

"THE NATION",
29 de dbre. de 1923.

LA EDUCACIÓN PÚBLICA EN MÉXICO. -----

El progreso de las naciones puede ser medido casi -
con exactitud por su grado de cultura popular, y nada pue-
de dar mejor idea de la evolución social, moral y material
experimentada en México que una demostración del estanca-
miento casi completo en la educación de hace algunos años,
comparada con los tremendos impulsos que le ha dado el ré-
gimen revolucionario de aquél país.

Para demostrar cuán insignificante fúe el impulso-
dado a la educación primaria en el Distrito Federal de Me-
xico en la primera mitad del Gobierno del General Díaz, -
citaremos el único párrafo de su mensaje presidencial di-
rigido al XVII Congreso de la Unión en 1895:

"Al empezar el año académico en curso, se sintió la
necesidad de una escuela en la Colonia de Valle Gómez de-
esta ciudad, y el Ejecutivo diligentemente procedió a es-
tablecerla, demostrando con esto su interes por la ins---
trucción primaria."

Esta declaración demuestra de manera bien elocuente
el deplorable abandono en que se encontraba entonces la -
instrucción pública.

Los gastos de las escuelas Federales en la ciudad de
México en el año de 1894-1895 fuéron de \$201,176.99, y la
subvención a las escuelas primarias de fuera de la capital
fué de \$18,456.00. El presupuesto del Departamento de --

Instrucción Primaria y Superior de la Administración del Presidente Calles durante el año de 1925 fué de;-----
\$8,875,430.20.

El 16 de septiembre de 1896, el número de escuelas primarias en la Ciudad de México era de 113, en las Prefecturas del Distrito Federal de 174, y en los Territorios Federales de 130, haciendo un total de 417 escuelas con una asistencia de 48,776 alumnos. En 1925, gracias a los generosos esfuerzos de la revolución y a pesar de los trastornos de orden material debidos a la penuria del Tesoro, la asistencia escolar en la ciudad de México solamente -- fué de 84,045, y considerando las poblaciones que corresponden al Distrito Federal, la asistencia fué de 132,666. Quedan como 52,346 muchachos que no pudieron concurrir a la escuela por falta de facilidades; estos se han reducido a cerca del 40% este año con la apertura de nuevas escuelas y el aumento del profesorado.

En 1904, el General Díaz hizo la siguiente declaración en su mensaje al XXII Congreso de México:

"1,053 bancos sencillos y 13,176 libros han sido -- distribuidos durante este año."

El Departamento de Educación Pública, en el año de 1925, distribuyó más de 13,000 bancas de escuela y durante los primeros ocho meses del mismo año distribuyó -----
94,432 volúmenes.

El Gobierno del Presidente Calles también ha intensificado la instrucción agrícola hasta donde ha sido posible. La eficiencia de producción depende del grado de-

educación impartida al campesino y a las clases laborantes de México. Esta labor es de gran importancia, pues la mayoría de los campesinos es analfabeta, y de esta desgracia resultan otras muchas desventajas. En consecuencia, el Gobierno ha considerado necesario dividir la obra en dos partes:

- (a) Educación para eliminar el analfabetismo.
- (b) Educación Agrícola adecuada.

El presupuesto de 1925 autorizó 1,500 maestros rurales solamente, pero este año el número ha sido aumentado a 5,000, y el año próximo se aumentará en una cifra mucho mayor. Estos maestros tienen la misión de extirpar el analfabetismo.

La educación agrícola está organizada de la manera siguiente, siendo sus principales elementos:

- (a) Las Escuelas Nacionales de Agricultura.
- (b) Las Escuelas-Granjas.

Las Escuelas Nacionales de Agricultura son para la instrucción técnica. Las Escuelas-Granjas se han establecido con el fin de educar a la población rural para que pueda obtener los mejores resultados de las tierras ejidales que les han sido concedidas.

México necesita de la buena voluntad de los Estados Unidos, lo mismo que los Estados Unidos necesitan de la de México, si los dos países quieren mantener y ensanchar sus ya extensas relaciones comerciales. La Universidad Nacional, por medio de las Clases de Verano está logrando más que ninguna otra acción el desarrollo de un espíritu de comprensión más cordial entre las clases intelectuales

de los dos países.

Aproximadamente cuatrocientos estudiantes americanos, representando a casi todos los Estados de la Unión, asistieron a la última sesión de las Clases de Verano de la Universidad Nacional, constituyendo una asistencia casi doble a la del año anterior. Este aumento fenomenal es especialmente notable en vista de que las relaciones diplomáticas entre los Estados Unidos y México estaban algo tirantes con anterioridad a la apertura de la sesión.

Trad.:MCM.

Putting Mexico in Her Place

THOSE weeping women, those long lines of last-minute communicants, the edicts and excommunications, the huge popular demonstrations for and against the Government—the whole vast picture reflected in the cabled dispatches from Mexico—are only new scenes in a centuries-old drama, and there is hardly an action or a phrase that could not be matched from the history of disestablishment in other countries. The secular authority of the church dies hard; church and state have never been separated without a struggle, nor church control of the life and thought of a nation thrown off without violence and bitterness.

Mexico's history is particularly full of the bigotry of the church. It is a curious and often-forgotten fact that Mexico owes her independent existence to her reactionary church. The rich and powerful bishops who controlled Mexico a century ago crushed in blood the popular uprisings led by the parish priests Hidalgo and Morelos from 1810 to 1815; but when Spain herself turned liberal and adopted a potentially anti-clerical constitution they feared for their own dominating position and in 1820 sponsored a new independence movement which of course succeeded. Mexico's first revolution was a revolution to save the established church and the large estates, in opposition to religious toleration. Forty years later, when, under the Indian patriot Juarez, this bishop-born republic became liberal and anti-clerical, the ecclesiastics turned again to monarchy. After the downfall of the butcher Miramon they supported the sickly regime of the Emperor Maximilian. The Juarez constitution of 1857 remained on the statute-books—indeed in 1872 its anti-clerical clauses were intensified—but it was never enforced. Through successive regimes the church maintained its control, defying these mere scraps of paper. Sporadic outbursts of hostility to its domination never got beyond the law-making stage until the advent of President Calles.

The Roman Catholic church in Mexico has not built up a strong native priesthood; it has not used its opportunity as almost sole custodian of the education of the people. Rather, it has guarded its property and fought those who sought to alter its position, repeating the bitter history of the battles of church and state in other countries. Even in Spain, "most Catholic of countries," this war has waged in our own day. The church fought, in 1910, a decree ordering collection of taxes from religious bodies carrying on commercial and industrial enterprises! And when the Government sought to establish "liberty of conscience" for those of other than the Catholic faith the cry of persecution of the church rent the air. Seventy-two Spanish archbishops and bishops united in a protest to the Government—a tactic singularly like that adopted in Mexico today.

The current Catholic pleas for "liberty of conscience," indeed, must make an historian smile. It is less than a century since Gregory XVI issued an encyclical denouncing "the absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather insanity, that liberty of conscience should be procured and guaranteed to every one." "With this," he added, "is connected the liberty of publishing any writing of any kind. This is a deadly and execrable liberty for which we cannot feel sufficient horror." The Syllabus of 1864 and the encyclical *Pascendi gregis* of 1905 repeated the pontifical sneers at

"liberty of conscience." The Catholic church has seldom inculcated tolerance; and if the Mexican Government shows intolerance toward it today it is in no small measure responsible for its own troubles.

We would not defend intolerance; we do not defend in every detail the present policy of the Mexican Government; but we believe it important that Mexico's policy be set against its historical background. This is no isolated outburst of Ku Klux Klanism; it is a belated chapter in the national history of our neighbor-republic. The United States is fortunate that from its beginning as a nation church and state have been separated; it has had so many sects that it has scarcely felt the threat of domination by one organized body filled with the passion of religious faith. Even without an established church it has seen enough of religious bigotry to make Americans pause before attempting to judge Mexico.

No people is safe in the hands of an established church owing primary allegiance to a foreign potentate, and no truly modern country endures foreign control of its religious life. Even Spain has struggled to free itself from control by the Church of Rome. Italy's conflict was so bitter that to this day the Pope refuses to cross the Tiber and step upon Italian soil. France went to the verge of revolution twenty years ago in her battle to free herself of the incubus of the church. Twenty-two years ago, prohibiting members of the religious orders from teaching, she closed 24,000 schools, and without that act she might never have attained her great public-school system of today. Aristide Briand, ten times her Prime Minister, first made his name known beyond St. Etienne when he brought in a report recommending abrogation of the Concordat and disestablishment of the church. In France, too, the church yielded nothing willingly. The law provided that the bishops might remain in their palaces for two years, and that the presbyteries and seminaries might continue five years, but the church, demanding all, conceded nothing, and intransigently refused the half loaf offered her. She has long since regretted her folly. She did not, in the case of France, make such an effort to create and use international hostility as a weapon as she has made against Mexico, but the difference is to be traced to Mexico's lesser size and weakness.

Thus far the Mexican struggle has proceeded peacefully. The church seems already to regret its haste in ordering religious services suspended; perhaps it recognizes how remote such a measure is from the spirit of Jesus. The members of the Confederation of Labor have marched, fifteen thousand strong, through the streets and past the churches of the capital, pledging their support to the Government; and no untoward incident occurred. Wild rumors of riots and killings, as well as of supernatural interventions, have been abroad; but the threatened boycott of business seems to have been ineffective, and the passion of the people seems to have been stirred less than the headlines indicated. It may be too much to hope that the Catholic church in Mexico will show the world that it is possible for an established church to resign itself gracefully to a purely religious function; but strange things happen in Mexico.

councilmen that the minimum wage of the engineers should be increased from \$160 to \$230 a month and the maximum from \$708 to \$900. The union, which is a member of the American Federation of Labor, is now 800 strong. During the past month organization of the technical men employed by New York City too has gone vigorously forward. Two hundred and fifty engineers voted to join the union; a referendum is planned among a thousand more. The white-collar worker is learning the strength of unity.

WE HOPE that the cotton manufacturers may draw some useful lessons from the men's clothing industry. Once the men's clothing industry was the black sheep of American business. It had the twelve-hour day and sweatshop wages. It spent much of its energy in union-smashing lockouts. The industry was corrupted by sharp business practices. Then gradually both capital and labor learned the lesson of organization. Finally the day came when a national clothing manufacturers' association and a national union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, established reasonable conditions for the whole industry. The employers united against any manufacturer who refused to cooperate in maintaining the standards of the industry. The workers have doubled their wages, and won the eight-hour day and union protection, while the manufacturers are making more money than they made in the days of chaotic competition, and economies in technical processes have saved the consumer from exploitation. That is the kind of organization which the cotton industry needs.

THE NEWS that the cotton manufacturers of the country are forming a gigantic combine to control output may arouse some apprehension in the minds of those who know the power of industrial combination to squeeze the consumer. But if there is one industry in the United States that has paid a penalty for disorganization it is the cotton industry. Overdevelopment, miscalculation of markets, and competition have left empty villages in the North and appalling poverty in the South. Women workers in Southern mills average less than \$12.50 a week; a Georgia professor discovered a woman working in an Athens textile mill last year for \$3.50 a week for an eleven-hour day. In spite of these low wages and favorable tariff there is no guaranty of steady work even in the South. Scores of mills are working half-time, nearly all have curtailed production, many are losing money. Judged by every standard of human and material efficiency the cotton-manufacturing industry is a disgrace to American business. It pays lower wages, has longer hours, and probably hires more workers than any other factory trade in the United States.

THE PRAYERS OF MEXICAN CATHOLICS for a miraculous intervention against Article 130 of the Constitution did not go unanswered. In San Luis a group which had gathered before the closed church heard footsteps and the sound of a bell within. Women declared that they could see the image of the Holy Virgin walking up and down the nave of the church, moaning and lamenting her captivity. The excited crowd sought to break down the doors and liberate their patron. A police inspector arrived, obtained the attention of the crowd, and then courteously addressed himself to the image. If the Virgin, he said,

would be good enough to come out into the streets of the city, he would himself accompany her on her nocturnal walks. "The image," says the *Rumbus Nuevos*, "did not take advantage of the offer." Some unbelievers insisted that Franciscans had entered the church by a secret door, but this was not confirmed; in any case, the empty church thereafter remained silent. Another miracle, in San Pedro, received ruder treatment. A family announced that an image of the Heart of Jesus, kept under a glass case in a niche in their home, was weeping. The community flocked to see the miracle, which they interpreted as a symbol of divine sorrow at the persecution of the church. But the agnostic mayor looked more closely, and found that bits of wax and a strong lamp behind the image cooperated to produce the tears. Thereupon the owners of the image were imprisoned. Earnest Catholics must deplore such humanly arranged divine interventions, which add complexities to an already complex situation.

"DANGEROUS THOUGHTS" flitting through the minds of Japanese university students are again disturbing the authorities. Mr. Okada, the Minister of Education, recently called together the heads of the Tokio colleges and recommended suppression of student organizations for the study of perilous subjects like sociology and socialism. The Tokio *Kokumin* says that at a supposedly secret conference held in the Ministry the Vice Minister declared that the secret police had discovered 1,500 students who were thinking dangerously and had put their names upon a student black-list at the Police Department. Meanwhile the Kobe customs officials announced with horror that they had confiscated a consignment of books, including a life of Lenin, sent from Moscow to students at Waseda University. The immediate results of these deliberations were not encouraging. Students in fifteen higher schools have joined in a League for the Defense of Freedom, and the net result has undoubtedly been to advertise the fascinating perils which the Minister wanted to suppress. Japan offers curious contrasts between the absurd medievalism of Mr. Okada and the fresh adventuresomeness of these students; but there can be little question of the direction in which she is traveling. The Kobe *Chronicle* reminds us that it was only three-quarters of a century ago that Yoshida Shoin had his head cut off for suggesting that a few young men should study foreign ideas in order to know how to combat foreign influences; and the spirit of "Present Day Japan," just issued by the *Asahi*, a newspaper with a larger circulation than any American daily can boast, is evidence of the growing liberalism of young Japan.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION from matters of finance the French Chamber of Deputies recently found time to pass a measure declaring the sale of "pacifiers" for babies illegal. The momentous decision was recorded by a vote of 370 to 153 after an able address by Dr. Pinard, a member of the Chamber and sponsor of the measure, who vividly depicted the dangers facing the rising generation unless the use of these diabolic devices was summarily suppressed. A chemist who attempted to defend the despised "pacifier," on the ground that babies without this diversion might be inclined to resort to buttons or similar "bootleg pacifiers," received scant encouragement for his pains. This is a prohibition age.

Nature

COLOCANDO A MEXICO EN SU LUGAR.

Trad: MCM.

"THE NATION"

agosto 11 de 1926.

COLOCANDO A MEXICO EN SU LUGAR.

Todas esas mujeres llorosas, esas filas interminables de comunicantes de última hora; los edictos, y excomuniones, las vastas manifestaciones populares en pro y en contra del Gobierno - todo el cuadro monumental reflejado en los despachos cablegráficos -- que vienen de México - solo son nuevas escenas de un drama que ha durado siglos, y escasamente hay acción o frase que no se pueda comparar con las que se encuentran en la historia de la separación de la Iglesia y el Estado en otros países. La autoridad secular de la Iglesia desaparece difícilmente; la iglesia y el estado nunca han sido separados sin lucha, ni el control de la iglesia sobre la vida y el pensamiento de una nación puede arrojarse sin violencia y sin rencores.

La historia de México particularmente, está llena de esta intolerancia de la iglesia. Es un hecho curioso pero que se olvida con frecuencia, que México le debe su existencia independiente a su iglesia-reaccionaria. Los obispos ricos y poderosos que controlaban a México hace un siglo, destruyeron sangrientamente el movimiento popular encabezado por los párrocos Hidalgo y Morelos de 1810 a 1815; pero cuando España se tornó a su vez liberal y adoptó una constitución potencialmente anti-clerical temieron -

por su dominio y en 1820 apadrinaron un nuevo movimiento de independencia, que como era de esperarse, triunfó. La primera revolución en México fué para salvar a la iglesia establecida y sus grandes bienes contrarios a la tolerancia religiosa. Cuarenta años más tarde, cuando, bajo el régimen del patriota indio, Juárez, esta república nacida del obispado se tornó en liberal y anti-clerical, el clero se puso de nuevo al lado de la monarquía. Después de la caída del carnicero Miramón apoyaron el tambaleante reinado de Maximiliano. La Constitución de Juárez de 1857 ^{permaneció} en los libros de estatutos - y en 1872 sus cláusulas anticlericales fueron intensificadas - pero -- nunca puestas en vigor. En los regímenes que se sucedieron la iglesia mantuvo su control, retando a -- lo que no había sido sino pedazos de papel. ^{Las} Explosiones esporádicas de hostilidad hacia su dominación nunca llegaron más allá de la elaboración de leyes, -- hasta el advenimiento del Presidente Calles.

La Iglesia Católica Romana de México, no ha formado un sacerdocio nativo fuerte; no ha hecho uso de la oportunidad que ha tenido como solo custodio del pueblo para educarlo, Más bien, ha cuidado de sus -- propiedades y ha peleado contra aquellos que han tratado de alterar su posición, repitiéndose las guerras de iglesia y estado de otros países. Aun en España, "el país más católico", esta guerra se ha empeñado en nuestros días. La iglesia peleó, en 1910, -

9

contra un decreto que ordenaba la colección de impuestos de las corporaciones religiosas que se dedicaran a empresas industriales y comerciales! Y cuando el Gobierno trató de establecer la "libertad de conciencia" para otros que no pertenecieran a la iglesia católica, el grito de que la iglesia era perseguida hendió los aires. Setenta y dos Arzobispos y obispos se unieron para protestar ante el Gobierno; táctica singularmente parecida a la adoptada en México hoy.

Los argumentos católicos actuales en pro de la "libertad de conciencia", harían sonreír de veras a cualquier historiador. No hace un siglo que Gregorio XVI puso en circulación una encíclica, denunciando "la absurda y errónea máxima, o más bien locura, de que la libertad de conciencia debe procurarsele y garantizársele a todos." "Con esto", agregó, "está conectada la libertad de publicar escritos de cualquier orden. Esta es una libertad execrable y mortal por la que nunca podremos sentir suficiente horror." El Syllabus de 1864 y la encíclica PASCENDI GREGIS de 1905 repitió las burlas pontificales a la "libertad de conciencia." La iglesia católica raramente ha inculcado la tolerancia; y si el Gobierno mexicano demuestra intolerancia hacia ella hoy, es ella en gran escala la responsable de sus dificultades actuales.

Nosotros no defendemos la intolerancia; no defendemos en todos sus detalles la política del Gobierno mexicano; pero creemos que es de importancia que la política de México se oponga a su fondo histórico. Este no es explosión aislada del Ku-Klux-Klanismo; es un capítulo retardado de la historia de nuestra vecina República. Los Estados Unidos son afortunados, pues la iglesia y el estado han estado separados desde su principio como nación; y ha habido tantas sectas que casi no ha sentido la amenaza del dominio de una corporación organizada hechida con las pasiones de la fé religiosa. Aun sin una iglesia establecida, han visto bastante del fanatismo religioso, para hacer que los americanos vacilen, antes de pretender juzgar a México.

Ningún pueblo está seguro en manos de una iglesia establecida que le debe obediencia fundamental a un potentado extranjero, y ningún país verdaderamente moderno soporta el control extranjero en su vida religiosa. Hasta España ha luchado por libertarse del yugo de Roma. En Italia el conflicto fué tan tan rudo que aun hoy, el Papa se niega a cruzar el Tiber y poner el pié en suelo italiano. Francia llegó al borde de una revolución, hace veinte años, en su lucha para libertarse de la pesadilla de la iglesia. Hace veintidos años que prohibiendo a los miembros -

de las órdenes religiosas la enseñanza, clausuró --- 24,000 escuelas, y sin ese hecho nunca habría logrado imponer su gran sistema de enseñanza que hoy rige en las escuelas públicas. Arístides Briand, diez -- veces Ministro de Estado, cuyo nombre ^{solo} fue conocido -- primeramente más allá de St. Etienne, cuando presentó su informe recomendando la abrogación del Concordato y la separación de la iglesia. En Francia tampoco se rindió la iglesia voluntariamente. La ley -- prevenía que los obispos podían permanecer en sus palacios dos años, y que los presbiterios y seminarios podían continuar por cinco años más, pero la iglesia, exigiéndolo todo y no concediendo nada, en su intran -- sigencia rehusó la mitad de la torta que se le ofrecía. De entonces aca bien se ha arrepentido de su -- locura. En el caso de Francia, no trató de hacer -- tanto esfuerzo para crear y hacer uso de la hostilidad internacional como arma, como lo ha hecho con -- México, pero la diferencia está en que México es más débil y pequeño.

Hasta ahora la lucha en México sigue pacíficamente; parece que la iglesia ya se arrepiente de su premura para ordenar la suspensión de los servicios religiosos; tal vez reconoce que las medidas tomadas están muy lejos del espíritu de Jesús. Los miembros de la Confederación del Trabajo, han desfilado, en -- número de quince mil, por las calles, pasando por -- las iglesias de la capital, demostrando su adhesión-

al Gobierno; y nada digno de mención ocurrió. Co---
rrían rumores descabellados de motines y asesinatos,
como también invenciones sobrenaturales; pero el ame-
nazador boycott a los negocios parece que no surtió-
efecto, y las pasiones del pueblo han sido desperta-
das en un grado inferior al indicado. Sería demasia
do esperar que la iglesia católica en México le pro-
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ras.

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The Nation

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FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Aug. 18, 1926

The Mexican Church on Strike

A First-Hand Picture of the Religious War

by Carleton Beals



Garvey: A Mass Leader

by E. Franklin Frazier

Reviews of Books

Soldier and Peasant

by Dorothy Brewster

Georg Brandes in Greece

by Clara M. Smertenko

A Part of the History of Russia

by J. D. Clarkson

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SEE PAGE
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THE MOVING FINGER WRITES; AND HAVING WRIT, MOVES ON...

Man faces the future, knowing little or nothing of what Fate has in store for him.

Be he a wise man, he benefits from the experiences of those who have gone before and girds himself and his family against the great emergencies which have sorrowed others. Fate is a capricious mistress, and, having once struck, offers no balm to those who take the blow. Hence, preparedness is the course of the forehanded.

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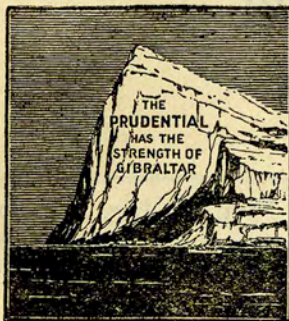
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GERTRUDE HAS WON HER ROADSTER. Incidentally she has, of course, performed an amazing feat and beaten all records set by men for swimming the Channel; she has demonstrated the virtue of a feminine generation brought up without corsets, high heels, or long skirts; she has brought a coveted record home to America and the shores of the Shrewsbury River; she has proved a credit to her father and to "Mum" who hardened Gertrude's muscles and built her endurance on sweeping and floor scrubbing. She has, moreover, brought smiles of guileless satisfaction to the lips of the retail meat dealers of New York who issued the following resolution on Gertrude's success:

The public will perhaps pardon the retail meat dealers if they rise to remark that Miss Ederle's triumph may be attributed in some measure to the fact that she is a daughter of a butcher; that meats have always been a staple article of food in her diet; that a thick, juicy steak is her favorite dish; and that several times during her swim she renewed her strength with beef extract.

But chiefly, Gertrude has won her roadster. The white shores of England may have seemed distantly remote to the girl as she fought the shifting tide; the honor of her sex may have looked a little abstract when her left leg grew cramped and "wouldn't kick properly"; but Gertrude kept her eyes on the roadster dangled right in front of them by her father. As a *New York Times* reporter described it:

Pop continually roared over the side of the boat: "Trudie, don't forget you won't have that roadster unless you get over."

Gertrude always responded: "Pop, I will have that roadster."

Which proves that Gertrude, although perhaps the greatest long-distance swimmer of all time, is primarily an amusing and normal American kid.

OTHER SWIMMERS, with the heart rather taken out of their performance, are almost daily setting out across the Channel. The chances are of course that none of them will get across. As we write, two men have already given up after hours of heart-breaking struggle in the icy currents. Experts admit that small hope exists of bettering Gertrude Ederle's record; only an amazing combination of speed and luck could do it. The cash value of all future efforts must be noticeably depressed. Many of the swimmers, however, are under contract to make the attempt, and if they fail to break Gertrude's record of speed they may at least produce new marvels of distance and endurance. Another American woman, Clara Barrett, three days before Gertrude's triumphant crossing, failed by two miles to make the English shore, covering forty miles of water and sticking to it for twenty-one hours—some ten miles and seven hours more than Gertrude. If a thick fog had not blanketed and bewildered her for twelve hours she could undoubtedly have made her goal; her mileage and endurance were sufficient under any decent conditions. Clara Barrett deserves more honor for her failure than she is likely ever to receive.

CLEMENCEAU'S LETTER to President Coolidge, urging a more generous attitude by the United States toward the French debt, sounds like an echo of war rhetoric—not the Tiger's own war rhetoric, to be sure, but, say, some of the idealistic utterances of Mr. Wilson for which the French Premier at that time had such complete scorn. Likewise it recalls Clemenceau's younger years, when he too was a burning idealist, rather than his cynical hardness at Versailles, where the foundation for French as well as German post-war troubles was securely laid. Can Clemenceau blame us Americans if we have dropped the high idealism with which we entered the World War and borrowed the cynical indifference toward world welfare which we learned in bitterness from him? There is wisdom as well as a plea for generosity in Clemenceau's letter, yet we fear it will not make even a ripple on American public opinion. If Mr. Coolidge were another sort of man he would not have accepted our war-debt policy. As it is, he finds it easiest and most natural to say that the matter has passed out of his hands and, anyway, he will deal only with the accredited diplomatic representatives. Clemenceau would do more for his country if instead of addressing passionate words to the wooden Mr. Coolidge he urged Frenchmen not to accept the debt agreement and to seek financial salvation elsewhere than in Wall Street.

JUST AS A PLEA for international generosity and vision sounds odd as coming from Clemenceau, so it seems strange to find Raymond Poincaré working to restore the finances for whose disastrous condition he more than any other man is responsible. It was Poincaré's jingoism and hate that led to France's policy of ruining Germany industrially after the war and plunging into a sea of extravagant imperialism. When the Dawes Commission finally made it plain even to Frenchmen that France had killed the goose that laid the golden egg and could not possibly pay the internal debt—much less any foreign obligations—out of German reparations, the decline in the value of the franc became catastrophic. Soon after the resignation of Premier Briand in July it went below two cents in our currency. The very desperateness of the situation has aided Poincaré, the Chamber of Deputies having given him a support and cooperation which it had refused to his predecessors. What the result of his financial program will be remains to be seen, but it has had a favorable psychological effect upon the franc, the stabilization of which is not impossible at about two cents. As a circular of the National City Bank points out, France's pre-war debt was about 33,000,000,000 francs. The present internal debt of some 290,000,000,000 francs is nine times that sum. But with the franc at an eighth of its pre-war value the ratio is almost the same. France has repudiated 90 per cent of its debt through inflation of the currency.

SPEAKING OF EUROPE'S WAR DEBT to America, some trenchant observations have been made by Viscount Rothermere, brother of Lord Northcliffe and proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and other former Harmsworth publications. Lord Rothermere repudiates some rather strong criticism of America by the editor of his own *Daily Mail* and blames England as much as the United States for what he rightly considers a mistaken policy. *The Nation* has repeatedly pointed out that our funding arrangements with Belgium, Italy, France, and other European nations call for repayment of only a fraction of the debts, even if carried out, and are not in fact likely to continue more than a few years. Lord Rothermere well says that all the war debts should have been considered as a whole, and he blames Premier Baldwin for binding England to hard terms instead of standing out for a general settlement. As it is, Lord Rothermere thinks America and England will be the first nations to cry "Hold, enough!" This result he foresees because the low-currency countries of Europe are erecting tariff barriers which are going to ruin the foreign trade of high-currency countries like the United States and Great Britain. The economic health of America, like that of England, he thinks, depends upon overseas markets with great powers of absorption.

TORN TO SHREDS politically, with ten thousand miles of boundary lines, Europe is pulling herself together economically. Long negotiations have resulted in a working agreement among the French, German, Belgian, and Luxemburg steel interests. The Polish, Czecho-Slovak, and Austrian steel groups are on the verge of joining their western neighbors. Thus a huge international steel trust has come into being on the European continent. The trust will fix prices, allot quotas of production, and distribute markets; its executive committee will be the international dictator of steel. Thus industry comes to its senses, and

renounces the costly pre-war methods of dumping, price-slashing, and cutthroat competition with their waste and friction. Of course, the sacred doctrine of free competition again becomes utter moonshine, but under high-power production and distribution it was doomed. So powerful a combination virtually eliminates the small manufacturer, and it may be an international menace to labor, yet on the existence of such combinations depends European peace in the days when economics override politics. Such inevitable international industrial despotisms are a more serious problem than Europe's sprouting political dictatorships.

HUNGARY'S BLIND GODDESS is a versatile dramatist. Having concluded the farce of the franc-forgers, she donned the tragic mask and brought Matthias Rakosi and fifty-four other political prisoners to trial. Rakosi was a People's Commissar in the Soviet government of Bela Kun. Sentenced to death after the overthrow of Bela Kun, Rakosi nevertheless returned to Hungary to reestablish the Communist Party. He and his fellow-Communists were arrested under the Emergency Act of 1921, which in effect makes an avowal of communistic belief illegal for a Hungarian citizen. Among the prisoners was a group of left-wing Socialists who had been members of the Social Democratic Party until its leaders gave their support to the reactionary Bethlen. The left wing, led by Stefan Vagi, then broke away and formed the Socialist Labor Party, in the kind of split which takes its place, in parliaments all over Europe, between the Socialists and the Communists. The Hungarian Government, however, has its own method of dealing with the opposition. All but twenty of the prisoners were condemned to sentences of from ten months to eight-and-a-half years of hard labor, Rakosi receiving the maximum penalty and Weinberger, another Communist leader, eight.

THE SENTENCES were read to an accompaniment of cheers for communism led by Rakosi. And well might these men cheer. For though they face years in the prisons of Hungary, where torture and starvation are accepted facts, their trial has probably done more to advance their cause than could any effort of theirs had they remained free. In Hungary today there are no rights of free speech, press, or assembly. But in the trial party programs were relevant matter. "With a little cleverness in answering the judge's questions," as the Manchester *Guardian* correspondent puts it, the prisoners turned the court into a platform from which they denounced the government and appealed to the workers of the country. The press carried full reports of the trial, though in constant danger of suppression; and the Hungarian proletariat, which has been kept on a diet of thin Socialistic gruel—only the thinnest could trickle through the government censorship—has tasted a tonic of beef, iron, and wine. The "dead men on leave," as Weinberger called himself and his companions, must be grateful to the government which in spite of itself gave their cause a hearing.

AUGUST 3'S BATCH of primaries ran off without surprises. Wets, supported by the regular party organizations, won both party primaries in Missouri; Drys came in from the Montana countryside with large enough pluralities to overcome the Wet majorities in the cities.

The Klan candidate won the gubernatorial primary in Oklahoma, but Kansas gave decisive pluralities to the three Supreme Court judges who had ordered the hooded order out of that State. Curtis in Kansas and Harrell in Oklahoma easily won their Senatorial renominations. No wild flames of revolt are leaping through the Corn Belt, though the Coolidge myth is fading and the regular Republicans have sagely made peace with Brookhart. Immediate political interest centers about the skirmish of the McAdoo and Al Smith forces, looking forward to 1928. Every Wet victory in either party is hailed by the Smith forces as proof of his potential strength; but the effort of Judge Talley and some of the Catholic societies to involve the United States in Mexico's struggle with the Catholic Church increases fear that a Catholic in the Presidency might be dangerously subject to outside influences.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL of the Knights of Columbus calls upon President Coolidge to "put an end to this ignominious contempt that has been shown by President Calles for American appeals," and assesses its membership one million dollars for a "campaign of education" about conditions in Mexico. If by "education" the Knights mean the kind of emotional phrase-slitting about "Russification" which makes up a large part of their appeal we hope the members will go on strike. We would urge Roman Catholics in this country earnestly to consider the possible effects of their campaign. When a Methodist bishop wins applause at a "Citizenship Conference" for declaring that no man "can kiss the Papal ring and even get within gunshot of the White House" sectarian self-consciousness is running high enough. Any attempt to use the United States Government to fight the battles of the Catholic church in Mexico will only accentuate religious lines and play into the hands of the Ku Klux Klan.

AMERICAN METHODIST MISSIONARIES in Japan have adopted resolutions urging that our naturalization laws be amended to permit all Asiatic peoples to become American citizens. Politicians are likely to give scant heed to their advice, but time will prove them right. America with her dollars dominates the world today, but a time will come when we shall meet and resent discriminations against us in Asia which will be explained as repetitions of measures previously adopted by us. It is natural that missionaries should feel the absurdity of their position, going from a land which practices every form of racial discrimination to preach brotherhood and good-will to the people against whom we discriminate. Common sense might indicate a simple way to retain a measure of the friendly sentiment which we are losing in the East. Our immigration laws already hold Asiatic immigration to a bare minimum. Why add insult to injury by refusing naturalization to the infinitesimal number of Asiatics who cross that barrier and still want to stay?

MRS. HALL, wealthy widow of the New Brunswick, N. J., rector whose unsolved murder mystery solves the problem of hot-weather copy for the newspapers, was held in \$15,000 bail—\$7,500 on each of two indictments for murder. When Norman Thomas was arrested merely for trying to speak to the Passaic strikers he was held in \$10,000 bail—and has not been indicted yet. That's "Jersey justice"—what the Russians call "class justice."

The Matter of Originality

VERY few critics of literature know what they are talking about when they praise an author for his originality or blame him for his lack of it. Perhaps no one could define this most precious of qualities; certainly no one has, though many of us believe we are able to recognize it as soon as we meet it. We can tell, we say, when an artist is standing on his own legs and seeing with his own eyes. But can we? What does it mean to say that one whose function is to reveal the way in which the world walks and talks employs only his own feet and mouth in order to accomplish this end? It once was supposed that his business was to copy nature—in which case, presumably, the more he kept himself out of the picture the better for his art. Those who talk about originality might accept the doctrine of nature, saying that of course the artist reproduces something for our recognition and our pleasure. They rarely are willing to admit, however, that the good artist follows in the path of his predecessors. He may copy nature; he may never copy art.

William Blake showed himself better acquainted with the problem when he wrote on the margin of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses" "The difference between a bad artist and a good one is: the bad artist seems to copy a great deal; the good one really does copy a great deal." If anything is the whole truth, this is probably it. There is no case on record of a first-rate novelist, playwright, or poet fearing contamination with those before him who had done well the thing he attempted to do. The Greek tragic and lyric poets are famous examples of workers in a medium which they valued all the more because many had used it. Among modern writers the best, it is almost safe to say, have been the best educated in the traditions of their craft. Students in college writing classes are proverbially advised to study life, not books. But the great writers have been great readers too. Shakespeare was not, as the romantic lover of his plays usually insists, inexperienced in books; rather he devoured them, and did not hesitate to pilfer whole passages from Ovid, Plutarch, and Holinshed. Fielding was one of the best-read men of his day. Wordsworth, who made so much of the inspiration of mountains, went as often to travel books and to the older poets for the matter and even the manner of his lines. Dickens, an "original" if any novelist ever was, grew up on a diet of Smollett and Sterne. Walt Whitman turned his back on European poetry, but he had read it first; and he did not begin to write his "original" things until he had read Emerson. Before long, no doubt, we shall have dissertations on the sources of so wild a wanderer as James Joyce.

What Blake knew, and what most of us do not, is that the artist is dealing both with a world to be apprehended and with a medium through which to apprehend it. The second thing is almost as old as the first, and the artist will respect it as something which existed before he came into being. It is an accumulation from the presence of countless workmen in the shop through countless ages, and if he is a proper man himself he will not mind rubbing his naked elbows against those of other proper men. We expect a cabinet-maker or an architect to take up his task where others left off. We are superstitious about the writer. Of him we ask the impossible—something brand new under the sun of nature and art.

Lese Majeste

FOR several years *The Nation* has been calling the attention of its readers to the increasing use by the courts of punishment for contempt and the danger involved. We are glad, therefore, that the persecution of George R. Dale, editor of the Muncie (Indiana) *Post-Democrat*, seems to be rousing a considerable number of newspapers to concern themselves with a tyranny which every year is growing more audacious.

Mr. Dale, whose story we touched on briefly in our issue of July 28 (page 68), had been fighting political corruption and the Ku Klux Klan in his weekly, and was finally arrested and indicted on some probably trumped-up charges. He declared in his newspaper that the prosecution was a frame-up, and was thereupon sentenced to three months in jail and a fine of \$500, on the ground that he was guilty of contempt of court. When he submitted an answer to the court, in which he offered to prove the truth of his charges, he was fined another \$500 and given three months more in jail. The Supreme Court of Indiana reversed the second sentence, but let the first one stand, making this astounding reply to Mr. Dale's plea of truth in justification for what he had written:

Appellant says in his answer that the statements made in the alleged contemptuous article are true. . . . It is not a justification for contempt . . . even though it be shown that the article published were true, if it in any way hindered the orderly process of the court and brought it into contempt before the people.

It is no excuse for one charged with criminal contempt predicated upon an article published in a newspaper that the article in all respects was true. . . . The truth of an article is not a matter of defense, neither is it a defense to show that there was no intent to commit contempt.

This may or may not be law, but we make no qualification in calling it outrageous nonsense, and a contemplation of its possibilities has jarred some of our most complacent newspapers. Mr. Dale has obtained an appeal to the United States Supreme Court on constitutional grounds, and the New York *World* is trying to raise by subscription the \$5,000 which it is estimated will be necessary to present the case. The *Editor and Publisher* is also asking for contributions and gives first place in its issue of July 31 to a discussion of the evil of contempt-of-court procedure and suggestions of remedies from various quarters. The article in the *Editor and Publisher* recalls that the abuse of punishment for contempt has been on the increase since an unfortunate decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court in 1918 in respect to N. D. Cochran of the Toledo (Ohio) *News-Bee*. Up to then it had been the rule in the federal courts, accepted also in the tribunals of most of the States, that the power to punish for contempt was limited to "misbehavior of any person in their [the judges'] presence, or so near thereto as to obstruct the ends of justice." In the arbitrary war atmosphere of 1918 the Supreme Court stretched the meaning of the phrase "so near thereto as to obstruct" to apply to any utterance anywhere having a "tendency" to obstruct. This opened wide the road to what has come to be known as "constructive contempt," under which tyrannical judges are more and more denying the constitutional right of free criticism to the press whenever

it affects judicial decisions or procedure. The *Editor and Publisher* goes on to say:

That this usurpation of power in journalistic contempt cases has become unbearable and that means must be found for relief from its increasing menace is everywhere evident today in newspaper circles. . . .

Can courts do no wrong?

Newspapermen know that they can do wrong and that their wrongs may be gross and strike at the heart of sacred institutions. . . .

Direct contempt, meaning contempt in the presence of the court, was followed by the dictum "indirect contempt," meaning an act just outside the presence of the court, and finally "constructive contempt," which may mean anything that an offended judge desires it to mean. And now, behold! the proposition that even in "constructive contempt" cases truth is no defense.

Thus has a limitation of freedom of speech come to be asserted by the courts without warrant from the people. The *Editor and Publisher* proposes a campaign for federal and State laws to enable a person accused of contempt of court to obtain a hearing before a judge of the same rank as the accusing magistrate but in another jurisdiction. This would be an improvement, but to our mind does not go nearly far enough. We believe that the entire contempt-of-court procedure is needless, probably unconstitutional, and chiefly usurped by the courts themselves without legitimate legislative warrant. It is a survival of lese majeste, which has no place in a democratic system of government. "Constructive contempt" is an inexcusable invasion of the right of free speech and should be legislated out of existence. Libel and slander laws afford judges all the protection from criticism that they need or deserve. Direct contempt should be legislated against as a criminal offense, with the right of trial by jury if demanded. There is no "majesty of the law" except in so far as its common sense and justice appeal to an effective majority of any community (as witness the much-abused Volstead act), while the pomp and verbiage and claptrap of our courts lead to nothing but ridicule and distrust in the minds of most people.

But nobody should delude himself with the idea that mere laws will be sufficient to end this medieval tyranny of the courts. The history of such legislation in this country shows that it has time and again been perverted or overthrown by petty judges jealous of their absolutism. The only sure method of overthrowing the abuse, so far as the State courts go, at least, is through constitutional amendments. Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, and Oklahoma have all incorporated provisions in their constitutions looking to that end, but except in the case of the latter State the wording is so vague and indeterminate that it has either not been effectively taken advantage of by the legislatures or has been twisted into inconsequence by the courts. In Georgia, for instance, the constitution says: "The power of the courts to punish for contempts shall be limited by legislative acts." But when the legislature passed a law limiting contempt to misconduct committed in court the worthy judges of the State ruled that the constitution gave authority merely to fix the punishment for contempt, not to define or classify it!

How to Vote

MR. SAMUEL INSULL'S skilful donations to the various campaign funds in Illinois should furnish food for reflection to those who still cling to a pathetic faith in the possibility of reforming from within either of the two great political parties. Mr. Insull, central figure in a combination of electric-power interests which dominates several hundred communities throughout the Middle West, handed out cash in ten and twenty-thousand-dollar lots to the man who was sure to win the Democratic Senatorial primary, the man who was likely to lose the Republican primary, and—most of all—to the man who would probably win the Republican primary. This last gentleman, Frank L. Smith, was also indorsed by the Illinois State Federation of Labor, following the Gompers tradition of supporting "labor's friends" within the old parties.

Mr. Smith's managers used about \$159,000 of Mr. Insull's yellow-back bills; do Illinois labor leaders think that he and his managers will be as grateful to them for their sympathy as to Mr. Insull for his cash? Do labor leaders think that when a Muscle Shoals or Boulder Dam problem comes before Congress their view of power development for public service will have as much weight as the cogent arguments of Mr. Insull and his friends for private control of the nation's water-power? The facts seem to us to reinforce the logic behind the La Follette campaign of 1924. It takes time to build a new political party, solidly grounded in the producing classes of the country, and it is worth it.

Mr. William Hard, in a recent issue of *The Nation*, poked his lean finger into some of the weak points in Senator Norris's suggestion that liberals in Pennsylvania, whether Democrats or Republicans, should this year show their disgust with the Pepper-Mellon-Vare vote-buying methods by casting their ballots for William B. Wilson, the Democratic nominee for United States Senator from that State. Mr. Hard, although he dislikes millionaire vote-buying, is an earnest Wet and a disillusioned hater of Wilsonism in general and of the League of Nations in particular; and he inquires whether, had he been born in Pennsylvania, he ought not to vote for the Wet and anti-League Mr. Vare, rather than for Mr. Wilson, who is personally honest but stands on the wrong principles. The lesson of Pennsylvania seems to us the same as the lesson of Illinois: there is scant hope in either of the old parties.

Farmer-Labor parties are, to be sure, not infallible. England's labor leaders did not show omniscience in office. Nonpartisan League Senators in this country have not always showed the courage we might hope to find in them. Labor and farm organizations are not exempt from the corruptions which befall other groups. Especially in Illinois is the record of American labor leaders dispiriting. But we persist in believing that in these organizations of the men and women who do the harsh productive labor of the country lies the most effective safeguard of political democracy. More and more the life of the country is falling into the hands of those who have thousands of dollars in bills in their safes ready to hand out to those who can help them make more. There is nothing in the organization of the old parties able to resist such temptations. In the economic organizations of the farm and city workers there is at least a method of checking the worst abuses. For the present the official organizations of labor may be disillusioned

sioned by the fact that they did not win to victory in a single year; but in the end the old system of trusting to "good men" in the old parties is likely to bring more serious and more lasting disappointments.

Evolution in Legal Education

ONLY in recent years have a few jurists realized that the law is an intimate part of the social sciences and that little progress could be expected from teaching the law as a set of rules, immutable or otherwise. Nor is the function of the law school exhausted by an analysis and systematization of court decisions. The law grows out of social conditions; to be understood it must be studied as a process, in constant evolution. Today the law-school journals are for the first time subjecting the courts, which in this country are raised to a position of extraordinary importance as builders of the law, to regular scientific criticism.

With the improvement in the technique of analysis has come a demand for greater service from the law schools correlating law as a social process with the economic and social phenomena out of which it grows. That requires closer coordination with psychology, economics, and political science, and with the practical agencies for the administration of justice and of government. Hence the demand for research into the practical operation of the rules declared by the legislatures, the courts, and administrative commissions, to determine whether they serve the purpose intended, and what they actually accomplish in the community. In the field of criminal law a bare beginning has been made in this country; and, for the most part, the experiences of foreign countries have been a closed book to the American student of law.

In former days judges and practicing lawyers attempted to write and instruct, in addition to their active professional duties. That day has passed. Life is now so complicated and specialized that legal research and instruction in the law have become the function of a separate craft—the law-school professors. In the process of teaching these have become aware of the sterility of much of what had been taught, of the inadequacy of the available data as to the origin, purpose, and effect of the voluminous work of the legislatures and the courts. On the legislative side progress has slowly been made in the improvement of drafting; on the judicial and administrative side little has been done.

The stronger law schools are working toward more effective legal education and toward organized research in the laboratory of practical life. Columbia announces seminars in legal economics and the intensive study of criminal law in operation; Harvard announces a program of research in legislation, criminology, and legal history; Yale announces the introduction of honor courses for selected high-grade students and research courses and laboratory work; Johns Hopkins is to enter on a program of research in jurisprudence. The American Law Institute, largely aided by law-school professors, is undertaking an extensive task of simplifying some of the more confused and complex departments of the law, such as contracts, agency, torts, conflict of laws, and corporations. It is not too much to expect that in a decade the whole course of legal education may be changed and that the effect of this more realistic jurisprudence will begin to appear in the decisions of the courts.

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The Mexican Church Goes on Strike

By CARLETON BEALS

I

Mexico City, July 29

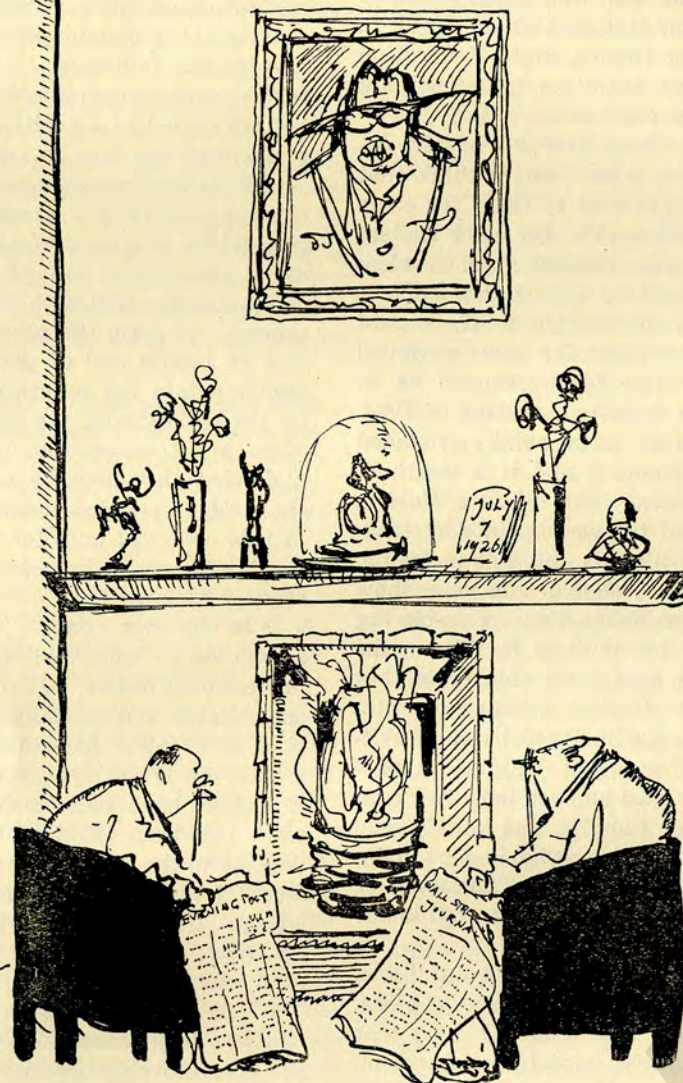
THE faithful in Mexico are crowding a lifetime of emotions into the span of a week. Fanaticism has reached the acme of its brutality and glory. On August 1 the priests go on strike against the laws of the land in accordance with the pastoral letter of July 24 signed by Archbishop Mora and the thirty-four bishops and approved by the Pope. The poor and the superstitious are paying the piper; great mobs of them are clawing their way through the holy portals. Never since the days of the Juarez Reformation have collection-boxes clinked so merrily; never have so many rosaries, scapulars, and candles been sold; never in such short space of time have so many masses been said, so many processions taken place, so many sacred relics been dusted and paraded. Baptisms, confirmations, confessions, weddings follow one another in kaleidoscopic haste. Babies are torn from the womb to the baptismal font, recklessly exposed to the suffocating, germ-laden air of the crowded interiors; long lines wait interminable hours to buy their confirmation tickets; quarreling sweethearts suddenly bury their troubles and battle through the aisles among the tatterdemalion throngs to be married; well-dressed women walk barefoot, *tápalos* tight about their tear-stained cheeks, through the early morning streets to mass; penitents kneel, arms outstretched, before the chapel altars; the confessional booths are besieged by woe-stricken throngs of sinners; weary priests pass endlessly up and down the abject, close-packed rows with the pyx, giving sacrament: the acolyte holds up the red shield under lifted chins; the Host is dropped on waiting tongues.

The charged center of this furore is the great cathedral, the largest on this Continent, which rises on the main plaza of the Mexican capital—the Zocalo. Here the mass at the gates, buffeted by the soldiery, struggles into the atrium in the shadow of the lofty gray and white façade and jams on through the high Portal of Pardon into the packed nave. The Indians—the poor and the disinherited—are the ones fighting for this last-minute salvation. The middle and upper classes have not been forced to this extremity. Their children have been baptized, christened, confirmed, married at leisure. But the masses streaming into the church have had to postpone these liturgical acts from week to week, hoping against hope that next month or the month after a few more pennies could be laid aside for the confirmation veil, the necessary candles, the fees. But now in this last-minute scramble they have cheated their stomachs and mortgaged their health to beg, borrow, or steal the sums required for every holy act, every administration of holy water, every declaration of bans. This tearful precipitancy has given the cathedral an aspect festive and catastrophic. Red Cross emergency tents and ambulances stand at the gates. Armed soldiers batter back the throngs. Yet in and out whirl the venders of candies, kewpie-dolls, rattles, newspapers, rosaries, and pet dogs—all calling raucously. Ice-cream and lemonade venders dart from person to person. Women faint from the heat; mothers lose their babies; peregrinators picnic in the less-

crowded corners of the atrium; they have hung serapes tent-fashion from the iron fence-spikes to ward off the sun and have spread out their meager lunches of tortillas, beans, and frothing pulque.

This morning I struggled against the human ebb and flow into a side portal beyond the Sagrario. The interior was a blast in my face; stench of unwashed bodies, sharp sting of low-hanging clouds of incense. The far singing of the choir was almost drowned out by the wails of the assemblage and the bawl of ten thousand babies. People hung like monkeys from every column and grill; they eddied about altar, choir, and chapel. Colors clashed: blue and brown *rebozos*, lace mantillas, embroidered blouses, scarlet sashes. Inch by inch, almost suffocated, I wormed my way toward the *barandales* of the Crucia. Tier after tier of men and women pressed up coughing, crying, shouting, each carrying a baby to be baptized. Down the long runway paced the soldiers of the state; among them neophytes dashing to and fro for holy water, ever more holy water, and Red Cross aides with ice, cotton, and bandages. Hour after hour the baptismal process continued. First came a soldier, objective and fierce, then a Red Cross aide, an acolyte with a candle, a priest in white and gold robes—swipe of his thumb from holy water to the forehead of each squalling infant, a swab of cotton by another acolyte—finally, the collectors, bringing up the rear, reaching out hands for the fifty-centavo pieces. Hour after hour. Waiting row gave way to waiting row, and still from the back of the cathedral came the press of babies, ever more babies. One woman has but twenty centavos. The coin is snatched by the collector with a snarl, "Baptism's no good." On to the next and the next; more snarls for those who do not have their change ready. Here a peso is offered, the fifty centavos change is tossed back into the throng. The barefoot loser sprawls on his hands and knees, hugging his child in one arm, sticking his hand under the feet of the trampling multitude. A baby falls into the runway. A Red Cross attendant snatches it up. The mother is swept from sight. Crowded back against a pillar, she bawls for her lost infant, holding her arms out helplessly toward the Virgin. Overhead the newspaper kodaks click, the flash-lights boom, and white smoke eddies up into the fumes of incense.

One foot on a bench, the other pressed against the fluting of a column, I look down on the multitude. The whole cathedral seems to sway in the wavering light of thousands of candles, in the quiver of incense from the clanking censers. I have seen religious happenings at Lourdes; I witnessed the epochal procession of the new Virgin of Loreto from the patriarchal church of the Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome; I have followed a great procession up the slashed crooked streets of Toledo in Spain, and these occasions had an aspect of almost sublime solemnity or festivity. But this vast pawing scramble of the excited disinherited of Mexico, this flaunting of idolatry, superstition, rags, dirt, is a profanation of the human spirit. Such is the weapon of the Mexican-Spanish-Aztec church in its battle with the Mexican state.



"I see that West Point and Annapolis are graduating a large number of young men this year."

"Of course they are. We need officers to sit on boards of inquiry."

H. S. Gandy

II

It is easy to be misled by all this fanatic unleashed emotion, easy to overestimate its political significance. In this city of nearly a million inhabitants, in the center of a region harboring a million more, the number of persons caught up on the present wave of hysteria is not proportionately large. Nor does the fact that a mother fights to have her baby baptized necessarily carry with it any threat of political and military control. In a country where democratic government has only begun to emerge and the army is still the basic instrument of power, a popular demonstration which would cause an American politician apoplexy means little in terms of immediate political change.

Furthermore, it is the church that is on the defensive, though still with sufficient power, at an opportune moment, to plunge the country into chaos. The greatest spiritual might of the Mexican Catholic church was reached during the earlier period of colonial control when such tireless missionaries as Bartolome de las Casas, Gante, Maga Catala, Motolinia worked fervently and honestly to protect and stimulate the indigenous peoples. The greatest material might of the church was achieved toward the close of the colonial period. The Declaration of Independence (Chilpancingo, November 6, 1813) stated: "Congress solemnly declares in the presence of God, our Lord . . . that it does not profess or recognize any other religion than the Catholic, and that it shall not permit or tolerate public or secret practice of any other," sentiments renewed in the Treaty of Cordoba which established the new Government. Yet they precipitated the long struggle that culminated in the Reformation movement of Benito Juarez in the fifties and the definitive separation of church and state. The church, since independence days, has been on the defensive except for short periods. Today, more so than ever. The hundreds of crumbling religious edifices the length and breadth of Mexico remind one that the church is not at the heyday of its power. Indian ceremonies in towns where most of the churches are cracked and weed-riven; and the activities of autonomous indigenous congregations in more remote areas, far removed from conventional ecclesiastical control, indicate that the church in Mexico is being crushed between the Indian renaissance on the one hand and the machine-age skepticism on the other.

Many of the principles against which the church objects in Mexico have been accepted by the Catholics of most countries: (1) Freedom of worship for other sects; (2) separation of church and state; (3) sovereignty of the state in civil, political, and material affairs; (4) limitation of the worldly goods which may belong to or be inherited by the church. The Queretaro constitution of 1917 reinforced these principles and established other restrictions growing out of the monopoly character of the Catholic Spanish-Aztec church in Mexico, such as prohibiting religious primary schools, public religious processions, political activity by the priests, the presence of foreign-born priests, and the limiting of the number of priests and churches.

The church has never accepted any civil or religious readjustment with good grace. Even in the colonial days the viceroys and the ecclesiastics were constantly at each other's throats, battling for jurisdiction and economic control. The Catholics overthrew President Comonfort and precipitated a bloody six-years' religious war, which culminated in the imposition of a foreign emperor, Maximilian, favorable to their cause. In more recent times they opposed

the democratic program of Madero, supported the assassin-President Huerta, and rallied behind the De la Huerta movement to plunge Mexico back into an era of chaos. The federal authorities during that trouble caught priests with rifles in their hands, and the Archbishop of Guadalajara toured Jalisco in behalf of the rebels. Recent short-lived *cuartelazos* in the church centers, Guadalajara and Aguascalientes, were traced, in part, to ecclesiastical machinations.

The church in Mexico has in the past been such a great property-holder as to cause stagnation in the economic life of the country. Even in colonial times the government had to limit mortmain holding and in 1767 confiscated the properties of the Jesuits. Shortly after the war of independence it was estimated that no less than half the real estate in the country belonged to the clergy and every large hacienda carried a church mortgage. In 1856 some twenty million pesos of church property were sold, the money being turned over to the church. Since then the church has had no legal right to own realty and the government has felt itself justified in confiscating all lands improperly held.

III

The present conflict grew out of the church's renewed anti-government activities, fomented by the bitter apostolic letter of the Holy See of February 2, 1926, and the reinforcement of a manifesto signed by the Mexican episcopacy in 1917 attacking the religious provisions of the constitution. This reaffirmation coincided with the anniversary of the adoption of the 1857 constitution and was coupled with widespread propaganda in the Catholic press at a time when the Government was facing international difficulties over the new petroleum and foreign-property laws. Many of the constitutional provisions affecting the church had remained dead letters, others had fallen into desuetude. But now Archbishop Mora y del Rio was cited to appear before the Attorney General for special hearings; church officials violating the law were arrested; foreign-born priests were seized and deported overnight; additional church properties, clandestinely held, were confiscated; many Catholic institutions—primary schools, hospitals and orphanages—not allowed by the constitution, were closed. The Papal Delegate Caruana, who had entered the country under false pretenses, was ordered to leave.

The more immediate disturbances were caused by a recent law requiring church officials to register with the municipal authorities. Orders were sent out to disobey this law. The National League of Religious Defense called an economic buyers' boycott for the purpose of "paralyzing the economic and social life of the country." A general pastoral letter, sanctioned by the Pope and issued on July 24, attacked the law and constitution, threatened the government officials with excommunication, and called for the cessation of religious services and rites from August 1 on.

The church is likely to gain little through stirring up fanaticism and fear; and it lacks weapons for a military uprising. Its stand is obstructionist, negative. It could afford to disregard the Government had it in the past carried out a constructive program for the distressed country of which it is a part. But the church has opposed every necessary reform of the past fifteen years. Its priests have alienated the rural population by excommunicating peasants accepting ex-church lands, and by hobnobbing with the large landowners. Yet if the church has to bear the burden of the black stigma of such leaders as Iturbide, Santa Ana,

Feliz Zuloaga, Maximilian, Huerta, it also has the more glorious tradition of Las Casas, Vasco de Quiroga, Hidalgo, and Morelos, who understood the Indian and knew the people and their problems. These men had social programs which would seem advanced even today; and Vasco de Quiroga, with his Cajas de Comunidades, his reforms, his emphasis upon education created early in the history of the Mexican church a tradition of popular liberty which, had it been preserved, would have saved the institution from the tragic misstep of today when it is placed in the sorry position of denying its own members spiritual ministrations.

And so, here in the Zocalo, where the riveting machines, enlarging the national palace of Cortes, shatter the har-

mony of the great tolling bells of this Church of the Asuncion de Maria Santisima; here where once rose the old teocalli of the Aztec god of war, Huitzilopochtli, this one-time capital of the native empire—here the old conflict between church and state has drawn to a new poisonous head.

August 1

But before the cathedral, this first day of August, before its now barred entrance and silent atrium, fifty thousand anti-church paraders are passing. Not with fanaticism but with the enlightenment that characterized the thought of its greater leaders will the Mexican Catholic church reconquer its dignity and power of service.

Garvey: A Mass Leader

By E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

THE Garvey movement is a crowd movement essentially different from any other social phenomenon among Negroes. For the most part American Negroes have sought self-magnification in fraternal orders and the church. But these organizations have failed to give that support to the Negro's ego-consciousness which the white masses find in membership in a political community, or on a smaller scale in Kiwanis clubs and the Ku Klux Klan. In a certain sense Garvey's followers form the black Klan of America.

The reason for Garvey's success in welding the Negroes into a crowd movement becomes apparent when we compare his methods and aims with those of other leaders. Take, for example, the leadership of Booker Washington. Washington could not be considered a leader of the masses of Negroes, for his program commended itself chiefly to white people and those Negroes who prided themselves on their opportunism. There was nothing popularly heroic or inspiring in his program to captivate the imagination of the average Negro. In fact the Negro was admonished to play an inglorious role. Certain other outstanding efforts among Negroes have failed to attract the masses because they have lacked the characteristics which have distinguished the Garvey movement. It is only necessary to mention such an organization as the National Urban League and its leadership to realize that so reasoned a program of social adjustment is lacking in everything that appeals to the crowd. The leadership of Dr. DuBois has been too intellectual to satisfy the mob. Even his glorification of the Negro has been in terms which escape the black masses. The Pan-African Congress which he has promoted, while supporting to some extent the boasted aims of Garvey, has failed to stir any considerable number of American Negroes. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which has fought uncompromisingly for equality for the Negro, has never secured, except locally and occasionally, the support of the masses. It has lacked the dramatic element.

The status of Negroes in American life makes it easy for a crowd movement to be initiated among them. In America the Negro is repressed and an outcast. Some people are inclined to feel that this repression is only felt by cultured Negroes. As a matter of fact many of them can find satisfaction in the intellectual and spiritual things of life and do not need the support to their personalities that

the average man requires. The average Negro, like other mediocre people, must be fed upon empty and silly fictions in order that life may be bearable. In the South the most insignificant white man is made of supreme worth simply by the fact of his color, not to mention the added support he receives from the Kiwanis or the Klan.

Garvey came to America at a time when all groups were asserting themselves. Many American Negroes have belittled his influence on the ground that he is a West Indian. It has been said that Garvey was only able to attract the support of his fellow-countrymen. The truth is that Garvey aroused the Negroes of Georgia as much as those of New York, except where the black preacher discouraged anything that threatened his income, or where white domination smothered every earthly hope. Moreover, this prejudice against the West Indian Negro loses sight of the contribution of the West Indian to the American Negro. The West Indian who has been ruled by a small minority instead of being oppressed by the majority, is more worldly in his outlook. He has been successful in business. He does not need the lodge, with its promise of an imposing funeral, or the church, with its hope of a heavenly abode as an escape from a sense of inferiority. By his example he has given the American Negro an earthly goal.

Garvey went even further. He not only promised the despised Negro a paradise on earth, but he made the Negro an important person in his immediate environment. He invented honors and social distinctions and converted every social invention to his use in his effort to make his followers feel important. While everyone was not a "Knight" or "Sir" all his followers were "Fellow-men of the Negro Race." Even more concrete distinctions were open to all. The women were organized into Black Cross Nurses, and the men became uniformed members of the vanguard of the Great African Army. A uniformed member of a Negro lodge paled in significance beside a soldier of the Army of Africa. A Negro might be a porter during the day, taking his orders from white men but he was an officer in the black army when it assembled at night in Liberty Hall. Many a Negro went about his work singing in his heart that he was a member of the great army marching to "heights of achievements." And even in basing his program upon fantastic claims of empire, Garvey always impressed his followers

that his promise was more realistic than that of those who were constantly arguing for the theoretical rights of the Negro. In the *Negro World* for October 18, 1924, he warned his followers that

Those who try to ridicule the idea that America is a white man's country are going to find themselves sadly disappointed one of these days, homeless, shelterless, and unprovided for. Some of us do harp on our constitutional rights, which sounds reasonable in the righteous interpretation thereof, but we are forgetting that righteousness is alien to the world and that sin and materialism now triumph, and for material glory and honor and selfishness man will slay his brother. And in the knowledge of this, is the Negro still so foolish as to believe that the majority of other races are going to be so unfair and unjust to themselves as to yield to weaker peoples that which they themselves desire?

And after all this is essentially what most Negroes believe in spite of the celebrated faith of the Negro in America.

A closer examination of the ideals and symbols which Garvey always held up before his followers shows his mastery of the technique of creating and holding crowds. The Negro group becomes idealized. Therefore he declares he is as strongly against race-intermixture as a Ku Kluxer. He believes in a "pure black race just as all self-respecting whites believe in a pure white race." According to Garvey, civilization is about to fall and the Negro is called upon "to evolve a national ideal, based upon freedom, human liberty, and true democracy." The "redemption of Africa" is the regaining of a lost paradise. It is always almost at hand.

This belief has served the same purpose as does the myth of the general strike in the syndicalist movement. Garvey, who is dealing with people imbued with religious feeling, endows the redemption of Africa with the mystery of the regeneration of mankind. He said on one occasion: "No one knows when the hour of Africa's redemption cometh. It is in the wind. It is coming one day like a storm. It will be here. When that day comes, all Africa will stand together."

Garvey gave the crowd that followed him victims to vent their hatred upon, just as the evangelist turns the hatred of his followers upon the Devil. Every rabble must find someone to blame for its woes. The Negro who is poor, ignorant, and weak naturally wants to place the blame on anything except his own incapacity. Therefore Garvey was always attributing the misfortunes of the Negro group to traitors and enemies. Although the identity of these "traitors" and "enemies" was often obscure, as a rule they turned out to be Negro intellectuals. The cause for such animosity against this class of Negroes is apparent when we remember that Garvey himself lacks formal education.

Garvey who was well acquainted with the tremendous influence of religion in the life of the Negro, proved himself matchless in assimilating his own program to the religious experience of the Negro. Christmas, with its association of the lowly birth of Jesus, became symbolic of the Negro's birth among the nations of the world. Easter became the symbol of the resurrection of an oppressed and crucified race. Such naive symbolism easily kindled enthusiasm among his followers. At other times Garvey made his own situation appear similar to that of Jesus. Just as the Jews incited the Roman authorities against Jesus, other Negro leaders were making the United States authorities persecute him.

Most discussions of the Garvey movement have been concerned with the feasibility of his schemes and the legal aspects of the charge which brought him finally to the Atlanta Federal Prison. It is idle to attempt to apply to the schemes that attract crowds the test of reasonableness. Even experience fails to teach a crowd anything, for the crowd satisfies its vanity and longing in the beliefs it holds. Nor is it surprising to find Garvey's followers regarding his imprisonment at present as martyrdom for the cause he represents, although the technical charge on which he was convicted is only indirectly related to his program. But Garvey has not failed to exploit his imprisonment. He knows that the average man is impressed if anyone suffers. Upon his arrest he gave out the following statement: "There has never been a movement where the Leader has not suffered for the Cause, and not received the ingratitude of the people. I, like the rest, am prepared for the consequence." As he entered the prison in Atlanta he sent a message to his followers which appeared in his paper, the *Negro World*, for February 14, 1925. He paints himself as a sufferer for his group and blames his lot on a group of plotters. In commending his wife to the care of his followers he says: "All I have, I have given to you. I have sacrificed my home and my loving wife for you. I intrust her to your charge, to protect and defend in my absence. She is the bravest little woman I know." Such pathos he knew the mob could not resist, and the final word he sent to his supporters under the caption, "If I Die in Atlanta," with its apocalyptic message, raises him above mortals. He bade them "Look for me in the whirlwind or the storm, look for me all around you, for, with God's grace, I shall come and bring with me the countless millions of black slaves who have died in America and the West Indies and the millions in Africa to aid you in the fight for liberty, freedom, and life."

Since his imprisonment Garvey has continued to send his weekly message on the front of his paper to his followers warning them against their enemies and exhorting them to remain faithful to him in his suffering. It is uncritical to regard Garvey as a common swindler who has sought simply to enrich himself, when the evidence seems to place him among those so-called cranks who refuse to deal realistically with life. He has the distinction of initiating the first real mass movement among American Negroes.

Martha and Shadow

By DONALD DAVIDSON

Martha said, Shadow is little, Shadow is not
Able as I when world is gold in the sun.
She walked in the dew of the clover, and Martha forgot
That the day had only begun.

Martha said, Shadow is weak, Shadow will fly
Wherever I come in the dew and clover of morning.
Shadow was smaller at noon but would not die.
Shadow, not Martha, had a long time for growing.

Shadow said, Martha is little, Martha is not
Able as I in evening, and evening is last.
Martha said, Shadow is all. I know thee, O Shadow!
I will come into Shadow and rest.

Glimpses of Arthur Gleason

By HELEN HAYES GLEASON

II

THE larger part of our wardrobes consisted of bathing suits, all sorts and conditions of bathing suits. The assortment grew with his habit of swimming in each new place, as he tramped and traveled about, buying a cheap suit for the time. On a visit to a friend—he used to tell me this chuckling and beaming with the humor of it—he was put into quite a splendid room. His luggage contained two articles, pajamas and a bathing suit. The man-servant had courteously unpacked the bag and spread the two garments across the bed as he was wont to do for more formal guests. My husband was delighted over it.

In Maine, where we often went, a bathing suit was the only thing he ever wore, unless walking, and then it was the under garment. In time a suit became faded, ready for the discard, but it was nearly impossible to get his permission to dispose of the old friend. The first camp we visited permitted us to come to meals in dry suits—a fine camp, he thought. But on returning, after an interval abroad, we found the old haunts had become civilized. People "dressed" for outdoor sports, sat about looking unhappy with lack of conveniences, or herded together under lights, not caring for the hush of evening broken by chirp and rustle of night creatures. We had happy times in Maine.

Three weeks of sunshine, and only one gray day [he wrote a friend from there]. For many hours each day we drink in the energy of the sun. Later it will come out as laughter and health and good cheer. Sunlight is the cure of all maladies of body and spirit. It ends introspection and the modern diseases of ingrowing morbid fancies, for the sun's ray travels faster than the poison weeds and burns them up at their secret root. Under the sun man takes his proper place in the natural world as a wholesome little creature, instead of a bundle of fevers and nerves and swollen egotisms.

The greatest word of the nineteenth century was Emerson's "Why so hot, little man?" meaning man, the sickly and civilized, taking himself so seriously as lord of life and master of things, when he is really one more among a million, million living things that swim and fly and creep and take their moment of being. One is never hot in the sun. One is not in a closed room.

All social gain of hours and wages will only be good as it frees human beings for the sun and the air, the soil and the water. The social movement can have no other goal than into the outdoors.

I have never known man or woman, loving the outdoors, who did not have a something of distinction.

Nature is the beginning and end of religion, for all beauty is here, and it is man's chief end to adore the creation. Worship and wonder are one. Man is the spectator and the participant in a carnival. Fortunately for him, his five senses are of narrow range and admit only a thousandth part of the color and sounds and motion. If he could hear and see more of the riot, he would go drunk with exuberance; and by nightfall under the moon, he would go mad.

That year we shipped our luggage to Boston, starting south at Old Orchard Beach on foot, each carrying extra

shoes, slicker, and night clothes. We followed literally at the water's edge. That brought us to estuaries which meant detours unless some boatman gave a lift. But there is no time element for tramps, no schedule. It delighted him to wander carelessly, to tarry at every whim. A passing trolley bore the sign "York County Fair"; so to the county fair we went for half a day. Perched on a fence we saw the ball game and the team-dragging contest. He entered into all these simple entertainments with the freshness of a child. We ate country-cooked chicken and home-made cake. A "boarding house for workingmen" was recommended for the night's lodging. It was clean and very reasonable, but not a room was left except a small one on the top floor, in which Madam stored her fruit. It contained a camp cot. Perhaps another could be squeezed in, if we would like to stay. So in we turned to dream among the countless jars of gleaming jellies and vegetables lining the walls.

The spot which offered no chance of a swim was really a bit second-class in his mind.

"If I had the range of reading," he said, "I should make myself an anthology of swimming." This he wanted to do very much and had been collecting notes toward it for several years.

All places found him swimming. The shore-line was inevitably the goal, no matter what the mission. The Belgian Coast, the Lido, Bermuda, a New Jersey canal, New Orleans, California. He swam half way round the world and planned to complete the circle. Every stretch of water-front from Portland, Maine, to Atlantic City had been explored by him; every quiet nook around New York he knew. When the crowds gradually seeped through he retired to a more remote spot. A bare rock jutting up off shore, thirty feet of water round about, was a glorious place to swim the day. His system was to take two suits, always lying about in a dry one, for the winds were keen, though the rock was warm under the sun.

* * * * *

I have been turning over quite idly leaves of books frequently in his hands. It was his habit to read with a lead pencil, marking everything that moved him, heavily underlining between the typed lines, if it were special, as well as inclosing the passage in a long curved line at the margin. The old pencil had a way of traveling up and down the page, tapping with the rubber end, as he read.

In the preface of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" is the following paragraph which in large part could be said of him who has marked it:

Whose natural impulse it has ever been to speak out; who has ever spoken too much rather than too little; who would have saved himself many a scrape, if he had been wise enough to hold his tongue; who has ever been fair to the doctrines and arguments of his opponents; who has never slurred over facts and reasonings which told against himself; who has never given his name or authority to proofs which he thought unsound, or to testimony which he did not think at least plausible; who has never shrunk from confessing a fault when he felt that he had committed one; who has ever consulted for others more than for himself;

who has given up much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends.

He was devoted to Newman. During one of our many moves the "Apologia" disappeared, remaining a mystery for months. Not a week passed without a turning out of some corner for the "Apologia"; friends had searching inquiries directed at them and innocent babes were suspected until at last the truant book turned up. The volume is old and fingered. The following sentences seem to have become a part of him: "*Living movements do not come of committees, nor are great ideas worked out through the post, even though it had been the penny post.*" "*I can fancy myself thinking it was allowable in extreme cases for me to lie, but never to equivocate.*"

* * * * *

He always traveled with Gibbon and as invariably—such was the balance of his taste—with the *Popular Magazine*, for which he used to write and for which he always wanted to write again when time could be found. Henry Herbert Knibbs was a favorite for yarns and Western verse. The *Popular* of 20th December was in his bag on the last journey, with Vol 2 of Gibbon's Rome. A "San Diego to Yuma" Pullman ticket is between pages 354 and 355. The pages are heavily marked. The chapter treats of Athanasius, his condemnation and expulsion from Alexandria. Gibbon was fond of using certain words over and over in a chapter, and all through this part zeal and tumult are marked with a circle—page after page the eye picks it up. The two words are singularly applicable to A. G.—his zeal for truth amid the tumult that finally took him, carelessly.

In his traveling bag, also, in a grubby note-book is written this about someone; it doesn't say about whom, but it fits himself: "A fine chap whom his family adored, whom friends adored, whom his wife adored." There was something naive about this grubby note-book habit. He would fill in the first page with his age and weight, height, name, and address just like a child. One of these he carried in order to jot down the titles of "books wanted" as they occurred to him.

I wonder if anyone ever left such a trail of personality as A. G. through the books he read. Because he had not read widely in the originals of many languages he felt that he was not widely read. His standard was that of the scholar. If he was not what he meant by a scholar, he was scholarly in tendency. The same thoroughness and intensity that characterized each thing he did was evident in his reading. Books were companions, thumb-marked and scarred if you will, but to be stuck to for inner worth, not outside dress. He read swiftly and deeply. The things he cared for he read over and over. Two or three old familiar ones at a time he kept going in rotation. Over his desk hung shelves for special favorites that had seen him through the years—from childhood to recent gifts they dated. They included books on swimming, early school and college favorites, fairy tales, "Gil Blas," the "Apologia," books written and given by friends.

To one who wrote with enthusiasm over a light best-seller, he replied:

As against that, I recommend Richard Hooker and Gibbon.

How are these for rules:

No committees.

No time for magazines, weeklies, and cheap stuff.

A little time each day on the great source books of the ages: Plato, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, *Whitman*, *Wordsworth*, Hooker, Gibbon, Plutarch, Virgil, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Flaubert, Melville, Molière, Balzac—whichever one or ones are for the person; whichever feeds.

When a book was given to us together, I asserted an equal claim, having it on my own desk for visits, but if that book had found its place on the three shelves over his desk, then the visit was inevitably short. The day would come which revealed its flight. The companionship of these certain books became a working background as necessary as a pipe.

* * * * *

By his own gift of companionship he drew men and women. His genius for friendship was founded on a mutual give and take. He learned the value of equality in this way.

When he was a very small person he was conscious of a feeling of superiority toward the coachman. One day in the stable yard he ordered the man to do something or other, swelling up inside himself over his own position in the world. Whereupon the coachman turned deliberately and swore at him conscientiously, continuously, for some moments, swore him into thin air, into holy fear, swore him into an everlasting and wholesome respect for all working people. He always gave that man credit for teaching him a great lesson in life. It makes me laugh when I see his early pictures and consider what a meek-looking little boy he was, how funny it must have been, that vigorous flood of self-respect splashing over his snobbish head. And snobbish seems an unfair word to use. Yet I take his own account of it, that he had a feeling of superiority and was a snob for the time, but the lesson was final. Never afterward by a tone of voice or a gesture could the word be fitted to him.

[To be concluded]

In the Driftway

HOW much of genuine objection and how much of concealed envy is there in the chorus of disapproval that has gone up among American lawn-tennis fans over the decision of Suzanne Lenglen to become a professional? Amid a lot of claptrap the Drifter has caught just one comment that rang entirely sane and sincere. A woman player told a newspaper interviewer that if anybody were to offer her \$100,000 to turn professional she would think a long while before refusing. So would most of the others. Or else they would think a long while afterward—in remorse. The only exceptions to this are such persons as already have a good income for which they don't have to work.

* * * * *

A GOOD many of those who have discussed Lenglen's action have questioned if it were possible for her to make a satisfactory professional tour in this country. That is the concern not of Lenglen but of her manager, and he probably knows what he is about from his previous experience with "Red" Grange in professional football. What the Drifter takes exception to is the assumption running through most comment that professional sport is less reputable than amateur and that Lenglen has lowered herself by going into it. It is high time that the absurdity of

this attitude be generally challenged, especially in a supposedly democratic country like the United States. Modern sport, of course, is a creation of the aristocratic class in Great Britain and was originally intended as the exclusive province of "gentlemen." The whole theory of amateurism is essentially snobbish, although it is only fair to say that its most zealous champions in this country have usually not realized it and have been inspired by other motives. The common argument has been that if sport is to be a pastime it is necessary to make it profitless in order that all the prizes and honors shall not be carried off by persons who adopt it as a business. But nearly every sport of consequence has now reached a stage of development and specialization where in order to be a star it is necessary to make a business of it. A champion cannot have a serious and absorbing vocation outside. He must have an independent income, be supported by devotees of the sport, or earn his livelihood by some occupation indirectly dependent upon his reputation as a player. There is no more amateurism in the upper realms of amateur sport than in the most definitive professionalism.

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AND if there were it would be nothing to brag about. We do not honor amateur actors or physicians above professional ones. In some fields of sport, indeed, the professional seems decidedly superior to the amateur. The Drifter respects the maligned "pot hunter" who captures game or fish as a livelihood, though he may believe in restricting his actions in the general interest. For the so-called sportsman who kills only for the fun of killing the Drifter has no sympathy at all. And as to professional lawn tennis, the Drifter will sign a contract to engage in it tomorrow for anybody's \$100,000. Indeed for that sum he will become a professional almost anything except a drifter. He insists upon his amateur status there for fear that otherwise drifting would become too much like a job—and so a bore.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Who Killed the Nonpartisan League?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on The Exploited Farmer in *The Nation* the rash statement is made that "When the farmers of North Dakota a few years ago set afoot a genuine program of self-help under the Nonpartisan League, it was smashed by the business and banking interests of the great cities."

From seven years' experience with the Nonpartisan League I would state rather that the league was helped by this opposition and killed by its friends. To blame the demise in all States except North Dakota on Big Business is to deprive farmers of a valuable lesson in organization. The foremost cause was the reluctance of farmers to pay dues. Most of them want to carry on war without a commissary department of their own financing. Big Business had no power to keep the average farmer from paying his moderate dues or honoring his signature on the post-dated check.

As early as 1918 agitation was started in several States for "more democracy" by men who wanted power and were woefully lacking in the ability to organize and agitate as compared with the Townley staff. As a matter of fact, there was too much democracy in the league for a fighting farmer organization rather than too little; farmers can't fight successfully unless they trust leaders who have proved themselves.

The next important cause was a league-staff mistake, forced largely by popular clamor, of attempting too much—too many costly daily newspapers and stores, and too much legislation at one time. The farmers quit instead of helping their organization to work out of this mistake.

Next I would mention the loss from successful elections. Outside of North Dakota none of the people elected to prominent office were worth a thin dime in help to the farmer organization. Cromwell's Ironsides furnish a better example for farmers who want to fight for their rights than "mass parties," "one organization for farmers and workers," and other stuff preached by the Farmer-Labor "improvers" on the Nonpartisan League.

"Big Business" wept with the farmers over the dues they paid to the league. But is that a manly excuse for \$2,000,000 in unpaid post-dated checks?

If we do not blame the devil beyond his due, the good people may pay more regard to their own shortcomings.

Mound, Minnesota, July 7

A. B. GILBERT,

Formerly editor of the *Nonpartisan Leader*

Catullus Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Verbiage is the defect in William Hard's translation of Catullus in *The Nation* of July 7. For the sake of hendecasyllabic lines words are introduced not necessary either for the sense or emotional effect. In the Latin there is no extra word. Is a faithful translation desired, equally unlabored, try this:

Let us live and love, my Lesbia.
Mutterings of the austere aged,
Let us count them all as nothing.
Suns that set return with morning!
For us, when once the day has ended,
Only sleep, with no awakening.

Whitman, Mass., July 9

MARGARET A. GAFFNEY

American Art or Negro Art?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For Mr. Schuyler to say that "the Negro masses . . . are no different from the white masses" in America seems me obviously absurd. Fundamentally, perhaps, all peoples are the same. But as long as the Negro remains a segregated group in this country he must reflect certain racial and environmental differences which are his own. The very fact that Negroes do straighten their hair and try to forget their racial background makes them different from white people. If they were exactly like the dominant class they would not have to try so hard to imitate them. Again it seems quite as absurd to say that spirituals and blues are not Negro as it is to say that cowboy songs are not cowboy songs or that the folk-ballads of Scotland do not belong to Scotland. The spirituals and blues are American, certainly, but they are also very much American Negro. And if one can say that some of my poems have no racial distinctiveness about them or that "Cane" is not Negro one can say with equal truth that "Nize Baby" is purely American.

From an economic and sociological viewpoint it may be entirely desirable that the Negro become as much like his white American brother as possible. Surely colored people want all the opportunities and advantages that anyone else possesses here in our country. But until America has completely absorbed the Negro and until segregation and racial self-consciousness have entirely disappeared, the true work of art from the Negro artist is bound, if it have any color and distinctiveness at all, to reflect his racial background and his racial environment.

New York, June 14

LANGSTON HUGHES

Books

Retreat

By LAURENCE JORDAN

Now against winter let us bring together
Food for our pantry, coal, and woolen sheets,
Thatch of tough straw to roof us safe from weather
And stones to wall us from the noise of streets.
Let us put kitchen-ware upon the shelves
Of cutlery and crockery and plate;
And build a bed for us to rest ourselves
And lay some logs and kindling on the grate.

In hoarded foodstuffs and hard masonries
Must lie security of some small kind.
Out of such perishable goods as these
We build the little hope that we may find
Ourselves in thirty years, face pressed to face,
Talking together, sitting in this place.

The Getting of Ideas

The Art of Thought. By Graham Wallas. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

A BOOK on the art of thought in general suffers from the initial disadvantage of an extremely abstract content. Like those college courses in elocution or pedagogy which teach the youthful orator who has nothing to say how to say it eloquently or which instruct the prospective teacher who knows nothing how to impart his ignorance effectively, a discussion of thinking without reference to its concrete objective might seem condemned in advance to barrenness. Mr. Wallas even adds to these difficulties by the peculiar psychological position which he maintains. In his opposition to the unsatisfactory mechanistic view which regards reflective thought as a passive result of instinctive activity, he goes so far to the other extreme as to say: "the cortex of the upper brain may, for instance, of its own initiative, to satisfy its own need of activity . . . start the process of thought." Surely it is not necessary in order to vindicate the significance and the active character of thought thus to assume a vitalistic magic, acting without stimulus, in the cortex. Reaction is still action, and if instincts are satisfied through reason so much the better for both. Not by its separation from instincts but by its coordination of them is reason honored. No treatment of rational activity which cuts it off from its natural antecedents and consequents can ever be profound. Nevertheless, despite all this, a study of thought processes in themselves if the student be a good introspectionist or a careful collector of data may still be practically useful. Mr. Wallas's "Art of Thought" purports to be addressed to the "young adult"; actually it is even more addressed to the teacher, and there are few teachers, young or old, who cannot derive profitable suggestions from its pages.

For Mr. Wallas, as for most modern psychologists, there is no such fundamental difference in method between reason and imagination as was supposed by nineteenth-century writers like Shelley and Carlyle—although, be it noted in passing, Mr. Wallas gives unwonted recognition to the intellectual value of Shelley's "Defense of Poetry," which "ought to be read and reread by every student of the psychology of thought." Both reason and imagination pass through similar stages: Preparation, the gathering of material; Incubation, the unconscious mulling over it; Illumination, the sudden appearance of new ideas; supplemented in the case of reason by a fourth stage, Verification, in which the new ideas are tested by facts. It is

in his emphasis upon the necessity of the second stage, whose very existence is not guessed by many teachers and is certainly not allowed for anywhere in our educational scheme, that the greatest value of Mr. Wallas's work lies. But the chapters that follow on the dangers of too much and too little habit, too much and too little energy, too much and too little mysticism, too much—and here no too little—faith in uniform compulsory education are equally reasonable and convincing. Mr. Wallas writes with the practical wisdom born of long experience. He gives no hint, to be sure, as to how to use our new ideas when we get them—and here his art of thought is an incomplete art—but he does, what for most of us is perhaps more needful, suggest methods by which we may at least get some new ideas to use.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Soldier and Peasant

From Double Eagle to Red Flag. By General P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield and Company. Two volumes. \$6.50.

Broken Earth. By Maurice Hindus. International Publishers. \$2.

GENERAL KRASSNOFF, commander of Cossack cavalry during the Great War and ataman of the Don in 1918 in opposition to the Bolshevik rule, presents under a slight fictional disguise his reminiscences of the period from the accession of Nicholas II to the victory of Bolshevism. The English translation has been considerably cut; but even at that, the two volumes contain a sample of almost everything one has ever read in newspapers and novels about twentieth-century Russia. Imagine it all seen through the eyes of an observer whose attitude is clearly that of his hero, Lieutenant—later General—Sablin. "Everything is simple in your mind," says young Sablin's mistress. "Partitions are put up, shelves are made and labels attached: God, the church, candles, ikons, devotions; the Czar, fidelity, parades, the regiment, the uniform, the honor of the uniform, the regimental family in general, things permitted, things not permitted." At the end of his career, just before he is tortured and killed by the Bolsheviks, he is the same. Life has lost all meaning for him because it has been deprived of the beauty which is brought into it by the family, the fatherland, one's regiment, the army, victory, and the Czar as the symbol of all that is elevated. A minor hero is the young and romantic Karpoff, whose example had a "beneficent influence" on his officers and men, devoted to their regiment, their emperor, and their mother country, "ignorant of political events, fulfilling their duty to man and God." General Krassnoff explains the Sablins and Karpoffs in terms of their traditions, training, and ideals; and because he shares their viewpoint he makes them comprehensible and even appealing—to any imagination that has ever been nourished on Scott and Dumas.

The war scenes at the front he pictures as one who knows his business. We see the growing disorganization of the army through his dismayed eyes. Here he had been living the "life of a Christian with other Christians at the front." And then comes chaos in the rear, and a spreading contagion. But the book, too, becomes chaotic as the revolution advances. The raw deeds of men, when their motives are not understood or even plausibly guessed at, make horrible reading. The details of the organized sadism and eroticism, which spell Bolshevism to the general, may be partly the product of the imagination that in war and revolution spawns atrocity tales out of its own perverse cravings. But that men should imagine such things is almost as bad as that they should sometimes execute them. Some can take their vicarious sadism straight; others have to have it disguised with varying degrees of subtlety. One has to take it straight from the general. Of course, he does attempt to motivate Bolshevism—as a Jewish conspiracy: "The seventy sages whom nobody knows, and the Russian revolution

led from the depths of Zion. A mystery? But it is far better not to think." He chooses the better part. He calls Lenin—whose "puffed-out cheeks are distorted by the senseless smile of an idiot"—"a monster in the full sense of the word, a product of degeneration brought on by an intellectual life surpassing his mental capacity, as well as by the calm, inactive life of a philosopher." Not, certainly, a charge to be brought against the intellectual life of General Krassnoff. But the Taras Bulbas are more picturesque than the philosophers.

At the end of the second volume one comes across a baroness who executes a batch of local Bolshevik commissars. She sits on her steed, all her gestures full of supple feminine grace, and shoots them one by one. Then she folds her revolver, hangs it on her belt, takes up the bridle, and with a soft sigh of gratified passion, and looking with tired eyes once more on the Bolsheviks she has killed, rides away.

Like her, one looks with tired eyes on the carnage and turns to such a book as "Broken Earth" to recover one's balance and find a credible Russia. Mr. Hindus knew the pre-war peasant and was a part of the village life. After nineteen years in the United States he returned two or three years ago to see what had happened to the Russia that "toils, produces, fights, and dies." He went from village to village, stayed with peasants in their homes, worked with them, attended their churches, dances, festivals, weddings, funerals, mass meetings. He tells the story of the mujik in his own village in central Russia, because he believes it to be essentially the story of the mujik throughout Russia. Or rather, he lets the peasant tell his own story, for he found that he had become amazingly articulate. Mr. Hindus records it all with such simplicity, such freedom from bias, and such a sensitiveness to human values that one is reminded again and again of Turgenyev. He rode to pasture with the boys and girls of his village, who were anxious to detach the American visitor from the old people, who hadn't learned anything in recent years. The young people, they assured him, were different; some had been in the Red Army; had read books and listened to lectures. None of them—not even the little ones—any longer believed in ghosts and spirits, water-nymphs and house-goblins. Such beliefs came from the priests who had served the Czar and kept the mujiks in ignorance, so that they could come and sprinkle water in the houses and drive out evil spirits and get some rye and a basket of eggs. Instead of the old talk that Mr. Hindus remembered from his boyhood, talk of girls and dances and horses and town fairs and gipsies, he hears words totally unknown to his boyhood—science, technique, tractors, atheism, education, culture, electricity. The minds of these young folks were teeming with new concepts, new ideas, new beliefs. They were aware of the world outside their village. The older peasants—as one chapter shows only too clearly—are still servile, brutal, dishonest in many ways. But the manager of the experimental farm, in spite of the endless discouragement of the struggle to enlighten the peasant, expresses at the end his belief in the mujik's gifts and possibilities. Come back thirty years from now and you will see! Mr. Hindus gives a moving sketch of one intellectual whom he calls "the last of the Russian Hamlets." Does he really believe that?

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Georg Brandes in Greece

Hellas. By Georg Brandes. The Adelphi Company. \$2.50.

IT is not often given to a man approaching his eightieth birthday to fulfil a lifelong dream, especially a dream so deeply rooted as was Georg Brandes's desire to see Greece. In 1918 he said: "I have been these forty years the only Dane who was a Greek, not a Hebrew"; this though on both sides he was of Jewish origin. In 1922 he wrote: "He who has longed all his life for Attica, and who finally realizes his dream of standing on the Acropolis, is seized with a feeling of awe. . . .

The longer one has thirsted for this sight, the profounder is one's rapture."

There is something profoundly moving in this book commemorating the journey, not because it contains much that is new about either ancient or modern Greece but because it reveals so clearly the tragic aspect of the author's genius. A flaming firebrand of advanced views in his youth, denied a professorship in the University of Copenhagen because of his liberalism, in his maturity the most comprehensive interpreter of the whole range of European culture, he lived to see himself neglected as a reactionary because the rationalism he represented no longer stirred men's minds. Greece, with all its shortcomings, was his homeland, because Greece to him represented the nearest approach in history to the reign of reason. Therefore he could say: "Greece, not Palestine, is the Holy Land, and until humanity recognizes this fact, until humanity discards its indifference to truth and its hatred of reason, which in our day is cankering all souls and permeating all of literature and philosophy, we shall witness nothing more nor less than a continuous and progressive decay of our civilization."

Brandes turned to Greece not only because of its rationality but also because of its respect for nature and the natural man. In addition, Greece had created and exalted the hero, and in his mature years Brandes saw hope for humanity only in the leadership of exceptional men. In the possibility of enlightening the mob he had no faith. "The first decisive trait in the spiritual history of Hellas was its production of the hero." This, we may surmise, is the reason why Homer and Xenophon are the two authors chosen for extended discussion in this book; Xenophon, the eulogist of Cyrus the Great and his distinguished descendant for whom the ten thousand Greeks marched into Persia; Homer, the creator of Achilles, Hector, Odysseus, Ajax, and Diomed. This part of the discussion is vivid and informing, and will interest both laymen and scholars.

The book has no unity save that indicated by its title. The last two chapters deal vigorously with post-war politics, particularly the Venizelos episode and the scandals of Allied diplomacy in the Near East. The translation is frequently awkward and sometimes inaccurate. We are told, for example, that in certain of his writings Xenophon "entered into controversy with Plato," when the meaning must have been "came into rivalry with Plato."

CLARA M. SMERTENKO

An Incomplete Examination

Christian Science. An Examination of the Religion of Health. By Sir William Barrett and Rosa M. Barrett. Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.

AS coming from a former member of the Society of Psychical Research who wrote on Spiritualism and Swedenborgianism, this book has a tendency toward the occult. The title is question-begging. Christian Science is not necessarily a religion of health, considering the hundreds of cases of malpractice for which its healers are responsible. The author cites but one instance, that of the death from diphtheria of some young girls in 1903. It is, of course, proper to say that Eddyism preaches optimism, but, as Sir William elsewhere acknowledges, it is a "bastard idealism," a misconception of the system of Bishop Berkeley—of whom, he adds, it is doubtful if Mrs. Eddy ever heard. The latter statement is typical of a book which does not go back to original sources. The first edition of "Science and Health" does mention the good Irish bishop and attempts to utilize his system of genuine spiritual realism to uphold the Eddyite illusionism. The author nevertheless exposes the logical error of Eddyism. Because matter, from the idealist standpoint, is dependent on mind, we do not conclude that matter has no existence.

Mrs. Eddy's "sublime indifference to logic" is amusingly pointed out in the statement that Christian Scientists all find the

delusions of clothing, food, shelter, and money necessary, while bicycles, motors, and trains may with advantage be used by them as by others. In fact, the only material thing to be given up is medicine. As a scientist Sir William is logical, but he has not all the evidence at hand. He deplores the lack of an index to Mrs. Eddy's writings, although a complete concordance has been out for a decade. He speaks of the excellences of the *Christian Science Monitor*, evidently unaware that those qualities were originally due to the English journalist Mr. Dixon, who was finally deposed from his editorship because of his independent spirit. Again, he accepts the statement of Mrs. Eddy herself that she had no physician "besides God," apparently not knowing that she had a private physician in constant attendance in her latter years of invalidism besides the Massachusetts doctor who gave the death certificate; all this in spite of Mrs. Eddy's statement that "the heart, blood, lungs, and brain have nothing to do with life," and that "man is incapable of death." Again the author is too modest in his statement that Mother Eddy left some \$2,000,000.

Despite these errors the book is valuable for its showing up of the true Mrs. Eddy, who is declared to be an egoistic megalomaniac like John Alexander Dowie. In the chapter on The Growth of Christian Science the author is misled by statistics from headquarters. The church is not growing as it once did, as is evidenced by the refusal of its directors to furnish an account of their numbers to the Federal Census. However, they may make up in quality what they lack in quantity, for, as Sir William asks: How can poor persons belong to a body which demands a per capita tax, the purchase of expensive textbooks and journals, and, in the case of a healer, extremely high prices for instruction—in Mrs. Eddy's day \$300 for seven lessons?

WOODBIDGE RILEY

A Part of the History of Russia

A History of Russia. By Sir Bernard Pares. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

THE author of this book, as director of the School of Slavonic Studies in the University of London and chief editor of the *Slavonic Review*, is a conspicuous figure among English-speaking students of Slavdom. In further evidence of its respectability the book has been included in the Borzoi Historical Series, edited by our most energetic propagandist of "the new history." Such considerations may tempt the reader to hope for a discussion of the true nature of social evolution in Russia, and to expect a presentation of the subject in the light of the work of Russian scholars in the last half-century.

But these 500 pages offer no improvement in this respect over Rambaud's "Histoire de la Russie," published in 1869. Rejecting the brilliant work of the late V. O. Kliuchevski, who "is lordly in his disregard of all that does not serve his purpose," Sir Bernard meanders pleasantly onward, recording names at the rate of a page to the dozen, and jotting down the day of the month—frequently without identifying the year—on which such heroes as Dmitri Donskoi crossed this or that river or performed other memorable feats. It would not, however, be fair to imply that Sir Bernard does not essay the production of illuminating generalizations concerning human development; the following is a fair sample of his endeavors: "The Russian has a historical feeling for Christendom. But he has also a world-sense, living in his earliest songs, not to be flouted, very deep-rooted but all the more real for that. . . ." Another tenet of "the new history," the correlation of geography and history, finds place in Sir Bernard's creed; the result is the enunciation of a novel but obviously important sociological principle: "These lordly water-roads could not be of much use to anyone while they remained only scenes of warfare. Thus the river taught peace, and the river taught trade." One of the rare "problems of Russian history" is Paul's paternity;

peasant revolts "it would be weary work to enumerate." More enlivening are the relations of Russia with other states; possibly for this reason the diplomatic and military dealings of Russian rulers are recounted with a fulness out of all proportion to the space devoted to the domestic history of Russia. In the latter field are offered such profound conclusions as that, in declining Kiev, "the trouble was that there were too many" princes, or that Ivan IV of Moscow was one of Russia's "most enlightened statesmen," though his policy was "madness."

This curious concentration on the periphery of Russian history, sparing only random observations for the history of Russia itself, is not to be explained by reference to the Russian historians cited in the bibliography. Kliuchevski, whom Sir Bernard salutes as his "teacher and master," produced a splendid synthesis of Russia's social evolution, based on careful analysis of economic as well as political developments. Of the rich historical literature that rewards the student bold enough to overcome the language barrier the existing incomplete and faulty translations of Kliuchevski and Kornilov can convey only a dim conception. Between the history of Russia as interpreted by Kliuchevski, Platonov, or the Marxist Pokrovski and the history of Russia as retailed by a man who deems his subject "pathetic," no comparison is possible.

As a consideration of relatively slight importance must be mentioned the infinity of technical defects in the present work. Sir Bernard, disdaining the standard American and British systems of transliteration, lays down new rules to which he does not adhere. Typographical errors abound, not always assignable to a compositor's dismay at some sibilant name. Eight diagrams function as maps. However, there is a complete and accurate table of English rulers from Egbert to George V. But a truce with technicalities. Ignore them all, the book remains a true borzoi, shaped in the interest of speed, beautiful in its whimsical ungainliness, with very little space for cerebration.

J. D. CLARKSON

But the Answer?

What Is Civilization? By Maeterlinck, Mukerji, and Others. With an Introduction by Hendrik van Loon. Duffield and Company. \$2.50.

"WHAT is it all about? And is it possible for the human race to get beyond a certain point of civilization without writing its own sentence of doom?" The answers to these questions, no matter how partial or faulty, would, from the authors selected, make an intensely interesting book. But before he brought on his authors Mr. van Loon's rapidly revolving mind threw out some more questions. "This is an era of rivalry," he says; "the war, that strange racial eruption which took place at the very eve of the supposed brotherhood of man, has made many ancient nations conscious of their almost forgotten past. They now press forward with their claims. They prove to us that their ancestral contributions to the cause of civilization surpass those of any other people. . . . Who will get the prize?"

And so he bows on his crowd of contestants, and the proofs of their ancestral contributions fill the book from which we had hoped to get new light on the more engrossing query, "What is Civilization?" Mukerji states the case for India, W. E. B. DuBois for Africa, Chi Fung-liu for China, Maeterlinck, a critical, almost unsympathetic, and so possibly more interesting expositor, for Egypt, Herbert Spinden for Ancient America, Ralph Adams Cram for the Middle Ages, and Paul Shorey for the Age of Pericles. After them come two curiously inapposite contributions, about Women and America's Bad Manners, from Ramsay Traquair and Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

Each essay offers much that is interesting. Herbert Spinden keeps most closely to the original submerged question, and his brilliant summary of the little-known economic gifts of the

American Indian is particularly interesting to the present reviewer.

Mr. Traquair's contribution is extraordinary. Original he must be or perish. And so he takes the attributes popularly accredited to woman and presents them all to men. Are women generally supposed to be more imaginative and more artistic than men? We may not have realized this until he tells us, but in any case he will achieve greatness by asserting that men are more imaginative and more artistic than women. The arts, he says, are thought to be women's particular domain, and their cultivation is considered effeminate in men. Yet in vain do we attempt to force women to be artists, and in vain do we attempt to prevent men. Natural capacities triumph. Although "in art matters women have for fully a century and a half been better trained than men," "in the whole field of art women are inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities." Conversely, society has done what it could to keep women out of practical affairs. But in these they excel. Witness a long list of great women executives, beginning with Queen Elizabeth. In his enthusiasm Mr. Traquair has forgotten that far from having to overcome antipathies to a woman as an executive, Elizabeth was born to the purple. He has forgotten that half the thrones in Europe were then occupied by women. The traditional differences between men and women will strangely under critical analysis, but Mr. Traquair's method simply substitutes for them a new list, quite as unproved, quite as absurd, and quite as dangerous if it should be accepted.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Books in Brief

Notorious Literary Attacks. Edited with an Introduction by Albert Mordell. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

After a learned and sensible introduction, in which he makes it clear that the joke was not always on the critics who damned for one good reason or another a great writer of their time, Mr. Mordell reprints from nineteenth-century periodicals attacks on Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Dickens, Swinburne, Rossetti, Whitman, Hardy, and Stevenson. A curious and valuable work of reference.

Swinburne. By Harold Nicolson. *Herman Melville.* By John Freeman. *Walt Whitman.* By John Bailey. *George Meredith.* By J. B. Priestley. English Men of Letters. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 each.

These earliest members of the new English Men of Letters Series are done with uniform competence by men who have recently made names for themselves in England as biographers and critics. The first is much the most interesting of the four, though its subject is perhaps the slightest.

The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

Presumably the best work of a poetess whose ranking by certain judges remains inexplicably high. Always lucid, intelligent, and sweet, this verse never achieves any important kind of power.

Savonarola: A Dramatic Poem. By Charlotte Eliot. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. London: R. Cobden-Sanderson. 5/.

Thirteen scenes in traditional rhymed pentameters from the life of Savonarola. The introduction by the author's son is careful and interesting.

Sherwood Anderson's Notebook. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

Few of the ideas contained in these scraps will be unfamiliar to a reader of Mr. Anderson's novels and of "A Story-Teller's Story." As always, he protests against a dull, mechani-

cal, and desperate age. But he has never written more engagingly, and he furnishes not a few autobiographical items of signal interest.

Men and Horses. By Ross Santee. With More than One Hundred Original Drawings by the Author. The Century Company. \$3.

Mr. Santee's stories of cow-punchers are good, but his pictures of man and beast are better. His eye for character in a horse is keen and sure. Whether his horses are bucking across a whole page or standing forlorn, as if forgotten, in a tail-piece, they are rendered with a realism as rare as it is affectionate.

Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains. By Percy MacKaye. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

Mr. MacKaye continues to make excellent if somewhat formidable capital out of his residence among the Kentucky mountaineers. It is his language, smothered in dialect, which is formidable; his own spirit is as generous and guileless as ever.

Acoma, The Sky City. Study in Pueblo-Indian History and Civilization. By Mrs. William T. Sedgwick. Harvard University Press. \$4.

An attractive contribution to the growing literature of the aboriginal Southwest. A wealth of illustrations assists an intelligent and informed text.

James Thomson. *Britannia. A Poem.* 1729. John Dryden. *Alexander's Feast: or the Power of Musique.* 1697. John Gay. *To a Lady on Her Passion for Old China.* 1725. William Collins. *Persian Eclogues.* 1742. Oxford University Press. Respective prices: \$2.25; \$2; \$1.50; \$2.

Four more items in the series of type-facsimiles so brilliantly begun by the Oxford Press a year ago.

First Wounds. A Story in Five Chapters of Verse. By John Varney. Francesco Bianco.

An autobiography dealing in not always lucid free verse with important states of the soul. If some of this very long poem is hard going, much of it reaches to beauty and truth; and for the idea of such an enterprise there can, of course, be nothing but praise.

Blues: An Anthology. Edited by W. C. Handy. With an Introduction by Abbe Niles. Illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. Albert and Charles Boni. \$3.50.

A remarkable contribution to the growing knowledge of Negro poetry and music. The source in this case was obscure and difficult of access, being the living habits of the race; but the right persons have gone to it, and the result is both wonderful and amusing.

After the Ball: Forty Years of Melody. By Charles K. Harris. Frank-Maurice, Inc. \$4.

Mr. Harris is the undisputed Ford of the "sweet simple love" lyric industry. In one inspired hour he wrote the words and music of "After the Ball," and received about \$100,000 for his pains. Scores upon scores (he lists over 100 separate titles) of "real, clean, home songs," among which the best known are "Break the News to Mother" and "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," have poured from the bottomless reservoir of his sentimentality. Yet there is a large and lusty fly in the humdrum ointment of his 376-page volume: he admits that, from the beginning, he wisely eschewed "any vulgar stuff" from his ballads and constantly capitalized sentiment. "There'll Come a Time," perhaps, when "Baby's Eyes" and "My Mother's Kiss" will be "Better than Gold" "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," but, unless you read this book, "You'll Never Know" how much Mr. Harris is concerned with the royalties that still pour in "In the Good Old-Fashioned Way."

The Women's Peace Congress at Dublin

By ANNE MARTIN

London, July 23

THE congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom just closed in Dublin has made a notable impression on public opinion in this still-distracted island. The opening reception at the National University revealed Eamon De Valera and President Cosgrave under the same roof for the first time since the treaty was signed in 1921. Not to mention delegates from former belligerent, allied, and neutral countries, the congress brought Republican women representing both the Art O'Connor and De Valera factions, women from the Six Counties and women from the Free State, into peaceful and harmonious cooperation for the pacification of the world, if not of Ireland.

Always acute politicians, Irish leaders of different factions lost no time in arranging meetings at private houses to inform delegates from different countries as to the status and aims of their respective groups. Opportunity was thus given to hear Miss Mary MacSwiney and Miss Albinia Brodrick (sister of Lord Midleton), representing the extreme Republicans under "President" Art O'Connor, who will have nothing to do with the Free State Government; De Valera, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, Countess Markiewicz, and Mrs. Despard, who believe the forty-eight Republicans elected to the Dail should take their seats if the troublesome oath of allegiance to the King can be removed, thus creating an effective opposition; and Senator James Douglas, Deputy Tom Johnson (Labor), and Mrs. Stopford Green (Senator in her own right and widow of the English historian), who discussed the international, political, economic, and social aims of the Free State Government.

The unemployed, too, under their leader, Larkin, were heard by the congress in plenary session. They entered bearing placards which read: "80,000 people and their dependents are without work or maintenance," "Children are dying of hunger in this land of plenty," "In the midst of 'peace' we perish of hunger," "The Irish workers enjoy the freedom to starve." A subscription was taken, and a referent appointed on the general subject of unemployment.

During the session the aims of the league were restated, after long debate, to be "to unite the women in all countries who are opposed to every kind of war, exploitation, and oppression, and who work for universal disarmament and for the solution of conflicts by the recognition of human solidarity, by conciliation and arbitration, by world cooperation, and by the establishment of social, political, and economic justice for all, without distinction of sex, race, class, or creed." It was a disappointment, in view of Great Britain's power in the League of Nations, to find that many of the British section, under the leadership of Miss Kathleen Courtney, manifested a more nationalistic spirit than any other section throughout the debate on this statement of aim. At the same time it is amazing that this woman's congress, composed of one hundred and fifty delegates and alternates from eighteen war-torn countries, nearly all of them extremely individual and determined women, reached practical working unanimity in spite of

sharp differences of opinion. Probably no one in the world could have organized this Babel into concrete, creative internationalism as successfully as Jane Addams. Nothing is more illuminating than to watch Miss Addams in the chair. Whatever her own views, she is supremely neutral. Her object is to give both sides as complete a hearing as possible within the practical limits of time, and to reach conclusions by general agreement rather than by arbitrary majority rule, whenever possible. She is, as she says herself, a "middle-of-the-road" person. Nevertheless, her far-sighted and neutral leadership as chairman certainly made it possible for this to be more than a "middle-of-the-road" congress.

Its program covered the subjects Women in Parliament, Colonial and Economic Imperialism, Militarism, Arbitration, and Disarmament, and Relations Between Majorities and Minorities. The work of the league, apart from the executive, is carried on between congresses by three commissions dealing with the last three subjects. These commissions, after open session and debates, report their conclusions back to the plenary sessions of the congress in the form of resolutions.

Those presented by the Commission on Colonial and Economic Imperialism and adopted by the congress strike at the roots of war and go as far in urging the establishment of a new international and economic order, without war, as the most ardent radical could wish. The resolutions on arbitration and disarmament call upon the national sections (1) to press upon their governments the necessity of settling all disputes by negotiations for conciliation and arbitration through a third party, (2) to offer an all-in-arbitration treaty to any nation ready to sign it, and (3) to sign the optional clause of the statute setting up the Permanent Court of International Justice. The congress urged further that national sections everywhere should undertake a campaign of education for arbitration and for hastening the development of a system of international law.

The importance of educating children under school age on constructive peace lines was emphasized and the national sections were instructed to oppose attempts to give military training in schools and colleges. A resolution opposing as a form of military propaganda the use by the United States Government of postal cancellation stamps urging the attendance of its citizens at military training camps was carried in principle. Resolutions were adopted against the manufacture of poison gas, armaments, and munitions (the news of the terrible powder and munitions explosion in New Jersey came that day). The congress called upon the International Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations to prepare with all possible energy and good-will for complete and universal disarmament.

The discussions and report of the Commission on Relations between Majorities and Minorities, in the skilful hands of Miss Catherine Marshall (Great Britain) as chairman, assisted by Dr. Hilda Clark (a granddaughter of John Bright) as rapporteur, were perhaps the most expert work of the congress. Frau Yella Hertzka (Austria) stated that in Europe before the war there were minority populations amounting to some 28,000,000, which increased to more than 35,000,000 after the war; that more than twenty different minority groups existed in Austria alone; and that the solution seemed to be some form of federated

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state government. Miss Marshall spoke of Italy's delay in concluding a minority treaty to define the rights of the millions of Germans it rules in the Austrian Tyrol. Mrs. H. M. Swanwick urged the league to work for the establishment of a Minorities Commission by the League of Nations, because "it is not the least use to have a body like the Council of the League of Nations into which to pour your griefs."

The congress adopted the resolutions of the commission, which in abridged form are as follows:

1. National sections in countries where minorities form compact geographical groups are urged to study federal government as a possible solution.
2. Declaring the belief that racial, religious, and cultural minorities form a valuable element in a state, the majorities are urged to allow special treatment to minorities as regards language, religion, and other cultural differences, thus serving justice and the interests of the state.
3. The Council of the League of Nations is asked to carry out its responsibility for the protection of minorities by appointing a commission through which petitions forwarded to it may be investigated.
4. The coming Assembly of the League of Nations is asked to consider whether countries which have minority problems, but have not concluded minority treaties, have acted in accordance with the resolution passed unanimously at the third Assembly with reference to the treatment of minorities.

The congress also appealed to the governments of states which are members of the League of Nations to press for a convention establishing minimum rights of minorities, which the Assembly of the League could recommend to all its members for signature. The congress requested its minorities commission to undertake work for conciliation between minorities and their governments by forming branches of the Women's International League composed of members of both majority and minority parties; by publication of facts concerning the treatment of minorities; by helping minorities, when requested, to put their complaints in proper form as required by the regulations of the Council of the League of Nations.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLTON BEALS has been in Mexico for several years making a study of social and political institutions there. He has been chosen to lecture on Mexican history to the committee of Americans now visiting Mexico at the invitation of President Calles.

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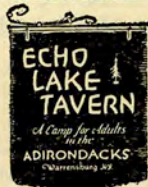
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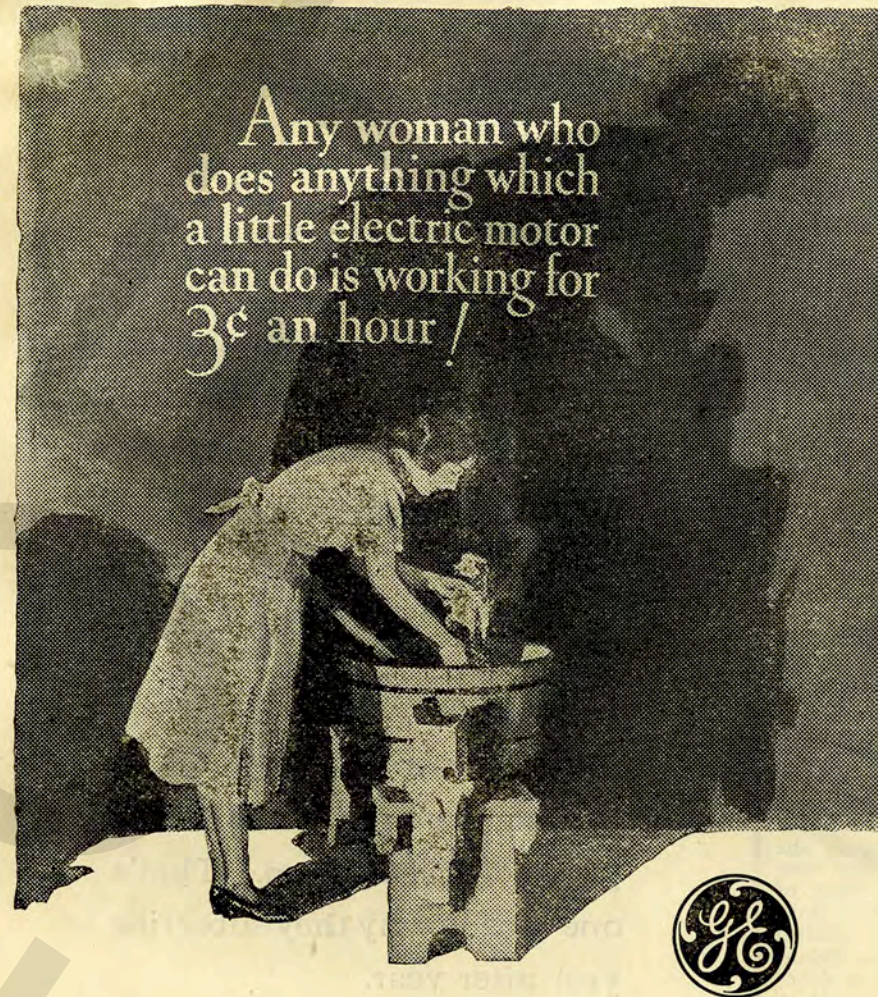
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Unexpected

Bill Robinson and the Essayist

IF YOU frequent vaudeville theatres, you know Bill Robinson. He is the slight, agile, clear-eyed man of undoubted Ethiopian extraction who dances so well that he is always a great favorite with his audiences—and the managers, bookers and others who do business with him are not backward in saying that he is as dependable as a rock, and that after all there is no color line in the dealings that are called square.

But it is altogether unlikely that everybody has not appreciated the fact that there is something besides mere speed and pedal dexterity about Mr. Robinson's work. It has taken Mary Austin, a well-known essayist, to discover that there is art in it, as well as mere talent in what she terms "that delicate concealment of effort." Miss Austin wrote a critique of the Robinson method for

a recent issue of *The Nation*, which is supposed to be read only by the ultra-cultured. She approached her subject with keen eye for the rhythmic powers and what she calls "the aristocracy of art" of Bill Robinson. She also refers to a part of the Robinson routine: "The dancer does a buck and wing up and down a flight of stairs, with the floor as a starting point, making the interval of the primitive musical scale. Miss Austin tells us that Mr. Robinson told her: 'I dreamed that I was dancing up the stairs to the king and I said to my wife, 'By golly, I think I can do that on the stage.'" And he did and does!

It has taken a woman of Miss Austin's keen discernment to find something in Bill Robinson besides buck and wing and tapping and all the other things that go to make up his act. She says quite gravely—and who that has seen Bill dance will dispute the statement?—that in this dancing act our eyes and ears detect color and rhythm and psychic release and cultural expression. Thus, Miss Austin has taken a simple vaudevillian, who always gives to his audience the best that is in him, and raises him to the nth degree by the simple process of seeing below the surface of things.

All of which is very fine for Bill Robinson and not at all bad for vaudeville.

New York Star and Vaudeville News,
May 28, 1926

Vaudeville fans were surprised to find in *The Nation*, "which is supposed to be read only by the ultra-cultured," an appreciative study of buck and wing and Bill Robinson.*

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*("Buck and Wing and Bill Robinson," by Mary Austin. *The Nation*, April 28.)

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Nation

LA IGLESIA MEXICANA SE DECLARA EN HUELGA.

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"The Nation."

La Iglesia mexicana se declara en Huelga.
por

Carleton Beals.

I

Ciudad de México,
julio 29.

Los fieles de México están amontonando las emociones de una vida en el lapso de una semana. El fanatismo ha alcanzado el pináculo de su brutalidad y de su gloria. El 1ro. de agosto los sacerdotes se declaran en huelga contra las leyes del país conforme a la carta pastoral de julio 24 firmada por el arzobispo - Mora y del Río y los treinta y cuatro obispos, y aprobada por el Papa. Los pobres, y los supersticiosos - están pagando el "pato"; grandes multitudes de estos se arremolinan en los sagrados pórticos. Nunca, desde los días de la Reforma de Juárez se había oído un tintinear tan alegre en las cajas de la colecta; nunca - se habían vendido tantos rosarios, escapularios y cirios como ahora; nunca se habían celebrado tantas - misas en tan corto tiempo, ni se habían visto tantas procesiones, en que han salido a relucir las empolvadas reliquias sagradas. Bautismos, confirmaciones, - confesiones y matrimonios se suceden con un apresuramiento kaleidoscópico. Los niños son arrancados del vientre maternal para llevarlos a la pila bautismal, - exponiéndolos temerariamente a ser sofocados en aquel

ambiente cargado de gérmenes, del interior de los templos donde se apiña el gentío; largas filas esperan - durante horas interminables para comprar sus boletas de confirmación; enamorados peleados unas horas antes, repentinamente ahogan sus disgustos y a brazo partido luchan con la multitud para acercarse a la barandilla junto con los zarrapastrosos que van a recibir la bendición nupcial; mujeres bien vestidas caminan descalzas, con los tápalos envueltos al derredor de la cabeza para cubrir sus mejillas manchadas por las lágrimas encaminándose a oír la misa en las primeras horas de la mañana; los penitentes se arrodillan, con los brazos extendidos, ante los altares de la capilla; los confesionarios se ven asediados por muchedumbres de pecadores angustiados; sacerdotes fatigados van sin descanso, de un lado a otro, con el cáliz en la mano - dando la comunión, mientras el acólito pone bajo las caras levantadas el rojo escudo; y la Hostia cae sobre las lenguas que aguardan.

El centro de toda esta barahunda es la gran catedral, la más grande del Continente, que se levanta en la plaza principal de la capital mexicana - el Zócalo. Aquí, las masas en las puertas, detenidas por la soldadesca, luchan hasta llegar al atrio, a la sombra de la gran fachada gris y blanca y se agolpan por el alto Portal del Perdón hasta la nave encajonada. Los indios - los pobres, los desheredados - son los que aho

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ra luchan por esta salvación de última hora. La clase media y la aristocracia no se ha visto obligada a llegar a estos extremos; sus hijos han sido bautizados, confirmados y casados a tiempo; pero las masas - que ahora se cuelan dentro de las iglesias han tenido que posponer estos actos litúrgicos de semana en semana, esperando contra toda esperanza que el próximo -- mes o el que sigue podrán economizar unos cuantos centavos para comprar el velo de la confirmación, los cirios necesarios y el pago de la cuota. Pero ahora en esta confusión, engañan a sus estómagos e hipotecan su salud para pedir prestado, o robar las cantidades necesarias para cada acto sagrado, cada administración de agua bendita, o cada declaración de amonestaciones. Esta triste precipitación le ha dado a la catedral un aspecto festivo y de catástrofe. Ambulancias y puestos de emergencia de la Cruz Roja se ven -- frente a las puertas. Soldados armados detienen a la multitud, y los vendedores de dulces, kewpies, sonajas, periódicos, rosarios y perritos pequeños, entran y salen en aquel maremagnum, gritando en forma ronca su mercancía. Los vendedores de helados y limonadas asedian a las gentes. Las mujeres se desmayan por el calor; las madres pierden a sus pequeños; los peregrinos se reúnen a comer en las partes menos congestionadas del atrio; han colgado sarapes en forma de tiendas de campaña de las varillas de fierro de la cerca-

que rodea el edificio, para guarecerse del sol, y extienden su escaso alimento de tortillas, frijoles y espumoso pulque sobre el embaldosado.

Esta mañana, luchando contra la marejada humana, - logré acercarme a una portada a un lado del Sagrario; el interior estaba como una hornaza fétida con la hediondez de los cuerpos sucios y el amargor de las nubes de incienso. Los cantos lejanos del coro se oían casi ahogados por los gemidos de la muchedumbre y los chillidos de diez mil niños; los grandes se colgaban como changos de todas las columnas y verja, y se arremolinaban al rededor del altar, en el coro, en la capilla, etc. Era un antagonismo de colores; los rebozos cafes y azules, las mantillas de encaje, las blusas bordadas y los cinturones escarlata. Paso a paso, casi sofocado, fuí abriéndome camino hacia los barandales de la cruzía. Fila tras fila de hombres y mujeres se empujaban unos a otros, tosiendo, llorando, gritando, pero todos llevando en brazos un niño que iba a ser bautizado. Por la larga nave marchan los soldados del estado; entre ellos hay varios neófitos que se apresuran hasta las pilas de agua bendita, siempre más y más agua bendita, y los ayudantes de la Cruz Roja van y vienen trayendo vendas, algodón y agua helada. Hora tras hora continuó la ceremonia del bautismo. Primero llegaba un soldado, objetivo y fiero, luego el ayudante de la Cruz Roja, luego un acólito con un ci-

rio encendido, y después un sacerdote con vestiduras blancas y oro; un golpe de agua bendita con el dedo — pulgar sobre la frente del infante que berrea, una — limpiada con un algodón hecha por otro acólito — y finalmente, los cobradores a la retaguardia, extendiendo la mano para recoger las piezas de cincuenta centavos. Hora tras hora; la fila delantera le hace lugar a la — que viene detras, y todavía, de la parte de atras de — la catedral, entran con más y más niños. Una mujer no tiene sino veinte centavos; la moneda es arrebatada — por el cobrador con un gruñido: "el bautismo no servirá." Y siguen uno tras otro; y los gruñidos se repiten porque no traen listo el cambio. Alguno ofrece un peso y los cincuenta centavos vueltos son arrojados — entre la multitud. El perdedor descalzo se pone en — cuatro pies, con el niño bajo un brazo, para buscar — con la mano libre bajo los pies de la abigarrada muche — dumbre. Un niño cae y un ayudante de la Cruz Roja lo — recoge apresuradamente. A la madre se le saca por la fuerza, y ella abrazada a un pilar berrea por su perdi — do infante, pidiéndole a la Virgen con los brazos ex — tendidos que se lo devuelva. Sobre las cabezas los — kodaks de los periodistas trabajan, las luces de magne — cio estallan, y el humo blanco se arremolina hasta — unirse a las nubes del incienso.

Con un pié sobre una banca y el otro aprensado con — tra la estría de una columna, me inclino sobre la mul —

titud. Parece que toda la catedral se mece, a la luz ondulante de miles de velas y el tremulante rechinar de los incensarios. Yo he visto acontecimientos religiosos en Lourdes; he sido testigo de las procesiones de la nueva Virgen de Loreto en la iglesia patriarcal de Santa María Maggiore en Roma; he seguido una larga procesión por las torcidas y angostas calles de Toledo en España y todos estos acontecimientos tenían un aspecto de sublime solemnidad o festividad, pero esta arrebatilla de pies descalzos de los desheredados de México, esta ostentación de idolatría, supersticiones, hilachos, mugre y miseria es una profanación del espíritu humano. Tal es el arma de la iglesia mexico-española-azteca en su lucha con el estado mexicano.

II

Es muy facil alucinarse con toda esta emoción fantástica sin freno, muy facil presuponer su significación política. En esta ciudad de cerca de un millón de habitantes, en el centro de una región que le da cabida a otro millón, el número de personas cogidas en esta ola de histerismo no es grande en proporción; ni el hecho de que una madre luche por ver a su hijo bautizado es una amenaza de control político y militar. En un país en que el Gobierno democrático apenas comienza a surgir, y el ejército es el instrumento básico del poder, una demostración popular que causaría apoplejía a un político americano, aquí se considera poca cosa en cuestión de un cambio político inmediato.

Además, es la iglesia la que está a la defensiva, aunque todavía con bastante poder, para en momento -- oportuno hundir al país en el caos. El poder espiritual mayor alcanzado por la iglesia católica mexicana, ^{1a}fué durante el periodo del control colonial en que los infatigables misioneros como Bartolomé de las Casas, Gante, Maga Catalá y Motolinía, trabajaron ferviente y honradamente para proteger y estimular a los indígenas. Y el mayor poder material de la iglesia lo alcanzó al final del periodo colonial. La Declaración de la Independencia (Chilpancingo, noviembre 6 de 1813) declaraba: "El Congreso solemnemente declara en presencia de Dios, nuestro Señor... que no profesa ni reconoce -- otra iglesia que la católica, y que no permitirá ni tolerará prácticas públicas o privadas de ninguna otra religión," sentimientos renovados en el Tratado de Cordoba que estableció el nuevo Gobierno. Y sin embargo, ellos precipitaron la larga lucha que culminó en el -- movimiento de Reforma de Benito Juárez, por el año cincuenta y tantos, y la separación definitiva de la Iglesia y el estado. Desde los días de la Independencia, la iglesia se ha mantenido a la defensiva, exceptuando cortos periodos, y hoy más que nunca; pues los cientos de edificios religiosos que se desmoronan en todas partes de la república, son pruebas inequívocas de que la iglesia no está en el apogeo de su poder. Las ceremonias indígenas, en los pueblos donde las iglesias es--

tán todas cuarteadas y cubiertas de yerbas; y las actividades de las congregaciones autónomas de éstos, en regiones más remotas y alejadas del control eclesiástico convencional, indican que la iglesia de México va siendo demolida entre el renacimiento del indio por un lado y la mano destructora del escepticismo por el otro.

Muchos de los principios a que hace objeción la iglesia en México han sido aceptados por los católicos de otros países: (1) La libertad de culto para otras sectas; (2) la separación de la iglesia y el estado; (3) la soberanía del estado, en asuntos políticos, civiles y materiales; (4) la limitación de los bienes terrenales que pueden pertenecer o ser heredados por la iglesia. La Constitución de Querétaro de 1917, reforzó estos principios y estableció otras restricciones nacidas del carácter monopolizador de la iglesia católica española-azteca de México, tales como la prohibición de escuelas religiosas primarias, procesiones religiosas públicas, actividades políticas de parte del clero, la presencia de sacerdotes extranjeros, y la limitación del número de sacerdotes y de iglesias.

La iglesia nunca ha aceptado ningún reajuste civil o religioso con gusto; aun en la época colonial, los virreyes y los eclesiásticos se mantenían en constante guerra, peleando el control y jurisdicción económica. Los Católicos derrocaron al Presidente Comonfort y precipitaron una sangrienta guerra religiosa que duró seis años, y que culminó en la imposición de un empe-

rador extranjero,--Maximiliano,--favorable a su causa. -- En tiempos más recientes, se opusieron al programa democrático de Madero, apoyaron a Huerta el asesino, y -- se replegaron tras el movimiento de De la Huerta para hundir de nuevo a México en el caos. Las autoridades federales cogieron, durante esa revuelta, a varios sacerdotes con las armas en la mano, y el arzobispo de -- Guadalajara hizo una jira por el Estado de Jalisco en pro de los rebeldes. Los recientes cuartelazos de corta duración en los centros eclesiásticos de Guadalajara y Aguascalientes, tuvieron su origen, en parte, en las maquinaciones del clero.

La iglesia en México ha sido en el pasado propietaria de tales riquezas que han causado el estancamiento en la vida económica del país. Aun en la época colonial el gobierno tenía que poner límites a los bienes amortizados y en 1767 confiscó las propiedades de los jesuitas. Poco después de la guerra de independencia se estimaba en no menos de la mitad de los bienes raíces del país, la propiedad del clero y cada gran hacienda estaba hipotecada a la iglesia. Desde entonces se le ha negado a la iglesia el derecho de poseer bienes inmuebles y el Gobierno se siente justificado al -- confiscar todas las tierras indebidamente poseídas.

III

El conflicto actual, nació de las renovadas actividades anti-gobiernistas de la iglesia, fomentadas por la áspera carta apostólica de la Santa Sede fechada en febrero 2 de 1926, y la nueva sanción del manifiesto --

firmado por el episcopado mexicano en 1917 atacando — las prevenciones religiosas de la Constitución. Esta reafirmación coincidió con el aniversario de la adopción de la constitución de 1857 y fué unida a la extensa propaganda de la prensa católica en época en que el Gobierno estaba haciéndole frente a serias dificultades internacionales debido a las leyes de extranjería y petróleo. Muchas de las prevenciones constitucionales han sido letra muerta y otras han caído en desuso, en lo que afectan a la iglesia. Pero ahora el Arzobispo Mora y del Río compareció ante el Procurador General solicitando audiencia especial, según se dice; los dignatarios de la iglesia que infringieron la ley, han sido arrestados; los sacerdotes extranjeros fueron cogidos y deportados durante la noche; las propiedades adicionales de la iglesia, adquiridas clandestinamente han sido confiscadas; muchas instituciones católicas — escuelas primarias, hospitales y orfanatorios — que no son permitidas por la Constitución, fueron cerradas, y al Delegado Papal, Caruana, quien había entrado al país con engaños, se le ordenó que lo abandonara.

Los disturbios más recientes fueron causados por —
nueva
una ley que exige que los dignatarios de la iglesia se registren con las autoridades municipales. Se dió orden de desobedecer esta ley. La Liga Nacional de Defensa Religiosa proyectó un boycott económico de compradores con el fin de "paralizar la vida económica y-

social del país." Una carta pastoral general, sancionada por el Papa, y publicada el 24 de julio, atacaba la ley y la constitución, amenazaba a los altos funcionarios del Gobierno con la excomunión, y ordenaba la suspensión de los servicios religiosos y de todos los ritos, del 1ro. de agosto en adelante.

Es más que probable que la iglesia gane muy poco con despertar el fanatismo y el temor en el pueblo; y carece de armamento militar para un levantamiento. Su política es obstruccionista, negativa. Podría muy bien hacer poco caso del Gobierno, si en el pasado hubiero puesto en práctica un programa constructivo para los desheredados del país del que forma parte. Pero la iglesia ha combatido todas las reformas necesarias de estos últimos quince años. Los sacerdotes se han enajenado la voluntad de la población rural, excomulgando a los campesinos por aceptar tierras expropiadas a la iglesia, e intimando con los grandes terratenientes. Y, sin embargo, si la iglesia tiene que cargar con el negro estigma de líderes como Iturbide, Santa Ana, Félix Zuloaga, Maximiliano, y Huerta, tiene también la gloriosa tradición de Las Casas, Vasco de Quiroga, -- Hidalgo, y Morelos, quienes comprendían al indio y conocían al pueblo y sus problemas. Estos hombres tenían programas sociales que parecerían avanzados aun en nuestros días; y Vasco de Quiroga, con sus Cajas de Comunidades, sus reformas y su énfasis sobre educación,

creó en los principios de la historia de la iglesia -- una tradición de libertad popular que, si se hubiera conservado, habría salvado a la iglesia del tragico paso en falso que ha tenido que dar hoy que se ha colocado en la triste situación de tener que negar a sus proprios miembros los consuelos espirituales.

Y aqui, en el Zócalo, donde las máquinas ruidosas que agrandan el Palacio Nacional de Cortés, rompen el armónico tañido de las grandes campanas de esta Igle--sia de la Asunción de María Santísima; aquí, donde en otra época se levantó el antiguo teocalli del dios de la guerra azteca, Huitzilopochtli, -en esta que fué la capital del imperio indígena - aquí el añejo conflicto entre la iglesia y el estado, toma nuevos caracteres - venenosos.

agosto 1ro.

Pero ante la catedral, este día primero de agosto, ante sus puertas cerradas y su atrio silencioso, cin--uenta mil anti-católicos desfilan. No es con el fam--tismo, sino con el esclarecimiento que caracterizó el pensamiento de sus más grandes líderes, que la iglesia católica mexicana reconquistará la dignidad y el poder de su oficio.

Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl, by Ann Washington Craton

The Nation

Vol. CXXIII, No. 3208

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1926



A Third Term for COOLIDGE?

by Frank R. Kent

The Annual
Christmas
Side-Shows

by Eugene Lyons

Russian
Communism
—A Religion?

by Louis Fischer

Government by Crooks?

Walter Damrosch Retires

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Holiday

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MEXICO'S PUBLIC EDUCATION

The progress of nations can be measured almost exactly by their grade of public culture, and nothing could give a better idea of the material, moral, and social evolution experienced in Mexico than a demonstration of the almost complete stagnation in education of some years ago, contrasted with the tremendous impulses which have been given by the revolutionary regime in that country.

To show how insignificant was the impulse given to primary education in the Federal District of Mexico during the first half of the government of General Diaz, the only paragraph of his presidential message addressed to the XVIIth Congress of the Union in 1895 may be quoted:

"At the beginning of the current academic year a need was felt for a school at the Valle Gomez Colony of this city, and the Executive diligently proceeded to establish same, demonstrating thereby his interest in primary instruction."

This declaration shows in a very eloquent way the deplorable abandonment of public instruction then threatened.

The expenditure on Federal schools in the City of Mexico in the year 1894-1895 was \$201,176.99. The subvention to primary schools outside of Mexico City was \$18,456.00. The budget of the Department of High and Primary Instruction of the Administration of President Calles during 1925 was \$8,875,430.20.

On Sept. 16, 1896, the number of primary schools in Mexico City was 113, in the Prefectures of the Federal District 174, and in the Federal Territories 130, a total of 417 schools with an attendance of 48,776 pupils. In 1925, thanks to the generous effort of the revolution and notwithstanding the upset of material order due to the penury of the Treasury, the school attendance in Mexico City alone was 84,045, and considering the towns that correspond to the Federal District, the attendance was 132,666. There remain about 52,346 boys who could not go to school for lack of facilities; these have been reduced to about 40% this year by the opening of new schools and by increasing the teachers' staff.

In 1904, General Diaz made the following statement in his message to the XXIIInd Congress of Mexico:

"1,053 single benches and 13,176 books have been distributed during this year."

The Department of Public Education, in the year 1925, distributed more than 13,000 school benches and during the first eight months of the same year had distributed 94,432 volumes.

The Government of President Calles has also intensified agricultural instruction as much as possible. The efficiency of production depends from the grade of education imparted to the farmer and labor classes of Mexico. This work is of great importance, for the majority of the farmer class is illiterate, and from this misfortune many other defects follow. Consequently the Government has considered it necessary to divide its work in two parts:

- (a) Education to remove illiteracy.
- (b) Agricultural education proper.

The budget of 1925 authorized 1,500 rural teachers only. But this year the number has been increased to 5,000, and next year this number will be greatly increased. These teachers have the mission to eradicate illiteracy.

Agriculture education is organized as follows, the principal elements being:

- (a) The National Schools of Agriculture.
- (b) The Farm Schools.

The National Schools of Agriculture are for technical instruction. The Farm Schools are established for the purpose of educating the rural population so as to obtain the best results from the communal lands granted to them.

Mexico needs the good will of the United States, just as the United States needs the good will of Mexico, if the two countries are to maintain and expand their already extensive trade relations. The National University, through the medium of the Summer School, is accomplishing more than any other agency in promoting a more cordial spirit of understanding between the intellectual classes of the two countries.

Approximately four hundred American students, representing almost every State in the Union, attended the last session of the Summer School of the National University, thus constituting an attendance nearly double that of the preceding year. This phenomenal increase is specially remarkable in view of the fact that diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico were strained before the opening of the session.

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ONCE MORE THE UNYIELDING MAN in the White House has shown that he can be turned and twisted like any town alderman. On December 9 Mr. Coolidge wrote to the editors of the *Army and Navy Journal*, in reply to that journal's insistent demand for more cruisers, that "my views are epitomized in the annual message and budget message presented to Congress this week. I am convinced the estimates submitted provide adequately for the services; and economic [!] administration will . . . maintain the navy in a high state of efficiency." The day this letter appeared in the press the strong man was waited upon by members of the House Naval Affairs Committee, whereupon he forgot all about his messages, "economic" administration, his program of economy, and his pledge to stand by the budget estimates, and consented not only to the three cruisers which he himself had held up since 1924 but also to a new program for building ten more new cruisers at the enormous cost of \$105,000,000. Thus Economy Cal! It is represented that new facts presented to Mr. Coolidge suddenly convinced him that we were dropping to fourth place in the cruiser race; at any rate he who declared on December 7 that "No navy in the world, with one exception, approaches ours and none surpasses it," and on December 8 that to begin work on even three cruisers "would be unfortunate at this time and not in keeping with

our attitude toward these [disarmament] negotiations" has joined the ballyhoo for international competition in cruisers. It is stated that this is to be a warning to Great Britain and Japan that "the United States is ready to keep pace with them." Which reminds us that it was Calvin Coolidge who on October 26, 1925, at Omaha, declared that "in spite of all arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war." The President, evidently, has neither the power to think clearly nor the backbone to carry out his own policies.

BEFORE THE FALL-DOHENY acquittal fades out of the public mind we must protest against the assumption that the Executive or any of his assistants has the right to withhold facts from any court whatsoever. The Executive has the constitutional right to withhold from Congress information the publication of which it deems inimical to the public welfare, but we have never heard that an official has the right to conceal facts when they are demanded by a court in a regular judicial procedure. That the judge in the Fall-Doheny case refused to insist upon the production of the Gleaves documents upon which the alleged Japanese war scare was based reflects gravely upon his conduct of the case besides establishing a precedent which lawyers must recognize as extremely dangerous. It is an unfortunate coincidence that Secretary Wilbur, who took this high-handed position, comes from the same California town in which Doheny was a leading figure when Mr. Wilbur began his career; that he was only recently chief justice of California makes his action still more regrettable. The suppression of the Gleaves reports together with Mr. Coolidge's sudden plan to build thirteen more cruisers can only have unfortunate echoes in Japan.

THE SITUATION AS TO MEXICO hourly grows more serious. Secretary Kellogg threatens that if President Calles does not yield before January 1 the United States will withdraw recognition, raise the embargo on the export of arms to Mexico, and refuse all American credits. This means a deliberate effort to overthrow a neighboring government. Lifting the arms embargo can only mean that the Government intends to look with a blind eye upon expeditions against Mexico organized in America. Such action is sure to rally the Mexicans to Calles and to put him in a stronger position than he now holds. Instead of toppling him, as intended, it might make him impregnable. Still worse for the American oil interests—whose obedient ally Mr. Kellogg, erstwhile prosecutor of the Standard Oil, has now become—may be the reaction from such a policy. It may lead, in retaliation, to still more radical action against their properties. Overthrow of Calles, on the other hand, could only produce years of chaos and bloodshed, which might satisfy Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Sheffield, but would hardly produce dividends on Mexican oil holdings. Stockholders may well contrast the defiant American attitude with the acceptance of the new order by some of the English oil companies. If the American oil men are wise they will decide before the New Year to follow suit.

LET US BEGIN THE NEW YEAR with a vote of thanks to the Senate for defeating on a point of order General Andrews's request for a \$500,000 appropriation for his "under-cover men" in the prohibition-enforcement army. This money was intended to be used secretly, and without accounting, for government spies, go-betweens, and agents provocateurs. We are for honest enforcement of the Volstead Act as long as it is on the statute-books—in contrast to our good friend, Clarence Darrow, who wishes to kill it by civil disobedience. But we have no more use for underhand spy work than anybody else. In the prohibition battle it is, first of all, unnecessary, because there are any number of open offenders who ought to be tackled at once. In the second place, this secret underhand spying is almost always undertaken by scoundrels or by men who, if they are not scoundrels when they begin, speedily become so. It is almost on a par with the most degrading police practice of all—the paying of policemen to cohabit with street women and then to prosecute them. We want General Andrews to show that the government is superior to the bootleggers and their criminal tribe; but as a beginning let the government itself be above the dirty business of the snooper and the spy.

WE HOPE that the Senate will now promptly ratify two treaties—that abolishing poison gas and the pact with Turkey. Senator Borah has thrown himself into the fight for the former with courage and determination. In the face of protests from the American Legion and many chemists—all of whom were doubtless horrified when Germany began her "barbarous" chemical warfare—General Pershing, as the fair, honest, and just fighter he is known to be, has come out against poison gas. If we decline to join the other nations in barring poison gas we shall make hypocritical our insistence that we are for genuine disarmament. As for the treaty with Turkey, that does nothing more than ratify the existing status and simplify it by permitting the resumption of regular diplomatic relations. We are aware that men and women of conscience oppose ratification on sincerely held grounds. They see in acceptance of the treaty approval of all the acts of past and present Turkish governments of which public opinion disapproves. We cannot agree, and the majority of the Americans living and working in Turkey as business men or missionaries also favor ratification. The best way for the United States to aid Turkey to the right kind of position in the family of nations is to enter into those treaty relations which make for peace and give us an opportunity to influence Turkey as a friend.

GERMANY'S MINORITY CABINET has been forced out. It was a "center coalition," and could carry on only when the Socialists on the Left or the Nationalists on the Right supported it. This time the Nationalists wanted a thoroughgoing Right orientation while the Socialists denounced it for tolerating the secret enlargement of the Reichswehr disclosed in the recent Feme trials. Readers of *The Nation* will recall Louis Fischer's article, *Is Germany Disarmed?* in our issue of October 20. Secret organizations of reactionaries have drilled openly in Germany; real republicans have been barred from the army of the German Republic by its monarchist officers; political murders even have been committed by secret organizations led by Reichswehr officers. If the High Command has not been aware of these machinations it has been culpably negligent—and the Social-

ists who forced these issues on the attention of an unwilling Reichstag deserve credit as truer German patriots than those who, concealing facts, have increased foreign suspicions. The old Cabinet will carry on until after the holidays. Meanwhile a new uncertainty reigns in Eastern Europe, because of the Lithuanian coup d'état. A reactionary military clique has ousted the Cabinet which had negotiated a friendly treaty with Russia, and the suspicion naturally arises that Poland's dictator, Pilsudski, has or will have a finger in the pie.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES has passed a compromise bill dealing with the alien property and American claims against Germany. It will return 80 per cent of the sequestered property, giving to the owners certificates for the other 20 per cent, entitling them to share in payments made to the United States under the Dawes Plan, apart from the Rhine army costs. The Americans holding claims against Germany are to receive payment for 70 per cent of their claims now, taking certificates for the balance. The unallocated interest fund, accumulated down to March 4, 1923, amounting to \$26,000,000, is to be used for the American claimants, the original alien owners to receive certificates in return. This is an improvement on the original administration bill, which provided for outright confiscation of the interest, but we must express astonishment at the statement in the President's message that we have "scrupulously observed" the principle that private property may not be confiscated in time of war. Has the President heard of the Chemical Foundation case, even more outrageous because it took place after the armistice? Inasmuch as the owners of the sequestered property, and of the ships, radios, and patents taken over by the Government itself, are glad to take what a niggardly government will permit them to have, the bill probably deserves support in the Senate. But it would make our national record a little more savory if the United States undertook to guarantee the certificates against any default in the Dawes Plan. We owe the money; why not promise to pay it ourselves?

WHO CAN VALUE UTILITIES? Can a federal judge, linked by family ties with the traction company upon whose rates he is passing judgment, throw out the testimony of as eminent an authority as Delos F. Wilcox, on the specious plea of company counsel that Mr. Wilcox was not an engineer and had never worked for a street-railway company? In the Denver Tramways Company case, to be heard soon on appeal by the United States Supreme Court, Judge Robert E. Lewis made such a ruling when a special master rendered his report after months of testimony. The city's case was virtually nullified, but the newly elected Klan administration, with Rice W. Means as City Attorney, continued impassive, having failed to criticize in any way the master's high valuation or to protest against Judge Lewis's family connections and expressions of prejudice. Public-utility valuation is an intricate subject, full of moot points, involving economics, accounting, engineering, and, above all, public policy. It calls preeminently for a mind which can correlate these many aspects and arrive at a comprehensive judgment. In the course of his wide experience in public-utility matters Delos Wilcox was chosen by the post-war Federal Electric Railways Commission to analyze the voluminous testimony given before it; and the commission styled his analysis "a complete and masterful

study of the whole electric-railway problem." Various other authoritative experts who have appeared for the cities are, fortunately, the product neither of engineering schools nor of company employment. Judge Lewis's decision, if allowed to stand, would bar such men and make valuation and rate hearings field-days for the companies.

HOW MUCH MONEY do "white-collar" workers receive? The most recent and comprehensive answer is from the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries, covering a survey as of May 1, 1926, of 1,075 establishments in representative districts of the State. The number of persons classifiable as office workers was found to be 22,427, of whom 36.5 per cent were men and 63.5 were women. This is about 12 per cent of the total number of office workers disclosed by the federal census of 1920. The Massachusetts survey reveals a sharp difference between the earnings of men and women and some decidedly low averages for large groups of the latter. Among men 6.4 per cent receive less than \$16 a week, 13.7 per cent less than \$20, 25.4 per cent less than \$25, 40.1 per cent less than \$30, 67.8 per cent less than \$40, 81.7 per cent less than \$50, and 18.3 per cent \$50 or more. Among women 13.7 per cent receive less than \$16 a week, 38.4 per cent less than \$20, 70.4 per cent less than \$25, 89.2 per cent less than \$30, and 98 per cent less than \$40! Various morals suggest themselves; the reader may pick his own. We are content merely to compare the returns of these "white-collar" employees, generally unorganized, with the earnings of 824,313 union workers in the United States, employed in the building trades, in printing and publishing, in baking, on street railways, in laundries, and as teamsters, chauffeurs, or longshoremen. These earnings, as given by the federal Department of Labor for the year ended with last June, averaged \$52.12 for a full-time week. There's a difference. Can any bright boy guess why?

THE POLICE HAVE WON the strike of the textile workers of Passaic, New Jersey—for the strikers. With the signing of an agreement between the Botany Consolidated Mills and the union this bitter industrial controversy of a year's duration is virtually settled, for, although some companies have not yet capitulated, the surrender of the most influential employing group undoubtedly fixes the terms which the others will eventually accept. The 10 per cent cut in wages—already at the impoverishing level of \$12 to \$22 a week—which precipitated the strike has been rescinded, and the workers have won in addition collective bargaining, recognition of their organization, and preference for union members in reinstatement. The workers have not obtained the closed shop, a wage increase, nor reduced hours, but the last two demands were not put forward for any except bargaining purposes. And to celebrate the victory what could be more appropriate than that the union should spread a banquet and invite as honorary guests the Sheriff of Bergen County, the police chiefs of Passaic and Garfield, and other administrative and judicial officials whose lawlessness and brutality raised the strike from a local protest of unorganized and inarticulate aliens to a national fight for civil liberties and common decency?

SO WE PROPOSE A TOAST to the various bullies and buffoons in high places who imagined they were helping the employers by permitting the clubbing of peaceful pickets,

the breaking up of lawful meetings, and the promulgation of an absurd edict of "martial law," whereas in fact they created a nationwide moral and financial support for the strike and a determination and devotion among the strikers without which the struggle would have been abandoned and forgotten months ago. Although begun by a helpless and almost voiceless group of workers, the strike has been one of the most eloquent and resounding conflicts in recent years. Ignored if not scorned at the outset by the national union of the trade, the United Textile Workers, the strikers rallied under communist leadership but eventually won their way to organization and protection under the American Federation of Labor. It is inspiring also to reflect that a press and public which are apathetic to many wrongs have been singularly responsive to the cry of oppression from Passaic and did not dismiss it after a few brief weeks in the preoccupation of other matters. But we must not forget that a dozen prisoners still suffer in Jersey jails on what seem to be outlandishly impossible charges of using bombs in the strike. They must be freed and those who tortured and beat them must be prosecuted before we can leave the battlefield of Passaic—for another.

THERE ARE DOMAINS which science should not enter—or at least where the thought of its entrance is appalling. For example, a man today may sit in the privacy of his bedroom—even in the ultra-privacy of his bed, and, thanks to the wonderful invention of the telephone, may carry on a conversation with the most beautiful lady he knows. He may have laid his wig on the wig-stand; his pajamas may be minus their top button; there is, in short, no limit to the possible extent of his dishabille, but the colloquy may be of the utmost propriety and decorum. Science, however, intrudes; the television apparatus makes it possible for the image of the telephone speaker to be conveyed simultaneously with his voice. Privacy is gone, comfort is gone, the early hours of the morning are lost in primping and preening, all in order to carry on a short conversation over the telephone.

THE INVENTORS OF THE TELEPHOTE, of course, have no designs on a man's privacy. They plan for the image of a baseball game or a peace conference to be conveyed as speeches now are transmitted over the radio. They picture images of the opera, bright lights, gorgeous costumes, the tenor, the basso, the contralto, the lyric soprano with her golden hair in a braid down her back, floating into the family sitting-room along with the music. A desideratum indeed, for those who care for opera; just so with the prize-fight, the symphony orchestra, the Kiwanis banquet, the bedtime story of the benevolent rabbit and squirrel. But there is no guaranty that the benefits of the telephote will end with the transmittal of public activities. The inventors have imperiled the home. Nor is this the only direction from which it is threatened. In New York City a skyscraper 110 stories in height has been builded in the brain of an architect; its site has been chosen, plans for it have been filed, there remains only a question of time before it begins to hurl its steel girders into the clouds. The caverns in which pedestrians move about are becoming even darker and colder; the sun never enters. The New York home is increasingly lighted by artificial light and warmed far from the beneficent rays of the sun. Invention has made New York a city of cave-dwellers.

Government by Crooks?

ARE we headed for that? The question inevitably suggests itself when we read of the acquittal of ex-Secretary Fall and Mr. Doheny and recall the escape of former Attorney General Daugherty and the former Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller, because of a "hung" jury. We admit in both cases the difficulty of proving conspiracy. That is technical and anything but easy to get over to a jury. Yet the fact remains that the Fall-Doheny jurymen were apparently moved by maudlin sentiment for a gray-haired, broken-down old promoter and his Cabinet ally, Fall, the man who had been his pal in the hard-pan days of their youth.

For some days the friendliness of the jury to the defendants had been so manifest that the reporters prophesied an acquittal. The lawyer for the accused admitted that his client Fall had lied about the \$100,000 note in order to protect Doheny: "Lie? Of course he lied and every red-blooded man in New Mexico is proud of it." There was no denying the \$100,000 transaction, or its juxtaposition to the Doheny lease of the naval oil reserve, or that this secret transaction about which Fall so proudly lied was anything but an above-board business deal. There was no denying that such a personal relationship between a public official and a public bidder was grossly improper and indefensible. But by means of mushy sentimentality; the apotheosis of frontier morals; an absurd naval scare that could never be substantiated; an appeal to gaze upon Mrs. Fall, "daughter of the matrons of Sparta and Rome" and "a mother of the West who in the sunset of life has taken her place by the side of her husband," and the delicate suggestion not to lift the shroud of a dead President, the jury was blinded to its duty and led to free the defendants. On both sides counsel resorted to the acts of the legal blatherskite and the government's performers came off second best.

We do not hesitate to brand this a miscarriage of justice; for every essential issue in this case has already been adjudicated. The United States District Court in Los Angeles has declared: (1) that the actions of these two men were shrouded in secrecy in order to conceal them and to deceive Congress and the public; (2) that the conspiracy between Fall and Doheny is proved; (3) that Doheny's company was a specially favored bidder; (4) that Doheny and Fall were in cahoots as to the royalties. That court was clearly of the opinion—since upheld by the Court of Appeals, and now before the Supreme Court—that "the injury that has been done the nation, as well as the distrust of public officers that it has caused cannot be overestimated." What would it say now as to the extent of that injury in view of a jury's acquitting where the facts were so clear to it and the first court of review? We are aware, of course, that these two defendants may still be tried for bribery (a charge, it would seem, easier to prove than conspiracy)—and may receive their punishment for that—but the net result of the verdict is surely to increase throughout the United States the belief that there exists one kind of justice for rich men and another for the poor; that if you only steal a large enough sum you are safe; that if you are a poor wretch who has just stolen, for the fourth time, a sum, say, of fifty dollars you may go to jail for life, as has actually happened

in New York under the Baumes law. Why should people think differently with this appalling record? "High-grade lawyers," it seems, can accomplish anything.

Why should the people feel differently when in addition they read that in defiance of public decency and elemental morality the Governor of Illinois, himself ordered by an Illinois court to pay back \$1,000,000 to the State Treasury for illegal State expenditures during his incumbency, has just appointed Senator-elect Frank L. Smith to the United States Senate to fill the brief unexpired term of the late Senator McKinley? Warned by their own party leaders not to let this take place, both Governor Small and Mr. Smith defied their party as well as the decency of the Senate. This man who, as chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, "shook down" the public-utilities magnates in his State for contributions to his primary campaign funds running above a hundred thousand dollars, is not to wait until March 4 to present his credentials; he is to be seated at once if the Governor has his way—as if to do the bidding of the man who helped him to buy his seat. He is not even to await the findings of the Senate committee headed by Senator Reed which has inquired into the circumstances of his primary campaign. The Senate and public opinion alike are to be flouted with a brazen indecency unparalleled in recent history.

Well, the gauntlet is flung down and the issue is whether we are to be governed by and for and with crooks. That it is, whether Colonel Smith's soul is as white as snow and he is so steeped in rectitude as to be unaffected by that public-utility money and its implications, or whether he is there as the bond-servant of the donors. We have been through an orgy of corruption in high office and also of the purchasing of such office on a scale not even surpassed in the Administration of President Grant. If the Ohio gang is to go scot-free, if men about whose huge campaign receipts there can be no question are to be seated in the Senate, then let us at least cease to be hypocritical. Let us admit to all the world that we have sunk to as low an estate as any Central American republic.

The escape of Fall, Doheny, Daugherty, and their tribe is not what matters. The nation could afford even to lose its richest oil-fields if it learned its lesson. To punish a half dozen sinners would not alter the system under which they reached high office and aided one another in corruption. The menace lies in the fact that the nation still sleeps; that business men feel relieved that the system has not been upset; that jurors see nothing wrong when Cabinet secretaries secretly accept hundred-thousand-dollar gifts from old pals who happen to be oil magnates, and give away the public lands; that our national conscience has been numbed.

Governor Small and Colonel Smith at least seem to have dug their own grave. The Washington dispatches report that if Mr. Smith presents his credentials not ten Senators will vote for him. If true, let us be grateful for that. If there is any other outcome in this and the Vare case, if juries continue to free men who have soiled the United States Cabinet itself with their corruption, let us haul down the Stars and Stripes from the Capitol, hoist the black flag with a dollar mark on it, and proclaim our shame to all the world.

Epicures in Crime

THE Fall-Doheny acquittal suggests not only that we Americans have no passionate aversion to government by crooks, as indicated in an accompanying editorial, but also that we are becoming epicures in crime. We delight in—or at least we accept complacently—whatever is elegant, refined, and served on silver platters, at the same time that we turn savagely upon that which is crude, commonplace, or outmoded. If we are not becoming epicures—not to say snobs—in crime, how does it happen that in an era of striking public indifference toward political corruption and dishonest business transactions we are witnessing a spectacular outburst against such simple, old-fashioned crimes as burglary and highway robbery? It is not just a case of the rich man against the poor man. When the rich man is so ill-advised as to commit an unrefined crime we pursue him as relentlessly as if he were poor, although of course his money buys a better defense, and when it comes to hanging there is undoubtedly a feeling in the average jurymen's noddle that a noose chafes a neck used to a greasy shirtband less than one coddled with a white collar. That wealth is no blanket protection against militant American morality is proved by our intolerance toward the Countess Karolyi who broke our First Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit radicalism"; and our treatment of the Countess Cathcart, who violated one of the higher numbered commandments—chiefly, perhaps, the eleventh, which reads, "And above all thou shalt not be found out."

Epicures in crime? If not that, how can Americans take so indifferently—even jocosely—the doings of our political and commercial gunmen and at the same time grow so hysterical over the acts of the old-fashioned revolver brandishers? The New York courts have been unable to convict Daugherty and Miller, but the State recently enacted in the Baumes law a code of increased vigor against the criminal resorting to older and more vulgar methods. According to this law a judge is required to send a man to prison for life if convicted of a felony four times, without reference to any mitigating circumstances, and the prisoner is deprived of any opportunity for parole. Thus a certain Negro, amiable in his cups, who for the fourth time in his life appropriated an automobile and went off for a stolen joy ride, was sentenced to life imprisonment; another whose record was sixty days in 1919 for third-degree burglary, sixty days in 1920 for petty larceny, two years in 1924 for third-degree burglary, and who was so unfortunate as to get into a fight with one of his fellow-stevedores and be arrested for assault, also will spend his life in prison. These are not desperate criminals, yet they receive the sentences usually allotted to such and the State prisons now are reported to be virtually filled. Formerly it was easier to plead guilty and rely on the possible leniency of the judge; now criminals stand trial in the hope of a jury disagreement. From June 30 to November 15 the number of indictments increased almost 100 per cent, although the same months in 1925 showed only a 10 per cent increase.

The Baumes law was intended to put the fear of jail—if not of God—into the heart of the unaristocratic criminal, but six months' experience with the above provision has called forth vigorous public disapproval from two district attorneys, several judges, and some of the leading newspapers. Yet the community at large, in violation of all that centuries of experience with penology should have taught,

has been stampeded into a belief that cruel and long punishments are a protection against crime. Contemplation of this state of mind has led Heywood Brown to say in the *New York World* that "the community has hardened its heart against the criminal. And also," he adds, "softened its head." That our sudden fury against the old-fashioned criminal is unintelligent is demonstrated by the historical evidence that a reduction in crimes of violence has gone hand in hand with a lessening in the severity of punishment and an increased respect in the community for the sacredness of human life.

The importance of increasing rather than lessening the respect for human life makes it especially tragic that the hysteria which in New York has led to some of the exaggerations of the Baumes law has produced agitation for the restoration of capital punishment in at least two States where it is now happily non-existent. One of the most progressive aspects of criminal law in the United States is the start that has been made toward the abolition of the death penalty. In eight States—Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, North and South Dakota—capital punishment no longer exists, and the complete elimination of this relic of barbarism ought to be a goal everywhere. But so far from a gain of new ground there now seems to be danger of losing some of the old in the fright and ignorance of public opinion in the face of the so-called "crime wave." In North Dakota there is talk of restoring the death penalty and in Michigan a bill has been introduced into the legislature which would revive capital punishment in that State. Four States—Oregon, Washington, Arizona, and Missouri—restored capital punishment in the hysteria against radicalism immediately following the World War; it would be a tragedy if others stepped backward too.

And while we are in a frenzy to revive cruel and obsolete punishments it never occurs to us that a federal law limiting drastically the importation and transportation of revolvers would do more to end gunmen and banditry than all the jails and gallows ever created.

Walter Damrosch Retires

WALTER DAMROSCH is to lay down the baton after forty-two years of orchestral conducting. Not really to retire from the world of music—that is unthinkable. As long as he lives his interest in music and musical education will—must—continue. But the burden of leading the New York Symphony Orchestra he is now to shift to others after having devoted himself to it since 1903. He confesses to sixty-four years; it seems incredible, since it was surely only yesterday that he was "the young Damrosch," determined to follow in the footsteps of his great father, Leopold Damrosch, one of the best of the many gifts to the United States from musical Germany. But sixty-four is a good retiring age; Walter Damrosch deserves leisure for those other things dear to his heart which every active man puts by for the day when he retires—a day which for most never comes.

It is true, of course, that Walter Damrosch never rose to his father's heights and that his conducting could never be called inspired—it has always been uneven, at times bad. Severe criticisms of his conducting and musical taste have appeared in *The Nation* as well as elsewhere. There was at first a feeling that the son was following his father less

because of an artistic urge than because of the temptation to profit by a sire's success which makes so many young men the law-partners of their prosperous fathers. Such feelings in regard to Walter Damrosch have long since been changed. The sincerity of the man; his tireless industry, his growth as a conductor, his services to music outside of the concert hall, his witty speeches, his unsparing efforts to make good music available to the masses, his sponsorship of talent and genius—all these have been deservedly recognized, and so it was a pleasure to record a few years ago his taking of his American orchestra for a trip to Europe—a most happy international event rewarded by more than one government. Against his weaknesses must forever be set his service, when assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, in bringing the great Anton Seidl and Lilli Lehmann to this country. If his conducting of Wagner often brought upon him the wrath of critics, his devotion to that composer and his works contributed enormously to their familiarization in the American musical world. As a program-maker he is of the very best.

So, too, has opinion changed about his orchestra. There was a time when his alliance with Harry Harkness Flagler's extraordinary devotion and munificent generosity to the musical art seemed to imperil the successes of other and more needed organizations—the Philharmonic, for instance, which early found that it could not permanently use Mr. Damrosch. Those years are long past. There is nothing more extraordinary in the spiritual and intellectual growth of America in the last twenty-five years than its new appreciation of the orchestra. The establishment of great musical organizations as far West as Oregon has had its counterpart in New York where the Philharmonic is crowded, tickets for the Philadelphia Orchestra are unavailable, and the Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Boston, and other orchestras play to increasing houses. More than one great orchestra New York certainly needs; its musical growth has caught up with the Symphony. Whether the latter's deficits are as great as they were in 1914 when Mr. Flagler became its sole supporter we do not know; his purse has seemed limitless, and the reward has been his of anticipating and justifying a need. If the partnership with Damrosch is dissolved, it is gratifying to know that this generous citizen and patriot will continue to serve the musical world.

Books and Behavior

AT the bottom of the censorship question is another question which, so far as we know, has never been adequately considered. What is the effect of any book, good or bad, upon the conduct of its readers? It is generally assumed that a "good" book is "good for" human beings; everyone has heard it said of some work or other that "no one can rise from the reading of it without being a better man." People over the earth have claimed as much for their bibles, whether they were Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists, Mormons, Christian Scientists, Jews, or Christians. And Coleridge claimed as much for "Tom Jones," which he defended even against those who pointed to the dreadful episode of Tom and Lady Bellaston. Are such claims legitimate, and if they are, what do they mean? And does it follow that there are certain books the reading of which leaves one a worse or a more dangerous person?

The general question has been answered, but not adequately, by Gertrud Bäumer, a member of the Democratic

Party in the German Reichstag. She was writing to the *Vossische Zeitung* in answer to widespread criticism in the German press of a censorship bill presented to the Reichstag. The bill is designed to discourage the publication of violent and otherwise "low" fiction of the sort which, it is reported, circulates in abundance today among the youth of the new republic. Frau Bäumer said:

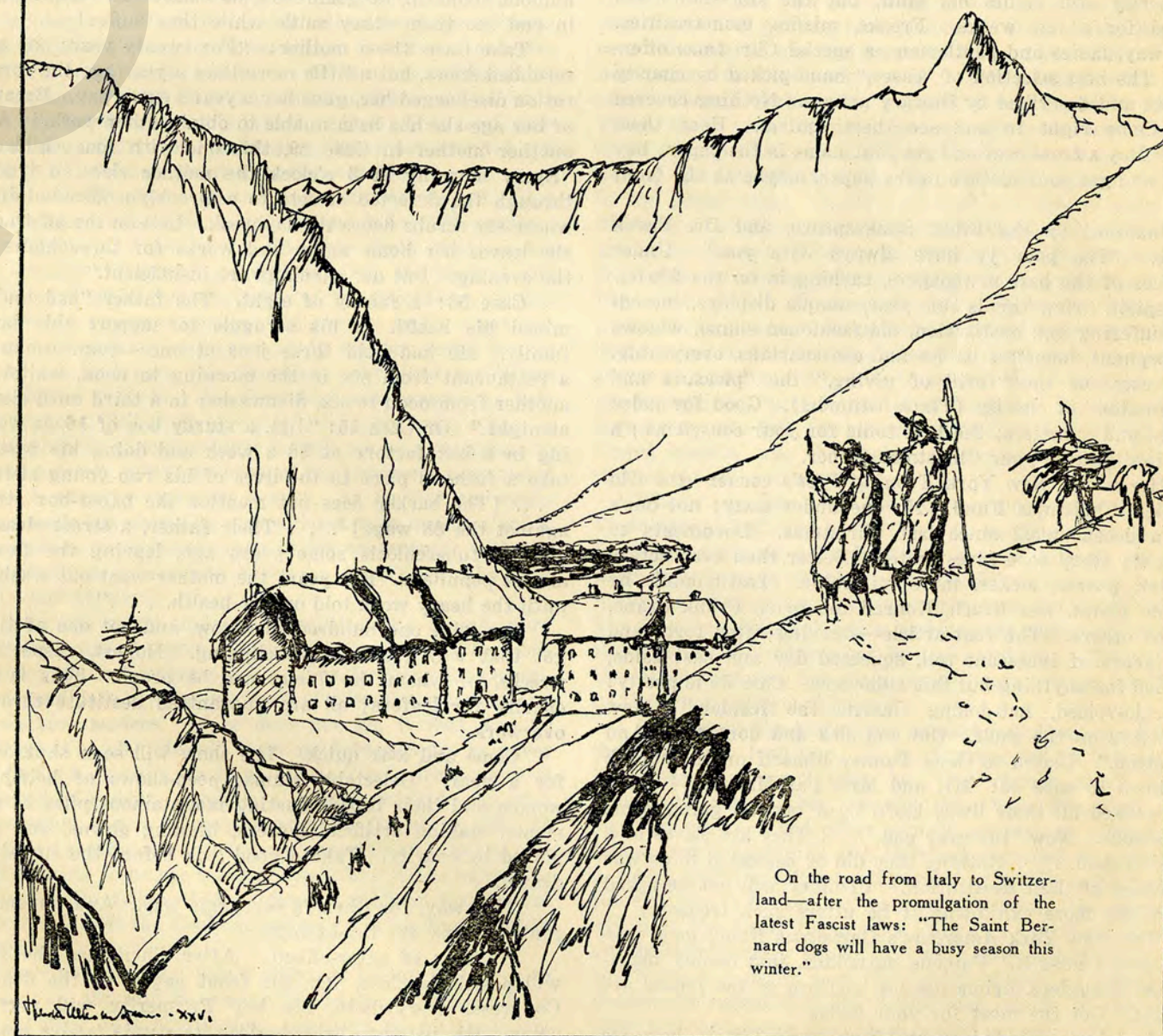
It may be true that, on the whole, no great material harm is done by acts of burglary committed by youthful gangs after reading bad detective stories. What is true is that usually much harm is done to youth by these books. The question therefore is, should bad literature be permitted to get in the way of good literature and triumph over it? Which is worse—the risk that a book which may not be regarded as 100 per cent bad may be placed by mistake on the black list or the risk that one child's life be ruined by such a book?

Whatever the merits of this reasoning, Frau Bäumer's argument has prevailed in the Reichstag, with the result that committees of investigation will be empowered, when six of their eight members so agree, to prevent any book or illustration from appearing anywhere in Germany henceforth. A court of appeal, to be established at Leipzig, will have we know not what mollifying effect.

Frau Bäumer's reasoning is probably very bad—or it may be perfect. We do not know or care which. The point is that we are tired of reasoning *per se* in this connection. Are there no facts? Is there not a science of psychology, even one of physiology, that could throw light upon the processes set up in the mind, in the body, when a book is read? The body, presumably, is important, since it is with the body that a boy goes out of the room in which his mind has been absorbed and gets a gun, points it at some unsuspecting citizen on the street, and, perhaps, pulls the trigger. That is the process which Frau Bäumer highhandedly assumes when she speaks of burglaries "committed . . . after the reading of bad detective stories." She admits that there may be doubt concerning the amount of harm done by these burglaries; she has never thought to ask, it would seem, whether the burglaries were caused by the books. And does she imply, by the way, that "good" detective stories would not bring about the same results? The best detective stories we know are not about patriotism or platonic love; if they were we should not know them. Neither Shakespeare nor the Bible is wholly occupied with virtue.

If psychology and physiology could elucidate the processes we have spoken of, and if they could establish that books do influence conduct along with the imagination, there would still be the problem of deciding what actions or thoughts are good and what are bad. Ethics would come in there, and ethics, fortunately or unfortunately, is so far not a science; it changes with every decade. Doubtless it will always be difficult to know what is really "harmful" to "youth," and after that to say for certain that society is not just as well off with a little harm going on here and there. It is all very hard. And meanwhile the censorious are always raking over books and plays in America, looking for evil, and the House of Lords is considering a bill to prevent the publication of divorce-trial proceedings in English newspapers—in order, says Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, to render to the rich that protection of silence concerning their sins which is now enjoyed by the obscure poor. In England, then, they seek to leave such things to the imagination—which no government has thus far learned how to suppress.

The Fugitives



On the road from Italy to Switzerland—after the promulgation of the latest Fascist laws: "The Saint Bernard dogs will have a busy season this winter."

The Annual Christmas Side-Shows

By EUGENE LYONS

ALL year round the main ring under the big top is occupied by Prosperity—a big blustering fellow; strong man, juggler, magician, acrobat. This way, ladies and gentlemen! He lifts big weights, he tunnels through mountains and reaches across oceans, he picks up the little fellows in Europe and South America and juggles them dizzy. There's no end to his strength and feats and jolly pranks. Three-hundred-million-dollar surpluses for the government; billions of dollars in extra dividends; oodles of money—ask your Uncle Sam for a loan. Millions in bonuses for deserving employees; an automobile for every man, woman, and child; a job for every man, a man for every job. Remember the horrid old days of slums and sweatshops? Own your own home.

In the holiday season the big boy meets competition. Prosperity still struts his stuff, but the side-shows are opened for a few weeks. Freaks, misfits, monstrosities. This way, ladies and gentlemen—a special Christmas offering! The best selection of "cases," hand-picked by charity experts and described by literary artists. Nothing covered up. Come right in and see them squirm. Hear them howl. Buy a front seat and get your name in the paper; buy a box and get your picture in the paper, maybe on the front page.

Indorsed by the Bible, Shakespeare, and Dr. Frank Crane. "The poor ye have always with you." Under auspices of the best newspapers, cashing in on the Christmas spirit. New thrills this year, unique displays, incredible suffering and destitution, old-fashioned slums, widows and orphans, homeless babies and centenarians, everything. This way for the "thrill of giving," the "pleasure and satisfaction" of charity (*Times* editorial). Good for jaded nerves and appetites; the best tonic for your conscience; a help in digesting your Christmas dinner.

Here's the New York *Evening Post's* corner—the Old Couples' Christmas Fund. No one under sixty; not one's had a decent meal since last Christmas. Documents to prove it; every case investigated. Better than ever before—older, poorer, sicker, more miserable. Testimonials by Fannie Hurst, Rex Beach, Konrad Bercovici, Frank Crane, lots of others. The real article—starving after forty and fifty years of incessant toil, squeezed dry and cast aside, no good for anything but this side-show. Case 56 is pretty: "chuckle-voiced, hat-doffing Charlie the Iceman." Now "Charlie's on the shelf. Old and sick and done for. And forgotten." Listen to Gene Tunney himself on the superb specimen in case 46: Mr. and Mrs. Pat Malloy, 74 years old, worked all their lives, k.o'd by a taxicab going home from work. Now "the gray end. . . . They are slaves of a social system. . . . Nothing they did or neglected to do was the cause of their destitution." (Tunney will not be asked to do any more exhibiting if he utters such treason.)

The New York *American's* Christmas Fund, good people. Don't miss it. Famous musicians, jazz babies, black-bottom wrigglers, prima donnas perform as the freaks are led out. Get the most for your dollar.

And here—depend on the New York *Times*—here we have New York's One Hundred Neediest Cases. Count

them: A lovely, round, even hundred! Picked from the samples submitted by six great charitable organizations; carefully investigated by the *Times* itself. This way, folks, to "The House of a Hundred Sorrows." Every one genuine, no fakes—"not the pathetic shadow-figures of fiction, but men and women and children like us, neighbors of ours. . . . Come and see it for yourself." Lift the cover from any one of its hundred rooms—there are no blanks: "All day they work, yet they haven't enough to eat. . . . The House of a Hundred Sorrows is never empty. Those dark cold rooms are full today, full of hunger and anxiety and loneliness."

Not bums or criminals, ladies and gentlemen. All of them are *deserving* cases. Worked hard all their lives. The kind of men and women this nation needs—plodders, humble, thankful, no grumblers, no bolsheviks. Come right in and see them—they smile while they suffer!

Take Case 31—a mother: "For twenty years she had scrubbed floors, but a little more than a year ago the corporation discharged her, gave her a year's extra pay. Because of her age she has been unable to obtain other work." And another mother in Case 29, this one with four children: "Every morning at 3 o'clock the mother rises to trudge through the deserted streets to a Brooklyn office-building, where she scrubs floors till daybreak. Late in the afternoon she leaves her home again and works for three hours in the evening. But her earnings are insufficient."

Case 53: a family of eight. The father "had undermined his health in his struggle to support this large family. He had held three jobs at once—counterman in a restaurant from six in the morning to noon, waiter in another from noon to six, dishwasher in a third until eleven at night." Or Case 15: "Jim, a sturdy boy of 16, is working in a box factory at \$8 a week and doing his best to take a father's place in the lives of his two young sisters. . . . [The barker does not mention the paper-box strike against the \$8 wage] . . . Their father, a street cleaner, died of tuberculosis some years ago, leaving the family almost penniless. For years the mother went out washing until the heavy work told on her health. . . ."

Yes, sir! one hundred in a row, and not one of them got that way from coupon-clipping. Honest, respectable wrecks, of whom the *Times* can be proud. This is not charity for loafers; all are guaranteed destitute through overwork.

Come and look quick. The show will soon shut down for a year. Delectable slums; peep-shows of half-blind women and their broods basting mountainous piles of garments, making artificial flowers, beading gowns, and supported by charity. Take a good look before the curtain is drawn.

This way, for Christ's sake, this way. And remember, contributions are tax-exempt.

No fear of after-effects. After Christmas the show will positively close. On the front pages, on the floor of Congress, everywhere, big boy Prosperity will perform alone. His ballyhoo brigade does its stunts twelve months in the year.

A Third Term for Coolidge?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, December 18

SENATOR MOSES was right. The real business of this session of Congress is Presidential politics. Always reasonably frank, with a new six-year ticket in his pocket, the gentleman from New Hampshire can afford now to be franker than before. It was just after the election that he expressed himself to the above effect. No truer political words have been said in some time.

What's the use of writing about the session? What's the use of commenting on the silly and repetitious solemnity of the Coolidge message or the feebleness of White House leadership? Where's the good of talking about tax reduction, farm relief, and tariff changes? Every posted person knows that nothing will be done about any of them. The undignified and mortifying conciliation of insurgent Senators, the utter loss of Presidential dignity in the Coolidge-Nye incident, the White House invitations to the once black-listed Shipstead—none of these things indicates a cohesive party or a constructive program. All there is back of them is Presidential politics—Presidential politics played in a small way but unmistakable just the same. That is all anyone is interested in in Washington this session and I can afford to be as frank about it as Senator Moses.

Here are the facts—as things stand today Mr. Coolidge is the leading candidate for the Republican 1928 nomination. There is, however, considerable doubt that he can again "make the grade" notwithstanding the general and well-founded belief that the power of the Presidency is such that a White House incumbent can always secure a renomination. As to Mr. Coolidge wanting another term, that is too obvious to argue. No President ever liked the White House better than he. No President ever wanted to hold on to it more. When he leaves it will be because he has to. If and when he announces that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself, it will be because his prospects have faded and he is afraid to take the chance. In the last six weeks he has made his desire to stay evident in a hundred ways, and nowhere more plainly than in his conferences with the correspondents. He wants it but he doesn't want to fight for it—and he won't.

He wants to get this nomination the way he got every other nomination he ever had, beginning with that first one for Alderman in Northampton—that is, by being the organization candidate, by having back of him the machine and the machine leaders. If he does not get it that way he won't get it at all. He will make no fight because he never made a fight. In the whole of his political career there is no record of a fight. That is a curious thing to say of a man who has been a successful candidate for public office 13—or is it 14—times, but it is true nevertheless. It can't be called fighting to be the machine candidate in the primaries and run on the ticket of the dominant party in the general election. That is the Coolidge record from his first office to his last.

He is not a fighter, he's a fixer. If he can fix things so that behind him will be massed his party organization, he will go after this nomination, tradition or no tradition. Otherwise not. His game is quietly to line up behind him

the machine—and anyone who thinks he is not working at it is not very observant. That's all he is working at. In his small armadillo way he is hard at it all the time—placating some leaders in one way, others in another, using federal appointments, favors, White House invitations and indorsements—particularly invitations—with considerable political cunning and skill. Not long ago he wrote a letter of indorsement of a newspaper, owned by a Washington political writer, who is sending the letter out as circulation bait. What he is really trying to do is creep up on the nomination. By the end of this session, perhaps, it will be easier to tell whether he is making progress backward or forward.

It is interesting to note the factors in his favor and then those against him. There is first the fact that as President he has vast patronage power, prestige, and prerogatives which put any other candidate under heavy handicap. Second, he has the support of the great bulk of the newspapers of the country and is still popular with the people, though perhaps his popularity has begun to wane. Third, three years of party propaganda have been singularly effective in magnifying his achievements, minimizing his failures, and keeping an heroic picture of him in the public mind. Fourth, he still has control over the National Committee, to the chairmanship of which his close friend, ex-Senator William M. Butler, though rejected by the voters of Massachusetts, clings at the request of the President. Fifth, if prosperity still prevails next year, the great business and banking interests, which are under no delusions as to Mr. Coolidge's real size, will none the less be averse to a change. He suits them, and their dominance in the Republican Party is such that they may through pressure bring into line for him reluctant and recalcitrant Old Guard leaders, who thoroughly dislike him and if left to themselves will not support him.

That's one side. It's the side you hear most about in Washington just now, but there is another. When the Coolidge assets as a candidate to succeed himself are set down they do seem sufficiently formidable to make his nomination inevitable. In a stronger man they would be. With him, however, it is a question whether the assets will not in the final test be outweighed by the liabilities. The list of the latter is longer, but scales won't begin to turn one way or the other for some time yet.

To present the arguments against him there is—First, the third-term tradition. It is all very well to talk about his "second elective" term but that phrase won't stick. Should he get another, he will have been President two years longer than any other man in our history. The limitation that Washington and Jefferson regarded as wise and to which Grant and Roosevelt yielded as final is to be broken for Coolidge? It does not seem sane. Second, the agrarian revolt in the great Republican States in the West is real, and political history shows that when they become aroused, the Western farmers have their political way, or something unpleasant happens to the party that stands in the way. That they are deeply stirred no posted person doubts. It is true that inexorable economic laws may again operate as

they have in the past to mitigate agricultural grievances, but on the other hand these may grow worse. In any event, the sentiment in eleven normally Republican States constituting the well-known Corn Belt is strongly anti-administration. A significant instance of the readiness out there to disregard party lines was given in the last campaign when Republican Representative Dickinson of Iowa went into Illinois to urge the election of Democratic Representative Rainey. A third argument is that there is in the field a Presidential candidate inherently stronger than Mr. Coolidge—Frank O. Lowden. It may be that his age—66—or his health, or some other reason will keep Mr. Lowden from making another fight but there is not the least doubt that at this time he is a candidate. In 1920 he missed the nomination by the narrowest margin. In 1924 he refused a unanimous nomination for Vice-President on the Coolidge ticket. For eight years he has devoted himself to studying agricultural problems, to farming, to a quiet strengthening of his fences, to making friends. Today he has a stronger backing, more potential political power, and a better chance than any other man except Mr. Coolidge. He looms larger than any other. Popular, able, rich, with a fine record and an attractive personality, Lowden is the real candidate. The farmers are crazy about him. He is the agricultural hero.

Communism . . . A Religion?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, November 22

THERE is of course freedom of worship in Soviet Russia, and as many churches are open as the devout wish and can afford to maintain. Nevertheless, the country is bathed in atheism. The youth, when it is not frankly "godless," has no contact or sympathy with religion. The urban proletariat has been infected by the spirit which the Bolsheviks propagate. Even peasants have grown skeptical. They have seen Communists defile their churches with "Red" meetings and have witnessed the burning in effigy of Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, aye, of God Himself. Yet no hand from heaven struck these infidels down.

Churches, synagogues, and mosques are filled but not so well filled as in the past. More and more couples prefer the congratulatory resolution of a workers' club meeting or the good wishes of the chairman of a local soviet to the blessings of a priest, and Red baptisms or "Octobrinas" take the place of christenings. "Holy Russia" stands in the sign of atheism. What is to become of her? What do the Communists offer for the religion they have destroyed?

Communism is not a religion. Yet there can be no doubt that for many people who open their souls to its influence it provides a consuming faith. It offers the staff of life to myriads who see the props and stays of their non-physical existence torn from under them by the ugliness, futility, and folly of much of the civilization about them.

Unlike religion, Communism seeks not to reform the individual but rather to create a state of affairs in which it will be difficult and ultimately impossible for him to exploit his fellow, and unnecessary for him to lie, steal, rob, murder, and make wars. The single circumstance that the roads to wealth in Russia are few, perilous, and socially degrading must have a salutary effect on the youth. Service

To sum up the other Coolidge liabilities, there is the inherent feebleness of the man himself, the admitted fact that he is largely a combination of machine support, party propaganda, and accident. There is the further fact that Old Guard leaders cordially dislike him personally and resent the accident that projected him into the White House and enabled him to be nominated in 1924. But for the death of Mr. Harding no one would ever have seriously suggested Mr. Coolidge for the Presidency. The fact is he was so negligible a quantity that he might easily have failed for renomination as Vice-President. He was in Washington in 1922 a political joke and would still be but for the glamor of the Presidency.

Finally, there is the belief that the Republican nomination next time is more or less a "set up," that because of the split among the Democrats and their complete lack of an issue, the Republican 1928 nomination is equivalent to an election. Of course, they may be mistaken but that is the way they feel now. Under such circumstances it seems to the machine leaders all the more disastrous to let the nomination go to Mr. Coolidge by default. They are not going to do it if they can help it, but it comes down to this—if they can't beat him with Lowden they can't with any one. At least that is the present opinion of the "talent."

on behalf of the nation opens a wide and attractive door to the young man who plans his future, and though it does not bar ambition it does definitely preclude the setting up of money and luxuries as the sole end of life. This applies not alone to the Communist whose salary is limited to a low maximum but to millions of state employees. Better training or greater ability will bring him a higher wage; on the other hand, he cannot under present conditions give a serious thought to becoming rich by "going into business." The Nepman is a pariah and looked down upon. The private industrial entrepreneur is the detested capitalist sitting on a tiny volcanic island in the midst of a big red sea. If the struggle for life is bitter on account of the absence of these and similar possibilities, nevertheless there exists far less compulsion or temptation to sell one's soul to Mammon. "But many people do. What of bribery?" it will be said. Quite true; conditions in Russia are not perfect; yet grafting has diminished. There is, furthermore, a more determined effort to stamp it out, and hence more talk about it.

Numerous other instances of higher ethical standards come to mind. The original misfortune which the revolution inflicted upon those women whose profession therefore had been that of waiting for a husband is now appreciated by many as a blessing. It forced them to work, made them economically independent. It set them free for a love life and new type of family life which outside of Russia even those women who do provide for themselves cannot experience to the full because they are isolated units in a world which thinks and acts differently. I have spoken to the daughters of formerly wealthy fathers and the wives of wealthy men who, now that they are impoverished, have no regret for the sweet, lazy days of the past. They are

no longer harem women, but equal, producing members of a working community. Life is harder yet richer.

The simple fact that a job as a street cleaner or a factory worker admits one to the aristocracy of a country has a moral, or if you will "religious," value which can scarcely be exaggerated. I have, for instance, seen many Jewish merchants who are forsaking their small towns to become peasants in South Russia. Their great urge is economic distress resulting from state participation in retail trade; nevertheless all are happy that this circumstance is driving them away from a parasitic existence into a life that opens the door to citizenship, to equal civil rights, and—most important—to productive labor.

The revolution has established a new social scale for Soviet Russia. The man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow stands first. The student youth is second, the intellectual third (he is rising), and the private capitalist or Nepman last. Men and women do not wish to desert the ranks of labor. That they must content themselves with little material wealth is compensated by the satisfaction of belonging to the ruling class, which is laying the foundations for a future with less injustice and inequality than the present.

If it is unjust that one should live by the labor of one's fellows, then the Bolsheviks have removed much injustice. If the example of the pomp of royalty, the splendor of princes, the luxury of army officers, the leisure of landed gentry, and the prodigality of a half-grown bourgeoisie is demoralizing, then the Communists who swept these classes into the ashheap of history have performed a service to the country. In place of extravagance, frugality; in place of ceremony, simplicity; in place of loose living, puritanism. There are exceptions, to be sure, but the mass and not the exceptions sets the standard for the nation. Even the temptations of the NEP, which at one time seemed to threaten the spiritual undoing of the Communists themselves, have been largely overcome. These are achievements which evade the statistician, escape the transient or unsympathetic foreign observer, and defy the newspaperman. Yet they are facts. One need only pry into a soul here and there to find traces of their existence.

And then democracy. Democracy? But Soviet Russia is a dictatorship, it will be argued. In this non-political discussion I shall attempt neither to rebut nor to qualify the accusation except to remark in passing that the democratic forms of some countries are no guaranty of democratic content and that democracy may exist in a state whose leaders scoff at the bourgeois conception of the term. The reference here, however, is not to the legal relationship between citizen and government but rather to the human contacts which the present system permits and encourages. That word *tovarish* has a leveling and democratic effect. Sometimes its mere utterance establishes a bond of cordiality. You do not say "Mr. President" to Kalinin, but "Comrade" and he may sit and crack sunflower seeds with the lowly peasant who has walked a thousand miles to Moscow to air his grievances before the chief executive. At meetings in the Moscow Big Theater a headkerchiefed *matushka* (little mother) or a baste-shoed peasant with hay in his beard will come to the platform and explain what she or he and the folks back home think of Curzon or Lenin or taxes. In the former throne-room of the Kremlin Palace, during sessions of the Central Executive Committee—Russia's nearest approach to a parliament—hun-

dreds of mujiks dressed in light blue polka-dotted blouses, breeches, and knee-high boots participate in important debates and bring to the capital impressions of popular sentiment along the lower reaches of the Volga, in frozen Yakutia, in tropical Turkestan, in Buriat Mongolia, and in the mountain fastness of Cis-Caucasia. Visit a museum on Sunday. Scores of workers, caps in hand, and many peasants from the urban periphery are being guided through well-stocked chambers to see treasures of whose existence they knew nothing a few years ago. Workers' reading-rooms, sport clubs, village library huts—there are tens of thousands of them. The blight of illiteracy to which "Holy Russia" gladly reconciled herself is rapidly being stamped out by its present atheist rulers, whose ambitious program is 100 per cent literacy on the tenth anniversary of the revolution. Knowledge of the three R's may not make Ivan a better man. But the methods of the Bolsheviks are opening his mind and soul. He now sees beyond his dark, ofttime depressing surroundings; his field of vision takes in a universe, where it was formerly confined to a parish; the works and the words of great men are now brought to his door, or he is brought to them; superstitions by which the church maintained its dark hold on the masses are being dispelled. The humdrum of a miserably hard life is being varied and lit up by spiritual contact and sympathy with the coolie, the peon, and the British miner.

Consider the financial assistance given the British miners by the Soviet proletariat. The Russians did not wait until they were made to weep over starving children. Nor can any selfish motive explain their splendid, spontaneous generosity. The German workers, who stood to lose much by the defeat of the miners, could not be roused to put an embargo on shipments of coal to British ports or even to give alms. Neither Russia nor her workers will obtain any practical advantage or disadvantage from the outcome of the strike. The Russian people gave because they realize that the larger interests of labor do not stop at national frontiers. It was a manifestation of universal brotherhood—the theoretical ideal of all religions. The Bolsheviks have made it a fact, at least as far as the proletariat is concerned.

One could clear away the earth from still more tender sprouts which are shooting up from the seeds planted in Russian soil by the Communists. Some would prove to be weeds. Many give promise of healthy fruit. The Bolsheviks believe neither in the holiness of the individual nor in the immutability of human nature. They are convinced that ethics, morals, character, the spirit can be modified and improved by bringing about the necessary economic changes. Thus by means of revolutionary economic change they aim to achieve the human results that religion would bring about by other means.

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The fifth in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first four, mail this announcement and fifty cents in stamps.

A psychoanalyst and a behaviorist will analyze for The Nation these anonymous articles in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children and jobs.

France and Germany, Friends

By IDA TREAT

Paris, December 1

STRESEMANN'S speech before the Reichstag on November 23 dropped a rock in the political mill-pond, disturbing the Franco-German concert whose harmonies had swelled melodiously ever since Thoiry. To be sure there had already been considerable croaking along the Quai d'Orsay. It is no secret that Poincaré—whose sentiments with regard to the nation north of the Rhine remain characteristically unchanged—came very close to an open rupture with Briand during the weeks that followed the Thoiry conversations.

The speech of the German Minister, suggesting the suppression of the Inter-Allied Military Commission and the evacuation of the Rhineland and the Saar as a preface for further agreements, caused an explosion of astonished indignation on the part of the French press. "Victorious France" enjoyed a brief resurrection. The Right—from the *Liberté* to the *Débats*—brandished the old scarecrow of German aggression. But on November 30, when Briand told the Chamber that an accord with Germany was both possible and imperative, since "there can be no durable peace in Europe without a Franco-German rapprochement," the majority of his hearers manifested unqualified approval.

The Italian question helped to save the Briand-Stresemann negotiations from disaster during the last days of November. The Garibaldi affair, Italian military activity along the Savoy frontier, and the disquieting statements of the Duce regarding colonial expansion have provided the Quai d'Orsay with considerable food for thought. The Italo-German alliance suggested in the Italian press would by its very nature—the alliance of two colony-seeking Powers—menace French supremacy along the Mediterranean, and at the same time, by opening German coal-fields to growing Italian industry, oppose a new and powerful competitor to French manufacturers. France, somewhat isolated on the Continent by the Thoiry policy, has reason to look for friends.

Whatever the Geneva Conference may do toward bettering the political relations between Germany and France an economic accord already exists. During the past months French and German industry have concluded a series of important alliances. The agreement signed last April, by the Deutsches Kali-Syndikat and the Société Commerciale des Potasses d'Alsace divides the world potash market for a period of seven years between the two trusts, allowing a production-quota of 70 per cent to the German firms and 30 to the French. German producers have a monopoly of sales at home, in Austria, and in Eastern Europe; French producers control the West. A joint commission dictates prices and supervises foreign sales.

September and October saw the conclusion of similar agreements, not all of which are limited exclusively to French and German industries. The European Bone and Glue Trust includes fifteen countries; the Tube Trust unites France, Belgium, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Hungary. The Aluminum Trust combines the foremost manufacturers of France, Germany, Switzerland, and England; the Nail and Wire Trust groups Holland, Belgium, Germany, and France. The United States participates with

France and Germany in the alliance of electric-lamp manufacturers—an alliance which is shortly to be extended to general electrical production. Copper and textile agreements are already on the way.

The Cartel de l'Acier, concluded September 30 by representatives of the steel industry of France, Germany, Belgium, Luxemburg, and the Saar, represents by far the most important alliance yet formed. Based on an annual production of from 25 to 30 million tons of steel, the cartel regulates the production of each member of the group (Germany, 43.18 per cent; France, 31.18; Belgium, 11.56; Luxemburg, 8.30, and the Saar, 5.70); allows for the importation, duty-free, of French steel into Germany—to be bought and sold by the German syndicate—and provides a system of fines and compensations—respectively \$4 and \$2 per ton—for those who exceed or fail to attain the stipulated ratio of production.

Before 1914 the French steel industry imported much of its coal supply from the Ruhr. The Versailles Treaty, by allotting to France the iron mines and steel plants of Lorraine, increased the coal demand tremendously. The ensuing conflict, from 1919 to 1923, between German coal magnates and the Comité des Forges found its most violent expression in the occupation of the Ruhr by French troops. While the inflation period favored the development of the German steel industry and worked to the disadvantage of the Lorraine manufacturers, the stabilization of the mark as well as the fall of the franc enabled the latter to flood central and southern Germany with iron ore and half-finished products. After January, 1925, when the customs regulations, instituted by the Versailles Treaty and favoring French production, expired, an attempt was made to eliminate French products from the German market by heavy protective tariffs. At this time the first serious pourparlers took place between the representatives of French and German steel industries.

Whether the cartel is or is not extended to include English producers, the steel alliance forms a solid basis for Franco-German relations, and the conversations at Thoiry and Geneva may be regarded as a translation into the domain of politics of the economic policy of the hour.

While diplomats converse and the captains of industry negotiate, the intellectuals of France and Germany are busy rediscovering each other. Especially is this true of France, always more chauvinistic in art and letters than her neighbor across the Rhine. The few Frenchmen who before the war labored despairingly to create a current of interest between artists and thinkers of the two countries state today that never before has there been such enthusiasm for intellectual interpenetration.

A few concrete examples. Gémier takes his project of an international theater to Berlin. Thomas Mann and Alfred Kerr speak to cordial and sympathetic audiences in Paris. The prudent Tristan-Bernard attends the Reinhardt jubilee and gives out timidly enthusiastic statements to the French press. German expressionists exhibit their paintings in the French capital. Paul Valéry, generally considered as the poet of conservative France, receives a warm welcome on the other side of the frontier. Rilke and von Unruh have

been social lions of the Paris season. And Yvette Guilbert is to open a school of diction in Berlin. The recent Cinema Congress held in Paris was in reality a meeting of French and German producers. A proposition to give back the Legion of Honor to German scientists, artists, and men of letters is formulated by *Comœdia*, and a French Minister, whose name is prudently withheld, states solemnly that the time has come to offer the decoration to other German intellectuals "for services rendered to science, literature, and humanity; in other words, to the policy of peace."

French popular sentiment also is undergoing a change. If one must speak in a foreign tongue, it is on the whole better to talk German than English in the streets and cafes of Paris today. A recent scene in the subway may serve as illustration. An Englishman and a German, both considerably inebriated, were disputing a vacant seat. The discussion was in French, with varying accents. The crowd took sides with the German. To be sure the latter showed an astonishing grasp of crowd psychology.

Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl

By ANN WASHINGTON CRATON

TWENTY years ago Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl vied in popularity with Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model. Who cares for the Berthas of 1926? Perhaps popular interest may be revived because the Fox Film Corporation is doing a stupendous movie, which will soon be released. Bertha's struggles in a dressmaking establishment will be portrayed by the charming Madge Bellamy. The research department of the Fox Films in order to provide a realistic background made an exhaustive search for a dressmaking establishment where old-fashioned sewing machines were still in use, operated by American—not foreign-born—girls. Bertha made her living in the sweatshop days before trade-union organization had abolished the most flagrant evils in the garment trades. The dress shops in the wholesale district were impossible to film; they were housed in model loft-buildings, with adequate lighting, and used the latest electric-motor machines. Finally the long-sought location was found among the exclusive establishments in the fashionable shops about Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, where theatrical costumes and custom dresses are made. Here were girls, American girls, the very type of the Bertha of 1906, toiling over old-fashioned, pedaled sewing machines, which probably were in use even before the days of Bertha.

The dramatic organization campaign and strike recently conducted by the Ladies' Tailors, Custom Dressmakers, Theatrical Costume and Alteration Workers' Union, Local 38, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, centered attention on Fifty-seventh Street. The union's agreement with the Couturiers' Association, representing sixteen of the most exclusive houses, such as Madame Frances, Henri Bendel, Bergdorf Goodman, Tappé, Madame Thurn, Hickson, Farquharson and Wheelock, Stein and Blaine, expired September 25. The Association shops and numerous independent shops employed some 1,000 organized men tailors and about 10,000 women dressmakers, of whom only 5 to 10 per cent were organized before the strike. The union tailors received a wage-scale of \$55 for a forty-four-hour

"If it hadn't been for . . . the French," he announced to the gallery, "we would have wiped you off the earth back in 1914."

The Briton had to get off at the next station to avoid being mobbed!

As for the middle class—

"It begins to look as if we would have to fight the Italians. Insufferable race with their toy Bonaparte!" The speaker, a middle-aged leather broker, threw down his newspaper in disgust.

"And the English?"

"Just as bad. 'Insupportables, tous!' They make me long for a second Joan of Arc! Do you know, the only people I can stand today. . . . O they destroyed the north of France, they killed over a million of us, and they committed atrocities—perhaps. But they at least know what it is to suffer. I tell you, the only people I can stand today are the Boches!"

Geneva or no Geneva, Franco-German rapprochement is in the air.

week; the union dressmakers from \$38 to \$50 for the same number of hours; the 10,000 unorganized but highly skilled experienced dressmakers received an average wage of \$22 for a forty-seven-hour week, in shops where the price of a dress was \$275! In renewing the agreement, Local 38, making demands for the tailors, also made demands for the dressmakers for a forty-hour week, 5 to 10 per cent increases in wages, guaranty of forty-four weeks' work in a year, and limitation of overtime. The association was willing to concede most of the demands for the men but was not prepared even to discuss the demands for the women. Edwin Goodman, head of the Couturiers' Association, scoffed at them. "The dressmakers don't want an increase in wages, they don't want anything; the dressmakers are satisfied," he said.

The custom-dress industry is largely a women's industry. The heads of many of the most exclusive houses are women, such as Madame Frances, Madame Thurn, and Lucille. The patrons and customers are the wealthiest women in America, who wear the most exquisite, the most expensive, and the most beautiful clothes in the world, Paris not excepted. The models in these houses are frequently young show-girls who find it advantageous to secure such employment in their off-seasons. Finally, the 10,000 dressmakers are women. In the rush season, when society and the theater are demanding their costly and beautiful garments, the dressmakers work until late at night without extra pay for overtime. Women are difficult to organize, particularly in such an industry. The prevailing theory is that American women cannot be organized. "American girls don't want a union," insisted the employers at the conference table.

The working unit in the dressmaking department includes various crafts. The fitter, who cuts the dress, receives \$50 to \$100 weekly. The drapers, usually seven in number, average \$30 a week. Each draper has three or four dressmakers as helpers. The finishers receive from \$16 to \$22. They handle the most delicate materials, requir-

ing intricate handwork and severe eye-strain, and produce gowns, wraps, and dresses that sell for hundreds of dollars. One highly skilled draper who makes \$35 a week made by herself in less than a week an entire dress that sold for \$1,000.

Why have the custom dressmakers worked for such wages and under such conditions in New York City, where the garment workers have been so firmly entrenched for years? For the most part, they are timid, unaggressive, simple American women. Many have worked for five or six seasons or longer in one house. There is not a large labor turnover. One woman who has worked for various Fifth Avenue houses for thirty years began at \$7 weekly; today she receives \$21 as a skilled draper. She lives in a small town up the Hudson, more than an hour's trip on the train. At six o'clock she dashes to the ferry and the train; there is the same rush back to be at work at 8:30 in the morning. Too weary and discouraged to mix with her neighbors at night, what opportunity had she to think of trade unionism? Many of the women are Italians, beautiful needleworkers, but always difficult to organize—grandmothers, mothers, daughters, whose combined earnings go to make up the "family wage." There has recently been a steady influx of South American women, convent-trained, accustomed to fine fabrics. They speak Spanish and know nothing of American standards of hours and wages. Since the war, French dressmakers from the dress shops of Paris, where the dressmakers have only recently been organized, have been coming over, unfamiliar with American conditions and handicapped by language.

Analysis of pay envelopes proved that \$850 to \$900 annually was common for a draper, deducting nine weeks as an average for the slack time between seasons. Few had yearly slips of as much as \$1,000. Not one had paid an income tax. Among the finishers \$500 and \$600 a year was common. I visited all of the beautiful establishments, seeking interviews with the heads of the houses; I mounted marble stairways to elaborate drawing-rooms, with period furniture and oriental rugs, where the elegant customers wait for fittings. Contrast the workrooms, crowded and dingy, with the old machines. There were no proper rest-rooms. A light rattan couch hidden in a dark room under the coats was the only provision required by law for a sick or worn-out girl to rest for a few minutes. The toilets were inadequate and crowded.

Local 38 made history in organizing women in less than six weeks. Its campaign, directed by a woman, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, established a record. Street meetings were held in front of Mrs. Vanderbilt's house, off Fifth Avenue, at noon and in the evening. Automobiles decked with union banners proclaiming the union demands were constantly in evidence on Fifth Avenue. Eager and enthusiastic dressmakers listened to their first trade-union organization speeches, and devoured the union leaflets. A remarkable union sentiment was created. Then the Couturiers' Association went into action. Fifth Avenue became an armed camp. Police and detectives guarded every entrance. A truck, anything but exclusive and smart, stood in front of the entrance to Madame Frances's for several nights; between a line of police the dressmakers were marched into it and driven away to subway stations, safe from union literature. Active union girls were arrested daily; the first day of the strike thirty of us spent eight hours in jail.

On the eve of the strike Henri Bendel, employing 500

dressmakers, granted wage increases of from \$2 to \$5 weekly, reduced working hours from 47 to 44, and granted a full hour for lunch. The majority of the employers followed suit. The standards of the entire industry were raised even where actual union organization did not result. Many new shops were organized, and a strong sentiment for unionization and higher standards was established among the women workers in all of the leading houses. Wages started going up, the forty-four-hour week was generally established for the unorganized dressmakers, while the tailors and organized dressmakers won the forty-hour week besides wage increases. The union now plans an intensive and continuous organization campaign among the dressmakers to consolidate the newly won gains.

The poor little starved dressmakers of Paris won a strike not long ago and won better conditions for themselves. The Mimis of the Paris dress shops received universal support. The New York dressmakers of Fifty-seventh Street must receive the same support because their successful organization will give a tremendous impetus to the movement to organize the millions of unorganized women workers throughout America.

In the Driftway

GEORGE T. HUGHES of New Brunswick, New Jersey, has expressed his conviction that if any improvement is possible in this land of the noble free it is through more and better pies. To this end Mr. Hughes organized the Watchung Community Pie Association, which has just held a championship competition. As fitting so important an occasion, three mayors and a former assemblyman were called in as judges. The Drifter does not know why he was not invited. As a pie-baker he makes no broad claims, but as a pie-taster he feels that he has no superior between Massachusetts and Mars. Failure to call in the Drifter led to vulgar bickering among the judges, and it was finally necessary to summon a police chief to settle the contest.

* * * * *

THE trouble seems to have been that the judges got into a wrangle over the relative excellence of various *kinds* of pie instead of weighing the merits of the individual entries as samples of the pastry-makers' art. Each judge was handed five pies from which to make a preliminary selection. One picked a cheese pie, another a lemon meringue, a third a pumpkin, and the fourth an apple. Thereafter the judging became a heated argument over the claims of these four models of the pie-making craft.

* * * * *

THE Drifter wishes to register his profound contempt for cheese pie—whatever it is. Never having sampled any—or ever heard of it before this contest—he has the true obscurantism of ignorance. If cheese pie is anything like cheese cake the Drifter hates it as a result of gloomy personal encounters with that sad and soggy confection. If any reader thinks the Drifter is too hastily jumping at conclusions, he (or she) is invited to send in a cheese pie for analysis and report. Lemon meringue, pumpkin, and apple pie, the Drifter admits, all have high claims to distinction, but is the queenly mince to be ignored; or that splendid example of Southern chivalry, sweet-potato pie? For sweet-potato pie the Drifter is willing to forgive the South even the invention of the Ku Klux Klan. Then, too, there are

such sublime evidences of the superiority of man to the other mammals as gooseberry, blueberry, and cherry pie. An old friend of the Drifter's once remarked: "There may be something better than cherry pie, but I don't see why anybody should want it."

* * * * *

UNFORTUNATELY the New Jersey judge who held out for apple pie was not content to support his preference on its own merits, which are undeniably many. For instance, when ordered in a restaurant, apple pie is less certain to be *bad* than any other kind served by these institutions for spoiling food and degrading the glorious art of cooking. The New Jersey judge attempted to justify his preference for apple pie by appealing to quite extraneous considerations. He demanded: "Is a cheese pie a la mode as appetizing as apple a la mode? Is lemon meringue a la mode as appetizing as apple a la mode?"

* * * * *

WHEN a judge resorts to that sort of argument one can only retaliate in kind. What, declaims the Drifter, pointing one index finger menacingly at the New Jersey judges and the other toward Hollywood—what would become of our great screen drama, of the mighty motion-picture industry which has permeated the earth, without the aid and abatement of the delectable and clinging contents of the custard pie?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

After Oil

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The author of *When the Oil Gives Out* in your issue of December 1 did not mention what many scientists consider the most hopeful source of motor fuel for the future: bituminous ("soft") coal, of which there is comparatively an abundance. Friedrich Bergius's process of hydrogenation of coal, which effects a liquefaction to petroleum, is now being commercially exploited in Germany. Franz Fischer's process, though still in the experimental stage, promises to be even more useful than that of Bergius. The samples of synthetic petroleum which were displayed at the recent International Conference on Bituminous Coal showed clearly the possibilities of the Fischer method.

Pittsburgh, November 28

J. B. SHOHAN

Hell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention was recently attracted to a headline, *Abolishing Hell*, over an article noting that dignitaries of the Church of England together with the "liberal" clergy in general had conspired against this ancient and useful institution. Imagine the indignant protest from profane swearers everywhere who for centuries have depended on the pulpit for the enrichment of their vocabularies! It is a blow at all wit and humor which is dependent on contrasts; the more drastic the contrast, the more pungent the wit! I often heard my mother, Harriet Beecher Stowe, tell how witty the old Puritan ministers of her girlhood were as they assembled in her father's kitchen to drink good old New England rum, smoke strong tobacco, and crack jokes. There is nothing like it in the clergy of today, who are a hectic, dyspeptic lot, full of problems but barren of jokes, all run to seed over the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibition, and the tariff, but disbelieving in hell-fire, the devil, and the brimstone lake.

I have passed my three score years and ten and mean to die in the faith of my fathers, loyal to New England rum, hell fire, and the devil.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, November 26

Poor Old Britain!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Britisher I cordially agree with Judge Bausman in deprecating the stupid attacks which irresponsible English journalists have recently been making upon the debt settlement between Great Britain and the United States. But he has made some remarkable assertions in the course of his onslaught upon the European Powers.

It is not true that the French "refused to settle on any basis at all." The terms they offered were very nearly twice as good as those offered by Italy and accepted by the United States Government. Nor is it true that the whole of the French debt was contracted after the war was through. Were that the case there would be no question for dispute, since France has never attempted to deny full liability for *post-war* debts. And as for the "incredible quantity of food and munitions" she is declared (on no particular evidence) to possess, I should be interested to hear just how she *can* "turn them into cash." Who will buy them? The United States?

Now for my own country. (1) Judge Bausman paints a very rosy picture of the value of the British "spoils of war." "Mesopotamia alone," he says, "will reimburse Great Britain" (for what? For the whole cost of the war?). Again, "Tanganyika, enormously rich in minerals and tropical products, must be considered forever the property of the English." If Judge Bausman will pardon my saying so, this is mere rhetoric. Tanganyika's commercial value is negligible (its total trade is about one twenty-seventh of that of Porto Rico), and even if it were true that it is doomed to perpetual British control, its resources cannot be and are not monopolized by British traders. And to regard Mesopotamia as an asset is, I submit, ridiculous. Britain has already spent millions of pounds upon it (I have not the exact figures to hand), and here, too, there can be no question of discrimination in favor of British trade, since that is expressly forbidden by the mandate which gave the English control of it. The other members of the League of Nations can be trusted, in their own interests, to see to it that the terms of that mandate are adhered to!

(2) In view of the fact that the Washington Conference put the American and British navies on a precisely equal basis, to say, as Judge Bausman does, that it left Britain mistress of the seas is a compliment to the superior efficiency of the British navy which (coming from such a quarter) I welcome but which in the interests of truth I must refuse to accept.

(3) From the reference to rubber in the last paragraph of his letter it appears that Judge Bausman believes the Malay Peninsula to be a post-war acquisition to Britain—one of her "spoils of war." That is a good indication, I suggest, of the accuracy of the knowledge on which his assertions are based.

Princeton, N. J., November 15

LINDLEY M. FRASER

Look-a-Way, Dixie Land!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

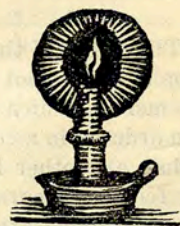
SIR: If any of your readers have letters, documents, papers, or facts of any kind, whether hearsay, anecdote, or affidavit, about the late James B. Duke, tobacco magnate of Durham and New York, I should appreciate their communicating with me. I am writing a biographic study of the great merchant-manufacturer and facts about his early days in New York are especially obscure.

RODNEY CROWTHER

Asheville, North Carolina, November 24



A Happy New Year To Nation Readers



Perhaps this is the first time you have read *THE NATION*. Perhaps, on the other hand, you have read it for sixty-one years.

In either case, you will be interested in Henry T. Finck's description of its Editor, Oswald Garrison Villard, which appears in Mr. Finck's book, "My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music," just published by Funk & Wagnalls.

"While holding different views, I could not help admiring his courage and audacity, as well as his rare journalistic ability, incisiveness, wit and vivacity. No one, it is safe to say, has ever yawned over one of his editorials, and the new *Nation* became, as a whole, a decidedly readable periodical."

This from a man who for twenty-one years was closely associated with Mr. Villard on the *New York Evening Post*, and who looked askance at him when he sold the *Post* and embarked on his "journalistic steam yacht," as Mr. Finck dubs *The Nation*.

But this same "journalistic steam yacht" is free to head anywhere. Often it steers straight out into the murk behind the news and brings back many a surprise. It is manned by a staff of newspaper men and women and its news is good news in the sense that it is significant and sound.

Wouldn't you like to take a voyage with Mr. Villard for one year, let's say, or two?

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Commentary

On JOHN x, 34.

By S. FOSTER DAMON

We are lost deities made manifest,
Forced to a hateful fellowship of dreams.
Caught in the selves by which we are obsessed,
Each prays, unawake; each one blasphemes.

O many Christs, with eyes gray-aureoled,
Caught in the whirlpool of fantastic pain,
Reach out your hand!—reach through the sable cold,
And touch the hand you will not find again.

First Glance

THE title of Herbert S. Gorman's new book, "A Victorian American: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (Doran: \$5), might mean much or little. It might mean, what anyone knows, that Longfellow lived in America at the same time that Victoria lived in England. Or it might mean that Longfellow had certain qualities—probably certain defects—common to most imaginative writers of the English language during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century. In the second case a number of definitions would be called for; one would assume that Mr. Gorman had written his book in order to make clear just what, at this remove, the term Victorian does mean after all, and after that to show how Longfellow, being a true son of his time, shared its deficiencies. Mr. Gorman, indeed, promises all this and more in his excellent preface—the best part of the book. There we learn that Longfellow is "a representative figure of the dominant urge of his time," and that "it is necessary to understand him and his age if we are to understand our own and ferret out why we are what we are and from what curious urges we evolved."

What are we, then? What was Longfellow? What was his urge, if any, and what is ours? After reading Mr. Gorman's book and being entertained by its sympathetic narration of this man's long, pathetic, and highly successful life, I do not know the answers to these questions. I am not saying that I believe there are any—simply that Mr. Gorman, who in his book on James Joyce showed himself a gifted critic, here seems not even to have tried to do the thing he tells you he is doing. So far as his critical theme was concerned he might as well have stopped on page 64, where, speaking of Longfellow's youthful writings, he says: "He entered literature with those weaknesses that were to be with him all through his life, weaknesses of dependence, weaknesses of didactic emphasis, weaknesses of prosiness, weaknesses of the creative instinct." A little later, when Longfellow has gone for the first time to that Europe which was to give him "background," Mr. Gorman reflects: "If Henry had been an authentic genius it would have been much better for him to have stayed in Maine minus those standards that are evolved by backgrounds and to have worked out his own destiny and developed an autochthonous achievement. But he is not an authentic genius."

Well, is not that the whole story? Longfellow was not

a genius; he "was never mentally brave"; he was a prosy poet. It would be interesting if Mr. Gorman could prove that Longfellow was thus and so because he was a Victorian American, or because he was born in Maine in 1807; or because he was a professor at Harvard; or because he lived in one house too long. But he does not try, and—what is more serious—he does not try to explain Longfellow's failings through an examination of the works themselves. No definition of the creative instinct is supplied; no suggestion is made as to why the author of the Psalm of Life suffered from didacticism while the authors of "De Rerum Natura," "Paradise Lost," and the "Divine Comedy" grew great through the practice of it. So, except for the fact that Mr. Gorman has very engagingly retold the life of his subject, we are where we were before. A little patient thinking would have helped—and it might have revealed a great deal.

MARK VAN DOREN

Democracies at War

Soldiers and Statesmen: 1914-1918. By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. \$12.

WHEN I first viewed these two large volumes I feared yet another of those bulky apologies, produced in dozens since the war ended, by soldiers and statesmen hoping to put themselves right with history. A course of such post-war literature makes nauseating reading. Never before have so many evasions, so many contradictions, so many shufflings from responsibility been gathered together. Fortunately, Sir William's book is not of this kind, but an honest and straightforward account of the development of British strategy during the war. In a style as dry and unemotional as that of an official dispatch he describes the innumerable councils in which soldiers and statesmen, professionals and amateurs, wrangled over the plans which meant life and death to hundreds of thousands. Far too often, in his opinion, the amateurs won the debate and lost the battle. He concludes, therefore, that if a modern democracy is to wage war successfully the respective functions of civilian ministers and military chiefs must be clearly defined.

During the Boer War Lord Salisbury remarked: "I do not think that the British Constitution as at present worked is a good fighting machine." Democracy has of course some military advantages—the willing horse, equipped with blinkers, is better fighting material than the driven ox—but a democratic government is a hindrance to soldiers waging war and a still greater hindrance in the preparation for war. In 1902 it was Robertson's business, as head of the Foreign Intelligence Department of the War Office, to scan the horizon for probable enemies. He picked Germany and in a memorandum to the government recommended: "That instead of regarding Germany as a possible ally we should recognize her as our most persistent, deliberate, and formidable rival." The Foreign Office conceived the same idea about the same time and, as the department of state least subject to democratic control, began to involve Britain in an anti-German alliance. The soldiers who saw how events were shaping urged on the government the necessity of adequate preparation. Their position was entirely logical. But the government, though prepared to follow a secret policy likely to lead to war, was not courageous enough to propose to the electorate that Britain convert herself into a military power on the continental model. According to Lord Asquith, any government making such a proposal "would have committed political suicide."

When the war came democracy was speedily thrown overboard. But sufficient of its trappings remained to embarrass the soldiers—the Cabinet system, for instance. For the general

conduct of the war, for the coordination of the national effort in all its branches, the Cabinet was responsible. Robertson admitted this freely, but he thought that on questions of strategy the advice of the responsible professional head should be accepted. The troublesome question was: Where did policy end and strategy begin?

In 1915 the author became Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It was his business to control the operations of the British armies in all parts of the world. The correct strategy, in his view, was to concentrate all possible force on the Western Front and apply constant pressure there. Expeditions elsewhere he regarded as "side-shows" unlikely to have a decisive influence on the war. Defeat the enemy in France and he would be defeated everywhere. With all the very considerable pertinacity at his command he urged these views again and again despite their unpopularity in some quarters.

Now, whatever its merits, this policy was certainly not exciting and consequently did not appeal to Lloyd George. That agile-minded gentleman had probably never given a thought to military matters before the war. The limelight shone on other fields. But now he turned his imaginative powers to questions of strategy. The soldiers, he thought, lacked vision. Their policy of hammering away at the Western Front produced no apparent results save heavy casualty lists, which were politically undesirable. Surely there must be some way round—an easier, less expensive way. "Knock away Germany's props" and the Western Front would yield. To this end he planned new campaigns weekly; gigantic flanking movements through Asia Minor, the Balkans, the Italian Alps. At other times he urged the capture of cities which had dramatic if not military value—Jerusalem, Bagdad, Constantinople. But at no time did he heed the plea of Robertson to form a comprehensive policy and stick to it.

In this internal struggle between politicians and soldiers neither side won. The soldiers could not get a free hand; the politicians could not undertake the responsibility of entirely rejecting military advice. And so there was delay, inefficiency, waste of lives, while England somehow muddled through. Had the war continued an attempt might have been made to clear out the statesmen and set up a military dictatorship. Robertson never hints at the possibility or desirability of such a drastic step. Yet surely it would have been a logical one; and if there is any lesson that democracy ought to have learned from the war it is that war and democratic institutions are incompatible. "Soldiers and Statesmen" clearly, though unintentionally, points that moral, and, because of that, pacifists will render Sir William Robertson their unexpected thanks. KEITH HUTCHISON

The Holy War

Sex Expression in Literature. By V. F. Calverton. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

THE critical program set forth in this author's "The Newer Spirit" and in the present volume purports to be the "sociological criticism of literature." So far as it is a method and legitimate at all, it is limited. But Mr. Calverton is ambitious. He is not satisfied to trace out a simple parallelism between the structure of a society and the moral outlook of its literature; he argues that the social structure encompasses and exhausts, by means of some obscure metaphysical efficiency, the entire content of a literature. Literature, the effect, can be wholly explained in terms of society, the cause. Unless we are much mistaken, the prevalence of this type of vulgar thinking is a serious threat to the immediate future of literature. The proper limitation of Mr. Calverton's method would be simply to indicate a correlation between a society and its literature. He assumes instead a causal relation. The various refutations of this assumption are obvious.

First, although Mr. Calverton justly points out that the rise of the middle class in the eighteenth century was attended

by the rise of sentimental comedy, he yet fails to tell us why one of these dramatists should be better than another. If there is a perfect causal relation between society and letters, why are not all writers equally good? Granting that the moral tendency of Defoe's writings came from the middle class, why did he describe in "Captain Singleton" the African wilderness, which he had never seen, just as he did rather than in some other way? The middle class had nothing whatever to do with the artistic effectiveness of such passages in his writing. Since the Elizabethans "expressed" (whatever that may mean) the ideas of the feudal aristocracy, why were not Chapman and Shakespeare, assuming their equal exposure to those ideas, equally good poets?

If Mr. Calverton could think as well as he can dig out correlations his books would rouse a certain legitimate interest. At worst they would sink into that class of "scholarly research" which turns the literature of the past into a parasitically infested corpse. Criticism need not be intellectually sound; it need only be novel. It may, of course, boldly espouse some cause.

For it is not only in mistaking correlations for causal relations that Mr. Calverton exceeds the integrity of scientific exposition. He misnames his books. The present volume should be called "Sex Expression in Society," with the quaint subtitle "As Recorded in Literature, Combined with a Defense of Freedom in Love and Speech." Mr. Calverton does not care a straw for literature. He quite simply prefers a social order in which fornication may be mentioned as freely as sneezing or football. This is Mr. Calverton's affair; it is none of literature's. But the chief inference one gets from this book is that the best writers are invariably engaged in a holy war on puritanism; this is the meaning which, God help us, he attaches to Joyce. As for this part of the "theory," it is sufficient to point out that Henry James was a better novelist than Floyd Dell. Mr. Calverton's method is too muddled to be valid and too shopworn to be new. He tosses complacently on the backwash of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment.

ALLEN TATE

The Democratic Ideal

The Democratic Way of Life. By Thomas Vernor Smith. The University of Chicago Press. \$1.75.

THE democratic creed is based on a mystical faith in the potentialities of the ordinary man. Belief in democracy is a form of popular religion. It assumes that no individual is outside the pale of salvation. Self-realization is possible for all. The anti-democratic belief, on the other hand, substitutes for the mystical belief in the ordinary man a mystical distrust. Nature is held to be oligarchical and "history a good aristocrat." Regeneration is possible only for the few. The vast masses are fated only to obey. This, in the last analysis, is the issue between the Socialism of Sidney Webb and the Toryism of Lord Hugh Cecil. Both sides, it should be noted, are ultimately based upon mysticism, for the verifiable data underlying the issue are still meager.

It is the mysticism of democracy that Mr. Smith offers. Democracy, he says, is not, as Bryce suggested, merely a form of government; it is a way of life. The concentration of democratic theory on government is due to a realization that self-government is an essential means. The end, however, is not self-government but the good life for the bulk of the population. This wider meaning of democracy is best contained in the trinity of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Fraternity implies the extension to all humanity of the sense of kinship felt in the family circle. This consciousness of the brotherhood of man is also the central source of religion and is, in fact, necessitated by our universal interdependence. Liberty, in turn, means to do as one pleases, but the democratic ideal requires that the individ-

ual should be pleased to do acts which are compatible with the interests of his fellows. Equality means equal opportunities for all for self-development, as all men must be considered potentially able to realize rational ends. This ideal postulates an approach to a greater economic equality.

Mr. Smith also discusses the problems of industry and leadership. The good life for the masses, he says, is impossible without a radical alteration in the conditions surrounding their working lives. The workers must hence be given active participation in the affairs of industry. This ideal also necessitates that greater attention should be given to making the productive process less monotonous and more capable of enlisting the interest of the workers. The cooperative sharing of common experience, the participation of all in the invention of new departures, the fostering of creation rather than acquisition, which now in the main actually exist in the professions, should be extended to all types of work. Leadership in a democracy must be based not on prestige but on knowledge of facts. Authority will thus rest on tests and measurements and not on esoteric claims. The ideal of democracy is to make each citizen both a leader and a follower, a leader in the special field which he has mastered and a follower of others in other fields.

The views that Mr. Smith offers are not novel; they are, in fact, the common possession of writers on social theory. Yet a vigorous summary of the theory of democracy is not irrelevant. In an age when democracy is so frequently questioned, it is pertinent to restate first principles. The extension by our author of the democratic creed to economic activity is especially commendable, for it is obvious that unless the principles of liberty and equality are given a wider significance than that given by the early philosophers of democracy, self-realization for the ordinary man will be impossible. In time of skepticism faith may be strengthened by a restatement of the creed, and this Mr. Smith's little volume has creditably achieved.

Yet it may also be suggested that more pertinent than a résumé of the democratic creed is the translation of that creed into institutions. Whether or not we accept the mysticism of democracy, the vast remoteness of the actual realization of democracy from its ideal purpose is unmistakable. If the ideal of democracy is capacity for sustained initiative on the part of the ordinary man, democracy is non-existent. The vast masses have neither the means nor the intelligence to realize their best selves. Politically what actually exists is not democracy in any real sense but the rule of oligarchy. It is thus the function of critical political philosophy not to elaborate the obvious but, among other things, to show concretely how to reconcile the demands of the "Great State" with the significance of the individual, how to equate mystical nationalism with the demands of an increasingly unified world, how to make self-government in industry compatible with productive efficiency, and how to give to the ordinary man the capacity of intelligent articulation so that he may recognize in others than Rudolph Valentino his ideal self. Only in the perspective of such a solution is it at all possible to visualize a realization of the noble ideal of democracy of "a society of free men and women, each at once ruling and being ruled."

LEWIS ROCKOW

Marmaduke Pickthall

The Valley of the Kings. By Marmaduke Pickthall. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN "Oriental Encounters" Marmaduke Pickthall told of his longing for escape from London and his dreams of the East at 18 years of age. Ultimately he did break away, to the scandal of all good Englishmen. At Jaffa he met J. E. Hanauer, whose "Folklore of the Holy Land" he was later to edit; and with his aid and that of a dragoman he learned Arabic and lived like a native. That is the background. Many men have done as much, and nothing has come of it aside from miscegena-

tion. But Pickthall brought with him a mind ready for understanding—a mind already alien to England—and a style that responded to his mind. One of the results was "Saïd the Fisherman."

After six years, during which Pickthall published only two novels of the East, "The Valley of the Kings" appeared. If there remained any who thought "Saïd" had been a *tour de force*, they were quickly undeceived. Its successor is a lighter book, for most of the humor of "Saïd" was grim; but it has the same relentless fidelity to Eastern life and manners and turn of thought. Even the intrusion of an Englishman as one of the chief characters only serves to strengthen that faithfulness. We see him as he is reflected in the eyes of young Iskender, blinded by worship, and gradually he assumes his proper shape through his own words and actions; but poor Iskender goes on worshipping, never fully realizing that his idol is smashed.

Iskender lives in a small village of Syria, dreaming and painting while he is being prepared for the ministry by well-meaning Protestant missionaries. His mother's shrill, scolding voice, the cold eyes of the mission head, "Father of Ice," and the supervision of two ancient virgins do not offer him much inducement to continue on the path they point out to him. When he is dismissed from the mission for kissing the young Sitt Hilda while she is teaching him to use his paints, he attaches himself to an English traveler who has encouraged him in his painting; and together they go on a wild, disastrous chase after a gold-strewn valley whose existence is in the mind of Iskender.

The reader cannot fail to perceive Pickthall's criticism of Anglo-Saxons in the Orient, though this is never directly voiced. What a world it would be if nations like Great Britain and the United States were to send out men like Marmaduke Pickthall as emissaries to their conquered dependencies!

WILBUR NEEDHAM

The End of the Aztecs

Cortés the Conqueror. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

JUDGED either as history or as literature, this biography of the greatest of the Spanish conquistadores is a distinguished piece of work. Mr. Sedgwick has achieved the rare and delightful combination of eminently capable historical research with an alert and fluent style. He has worked conscientiously from original sources, yet his writing has the swing and the unity that one hopes for, too often in vain, from the popular biographers.

He defends Cortés against the charges traditionally brought against him of cruelty, corruption, lust, and trickery, and this not by attempting to whitewash him but by showing that, granted the aims of the Spaniards, such methods were inevitable and that Cortés's great genius consisted of his ability to use them in moderation and with telling effect. That Cortés was endowed with a gift for organization, with a dexterity in handling men, and with a tactical genius equal to that of Napoleon or Caesar is the sole conclusion to be drawn from the author's carefully documented study.

Mr. Sedgwick not only succeeds in presenting Cortés for the first time as a human being and, as such, fascinating if not admirable, but he also gives us an unequaled knowledge and understanding of the atmosphere of the Spanish conquest—of the miserly and superstitious incompetence of the Spanish councils, of the gay, reckless, undisciplined courage of the adventurers themselves, and of the tragic yet, one feels, pre-ordained fate of the native Aztecs, so dignified, so civilized, and so inexplicably childish. As to the latter one eyewitness quoted by Mr. Sedgwick reports: "There are jewelry shops as well arranged as in any market-place anywhere; the earthenware and crockery are as good as the best in Spain; there are shops

for wood, coals, edible herbs, and herbs for drugs. There is a kind of barber-shop where there is shaving and heads are washed; there are baths." Soldiers who had been in Constantinople, in Rome, and all over Europe declared that they had never seen so large a market-place with such a throng or with one so well managed. It is difficult to think calmly of the annihilation of such a people by the advance guard of our civilization.

CLEVELAND B. CHASE

Novels in Brief

Ninth Avenue. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Granted that New York is the city of opportunity and that Ninth Avenue is within easy walking distance of achievement, one still finds the rise of Mr. Bodenheim's heroine somewhat precipitate. Having resigned as cashier at a lunch counter, she steps—without apprenticeship—into the business of giving "waves" in a beauty parlor, and then, almost before one realizes it, she is writing for the magazines. Her love life, on the other hand—and that is the novelist's chief concern—is beset with discouragements and minor disasters. Several of her romances are wrecked by sordid mishaps, and in the end she is about to marry a man with colored blood. Mr. Bodenheim has a good ear for contemporary American speech, and he draws shopgirls, cabaret performers, and metropolitan loafers with lifelike vigor. But his novels are like the earliest bicycles—a big wheel of melodrama and a tiny wheel of poetry—with Mr. Bodenheim perched high and pedaling hard.

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

While it does not attain to the level of excellence which characterized "A Son of the Middle Border," this novel is of kindred mood. It possesses a certain sturdy narrative integrity—sometimes plodding and sometimes poetic—and it earnestly seeks to recapture the flavor of life by honest—rather than melodramatic—devices.

The Fiddler in Barly. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

No doubt Mr. Nathan's characters are like nobody on earth, but granting that, they still possess a reality much greater than that of many fictional persons less eccentric and more rational. They may adhere to a Barrie-like logic and their thoughts may be as elfish as anything in James Stephens, but one believes in them nevertheless. Mr. Nathan creates a world in which they are perfectly at home, and the reader is only too eager to take out citizenship papers in it. One would like to have them as neighbors—even Mr. Shrub, the postmaster, who "sold his stamps and penny postals with a sort of solemn joy as though they were tickets to somewhere." Barly is a fantastic little community, but never a dull one.

Goodbye, Stranger. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

This novel is a game of tag between mysticism and satire, but the reader is never invited to take part in it, and Miss Benson seems to resent his presence even as a spectator. It is a puzzling game to begin with, and nobody stops to explain the rules. About all that the persistent reader gets out of the story is a murky and erratic sense of fantasy, punctuated—but not illuminated—by thrusts at America.

Tides. By Ada and Julian Street. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.

One could be more enthusiastic about this story of the soil if less of the soil were in the form of real estate. No doubt the growth of Chicago is significant as the reflection of an era of American expansion, but in "Tides" the theme is handled with documentary thoroughness rather than dramatic effectiveness. The authors have drawn a number of interesting characters, but one has to plow through so much sociology to follow them.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of \$100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of \$50 and a third prize of \$25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Music

A Few Happy Moments

CONTRARY to general opinion even critics have their happy moments when on duty. Some of these come when an artist fulfils their expectations, and others again when the artist exceeds them. Several years ago, for instance, I stated in these very columns that Sophie Braslau held within her voice and herself all the ingredients that go to the making of the great artist. And recently she came very near the peak of realization. Where the voice was once hampered in production it had now won its freedom and, with it, the brilliant height, the 'cello medium and depth, and the flexible, lustrous texture that make the pure alto the richest as it is the rarest of voices. Where, too, the singer herself used to be possessed by its emotional content she now controls its utterance with an inward poise that points the beauty of the sound as well as its meaning. Only occasionally do the old harshness and exaggerations appear; and as they are only occasional, one can well lay them now to nerves rather than to habit. It was not only the best recital Miss Braslau has ever given, but one of the best vocal recitals heard here in many moons. One may even go farther and say that it stamped Sophie Braslau as the greatest contralto of her generation.

Gitta Gradova is another artist who has justified my faith. Three years ago I acclaimed her in print as a great pianist. This year I heard a Philharmonic audience repeat this acclamation in applause. It was her first appearance in this city with orchestra, and she was happy in the choice of her offering—Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto. Its passionate lyricism seemed to have found a perfect medium in her art. I cannot indeed remember ever hearing this work played with such a singing fire, or the second movement with such exquisite sensitivity. With it all, Miss Gradova has grown. Musical understanding has always been hers; but with it now has come the authority and grasp of a rich nature that has found itself.

Genius is an intangible substance that cannot be measured by years, as little Shura Cherkassky proves again. Ever since he was ten, he has been charming American audiences with his playing of the piano. At that tender age, enthusiasts in Baltimore, where he was then living, even compared him, because of his poetic fire, to the youthful Paderewski. Today at thirteen—or is it fourteen?—he is less poetic and more of a Josef Hofmann, with whom he is now studying. And meanwhile criticism rages around him because he is sharing that study with public playing. But after all it is notorious that critics do not usually come from the ranks of public performers. If they were they would realize that one learns as much again from the public as one does in the studio. Moreover, a break now would mean years of agony later to get back into the routine of public playing. And besides, a genius as mature as Shura's is difficult to gauge. Are there not those who tell us that Heifetz was as mature at twelve as he was at seventeen?

Genius can be as elusive as it is intangible. There is, for instance, Nicolai Orloff—a young man who looks not unlike Charlie Chaplin and who is supposed to be the greatest pianist in Russia. This same incongruity invests his playing, which has the fire of the Slav and the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon, and while as unsentimental as a modern Russian marriage is poetic to the last note. A prodigious technic tempered by a delicious touch completes a musical personality that defies classification.

To the small number of great violin talents must be added that of Frances Berkova, a Russian-California girl still in her teens, who made her New York debut a short time ago. It was the most successful of its kind of the season, and one richly deserved. Her broad, luscious tone and fiery temperament would alone arrest attention. But slow movements, the test of the musician, are her crowning achievements; and I am still haunted by the smooth beauty of her legato passages. She is that rare thing, a musical prodigy! Among the even smaller number of great 'cellists must now be classed Maurice Maréchal. A rich tone, a fiery temperament, and a virtuoso technic, graced by refinement of phrasing and style, proclaimed him an artist of the first rank. Even his program was a delight.

M. Salignac's French company of Opéra-Comique has given pleasure beyond all expectation. The first two operas presented, Lecoq's "Giroflé-Girofla" and Audran's "La Mascotte," still hold their sparkle after fifty years, and the singers themselves live up to this quality. It is more than mere amusement that they give us. Their art belongs to a school of opera that is classic of its kind; and the traditions around it have sprung from that peculiar ability of the French to skate over the thin ice of vulgarity without breaking through. To ignore these traditions is to court disaster, as the American alternates of the French company quickly learned. Broadway methods, as their failure proclaimed, have no place in the exquisite gaiety of Opéra-Comique. But Opéra-Comique apparently has a place on Broadway.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

The Easiest Way

THERE were those who maintained that Sydney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" was much overpraised and that its virtues were exclusively theatrical. I was not among them, but a similar charge may be brought with a good deal more show of reason against his new and stirring melodramatic comedy, "Ned McCobb's Daughter" (John Golden Theater), which the Guild has just produced. Here is a play centering about a definite theme and marked by excellent characterization, but one which, nevertheless, steadily degenerates as it goes along because at every turn the author takes the easiest way and ends in sheer melodrama. Beginning with a first act which makes a considerable appeal to the head, he ends with a last one which affects the spine alone.

Seized by a somewhat unfashionable admiration for the New England conscience and convinced that even a stubborn, unimaginative code of honor is better than none at all, he has wished to contrast the character of a shrewd daughter of Maine with that of a typical product of the polyglot slums of New York, where, according to his thesis at least, conditions leave no fundamental sense of decency in those who survive the rough-and-tumble life. In order to bring the two together he has invented a story in which the New England girl is married to a fugitive from justice, and for a time all goes well. The keen, crisp speech of Maine, contrasting with the uncouth guttural jargon of New York, serves as a sort of symbol of the two traditions, and so, too, does the equally violent disparity between the prim decorum of the one character and the boisterous vulgarity of the other. Unfortunately, however, the mere machinery of the plot gradually usurps more and more the attention of the author, and its merely melodramatic interest gradually destroys all quieter values. Forced to choose between the difficult task of keeping up the tension by means of events which take their interest from their relevance to the theme and the easier one of relying upon conventionally melodramatic situations, he chooses the latter. Bootleggers descend upon the quiet household; government agents burst in at appropriately inappropriate moments; plots and counterplots are formed; and by the time the end is in sight the spectator has lost all other concern in a nervous fear lest Virtue shall not be found to hold the trump card. To be sure, Virtue does hold it; but by the time it is played affairs have got into so complicated a state that one is not quite sure just why it beats all others, and one is compelled to leave the theater without any emotion more definite than that involved in a comfortable assurance that, anyway, it all turned out for the best. The honor of the simple country girl has been saved from the machinations of the city villain (the exigencies of melodrama have simplified the two characters who started out so well into types little more complex than here indicated), and the bootleggers are compelled to go elsewhere to ply their nefarious trade.

From the standpoint of the average theatergoer all this is doubtless no defect. The beginning of the play is not stereotyped; it merely slides by slow stages into the agreeably conventional. But from the standpoint of the critical spectator this is not less than distressing, and though as plays go "Ned McCobb's Daughter" is both good and probably destined to considerable success, it will add more to its author's bank account than to his reputation as a serious American dramatist.

On the whole, the production which the Guild has given it is more consistently good than the play. Alfred Lunt, as the bootlegger, gives one of the richest and most full-blooded performances of his career in a part somewhat different from those he is accustomed to play, and Claire Eames is almost equally good in a role which, fortunately, depends less than most of her recent ones upon the exploitation of certain mannerisms which seemed to me less perpetually delightful than they seemed to some others. On a somewhat different level the performance of Margalo Gillmore is also good. Miss Gillmore is a charming young lady who has always been pleasing in straight ingenue parts, but who here undertakes character. In comparison with Mr. Lunt and Miss Eames she is deficient in technique, but she has obvious talent.

At the present moment France is represented by two more or less official ambassadors to Broadway—Mme Cecile Sorel of the Comédie Française at the Cosmopolitan Theater and Mlle Jenny Syril of the Opéra Comique at the Jolson. As an actress Sorel is, of course, a museum piece—remarkably fine in her genre but part of a dead tradition and as out of place on the contemporary New York stage as a Louis Quinze bed in a co-operative apartment. Those who like modern Broadway operetta will find "The Desert Song" (Casino Theater) well and lustily sung. Its source is the recently popular tradition of manly music with lots of soldiers' choruses and other booming melodies.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Opposition in the Soviet Union

THE question of the opposition within the Soviet Union Communist Party was discussed at length at the recent party conference in Moscow. Stalin delivered a report on the relations between the party and the Opposition Bloc; Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Trotzky attempted to explain and justify the opposition position, at the same time declaring their loyalty to the party as a whole. Following are brief excerpts from the stenographic reports of the discussion as it was printed in Moscow newspapers during the week of November 12.

FROM STALIN'S REPORT

The basic question on which the party differs with the opposition bloc is the question whether the victory of socialism is possible in our country, or, which is the same, what is the character and what are the perspectives of our revolution?

There are three questions involved:

1. Is the victory of socialism possible in our country in view of the fact that so far ours is the only country with a proletarian dictatorship?

2. If this victory is possible, can it be considered a complete, a final victory?

3. If a victory of this kind cannot be considered as final, what conditions are imperative if this victory is to become final? . . . The fact that the imperialist front gave way in connection with the imperialist war in Russia shows that, as capitalism develops now, the imperialist front can be broken, not only in a country with a highly developed industry but in a country where the proletariat, in its struggle against the imperialist power, has a strong ally such as the Russian peasantry.

In 1921, when we introduced the new economic policy, Lenin repeatedly declared in his speeches and articles that, by introducing the "Nep," we were not retreating from our program but proceeding under new conditions to lay the "socialist foundation of our economic development," "in union with the peasantry," "under the leadership of the working class."

As if in reply to this, Comrade Trotzky, in January, 1922, published the Introduction to his book "1905," in which he says that socialism cannot be established in our country in union with the peasantry, since the life of our country will develop along the lines of hostile conflicts between the working class and the peasantry, until the proletariat is victorious in the West.

We thus have two points of view on the questions of the possibility of building up socialism in our country and the victory of the socialist elements of our economy over the capitalist elements. Leninism offers a positive solution to this question. Trotzkyism, however, denies the possibility of socialism winning in our country through the inner forces of our revolution. If the first is the line of our party, the other line represents an approach to the views of the Social Democrats.

We are in a position to . . . achieve a victory over our own capitalists, we are in a position to build up socialism. But this does not mean that we are in a position to insure the country of the proletarian dictatorship against the outside menaces, against the danger of intervention and the restoration following in its wake. . . . We live in capitalist surroundings. The fact that we are building socialism and are thus revolutionizing the workers of the capitalist countries cannot but stimulate the hatred and hostility of the whole capitalist world. Therefore, as long as we remain in capitalist surroundings, as long as the proletariat has not been victorious at least in a number of countries, we cannot consider our victory as final, whatever our successes. . . .

Discussing the differences in matters of practical policy, Stalin continues:

The party considers that in its general policy, particularly in its economic policy, it must be guided by the principle that there should not be a division between agriculture and industry. Hence, our socialist method of industrializing the country through the constant improvement of the material conditions of the laboring masses, including the peasantry.

The basic advantage of the socialist as opposed to the capitalist method is expressed in the fact that it leads toward the unity of the interests of industrialization and the interests of the laboring strata of the population, that it expands the internal market. Hence the idea of the junction of the socialist industry with the peasant economy—in the first place through the mass cooperation of the peasantry—the idea of the directing role of industry in relation to agriculture. Hence our taxation policy, and the policy of lowering the prices of industrial commodities, etc., taking account of the importance of maintaining economic cooperation between the proletariat and the peasantry. The opposition bloc, on the other hand, starts from the premise that industry is in opposition to agriculture and blunders along the road of detaching industry from agriculture.

Concerning the attitude of the party toward the opposition, Stalin declares:

In accepting the thesis dealing with the opposition bloc, the October plenum of the Central Committee and the Central Control Commission had in mind not repression but the necessity of carrying on an educational campaign against the unrescinded errors of the opposition for which it is prepared to continue the fight within the limits of the statutes, as was announced by the opposition in its declaration of October 16.

EXTRACTS FROM KAMENEV'S SPEECH

Two weeks ago the Central Committee accepted with satisfaction the declaration of a number of members of the C. C., and the party newspaper on the following day stated that the communication of the Central Committee and our own declaration were "historical documents." . . . This declaration, which summed up a very serious period in our inner party history, was actuated not by any maneuvering but by our understanding of the situation in the party, by our realizing what the rank and file of the party demanded of us. For us it is a political document, an obligation which we have assumed before the central institutions of the party, before the whole party, and before all the proletarian masses.

I take the resolution proposed by Comrade Rykov on the economic situation. I read there: "We must in the shortest possible time strive to overtake and then to surpass the level of industrial development in the leading capitalistic countries." I ask: Is this correct? And I answer: Absolutely correct. But why is it imperative? Because only by overtaking and surpassing the level of development in the capitalist countries will we be able to prove the actual superiority of the socialist economy over the capitalist economy. . . . That means that you recognize this pace as imperative, just as we do, and the non-accomplishment of this task is fraught with some dangers and difficulties. Military intervention is not the only obstacle to the building up of a complete socialist society; another is failure in this task of keeping up with the level of capitalist countries.

Once the proletarian dictatorship is accomplished in a country with a majority peasant population . . . we have to face the conclusion that the lower ranks of the state authority will not be in the hands of the factory proletariat but in the hands of the peasants. [Disturbance. Interruption from the floor: "Do you propose to take the workers from the factories and send them into the village soviets?"] Permit me to ask you, comrades: Is this a fact? If you have a hundred million

peasant population and if you carry out a correct line of soviet democracy, then it is inevitable. A proper policy would consist not in denying the fact but in extending the leadership of the proletariat in those lower branches of the soviet authority which inevitably are being taken over by the peasantry. . . .

We thought that the party was wrong in its estimation of the concrete class relations in our country in 1925. It seemed to us that a number of comrades and particularly the press were underestimating the processes which were taking place not within the socialist but within the capitalist sector of our economy.

In order to carry out a correct taxation policy it is necessary that the party recognize two things. First, that the growth of private capitalist accumulation both in the cities and in the villages is a fact. Second, that the matter of the redistribution of the national income, that is moving accumulated wealth from the capitalist sector into the sector of state industry, is a question of class struggle.

In his concluding remarks Kamenev said:

I ask: Is it possible to confine our existing differences within the limits of our common work and our joint responsibility for the work of the party? We declare: It is both possible and necessary. You must be aware, comrades, that by adopting the resolution about our "Social Democratic deviation" you are making it more difficult. But we, on our part, are prepared for practical work on the bases of the decisions of the congresses, of the Central Committee, and of the conferences of the party, and to subject all our activities to the supreme principle of the unity of the party and the strengthening of its dictatorship. . . . We consider that to defend our opinions is our duty as Communists, but that to submit to party discipline, to carry the responsibility for the common work of the party, is also a duty which we will fulfill.

FROM THE SPEECH BY TROTZKY

The resolution accuses the opposition, including myself, of a Social-Democratic deviation. . . . I must state that the questions of difference and our position in these questions give absolutely no basis for accusing us of a "Social-Democratic deviation."

We have disagreed first of all on the question, What is the danger that menaces us at present? Is it the danger of falling behind in our state industries or the danger of growing too fast? The opposition, including myself, has maintained that the real danger before us is the danger of our state industries falling behind the development of our national economy as a whole. We have pointed out that in view of the existing policy in the matter of the distribution of the national income this disparity may increase.

We have disagreed on the pace of industrialization and I was one of those who pointed out that the present pace is insufficient; this . . . lends particular importance to the process of class differentiation in the village. . . . We have striven for a more elastic taxation policy for the various strata of the villages, the lowering of taxes for the lower layers of the middle peasantry, increasing them for the richer upper strata of the middle peasantry, and a more energetic exertion of pressure upon the *fists*, particularly along the lines of their union with trade capital.

We said that the growth of differentiation in the village, as long as industry is dragging behind, creates the necessity of double guaranties in the political field, i. e., under no circumstances can we tolerate the widening of the voting rights for the *fists*, employers, and exploiters even of the small type.

There were differences on the question of wages. We thought, and we still think, that at the present stage of the development of our industry, of our economy, at the level already achieved, the worker cannot first increase his productivity, and thus make possible an increase of wages, but that the system must be the reverse: an increase in wages, even a modest one,

must precede the increase in the productivity. [Interruption from the floor: "Where will the money come from?"] Whether this is right or wrong, there is nothing Social-Democratic in it.

We argued, further, against the overestimation of the economic elements of stabilization [of capitalism in Europe] and against the underestimation of its political elements. If we should ask, let us say, in relation to England, in what ways her economic stabilization is expressing itself at present, we should find that she is deteriorating, that her trade balance is unfavorable, that her foreign trade is diminishing, that her production is falling. Such is the economic "stabilization" of England. But what is it that sustains bourgeois England? It is not Baldwin, not even Thomas, but Purcell. The Purcell attitude is the foundation of the present "stabilization" in England. This is why we believe that, in the face of the working masses who carried out the general strike, for us to solidarize ourselves with Purcell directly or indirectly would be utterly wrong. Therefore we demanded the breaking up of the Anglo-Russian committee. From these differences, from the position we defended during these differences . . . it is impossible to construe a Social-Democratic deviation. . . .

In the latter part of his speech Trotzky considered the possibility of building and maintaining socialism in one country alone.

. . . It is not only a question of intervention. . . . Intervention is war, and war is the continuation of politics through different means, and politics are generalized economics. Accordingly, the question concerns the economic relations of the Soviet Union with the capitalist countries. . . .

I shall ask you, comrades, and this is a fundamental point: What is going to happen to Europe while we are building our socialist society? You say: We will build up socialism in our country independently of what is happening in Europe. All right. How much time do we need for the building up of socialism? Lenin figured that in twenty years we would not be able to build up socialism, considering the backwardness of our peasant country. . . . Let us accept thirty to fifty years as a minimum. Now, I ask you, what is going to happen in Europe during this time? I cannot give a prognosis for our country without giving a prognosis for Europe as well.

. . . If you think that in the course of thirty to fifty years the European proletariat will seize the power as a matter of course, then there is no discussion. . . . Do you think that capitalism will find a new dynamic equilibrium, do you think that European capitalism is in a position to insure for itself a new period of growth, a duplication of the process which was in existence before the imperialist war? If we should consider this possible (and I believe that capitalism has no such chance) this would mean that capitalism . . . had not exhausted its historical mission, that it was not an imperialistic deteriorating capitalism but a growing capitalism, advancing economically and culturally. But this would signify that we [the Soviet Union] had arrived too early. . . .

I maintain that there are no theoretical or political reasons to believe that it will be easier for us to build up socialism with the peasantry than for the European proletariat to seize the power.

No, the chances are entirely on the side of the European proletariat. But if this is so, then I ask: Why are these two elements put in opposition to each other, why are they not united as "two conditions," as Lenin does? Why do we need a theoretical admission of the possibility of building up socialism in one country alone? . . . I still think that the victory of socialism in our country can be insured only with victorious revolution of the European proletariat.

The adoption of the proposed resolution, in our view, will be harmful. But as far as I can judge the attitude of the comrades of the so-called opposition, the adoption of the resolution will not move us from the line [expressed in the declaration] of October 16. . . . Each of us, without minimizing

the differences—there are differences—will endeavor to confine these differences within the boundaries of uninterrupted work and the common responsibility for the policies of the party.

EXTRACTS FROM STALIN'S CLOSING SPEECH

I must say that none of the definitions of our differences given by the opposition at this conference is either objective or complete. You want to know, comrades of the opposition, what are our practical differences, what the party demands of you?

The party cannot and does not intend to tolerate a situation in which each time a member finds himself in the minority he comes out into the streets and declares a crisis in the party.

The party cannot and will not permit a member who fails to obtain a majority within the party to assemble all sorts of dissatisfied elements as a material for a new party.

We know that there are great difficulties to be met in building up a social system. We see these difficulties and we are able to overcome them. We would welcome every assistance on the part of the opposition in the work of surmounting these difficulties. But the party cannot and will not tolerate attempts to use these difficulties to make our situation worse and to attack the party.

The party is aware that the development of industrialization and the building of socialism are possible only with the uninterrupted material and cultural improvement of the position of the working class. The party is adopting and will adopt all measures to improve the material and cultural position of the working class. But the party cannot and will not tolerate it if the opposition comes out with demagogic declarations in favor of immediate increase of wages by 30 to 40 per cent, when they know perfectly well that industry is not in a position to advance wages to such a degree at the present moment; when they know that such demagogic declarations have for their aims not the improvement of the position of the working class but the cultivation of dissatisfaction among the backward elements of the laboring classes.

The party cannot and will not tolerate it if the opposition continues to break up the bases of the union of the workers and peasants by propaganda for raising industrial prices and increasing the pressure of taxes on the peasantry, attempting to "construe" the relations between the proletariat and peasantry not as relations of economic collaboration but as relations of the exploitation of the peasantry by the proletarian state.

Contributors to This Issue

EUGENE LYONS wrote Second-Generation Aliens in The Nation of April 25, 1923.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore Sun, resumes in this issue his biweekly letters from Washington.

LOUIS FISCHER, formerly The Nation's Russian correspondent, now writes regularly from Berlin.

HARBOR ALLEN is publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

IDA TREAT lives in Paris and sends occasional reports of events in France.

ANN WASHINGTON CRATON, a labor organizer, is at present with the American Red Cross in Florida.

S. FOSTER DAMON, poet and critic, is the author of "William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols."

KEITH HUTCHISON is the author of "Labor in Politics."

ALLEN TATE is a poet and critic of New York. LEWIS ROCKOW, who is on the faculty of philosophy at Syracuse University, is the author of "Contemporary Political Thought in England."

CLEVELAND B. CHASE is the author of "Young Voltaire."

HENRIETTA STRAUS, for several years a writer on music for The Nation, is preparing a book for publication.

Mr. EDWARD W. TITUS, publisher, of 4, Rue Delambre, Paris XIV, France, invites subscriptions to the autographed de luxe edition, limited to 500 copies for America and not to be printed there, of

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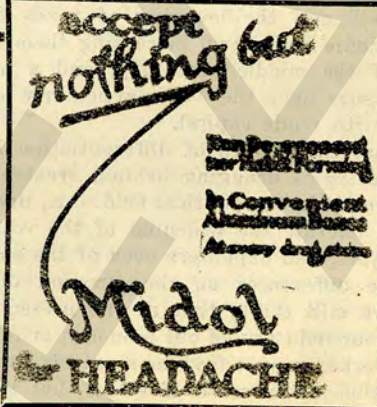
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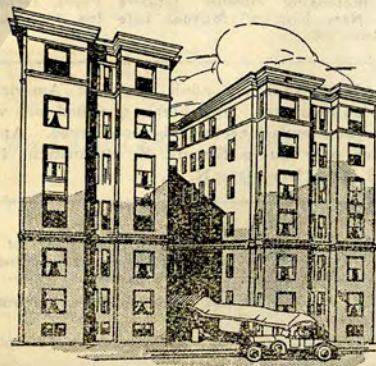
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8.	Contemporary Psychology.....	Will Durant	Wednesday	Jan. 5-Feb. 2		25c
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11.	The Age of Reason (Voltaire, etc.).....	G. F. Beck	Thursday	Jan. 6-Mar. 10	2.00	25c
13.	Health Through Mouth Hygiene.....	Dr. A. J. Asgis	Friday	Feb. 11-Mar. 11	free	
7.	Contemporary Literature.....	Will Durant	Sunday	Jan. 2-Jan. 30		25c
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THE ANNUAL DINNER of Labor Temple School will be held January 29th, 7 p. m., at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant, 200 Fifth Avenue. The following speakers will discuss "Our Changing Morals": Lewis Browne, John Cowper Powys, Everett Dean Martin, Dr. Hannah Stone, Edmund B. Chaffee, and Will Durant. There will be no appeal for funds. Reservations (\$3.00) at 244 East 14th Street.

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"THE NATION?"
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