge, and what dismay we should fairly face, because of the Ukraine situation in its relation to food for Germany? It is worth trying, even though the seeing is not good, as the astronomers say of their observations in a hazy night.

We may get some aiding light by looking first in other directions. Belgium and Northeastern France have been in German hands for more than three and a half years. When the field-gray armies entered these countries they took whatever food stores they could lay their hands on. These were not large: for Belgium only produces about one-fourth of the grains necessary for its daily bread, and it had no large stocks of imported grain on hand. It was just harvesting its 1914 crop, and heavy imports would not be necessary until later. Northeastern France, although including the two highly industrialized

regions of Lille and vicinity, and the Longwy-Briey iron basin (French Lorraine), had a larger agricultural output in proportion to its population than Belgium, but all of occupied France amounts to but 8,000 square miles, and its cultivated fields and pastures and orchards to about three million acres.

Since the invasion, the guarantees given by the German government to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and its American, Spanish and Dutch protecting ministers, have cut out the sending of any considerable supplies from either Belgium or French crops back to Germany. The occupying armies have had some food from the occupied land, but to an amount far less than sufficient to support them.

As a matter of fact, even the most brutal army or government cannot wholly overlook the presence in a region controlled by it, of the native population, especially if this population numbers millions. The Germans have known very well from the beginning of their occupation of Belgium and France that the ten million natives, if prevented from having any food, would not lie down quietly and starve. They could and would, even without arms or organization, make trouble that would demand attention, energy and soldiers to overcome. And Germany uses no more soldiers than absolutely necessary to "occupy" Belgium and France in the regions back of the lines. All of her "frightfulness" and "punishment" of town and people were deliberately calculated to make for economy in the future use of soldiers. A few elderly Landsturmiers now serve to take care of a great many beaten and terrorized people.

It is obvious that the Allied Governments, with all their sympathy for Belgium, would not allow a steady inflow of food if there were a correspondingly steady outflow to Germany. So this grudging surrender of German opportunity to get food out of Belgium, has been the price Germany has had to pay for a certain needed

quiet and non-necessity of a steady mowing down of the native population by machine guns.

This latter has been no mean consideration, — even if at first thought one might deem it trivial, as looked at from a truly Germanic point of view — because it has been the policy of the German government of Belgium to try to win over the Belgian population, especially its Flemish element, to a certain *rapprochement* with their conquering and terrifying and placating and loving murderers.

In Northern France the Germans have always had more of the native crop for themselves than in Belgium. But this food has been far from sufficient to support the Germany army in France, let alone the possibility of providing out of it anything worth mentioning for the starving Huns at home. But North France has afforded, and affords today, an interesting revelation of how the German does his best with what beneficent Providence puts into his hands.

The native population of occupied France is an unusually helpless one. It is composed of old men, women and children. All the men fit for military service went out with the retreating French army. The population has been rendered more helpless and feeble by its long dependance on the monotonous and meager relief food ration. So the fields of occupied France would yield little for the German armies of the West, or for the civil population itself, if left dependent for their cultivation on the old men, women and children, without the horses long ago seized by the Germans. The Germans do their best in their own peculiar way to get every bit of labor possible out of the unfortunate natives. In the mornings, they drive them from the villages into the fields, and stand over them, not with whips, but with bayonets and loaded guns, through the long hours of the summer days. I have often seen a single German soldier with gun over shoulder herding his pathetic little flock of

twenty women and girls up and down in the grain or beet field.

But they also put their resting soldiers and their reserves and their idle cavalry into the fields. And they bring machines from Germany, and even professors of agriculture to plan and supervise the cropping.

Now let us turn to the East. Before Serbia was occupied by the Austrians, it had under cultivation, outside of pasturage, a little more than 2,500,000 acres. In July, 1916, more than a year afterward, the Austro-Hungarian Military Governor reported that in the occupied territory (which included almost all of the country) only about 1,300,000 acres were under cultivation, despite all he had been able to do to stimulate production by supplying seed and agricultural implements to the peasants, and compelling the cultivation of previously unused government and church land.

Last year (1917) some little increase in the cultivated area was effected, but it has been slow and uphill work, even with all the Teutonic efficiency and all the Teutonic brutality of compulsion, for Austria to get any such food advantage out of the occupation of Serbia as was hoped for, and, indeed, counted on. And Germany has had nothing from Serbia: that is Austria's poaching ground.

When Rumania, where, "*Gott mit uns*," "we Germans" showed the world what can really be done, and how swiftly, when the other fellow has no artillery and "we" have plenty — when Rumania, the great grain field of the Balkans, was occupied, the Berlin war publicity office and the German press gave out most gleeful and encouraging statements to the hungry people of the Empire, concerning the food relief that was to come to them immediately from the conquered land.

Thanks, however, to the very effective work of the British Military Mission that was fortunately attached to the Rumanian Army at the time — amazingly effective work under the circumstances of the very limited

time available — there was little for Falkenhayn's troops to glean for the Fatherland after the Mission had done its work.

But with hard work and good organization Rumania has been made to yield a certain amount of most gratefully received food for the Central Empires. Rumania is handled as North France is. In fact the German officer, an unusually capable man, now in charge of the cropping and harvesting and food production generally in Rumania, went there from the Great Headquarters in the West, where he had organized and controlled the food production in Northern France. But it has taken time to make the occupation of Rumania count. It was a whole year after the Germans took the country before any food began to come from it into Teutondom.

And now after this long wandering, following the flag, the German flag in search of food, we come back to the Ukraine just over the border from Rumania, which by a recent turn of the eastern kaleidoscope, has become, if not quite a wholly conquered and occupied territory, at least a region whose food, reputedly rich in quantity and quality, is available for the relief of Germany and Austria. How is it then with the food situation in the Ukraine, and in Russia generally? Is there possibly another disappointment, at least as far as immediate relief is concerned, in store for the sorely tried people of Germany and Austria, whose leaders have effected another *coup* for relief's sake? Or is it true, as popular conception seems to agree, that huge stores of grain, which have been harvested from the great fields of the Kazan in the last three years, and have been accumulated because of lack of opportunity to export, await the inrushing German agents?

The most reliable reports that have come out of Russia during the last three years tell an interesting story about crops and grain stocks. It is not a surprising story when one considers all the circumstances.

According to the official Russian publication *Recueil de Donnees Statistiques and Economiques*, the Russian total cereal crop for 1912 and 1913 was more than one-seventh larger than for the two years 1914 and 1915. In 1916, the crop was more than one-fourth smaller than the average of the two pre-war years 1912 and 1913. No figures are given for 1917, but *La Gazette du Commerce et l'Industrie*, published in Petrograd by official authority, indicates plainly in various numbers of June, July and August 1917, that the progressive reduction of the cereal crops noticeable in 1915 and 1916 was still more marked in 1917.

This journal notes with consternation that of 900,000 farm machines of all sorts ordered from Russian factories in 1916, no more than 13,500, or one and one-half per cent. of the total needed, were supplied by the end of May, 1917. Also already in 1915, the falling off of imports of farm machines was enormous. In addition, the cultivation of great areas of wheat and other cereal land had to be given up because of lack of farm labor.

The figures of reduced acreage and lessened yield of wheat given by Mr. Pickell in *The Nation's Business* for February are of interest. Mr. Pickell spent four months in Russia in 1917, and had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with food and crop conditions. He states that the 1916 Russian wheat crop was twenty-five per cent. below the normal in acreage, and twenty per cent. below the normal yield per acre. That left no surplus, because despite Russia's normal great yield of wheat, about 80 per cent. of it is required for home consumption (as indicated by specific figures below). The 1917 crop was forty per cent. below the normal acreage, and ten per cent. below the normal yield per acre. That left Russia with a shortage.

If Mr. Pickell's estimates are well based, there are no present reserves of wheat in Russia at all; not to speak, then, of possible supplies out of Russia for Germany. A short crop in 1918 would mean a famine in Russia itself.

There are various officially reported facts that also throw light on the situation. In July, 1917, the Russian Minister of Food Supply issued a statement showing visible stocks of grain of only absurdly small quantity, and in the same month, the special government delegate for grain purchases reported only trivial amounts available at railways in Southern Russia.

However, these latter statements, even if facts, throw little light on the extent of the invisible grain stocks, *i. e.*, the grain retained on the farms by the growers. Here we have no figures of any kind to guide us. However there are certain facts that may illuminate even that situation somewhat.

In the first place, the prohibition of vodka has, according to all Russian authorities, increased the consumption of cereal food, as it set free for bread purchase a certain amount of money previously spent for drink. Also, it is notorious that the Russian peasant is a very large eater, and what would be more natural, when difficulties of transportation made the selling of his grain difficult, than that he should eat more of it than ordinarily. The Russian consumption of cereals would be also necessarily increased by the mobilization. If altogether twenty million men were mobilized, as best authority indicates, the requirements of cereals for these men would be increased by about one-half, which means the using up of no mean quantity of bread-grains.

Another fact of much suggestiveness is that the number of horses, cattle, sheep, goats and pigs all actually increased in European Russia as between 1914 and 1916. The increase varied from 11 per cent. in horses to ninety per cent. in goats. But the most important increases were those of cattle, by twenty-nine per cent. and swine by thirty-four per cent., because the absolute numbers of these animals are very large. There is little doubt that these increases of farm animals have been largely effected at the expense of the invisible grain supply, *i. e.*,

the stocks on the farms. If Germany needs meat more than bread, she may find some comfort in this situation.

Finally, it will be of interest to give some attention to the figures of Russia's normal grain production, consumption and export. According to the statistical notes for March, 1917, of the International Institute of Agriculture, the annual consumption per head in European Russia (48 governments) of the five cereals, wheat, rye, barley, oats and corn, taking into account food use, feed use, industrial use, and seed, averaged for the five years 1911 to 1915, 542,896,000 quintals. This amounts to fully eighty per cent. of the production during the same period, so that European Russia has only had about twenty per cent. of its normal crop available for export. In 1916 the crop was but 616,483,000 quintals, or an excess of but thirteen and one-half per cent. over normal consumption. But consumption in 1916 was not normal. It was increased by the additional amount needed for the 20,000,000 mobilized men. If this increase is put at a pound of bread a day, including waste, it wipes out half the surplus at one blow. The remaining half of the surplus can easily have gone for the feeding of animals and the increased eating by the peasants themselves, unable to dispose of their grain because of the break-down in transportation.

Altogether then, what light we have on the situation in Russia offers little encouragement of Germany's hopes—if she really has them — for an immediate relief from her long hunger on the basis of a resumption of economic relations with the Ukraine. However, that Germany can arrange matters, if the New Ukrainian republic has a not too exciting career during the coming year, so that she will get some wheat and rye and other cereals out of the Kazan fields at next harvest time, and more in 1919, I have no doubt. But that she will be able to increase her present bread ration on a basis of the Ukraine's

present grain reserves, I do not believe. For I do not believe that the Ukraine has any grain reserves.

So Germany has got to maintain its morale, in my belief, more on the psychological than the physical relief it may obtain from the Russian situation, at least for some time. The new crops do not begin to come in until late summer. Germany's *Durchhalten* will depend for the next half year more on the essence of things hoped for than the realities of a materially increased ration. For how long can the hope of relief substitute effectively for the reality of relief? Will Germany's suffering people endure long enough? That they are suffering is terribly true. They are not starving, but they have been near it for three long years; they are not naked, but they have been cold for three winters; their men are not all dead, but too many of them are.

It used to amaze me to see the German soldiers going back from the West front on furlough carrying with them bursting parcels of food saved from their daily rations. It was for the hungry wife and children at home. And the officers leaving Brussels for Berlin used to try to buy food in starving Belgium to carry home to their families in scientifically fed Germany.

No, Germany is not starving, but she is very hungry. It has been strain and stress for a long time, and the cumulated suffering has struck in. There is a limit to living under-fed and half-clothed, even if you know you are not going to starve tomorrow and be buried naked the day after. The German people is nearing that limit, and the German rulers know it. But, they know, too, that there are other peoples worn and tired by this war. And they know that each nation has its Bolsheviks. The question is, can Germany hold her own Bolsheviki in leash longer than Italy, France, England and America can hold theirs? That is the real meaning of *Durchhalten*. Holding out in a military way is only a part of holding

out in a political way. So, German people, stick it out just a little longer — *Durchhalten! Durchhalten!*

And while they hold this possible little-while longer, the German rulers must *end* things. They must end them before that distant Western giant, as yet only half awake, and moving heavily and awkwardly, gets its eyes wide open and its seven-league boots on. And they must end things before the German people really see this giant coming. America spells irresistible strength to the German people, whatever it may spell to the German General Staff.

I do not believe the German rulers can end things by fighting, nor that they think they can. They must do it by a new orientation toward possible gain and necessary sufferers, and they must realize the new orientation in negotiations. Hence they will play the peace game with all their wits; the foreign propaganda game with renewed desperation.

It is then, for the west, for the Allies and America, for them also to lift the slogan of *Durchhalten*. Let us, too, hold out, but in a different way, an active way. And let us advertise it. Let us make the Germans know it. Let us truly build ships and put them on the ocean. Let us really save food and send it across the sea. Let us make munitions abundantly and get them up to the trenches. Let us collect and train and equip men, and keep them going over there. And let us count them aloud as they go. The more we do everything that means fight, and let the Germans know it, — *all the Germans know it*, not just the Secret Service, — the less fighting we shall have to do to win. Winning can come by *Durchhalten* alone. But it must be an active, not passive *Durchhalten*. All the people and all the efforts of the people must be in it. And all the people of all the world including Germany must see it and know it. When we show Germany that we are going to win the war, we shall have won it — or, if not, we can go ahead and do it!

A NEW PSYCHIC SENSITIVE

WE have lately met a sensitive from whom is to be expected great help in solving the problems of Psychical Research. Virtually none of her work is yet known outside of private circles. Regarding what these circles are, as bearing on her general character and her entire freedom from the temptations to deceit so frequent among sensitives, we go somewhat into detail, to show more than general statements could. We first met her at dinner in one of the ancestral houses on North Washington Square. We next met her at a reception at the Metropolitan Museum, of which her husband is one of the most active supporters. There, for the first time, Psychics was mentioned between us. As we sat on a sofa chatting, I (Pray excuse the absence of the editorial "we" from the rest of this paper, though this editor does not care to follow the example of the periodicals which dispense with it altogether) — I asked if any impressions ever came to her amid such confusing scenes. She answered that music (The band was playing) often stimulated them, but that the effect was apt to be neutralized by the passing and re-passing of the people. She added that nevertheless while we had been talking she had been getting a persistent impression of the capital letter F, and asked me if it could mean anything. I answered that considering that the dominant influences in my life had been five women, two of whom consecutively I had married, and all of whose given names, strange to say, were the same, and began with F, her seeing F's persistently when I was by, was at least interesting. Here I made a great mistake. I should have waited to see if she could not, at some later time, spell out the name.

She invited me to come and have a séance, intimating that she sat only to her friends and that there was nothing

professional about it. Of course I went. The house was an exceptionally pretty one in a "first-class neighborhood." I was invited to the library, which is a very pretty room. "A bright fire was blazing on the hearth," just as it does in novels, only the fire dogs and fender were in better taste than usual, and the same was true of the accessories of the tea, which was already on the table. Mrs. Vernon, as we will call her, happened to say that she was going to the opera that evening in ——'s box, which is perhaps the most desirable box in the house. Pardon a second mention of the reasons for recounting all these circumstances: the lady has no inducement to work for money or social recognition.

The new sensitive was entirely in keeping with her agreeable surroundings — about forty years old, in buoyant health, of quick apprehension, open mind, genial humor, and the ways generally of a cultivated home and cultivated circle. Her psychic sensibilities in no way interfere with her keen interest in life's pleasures and its duties. She alone is a sufficient refutation of the widespread notion that superusual psychic sensibilities are supernormal — or infra normal.

Before going into the manifestations, we want to say a word that needs repeating again and again about some frequent unwarrantable attitudes regarding the subject.

Most people have the Fra Angelico impressions regarding a future state, including one that those entering that state enter at once into an intelligence and morality immeasurably above what they take with them, and even above the comprehension of those left behind.

Now the manifestations which are part of the objects of psychical research, whether they indicate a future state or not, certainly do not indicate *that sort* of a future state. So far as they indicate any at all, it is a sort of life very much like the life here, with similar occupations and interests, but free from our physical infirmities, from

many of our limitations of time and space, and with a rapid, if not immediate, emancipation from many of our weaknesses and prejudices. But that our average people there suddenly become wiser than all our sages and holier than all our saints, there is no indication; and there seems no reason to deny the possibility that the manifestations may be genuine.

Neither is there any reason for such denial, in the vagueness and weakness of the manifestations. Both should rather be expected, from the mere absence of the usual physical means of communication from one side, not to mention other obvious reasons.

Many of the manifestations alleged to come from high intelligences that have "passed over" are entirely worthy of such intelligence, while many are obvious mistakes, and many more obvious frauds. But there are none making important additions to our knowledge, except the extremely important one (if read aright by the vast majority of the best investigators, though doubted by others) that there *is* a post-carnate life.

And admitting that there is one, what warrant have we to expect from it any important additions to our knowledge? Several thousand years ago we were told by a voice that still has considerable authority, that in the sweat of our faces shall we earn our daily bread, and this has been generally interpreted to apply to the bread of the mind as well as to the bread of the body.

Nothing is plainer than that the qualities wise men respect most in others, and desire most for themselves, are to be had only from effort — partly ancestral, but still more immediately personal: for unless kept active by the individual, inheritances of all sorts tend to lapse. So true is all this, that life is quite generally accepted as an education. We are put into this school of a world, to educate ourselves, with the aid of many salutary kicks and blows, as well as of birds and flowers and children and skies, of day and night with sunrises and sunsets, not to speak of

the arts and sciences and general experience now waiting for each generation: all we learn being, in the last analysis, worthiest as it conforms best to the conditions of our existence here. In that school how could anything be more supremely silly than to enable us freely to attain knowledge from an entirely different set of conditions, and a set so superior as to make us discontented with our own, and indifferent to the use of them? It would tend to put all humanity into a condition like that of those who are so dissatisfied because their lot is less attractive than some others, that they do not try to improve it. As they curse virtually all who are better off than themselves, a little experience of such conditions might soon set many of us to cursing heaven and those in it.

This not being, so far as we know, a silly universe, or at least not as silly as most of the people in it, it is very silly to demand more wisdom in any ostensible manifestations of a future life, than from this life.

But these objections do not apply to knowledge of the simple fact, if fact it be, that in spite of strong indications to the contrary, we have a life from which what we can gain in knowledge and character will never be obliterated, and above all in which the lives interrupted by death will be resumed all the more happily because of the discipline through a temporary separation. It must be a sordid soul that would be indifferent to any indications that give hopeful signs of containing such a truth as this.

Here is an account of my sittings with Mrs. Vernon, from notes taken at the time.

I

M = Medium. S = Sitter. Sitter's brief interjected comments, in square brackets.

Passages where the medium speaks as the control, between quotation marks.

After a little natural chat:

M: Now let me see if any impressions will come to me.

Sat back in her rocking-chair, right elbow on arm of chair, index finger on cheek, and chin resting on bent fingers. Seemed rather to "open" her mind than to concentrate it.

S: Shall I try to will you into anything?

M: No: leave me absolutely alone, only saying Yes or No if I ask you anything, or commenting naturally on anything I say.

S: While talk may take you off from the thread, won't it relieve the strain sometimes?

M: Yes, it often rests me. That will work itself out.

S: Foster wanted his sitters to help him with their wills, and they often did. But here I'm delaying you all this time.

M: Oh, that's all right. Now let me see.

Resumes pensive attitude. After a minute or two she said:

M: Somebody seems to want to present himself, as he says.

S: Little stilted, isn't he?

M: Yes, and now I get the words Inexcusable, Unwarrantable, Indefensible.

S: Why, he's given to language, isn't he?

M: Yes, it's queer, but somehow they almost always are at the start. Now there's a sudden and complete change. It often happens so. What I see may be symbolic. I see a turnstile — you know what a turnstile is — in the country, and somebody seems to be pushing through, and points to distant fields, and says: "They prove the old saying that distant fields look green."

S: All fields do until the grain crops ripen — unless they're sandy or rocky.

M: Someone is caught in the turnstile, and keeps going round and round, trying to get to the distant fields, and yet has left the one he was in.

S: That does seem symbolic of conditions already foreshadowed in my mind by what you have said.

Then, in a series of fragmentary impressions, she slowly built up a peculiar personality and set of circumstances entirely unknown to her, and known to me but far from my thought at the time, which goes to negative the medium's getting them from there.

As is generally the case with the best evidence, it was too intimate for publication, but it seems to me, as strongly as any I know, to indicate impressions caused by a post-carnate personality. Yet of course all that I can verify in it, necessarily had been in my own mind, from which she may have got the facts telepathically; but the arrangement and manner of presentation were not in my mind, and I cannot see how they could have been a purposive process of hers. The metaphor of the turnstile was not, though at my summer home there is a turnstile, which is a favorite loitering place.

I had come to the meeting expecting her to read from my mind its preoccupations with the recent death of a near and dear relative. There was nothing of the kind.

All this impressed me as more strongly evidential than anything I had experienced or read of. I was much tempted to say: "That settles it," but refrained on considering that my feelings had never been so much involved in any previous similar experience.

Mrs. Vernon gets her impressions consciously — as Foster got most of his, and Home many — not, like Mrs. Piper and many others, in trance, with no subsequent recollection of them. She "sees things," as she saw the letter F, not only letters, but full names, persons (not very distinctly so far), and all sorts of objects and scenery, largely symbolic. She feels in her own person, sometimes very deeply, the sensations, both physical and emotional, of the persons (?) she "sees" or is impressed by.

So far, with me, her most striking symbol was the turnstile.

II

Our second interview I can describe more fully, though it was not as significant as the first. I had, as already said, lately lost a dear relative, and was surprised that during the first interview, Mrs. V. did not at least read from my mind about her, to the exclusion of everything else. But at the close of that first session, the person alleged to be manifesting (From the rest of this paper excuse so much circumlocution, but assume that its allegations of personality manifesting are provisional and tentative) — th's person(?) alleged that there were several others waiting to manifest, but that they had given way to him, because his need was greater than theirs. All that fitted the facts of his earthly experience.

He having had his say, at the next sitting something like the expected manifestation came, but it was not very consistent or evidential, and requires pretty liberal interpretation to take on any significance. I should not give it at all were it not that the experiences at the other sittings amply justify a liberal interpretation of this one.

M: Who is this pirouetting in and making me low obeisances?

S: Man or woman?

M: She changes the furniture all around, fixes it up from what it used to be. — Dwells upon changes that have been made in furniture. Tries to identify herself in that way.

I don't think *she* made the changes. I think that when she was there, it was different — older fashioned.

Something about "obstructions"; I hear the word, but attach no significance connected with it.

She seems very busy about the house. Has a carpet sweeper that bumps in places — calls my attention to the

rugs and floor coverings. It's awful funny, all this fuss. She bumps the sweeper over the rugs to make me look at them. She seems to be giving all this, not as of consequences, but for identification. — Dwells on the floor covering.

Very nice pleasant personality. I like to have her come about, and her courtesies (old-fashioned) look as if she were pleased to see me.

Takes me into the garden, and shows me old-fashioned flowers. She says every nosegay there is an old-timer.

You know I get mixed up in symbols sometimes.

Now she shows me vegetables too. They seem to look like turnips. It all has to do, it seems to me, with a place like home — furniture, garden, etc., seem to have to do with a dwelling — a home.

She tries to show me a monogram on a piece of jewelry. I can't make it out.

She's been trying a long time to make me see it, and at last says: "Well, tell him it's a monogram on a piece of jewelry."

She tries to tell me of something a long while ago. I can't make it out — something like fifty years. That's why she tried to make everything appear to me old-fashioned. Now she goes back to the floor-covering — to that blooming rug again. What she wants to tell me about that rug I can't make out. It's sort of fluted, doesn't lie flat — isn't smooth. Does this mean anything to you?

S: No.

M: Well she keeps at it — bumping over the rug, moving the furniture, and fixing it all up. If the rug isn't perfectly straight and even, it upsets her. Whether she's trying to designate herself in that way, I don't know.

She might just have been trying to demonstrate neatness in that way — trying to evidence herself to me as a very neat person — particularly about housekeeping. She keeps going back to the rug to prove herself very neat and orderly. Now it appears to me quite distinctly that she

doesn't care to show anything about the rug itself, but merely her orderliness.

There's the F. I saw at the Metropolitan Museum.

Now she shows me the rug rolled up, and everything put away for the summer. Before, things were as if people were living there. Now she shows it to me for the summer.

Now shows somebody standing and pointing: "This way out." Like that. [M. makes a gesture.]

I wish she could be more to the point, — show me something more specific. The only thing she's pointed out is the monogram on the piece of jewelry. That's all she said. Would she be likely to speak of country?

S: A little more than average perhaps.

M: Well she insists on that. Now she shows me a post. Now a fenced-in place like a garden.

Seems to think you should know her by her interest in the country — in property in the country. Everything is about a place in the country.

Very difficult for me to get her messages at all.

She shows something around her neck — piece of jewelry or like that. She just does like this — that's all she does [gesture of putting something on the neck over the head].

Sometimes when they can't speak clearly, they try many ways.

Now she seems to indicate a series of things — a sort of series or set that went together. Just what it is, she doesn't show me at all. It might be a "set" of anything.

It's very vague and mixed up. I don't think I've got it right at all. I've done the best I could with it.

The indications named below might perhaps, without much straining, be supposed to point toward the manifestations as from my lately deceased relative.

Her liveliness and elaborate curtseys — *but* she was well over seventy years old when she died.

Her fussing over the furniture. She was a notable housekeeper, but hardly an artist on the sweeping machine.

She had for many years superintended preparing the house to be left empty in summer.

The furniture of the city home of her later years was most of it bought some sixty-five years ago, some of it earlier; and there were several more recent purchases of colonial pieces and rugs.

She was an exceptionally "pleasing personality," and Mrs. V. is far from the only person who "liked to have her come about."

She had lived a considerable part of her life in the country, and in summer during the rest of it, and had been a good hand at raising a few flowers, but never had a garden or anything to correspond with the assertion that "every flower is an old-timer." See more below regarding the "garden."

In the city house where she died, other members of the family had lived just "fifty years," so there may be some point to the insertion in the mixed manifestations, of that phrase.

She did have, I feel pretty confident, a large dark brooch, with her monogram in small diamonds.

The "F." has nothing to do with her, farther than her friendliness with most of the women with that initial to whom I have already alluded.

She was fond of the country, and had been successful in developing "property in the country" — subdividing and building. This mark characteristic is rare in women.

The "post" and "fenced in place like a garden" had a peculiar suggestion, of whose veridicity Mrs. V., when I told her of it, was enthusiastically confident; but Mrs. V. is, happily for her and her friends, a very enthusiastic person, and more apt to accept suggestions of veridicity than the staid old gentleman whom she kindly permits to investigate her remarkable powers. The suggestion is this: my relative had very many devoted friends, who

manifested their love by sending for her funeral a very remarkable mass of flowers — so many that they literally filled the entire lot at the cemetery, even covering all the stones but one tall shaft. When I told Mrs. V. of this, she exclaimed: "Why, of course that's what I took for the garden. It of course was deeply impressed on her mind, and she impressed it as well as she could on mine, and I naturally took it for a garden." Well, the collection of flowers was far from being like an "old fashioned" garden, but the vision of the "post" and the "fenced in place" (presumably by posts) is certainly suggestive of the cemetery lot.

Writing all this out gives it considerable more significance in my mind than it had during the sitting, but the amount is as nothing compared with that of the first sitting, of which unfortunately so little can be published. Neither has it the striking patness of part of the next sitting.

III

Of this sitting I omit much that had no meaning for me.

She began with a lot of matter, not very definite, that suggested to me a movie-show studio to which several of the older members of the Century Club were kindly invited to have their moving portraits taken for the Club's last twelfth-night function, and I was rather expecting to hear from Mr. Choate and Colonel Church, who have passed away since that memorab'le event.

But she suddenly switched off, as mediums so frequently do, saying:

M: I see an M (not the real letter) — word sounds like Mary or Marian [Substituted names, the actual one was very rare]. It has nothing to do with "moving pictures." [My notes leave me in doubt whether I had told her of my thinking of them, or whether she read it from my mind.] She just says she's here. I don't know whether she has any message to give you.

Words come that sound like partition — division — separation — something divided — separated.

Word that sounds like aunt. [This was a “butting in.”] What does she mean by that? It may have nothing to do with Marian. Did you have an aunt S.?

S: (Somewhat startled) You bet! Two of 'em!

M: Did she have anything to do with you as a little boy?

S: Yes.

M: She gives me all sorts of illustrations of parental affection for you as a little boy — bending over and washing your hands and straightening your tie and fixing you up generally. [Pause.]

[I had an aunt S. who did just those things.]

M: Marian “assumed” something. All these people seem contented enough — not unhappy like some others.

Marian “assumes” that you will remember something without — something about very young — very young. I have those two words. Did you know her then?

S: “Very young” is a comparative term. How young?

M: I don't know. That's all I get.

It seems as if I were walking along, and somebody says: “Halt! Stop!” I don't know whether it means something she did. Did she go away suddenly?

S: Yes.

[Long pause.]

M: I see a D. Was it her surname?

S: No.

M: It may not be connected with her at all [*i. e.* may be another “butting in”].

She shows me a place — seems like a Western one — like Denver. Any reason for that?

S: No. I hardly think so.

M: Marian seems to feel that you recognize her.

You certainly were not thinking of Marian before she appeared?

S: I certainly was not.

M: I can't tell whether I'm guessing at the name, or whether I hear it, and now again I see the town: somebody shows me a picture of it. It looks like the beginnings of a town, and yet seems a busy place.

I knew a "Marian," and only one that I can remember, when I was a "very young" man. She did become "separated" from all her former associations; did "go away suddenly" to, I think, the "beginnings of a town," but not "a Western one," and it would perhaps have been natural for her to use the expression: "I 'assume' that he remembers me." But it was hardly natural that she should wish to recall herself and her story to me, at least if what is natural here is natural "on the other side." But if the assumed indications from the other side are to be accepted as true, a broader charity prevails there than here — a broader charity than conditions here make practical. Her story here was a very tragic one — of retribution for unwise conduct. When I told it to Mrs. V. she said: "I felt all that," and when I remonstrated: "Why didn't you tell me?" she said: "I make it a rule not to tell such impressions, because I feel that they may be given me by mischief makers." I said: "So far as I have looked into the evidence, it seems to me, despite many beliefs to the contrary, that there is no mischief on the other side." "Why," she remonstrated, "Do you believe that those who go from here have their characters all changed at once? I have had many proofs to the contrary." And then I realized for the first time that my impressions have been inconsistent: for while holding them very tentatively, I have grown more and more firmly into the one that, while the ostensible change is into conditions of wider insight — nearer to those where "to know all is to pardon all," the apparent changes of intelligence and character are nevertheless far from sudden and revolutionary.

In the same sitting came the following:

M: I hear the word "collapse." Somebody went suddenly wrong. I don't think it was Marian. Somebody else, whose heart suddenly collapsed.

S: Male or female?

M: I can't tell. The heart suddenly collapsed.

[Here the sensitive showed great discomfort about the thorax, which recurred at intervals.]

S: Can you get more of that?

M: No. They think they've done fairly well to get that through.

They show me a parlor car. Do you know anybody whose heart collapsed in a parlor car?

S: Did the death occur on the train?

M: I don't know. But why should they show me the train? Do you know anybody whose heart collapsed on a train?

S: I have just lost a friend who came home ill from a journey, and whose heart finally gave out.

M: Now I hear the Colonel (?) (or was it Columbia?). Notes illegible. I wasn't thinking about any Colonel, but my friend who had just died was a professor in Columbia, and also there was a Colonel, who passed over years ago, identified with some strong interests that we had in common.

I am sorry that Mrs. Vernon and I had no time for fuller development of all this.

IV

The next sitting began by Mrs. V. announcing the name "Frank." I thought of three of the name whom I had known well, but none of them fitted her later impressions — the opera *Rigoletto*, a daughter, Europe, an excavation, a ransacking, a shovel handle sticking out of the earth, a little place in the country, something disarranged, Sarah [one of my Franks was married to a Sarah — my aunt S. before mentioned] a searching, some-

thing gone and being searched for, a box connected with the investigation — had no cover, or perhaps one was simply turned back. Search seems to relate to legal documents. She suggested that Frank was to be identified by search for legal documents, and a place in the country.

None of this, except the Sarah, meant anything to me, when, apparently without connection, came the name "Putnam," followed by "Putnam would have it." "Refusal." "Let Putnam decide." "A certain compilation." "Fanciful." "Expensive or Extensive."

S. Which?

M: He tries to say that either one will do.

Now Frank More (of whom I had not thought before Putnam's name was mentioned), Putnam (the Major's father) and I owned in 1863-4 "a certain compilation" called the Rebellion Record, which was made up of "documents," some of them "legal," which were "searched for" and selected, not improbably from a "chest" where they were gathered and kept, by Frank More as editor.

When the compilation was started, it was expected that the war would be short, and the compilation finished in three or four volumes. But the length of the war proved this idea "fanciful," and continued the compilation till it became "extensive" and "expensive" in a dozen volumes. We tried to sell it to a specialist in military publications, giving him a "refusal," and in our negotiations, it was probably said more than once: "Let Putnam decide."

Toward offsetting the implication of this series of facts, stands the one that Frank More and I were never so intimate as to make it probable that after fifty years he would try to renew, from a postcarnate life, his acquaintance with me. But the same was true of Marian. These unlooked for manifestations are frequent, and the explanation of them is yet to be found. There may be unsuspected affinities, like the corresponding keying of the wireless telegraph transmitters and receivers.

V

Mrs. V. and I have had another sitting which we permitted to consist mainly of general conversation, and no results worth recording were obtained.

The impressions were mainly of a "Frederick," presumably a clerical gentleman, associated with Gramercy Park, and much interested in a memorial baptismal font — all of which meant nothing to either Mrs. V. or me.

Dr. Thomas Slicer, long the incumbent of the church on Fourth Avenue near Gramercy Park, was a good friend of mine, and if a "Frederick" has been connected with that church, and if it contains a memorial font, it would be entirely congruous with many other complex manifestations, that Dr. Slicer's influence should be behind those just recounted. But the lead hardly seems worth following up: there are enough better ones.

It may have been noticed that Mrs. Vernon habitually says: "*They* seem trying to show me," or "to make me understand." I noticed this expression several times before asking what she meant by "they." She said: "My friends over there," and farther explained that she had grown into a feeling that most of her experiences are impressed upon her by denizens of the other world who were attached to her in this. This tallies with the experience of other mediums — that, just as comparatively few here can receive communications, so comparatively few there can give them, and they speak for the others.

Yet sometimes when Mrs. V. has a pretty definite impression of a personality, she gets an impression of direct communication — generally merely of an idea or a feeling, which she describes to the sitter, seldom of exact words.

She never has seen a face clearly enough to describe it. Generally she gets an impression like that of a human being at a distance, later comes an impression of a man

or a woman, and then of the person's experiences, apt to be indicated in pantomime like that of my Aunt S. The impressions are often symbolic, as of the weary round in the turnstile.

As Mrs. Vernon does not, like Mrs. Piper, impersonate her controls, but merely talks about them, accounts of her sittings are of course not as clear cut as Mrs. Piper's script, and the séance is apt to be a bit discursive — even to become a general talk with bits of psychic description thrown in. Hence I have not, as yet, attempted, except in occasional scraps, an exact report on the S. P. R. model, and have even doubted whether such a report is as well suited to a periodical for the general reader, as to a scientific report for the student.

But my friend Dr. X is also a friend of the new sensitive, and has had more direct experience with sensitives than I have — mine being mainly in comparing, classifying and deducing from evidence gathered by others. He has written his memoranda in more formal shape, and I hope to give some selections from them in a later number.

In a sense, Mrs. Vernon is as much of an inquirer as her sitter. That is: she in no way sets up for a prophetess, or even for the apostle of a cult. She interprets her years of psychic experience to be caused mainly by telepathic hypnoses from intelligences that were once incarnate. But she has no desire to impose this belief upon anybody else, and regards herself rather as a co-investigator with the sitter as to whether their joint experience is for or against her convictions.

It is well known to students that sensibility to psychic impressions seems to call for a more purposive development than do the sensibilities ministered to by our recognized physical organs of sense. Indeed there are even successful professional "developers of mediums," like Mr. Cocke who developed Mrs. Piper. There is reason to hope that Mrs. Vernon's powers will increase, and that we may be able to give our readers accounts still more instructive.

CORRESPONDENCE

“*The Obscurity of Philosophers*”

As a student of philosophy, I assent to the view (*On the Obscurity of Philosophers*, in No. 17) that philosophers in general write much duller books than they ought to, and I also agree that this is, in part, because they are lazy and careless, like the rest of us. They fall too easily into the “shop” habit of using customary abstractions and metaphors, and they don’t care half enough for the ordinary intelligent man and his needs. Granted!

Still, there is a distinction between philosophy and science, or almost any other pursuit of the mind, that needs further defining. It largely explains, to my thinking, why the untaught layman is so impatient with real philosophy, and finds real philosophers such tough reading. The object of science *is* an object — *i. e.* something actual, “outside” us, that our senses can grasp, or at least our imagination body forth as a thing we might touch and handle if we had finer sense-perceptions. Anything of that kind, however complex, is fairly easy to talk about and make yourself think you understand. Most pious persons appear to suppose that God is such an object; therefore He is intensely real to them, and in a way they comprehend Him, or have faith that they do. The Editor of the UNPOPULAR REVIEW and some of his contributors seem to fancy that the personality which may survive bodily death is another such object. At any rate, *Psychical Research* (against which I profess to have no dogmatic objections) is hunting for evidence of individual survival by much the same kind of objective scientific method that one might apply to hunting for evidence of the presence of — well, submarines. If souls can be rightfully classified with submarines, then *Psychical Research* may very likely some day capture the decisive evidence it is seeking that they are there, in the same ascertainable, objective sense as other scientifically demonstrable facts. If not — but that is another story.

Are souls to be so classified? This is the kind of exasperating question, only in part answerable, that philosophy has to raise. All it can do by way of answer is to say: Maybe so, maybe not, and give the reasons pro and con. It is not, like science,

a search for relatively objective truth, an answer to the query, What is? It is rather a study in classification — What belongs with what? What stands on this side of any possible distinction, and what on that? What are the ultimate, quintessential pigeonholes into which the contents of our minds have to be put with more or less exactness, and what do these signify for our knowledge of reality, including ourselves, God, the future, and all the furniture of earth and galaxy of heaven? In technical speech, philosophy is the science and criticism of categories.

“Nuff sed!” cries Mr. Man-in-the-street, or Mr. Tired-Business-Man. And one has to admit that for you, my useful and high-g geared friend, pure philosophy is, perhaps, a vain pursuit; not because it is inherently unintelligible, or because you lack in yourself all capacity for following it to some fruitful result. That is not it. The trouble is that your mind, habituated to dealing expertly with such very tangible and external matters as stocks and bonds or real estate, simply won’t stop its lightning calculations among that highly respectable class of facts long enough fairly to face the previous question whether or not these things are really out there or not, and a few other like questions. Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason* is not so much more complicated than the financial page of your daily paper, only naturally they both require a certain amount of time and previous preparation for their full comprehension.

Philosophers don’t stop at “objects,” but really want to know what an object, in and for itself, may signify. So they go on puzzling their heads over such elementary matters as names and relations and classifications; and not wholly without result. Far from that! Philosophical insight has become nowadays something rather amazingly resourceful, supple, penetrating and sure of itself. There is an endless fascination about acquiring even a little of it. It is like any ample, and constantly enlarging and refining body of living experience — that, for example, by means of which you feel day by day so skilfully the rise or sag of the market, without being able to explain just how you feel it. Philosophy is really getting somewhere, even if its questions are perpetually open, and forever being reopened. From Thales to Bergson it has learned a lot, and some of what it has learned is worth appropriating, and can be appropriated by average unoriginal minds.

Only — this is the point — it isn’t a question of bumping up some fine day against an object (say, God, or the soul) which is philosophy’s home plate, and where all is over but the shout-

ing. No, there is no end to that game. You die — or pass over yonder — still wondering, questioning, doubting, seeking, and refining ever farther on all these extremely delicate processes of inner intuition (not crude intuition, mind you, but experienced, expert and wary), and the partial insight you gain here makes life come to hold quite a different and deeper interest, so that, as you begin to sense how much there is left yet to learn, even eternity promises not to be dull for a moment.

RICHARD WILSON BOYNTON,
First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, New York.

“The Editor of the UNPOPULAR REVIEW” so far from thinking “that the personality which may survive bodily death is an . . . object” has expressed himself in print various times in the REVIEW and elsewhere as regarding personality as a very ungetatable something which, like everything else, we know only through its capacity to produce effects in a mind. So far, however, as such a personality is regarded, by the mind affected, or potential to being affected, the personality is then made an “object.”

What the psychical researchers are after is an understanding of some phenomena which look mightily as if such a capacity, in its integrity, survives the body, in connection with which we have, so far, exclusively known it. Such a search, however, does not seem to said editor, or, he thinks, most of his fellow psychical researchers, as qualitatively different from a search for submarines or for anything else; and he fears that any search qualitatively different from that — *e. g.* a search by such tools as “intuition” and high priori reasoning on assumed premises, lands folks into all sorts of fogs, not to speak of inquisitions and thirty years’ wars, or even the war now desolating the world.

We fear our correspondent’s excellent letter, if it has a defect, leans a trifle toward *The Obscurity of Philosophers* — an obscurity due not only to their tendency to use technicalities in addressing common folks, but to talk

at one moment, with excellent sense, of philosophy as “not, . . . a search for relatively objective truth,” but as “rather a study in classification;” and at the next moment declare that they “really want to know what an object in and for itself may signify,” and talk about “insight,” and “refining” and “inner intuition,” all of which seem a long way from “classification” — even away in that no-man’s land where much of *The Obscurity of Philosophers* lies, and where Germany has worked out her perdition.

Our Tax Troubles Again

If you have been sticking a one cent stamp on each of your old stock of post cards and stamped envelopes as you’ve mailed it, or taken a lot of subscription tickets to concerts or shows to the offices to pay the taxes on them (especially if you’ve gone on a fuel-restriction day and found the office shut up), or if you’ve waited for a cue to get them changed for the odd sums so imposed, or endured any more of the *small* nuisances, not to speak of the great one of your income-tax return, you probably have by this time your own opinion of “the best tax bill ever written” (Perhaps it was: for probably there have been no greater monuments of human folly raised anywhere than in taxation), and may be interested in the letter regarding the Habitation Tax given below.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

December 24, 1917.

[No. 17. Ed.]

MY DEAR MR. [EDITOR]:

Many thanks for your letter of December 19th, and the copy of the REVIEW, which I had already seen. I think there is much to be said for your proposition, especially from the point of view of administrative technique. The difficulty with it, however, is that it does not respond to the sense of justice on the part of the small taxpayer. When I was a member of

the state tax commission of 1905 or 1906, I made that identical proposition, but the upstate members of the commission, especially those in the towns and villages, pointed out that the proposition would be impossible of acceptance there, because of the rich villagers who lived in poor houses.

In the Mayor's tax committee of 1915, I made the same proposition for the City of New York. I worked it out in detail. We had finally to abandon it because of the arguments, especially of the single taxers, that it would be fought tooth and nail by the representatives of the people at large, as involving gross injustice. You may perhaps also remember that we finally retained a part of that scheme under the name of the ability tax, as an alternative plan.

My experience, therefore, has finally brought me to the conclusion that the administrative advantages of the scheme are outweighed by considerations of fiscal equity, and that, especially in a democracy like ours, even a highly progressive habitation tax — and no other would have the slightest chance — would be unacceptable to the people. In fact, the older I get, the more convinced I am that the future has in store for us highly progressive income taxes, highly progressive business taxes, and highly progressive property taxes, in which the tax on land values will find its proper place. Democracy is bound to bring about many things — in taxation as well as in industry and politics — for which few of us older men have been at all prepared.

With kind regards,
Yours as ever,
EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN.

We still incline to the belief that the Habitation Tax is the best form (getting it accepted is another matter) of the Income Tax and Business Taxes, because (first) throughout humanity generally vanity is so strong that a man is more apt to live in the best house he can than to tell the tax collector the truth about his income and his business; and because (second) of the nuisances and expenses of the latter taxes to both taxpayers and governments. If you are interested and have not read the article in No. 17, it may be worth your while (*pace* the author's modesty) to do so.

EN CASSEROLE

Concerning These Hasty War Marriages

ON the whole, we had rather believed in them. Life does not offer so many things worth having that a romance can be disregarded. It is better for a girl to be the widow of the man she loves than to be nobody's widow or nobody's wife, or even the wife of a second love; and if she wants to, perhaps she can be that and the widow of her first love in the bargain. Moreover, people should marry young: while in the gristle they conform easier. As for matured judgment, and all that, it's tommy rot: when it is reached, the best *partis* are gone, and it has nothing to do with the case anyhow: mature folks make just as large a proportion of foolish marriages as young folks do — more: because of more unsafe motives, including that of haste because time is passing.

Such were our views before the other day, in a dining-car going to Washington, we saw a young couple seated facing each other. He was facing us. He was in khaki and wore a lieutenant's bar. Her back was, of course, toward us, to our regret. He was short and stout; she was tall and slender, and though she appeared somewhat older than he, our thought was: "The attraction of opposites, of course."

All the world loves a lover, and we were experiencing a reminiscent and fatherly sympathy with their young emotions, when we were a little disturbed by noting that they didn't have much to say to each other, and that his face was far from smiling.

The next time we raised our eyes from our paper, the same state of affairs appeared, and we got so far as to think: "No romance in that match! He must have proposed in a recoil from the dark future of war, or she must have roped him in."

The next time our thoughts wandered somewhat hazily from the newspaper to them, we were conscious of the same absence of vivacity, and noticed that she was toying with her pocket-book. It was plain: he had married her for money, and Heavens! she was holding onto the purse-strings, even up to paying for the lunch.

She did pay, and rose, and he did not even offer one of the little attentions with cloak and impedimenta natural under the circumstances. She went, and left him sitting alone.

Then it appeared that some of our inferences and generalizations had been imperfect, and that among the latter was lacking the rather obvious one that even in an open season for war brides, a man and a woman, and he even in khaki, can lunch opposite each other in a dining-car without being married.

Bergson and the Yellow Peril

REALITY, according to Bergson, is the life process, not considered in any artificially isolated stage of its existence, but in the very act of "becoming." In view of this, it was a happy coincidence that, next to *The Creative Evolution*, the chief interest of my summer vacation was a basket of kittens.

Looking, as I often did, from the book to the basket, I began to see in this restless fuzz — so absurd in its helpless fumbings, so touching in its blind gropings, so inexorable in its manifestation of that push of irresistible, mysterious force — an epitome of the great life impulse, the rhythm of whose progress through matter I seemed to feel surging about me as I read. These bits of activity symbolized to me the unity of all life, — plant, animal, human.

For especially in their baby stages do the forms of life resemble each other. I used to watch the kittens stretching upward out of their corner toward the light and sound

of the outer world, their heavy heads swaying and bumping, while, with fore paws straightly taut, they sat up as tall as possible. They made me think for all the world of downy hepaticas with heavy headed buds, reaching toward the light. And as they grew into their first stage of prettiness, my glance, when I stood over them, was often met by that look which one sees in the first spring flowers, and in the faces of babies, — of innocent, piercing inquiry. I have buried my face in a clump of wild Pasque flowers — goslings they are commonly called — and have found their delicate furry fragrance hardly perceptibly different from the infant sweetness of a nest of sun-warmed kittens fresh from strenuous mother-washing.

It was not long before they were seething over the edge of their basket in inimitable illustration of Bergson's figure of the wave of life pushing out over matter. The crest of the wave was always the "Yellow Peril," — so named from his color and from his habit of ruthless ploughing over and through brothers and sisters in the meal-time rush. With a Bergsonian eye, I looked on him as the point of highest consciousness, and, from the moment when he broke upon the world beyond the basket, I felt that I saw, not Cat, one of the higher instinctive forms, but Conscious Life, progressing beyond mere instinct into intelligence.

He turned metaphysician, and searched for Being. In the course of three or four weeks, he ran through a rapid succession of philosophical hypotheses. At first, pursuing the empirical method, he fairly reeled through excitement after excitement of discovery. Expanses of carpet, and, beyond that, reaches of shiny floor spread out before him, and in another dimension more Being, sofas and legs of chairs, offered infinite possibility for research.

But presently assurance melted. On waking one day from a nap, and setting out to renew explorations, he found beneath his feet, not the familiar carpet and polished floor, but rough attic boards. The kitten band set

forth tremulous and bewildered, and seemed relieved before long to be helped back into the basket. In the shelter of its protecting sides, I knew what theory the Yellow Peril was propounding:

“This changing outside world is an illusive show. The basket only is permanent and abiding.”

Soon, however, he struck out in another direction, — that of intuition, I pronounced it, with a finger between pages of the *Creative Evolution*. When the world about him swam, what was this comforting something — so the investigating bullet-head seemed to wonder — which bent above him, handled him soothingly, and spoke, though differently from his mother, caressingly? From the moment when I came up the attic stairs to find the Peril’s yellow little neck craning out toward me, I felt as though here were spirit calling to spirit, not so much through the piercing wails as though those bright eyes fastened yearningly on mine, as if he would pull himself up to me by their attraction. He almost fell out of the basket to meet me as I picked him up. But oh, woe! Disillusion was again in store. For, from where he clung against my shirtwaist, the vision of what he had dimly perceived was gone. Too close to what he sought, to recognize it, he rent the air once more with his cries, like many another unbeliever. A metaphysician can seldom transcend his intellect.

Straightway he turned skeptic and subjectivist, — would have no more of aspirations or of discoveries.

“Seek for nothing outside of yourselves,” I felt that he was saying to the kittens. “The Cat is the World.”

He developed quite a swagger at this time, and on being re-established down stairs, attained to considerable prowess in climbing, in which his purpose seemed to be no longer discovery, but the enjoyment of his own cleverness. His less daring brothers and sisters, reaching tentative paws up the side of the sofa, would watch him as he capered about the top. The descent was still a somewhat

serious matter. Once, after an instant's dubious halt, he started on a headlong slide. Just in time I pulled out the hanging couch-cover to make an incline, which, preventing a bad bumping on the floor, landed him softly in the basket. He brought up with a flourish.

"Trust in yourselves," he seemed to admonish the kittens, "and you will succeed as I do."

I began to despair. Could anything, I wondered, deliver Consciousness from the thralldom of intellect?

As the kittens grew and began to play out of doors, the Peril continued persistently aloof. One evening we were alarmed by shrieks from outside. We rushed to the spot, and saw a white cat flash through the gate. A moment later the Yellow Peril was picked up, torn, limp, terrified.

But, when he recovered after a few days of lying stiff and sore in the basket, during which time he accepted thankfully our ministrations, skepticism was at an end. He courted petting. He followed us about the house. For although he could no more than before with nose and paw ascertain the nature of the Superior Being, yet in some way not necessary to understand, it *worked*. It had responded. It had saved.

Intellect was transcended.

A Problematic Personality

APROPOS of the questions of personality which now fill the air, our readers are advised to be on the lookout for a forthcoming volume on one named Larrovitch, whose centenary was lately celebrated at the Authors Club. Their bulletin speaks of it as follows:

A sonnet, addressed to the great Russian by Mr. Scollard, was followed by a paper by Mr. Jordan on the personal side of Larrovitch. "This biography," said the Secretary, "was admirable in its completeness — a notable example of painstaking research. It put the man veritably before us, and incidentally accounted for occurrences in his varied career and for features in his character that had not been understood

before. . . . With this sharply delineated portrait in mind, we next listened to Mr. Sykes, as, with critical scholarship, he discoursed on the place of Larrovitch in literature, comparing him minutely, and to his advantage, with other Russian novelists and essayists, ancient and modern; and Mr. R. L. Wright followed with an account of the man's bibliography, illustrating his style by translations of selected passages from his works. Dr. Coan then regaled us with reminiscences of conversations with Larrovitch long ago in Paris; and Mr. Hellman refuted certain false legends.

"A respectful sombreness had possessed the audience as it contemplated this imposing personage, shadowy heretofore, but now revealed; and it was with a certain relief that we next looked at a collection of relics and a series of screen-pictures portraying places and faces associated with Larrovitch, gathered and explained by Mr. Wright."

The Secretary announced that the book in which all this material will be set forth, and Larrovitch be created immortal, is almost ready for publication.

"Clause" and "Phrase"

If we start any reader on a wrong track, no matter how trifling the aberration may appear, far be it from us to leave him there, even at the cost of a confession of error: there's no knowing where a misplaced switch may lead.

This apropos of certain remarks regarding subordinate clauses, in our last number, among which was that . . . "anything, to be a clause, must contain a subject and predicate, is news to us."

Now some people who care for such things have told us that Webster, *The Century Dictionary* and the *Oxford Dictionary* all say that it must. We ourselves happened across a copy of Worcester, which says quite the reverse. Some of them are said to say that anything lacking a predicate (probably *any* expression has or is a subject,) is not a clause, but a "phrase." We don't care enough about it to seek a conclusion or follow one reached by anybody else, but we say all this on the chance that you may.



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