



56

Un ejemplar de la revista  
"THE NATION", correspon-  
diente al día 8 del actual,  
en la que aparece (pág.  
576) un artículo favorable  
a nuestro país.

Nueva York - N. Y.  
Diciembre 9 de 1926.

EXP. 1.8.1.

NUM. 4295

*mul*

Sr.ita. Soledad González,  
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SUFRAGIO EFECTIVO.-NO REELECCION.

P.O. del Cónsul General,

*M. Prieto*  
Cónsul Adscrito.

EG.



57  
The Hall-Mills Case in the Newspaper

# The Nation

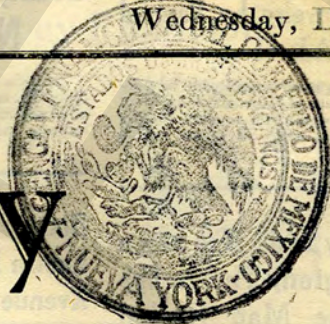
Vol. CXXIII, No. 3205

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Dec 3, 1926

Two Sections

## Holiday Book Number



*Articles, Poems, Reviews by*

Mary Austin

Harold J. Laski

René Lalou

Mark Van Doren

J. A. Hobson

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Vol. CXXIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1926

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"THE MORAL CRISIS OF PROHIBITION" is the title of an editorial in the *Christian Century*, which comes close to being the most Christian church periodical in America. This paper attacks the political methods of the Anti-Saloon League, saying:

If the churches are to continue to support prohibition as a moral issue they cannot do so on a basis which is itself morally questionable. Prohibition is a moral issue, not the moral issue. It does not transcend nor fuse into itself all the other moralities. . . . Almost without knowing how it happens they [the churches] find themselves

walking arm in arm with the Ohio gang, with Frank Smith gang, with that most cynical, of American figures, the "political Dry". . . . church is being maneuvered into alliance with political family, laws may stand or laws may fall, but the authority of the church cannot survive.

This is refreshing candor, and indicative, perhaps, of a new awakening. Since the *Christian Century's* editorial was written we have had two more exhibits of "political Dryness." The first came in the story of the arrest of the Governor of Alabama at a liquor-drinking party. The dispatches report that a Negro servant, after receiving a promise of pardon from the Governor, long an ardent political Dry, assured the court that the liquor was his and that he was giving it to the Governor and his friends. The other and more encouraging exhibit is a speech by Governor Pierce of Oregon, who is said to be personally as well as politically Dry: he calls for a new campaign of education, charging that the attempt to browbeat people into Dryness has failed. "We cannot legislate people into being moral and temperate," he says. And he is right; this country has had too much political and not enough personal Dryness.

ANOTHER ELECTION SCANDAL has bobbed up to bother the Republicans—this time in their own State of Maine, where Arthur R. Gould, a rich Republican, was elected as United States Senator against Fulton J. E. Redmond, Democrat. The first charge was that Mr. Gould went far beyond the legal limits of primary expenditures in his recent campaign. This was declared unproved by the Secretary of State. Worse than this, his Democratic opponent has brought out the fact that Mr. Gould in 1918 paid \$100,000 to the then Prime Minister of New Brunswick, Mr. Flemming, during the construction of the St. Johns Valley and Quebec Railway, of which Mr. Gould was the leading spirit. This was termed an act of bribery by Chief Justice Harrison A. McKeown of New Brunswick and, because Mr. Gould had been held personally guilty of this bribery, he was non-suited in the effort made by him and his associates to recover \$335,000 which they claimed was due them from the Province. Mr. Gould admits that the \$100,000 was paid, but asserts that it was done against his protest by his associates, that it was not a bribe but a political assessment demanded by the Premier as the price for the continuance of this American enterprise. Subsequently, Mr. Gould declares, another demand was made for \$50,000, and when this was refused his company was put out of business. Since he adds that every American enterprise in New Brunswick was similarly held up by politicians, it is evident that we have here a first-class scandal which should be investigated by the authorities in Canada as well as by the Senate of the United States.

SECRETARY HOOVER rejoices, and well he may, that in the fiscal year 1925-1926 prosperity in the United States reached a point never before attained in the volume of production and consumption, in the quantity of exports

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of wages. He admits that the New England textile mills, and, "in two or three" industry. On the whole, he was able to maintain the highest in its history—a standard far above countries of the world at this or any time since the close of the last fiscal year, however, distress, which was never confined to only sections, has grown steadily worse, particularly the cotton growers. In Iowa the situation is alarmingly less than nineteen banks failed there in one week, in agricultural sections. In North Dakota, where 600,000 persons inhabit a State larger than New York, conditions are equally harassing, while in the East the farmers are just about able to hold out, though making no money. On the same day that Mr. Hoover declared that agricultural conditions were improving, Senator Brookhart of Iowa declared that "America's much-vaunted prosperity means sheriff sales for the farmer." A million farmers, he asserted, have lost their homes during the Coolidge and Harding Administrations. Laws, he added, have created this situation and only new laws can remedy it. As a matter of fact, the worst offenders are the tariff laws; we are seeing now the fine flowering of the protective tariff system which has exalted manufacturing at the expense of agriculture. Perhaps the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, which has so wisely chosen Charles Nagel as its chairman, will see and recognize this truth.

**THE REVOLT OF THE JUDGES** will doubtless result in the modification of some of the more hysterical provisions of the Baumes laws in New York. Designed to reduce crime they are succeeding most effectively in reducing justice. They have so completely robbed the courts of their discretionary powers in sentencing offenders previously convicted for felonies that one judge after another has protested. Judge Taylor's refusal to give a life sentence to a Negro with three previous convictions, who had been induced by the District Attorney's office to plead guilty as a first offender, will be reviewed by Justice Lewis of the Supreme Court. Following Judge Taylor, but employing opposite tactics, Judge Collins in the Court of General Sessions sentenced a man to life imprisonment and then publicly denounced the Baumes laws as "inflexible, arbitrary, mandatory" and plainly suggesting "mob philosophy in the enactment of legislation." The prisoner had been sentenced to five years for the offense in question—an assault with a knife during a drunken brawl—but had been remanded for resentence when a third conviction was found in his record. A few days later Judge Allen similarly increased the term of a prisoner from eighteen months to life imprisonment with reluctance and a vigorous attack upon the mandatory features of the laws. Even a few district attorneys, including Love of Monroe County and Banton of New York, have expressed disapproval of the mandatory life sentence for offenders who have already committed three felonies. When the rest of this hard-boiled brotherhood suffers a similar change of heart we may hope for a reversion to justice.

**WE HAVE LONG** been skeptical about the alleged superiority of Jersey justice, as our readers who have followed our comments on the Passaic strike must

be aware. Now, having watched the conduct of the Hall-Mills murder trial, we are emphatically of the opinion that whatever the verdict another severe blow has been dealt to the judiciary in that State by the conduct of the case. In common, we are convinced, with multitudes of people, we have found ourselves disgusted by the antics of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Simpson, who has only himself to thank if the average newspaper-reader considers him a mountebank, a play actor, and a low-grade politician with no regard for the standards and ethics of his profession. But what shall one say of the judges who permitted this prosecuting attorney to turn upon Henry Stevens and ask him whether his mother was a virtuous woman and whether his brother was not the bastard child of a mulatto? No one can pretend that these questions had the remotest connection with the guilt or the innocence of the Stevens brothers. No judge who respected his ermine would have permitted them to be asked. Such a happening would have been unthinkable in an English courtroom. The tables are turned when well-to-do and cultivated people thus suffer the treatment accorded to Negroes, radicals, and friendless folk in general, but the dignity of the courts is not enhanced nor is the cause of justice served.

**IN OUR ISSUE** of February 18, 1925, we told how Rothschild Francis, editor of the *Emancipator* of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, had been prosecuted for libel because of a criticism—which to us seemed quite within bounds—of the local police force. He was declared guilty by Judge George Washington Williams, sitting without a jury. When in a subsequent issue of his newspaper Mr. Francis took exception to this conviction he was again haled before Judge Williams, who sentenced him to jail and a fine for contempt of court. Mr. Francis took an appeal from both convictions to the federal courts in this country, where the conviction for libel was overthrown but the sentence for contempt was upheld. A. A. Berle, Jr., carried the latter decision to the United States Supreme Court in behalf of Mr. Francis, but that tribunal recently refused to review the case. When news of this action reached the Virgin Islands Judge Williams clapped Mr. Francis into jail for the thirty days to which he had been sentenced and, as the editor did not pay the \$100 fine which was a part of the punishment, 100 more days in prison were imposed on that account. With fine courage and appreciation of the principles involved, Mr. Francis refused to ask the Governor for a pardon or commutation of sentence.

**THAT A MAN** of such mediocre abilities and temperamental unfitness for the bench as George Washington Williams should occupy the highest judicial post in the Virgin Islands is due to their remoteness from our continental press and a lack of local democratic control. That Judge Williams should be able to vent his spleen upon so devoted and unselfish a popular leader as Mr. Francis—who had incurred judicial displeasure by opposing the reappointment of Judge Williams—should be an argument in Congress for ending the anomalous and autocratic "temporary government" by naval officers that has spelled political dissatisfaction and economic disaster for the islands since we acquired them almost ten years ago. Incidentally the sentence of Mr. Francis calls attention to the unfairness of compelling a man to work out a fine at the rate of \$1 a day. The extreme penalty for contempt of court in the

Virgin Islands is thirty days in jail, but to this may be added a fine of \$200, which if not paid means 200 days' additional imprisonment. The era is far in the background when even the humblest worker's time could be rated at \$1 a day. Prisoners ought to demand a more adequate rate. If necessary to obtain it, they would be justified in walking out.

**THE SALE OF THE WHITE STAR LINE** to the Royal Mail Steamship Company interests consummates a deal which will be of considerable value to that lame duck, the International Mercantile Marine, an organization to dominate the North Atlantic trade formed by the elder J. P. Morgan on an economically unsound basis. It has been attacked from the beginning as an organization inimical both to American interests and to British interests, for it has meant the operating of ships under three flags by one company. For a long time past the sale of the White Star ships has plainly been called for, but for some mysterious reason the bargain arrived at between the International Mercantile Marine and the Furness-Withy interests, outlined in our editorial of May 12, 1926, failed to go through. The acquisition of the White Star vessels makes Baron Kysant the world's greatest shipping operator, controlling, as he now does, 538 ships—he bought his first steamer in 1889. Since he became chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company in 1902 it has acquired the fleets of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the Glen Line, the Shire Line, the Lamport and Holt Line, the Forwood Line, the Shaw, Savile, and Albion Line, the great Union Castle fleet of fifty vessels, the Elder, Dempster Line, and now the White Star Line. If Baron Kysant continues absorbing fleets we may yet see almost a monopoly of British shipping in one man's hands.

**IN 1895 A MARRIAGE** was contracted and solemnized at St. Thomas's Church in New York City. In 1920 the marriage was dissolved and each of the divorced pair married again. In 1926 the original marriage was annulled, declared never to have existed, by the Rota, high court of the Roman Catholic Church. This apparently superfluous formality was carried out in order to regularize in the eyes of that church the second marriage of one of the persons involved, whose Catholic husband was not permitted to marry a divorced woman. If the existence of the second marriage was to have religious recognition the non-existence of the first marriage had to be established. And so the court at Rome annulled, on the ground of coercion, the marriage performed in New York by a Protestant Episcopal bishop. A case of bad professional manners, no doubt, and a silly business all around. But when the ministers of various sects in the United States, from John Haynes Holmes and Harry Emerson Fosdick to John Roach Straton, support Bishop Manning in his denunciation of this infringement of Episcopalian and American rights we are astonished. If Consuelo Vanderbilt, in order to satisfy the demands of her present marriage, finds it necessary to have a previous marriage wiped off the ecclesiastical record why should anybody regret that the legal system of the Church of Rome permits so elastic an interpretation of the marriage vow? But we cannot accept the optimistic belief of the *Living Church* (High Church Episcopalian) that "marriage standards in Rome and Soviet Russia appear to be approaching a common plane."

## Nonsense

**OLD China**, struggling to give birth to a modern nation, is in a stage of spasmodic convulsions. She has been begging the Powers to leave her alone, to stop dosing her with their medicine. And at a moment when she seems to have some hope of pulling herself together, when the Canton group is at last uniting the country, the Powers, deaf these many years, suddenly present their report, which says in effect: We will not change our tactics until you get well. The Extraterritoriality Commission, with Silas Strawn as chairman, having spent some months studying China, notes her chaotic condition and coolly concludes, if the preliminary summaries are to be trusted, that this is no time to change medicine. In the future, maybe, if conditions mend, perhaps, the Powers will consider, possibly, local changes in their claims of extraterritoriality.

This is nonsense. It exhibits an appalling lack of sense of proportion. Here is a solemn report, signed by the representatives of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Japan, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, the British Empire, and the United States—the "Treaty Powers." Italy, Spain, and Portugal are ruled by military juntas, Japan by a despotic clique; Britain holds India by force alone; Belgium and Italy have compounded their debts, but France is simply stalling, with no apparent intention of paying her debt to the United States; and the United States seems utterly incapable of solving its own gunman and lynching problems. Yet the representatives of these nations presume to sit in judgment on China, to complain that she is governed by military leaders, that her treasury is depleted, that "the extension and protection of the new legal and judicial systems are being retarded," and smugly demand that China reform herself. Before the Powers withdraw their claims to separate jurisdiction in China, they assert, China must reform her police, her prisons, her commercial code ("including negotiable-instruments law, maritime law, and insurance law"), establish modern detention-houses, and so on through a long string of requirements to the condescending conclusion that

After the principal items thereof have been carried out the Powers concerned, if so desired by the Chinese Government, might consider the abolition of extraterritoriality, according to such progressive schemes (whether geographical, partial, or otherwise) as may be agreed upon.

Preposterous as this is on the face of it, it is even more ridiculous in view of the facts of the Chinese situation. China is in civil war; but in her attitude toward foreigners she is united. "The gravest situation since the Boxer uprising," British dispatches call the present patriotic effervescence. The Powers are in no position to dictate to her, partly because there is no government to dictate to, still more because they have no power to coerce four hundred million people scattered along the river valleys of a nation as big as a continent, feeling, thinking, and acting—toward the foreigners—as one. One American diplomat put it thus: "We Westerners are like a man tied to the rear platform of a moving train and trying to keep his footing." China, huge, apparently chaotic, is driving powerfully toward independence. Bit by bit she is destroying the shackling treaties. The Powers can accept gracefully now or, later, yield clumsily; to attempt to refuse is to ignore dynamic facts.



## Storm Signals in Mexico

NO, not Mexican signals, but United States signals, and for the fourth time in 1926. Secretary Kellogg has broken loose again. He has, first, inspired a vicious press attack on Mexico apropos of Nicaragua, so that for several days our highly reliable dailies were filled with assertions that from Mexico, that hotbed of Bolshevism, a most dangerous communistic and anti-American propaganda was going all through Central and South America. This he followed up by similarly inspired suggestions that if Mexico persisted in her course in regard to her constitution and land laws there was every prospect that there would be a rupture of diplomatic relations. Simultaneously with this appeared the stories of various minor revolts and of impending revolts in Mexico to which we have already referred. Never was there a clearer case of government-inspired propaganda, and, to our regret, we must record that the Associated Press lent itself to this outrage by carrying the sensational anti-Mexican matter without citing the source. Hitherto it has been Associated Press policy, according to our understanding, to state the origin of a story in order that no charge of being used for propaganda purposes might lie against it.

We regard these developments as serious despite the fact that this is the fourth flurry in this year and that the English oil companies in Mexico have announced their acceptance of those provisions of the Mexican petroleum laws which have so excited our State Department under Messrs. Hughes and Kellogg. Our anxiety is due to the fact that the foreign policy of the United States is in the hands of two exceptionally weak men, Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge, the latter of whom has, if Washington dispatches are to be trusted, about made up his mind to attempt to break the third-term tradition by becoming a candidate for the Presidency in 1928. Weak men are more to be feared in our foreign affairs than strong men—witness the readiness of William McKinley to plunge this country into war with Spain purely for partisan reasons, to which fact the historian James Ford Rhodes is the latest witness. We are well aware of the high-sounding words used by President Coolidge in regard to our foreign affairs, to which the New York *World* calls attention in this connection. He said to Congress that for a hundred years we had been pledged "to the peaceful settlement of controversies between nations; by example and by treaty we have advocated arbitration." He also told Congress in his last message that "the policy of our foreign relations, casting aside any suggestion of force, rests solely on the foundation of peace, good-will, and good works." But coming from Mr. Coolidge these sentiments are nothing but the ordinary politician-bunk. They mean nothing. They afford not the slightest guaranty that our policy toward Mexico and Nicaragua will be decent or humane, for Mr. Coolidge is the tool of big business and what big business wants he will do. If our capitalists who have investments in Mexico do not desire to be reasonable and sensible, like their British brethren, we shall undoubtedly have a rupture of diplomatic relations and a policy based upon force—perhaps even a nice little war.

We therefore urge all who have the interest of both countries at heart to rouse themselves once more to make

it known in Washington that they do not propose to have the United States play the bully and put itself in the position of attempting to dictate to Mexico what her laws and her constitution shall be—a policy we should never dare to assume toward any country of our own size. Right now is the time to make those protests felt in Washington, not after the breaking off of relations. This time those who deliberately seek strife with Mexico are reinforced by many thousands of our countrymen of the Catholic faith who, not without some reason, feel themselves outraged by the policy of the Mexican Government toward the Catholic faith. President Coolidge wisely refused to make this religious issue the basis of a remonstrance to the Mexican Government—a fact we are glad to record to his credit even though we cannot help suspecting that he was more afraid of the Catholic issue than inspired by a desire to keep his hands off a purely domestic Mexican issue. But multitudes of Catholics will stand behind Congressman John J. Boylan of New York in his announced determination to compel the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House to act upon his resolution for the severance of diplomatic relations with Mexico. Fortunately Senator Borah has spoken out well and refuses to be stampeded in this direction.

Again must we call attention to the deliberate propaganda to get us into war with Mexico. The worst offenders are the owners of the *Chicago Tribune* and *Liberty*, men who in their callous disregard of justice and right-dealing are constantly urging upon the United States the forcible annexation of Mexico upon the purely materialistic ground that the Mexicans are not exploiting their natural resources and that therefore we should. *Liberty* has just been caught printing a picture which purported to portray "Catholics Withdrawing Deposits from the Bank of Mexico in Protest Against the Seizure of Church Property," whereas it was a picture taken and published eleven months before the attempted boycott, in fact before the troubles with the Catholics began, and represented persons depositing instead of withdrawing funds. It is thus that feeling is aroused against Mexico, and always these inciters to strife assume that the United States is inevitably and invariably right, and that we have the power, the right, and the duty to supervise her conduct of her own affairs and even of her foreign relations.

The assertion that Mexico is bolshevik and is spreading bolshevist propaganda is the merest nonsense. Under President Calles, as we have repeatedly pointed out, there is being carried on a progressive, social policy in the interest of the Mexican masses, which the United States in some respects ought rather to be imitating than criticizing. Least of all should there be criticism of her oil laws at the moment when Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny are on trial for alienating part of the birthright of the American people. If certain Mexicans choose to supply arms to revolutionists in Nicaragua, they are merely imitating what United States citizens have been doing in most of the republics to the south of us for the last hundred years. Blustering against Mexico and the threats against her can have only one effect—the rousing of all the Central and South American republics against us.

## Britannia Still Rules

THE British Empire has been indulging in a mild session of psychoanalysis. The result is a document which indicates no profound change in the relations of the component parts of the empire, but a considerable gain in self-knowledge. The assembled imperial statesmen admit on paper conditions which already existed in fact. They prove themselves true to the British tradition of writing constitutions only after muddling them out in practice.

We print in the International Relations Section this week the first part of the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference. It has not yet been accepted by the governments concerned, but in view of the fact that the prime ministers of every Dominion participated in its sessions there can be little doubt that the report may be accepted at face value. It declares that "Great Britain and the Dominions" are

autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British commonwealth of nations.

This recognition of the independence and sovereignty of the Dominions is essentially a mere formulation of a fact made evident by the separate membership of the Dominions in the League of Nations, by Canada's independent negotiation of a treaty with the United States, and Ireland's and Canada's appointment of their own ministers to Washington. But it is new as a formulation of a principle which had been growing without definition. To realize how new is the acceptance of that formulation it is only necessary to recall the furore aroused by General Hertzog's speech at Stellenbosch last May (reprinted in *The Nation* for July 14), when the South African Prime Minister said:

Each Dominion is, by virtue of its self-governing constitution, created a free, independent state, with the right to international recognition by foreign Powers; but with a common connecting link between itself and Great Britain, centered in the King. . . . All unity among the Dominions themselves and between the Dominions and Great Britain must originate in agreement and cooperation.

For that speech General Hertzog was denounced by the British in South Africa as a traitor to the empire, and at the opening of the Imperial Conference he was treated by the London press as a dangerous wild man. It was not yet permissible to assert in plain words what was already in fact the practice of half the Dominions. Yet after weeks of earnest study the committee has reached a formula which can scarcely be differentiated from General Hertzog's.

It must be recognized that the British Empire is still a dual organism. Recognition of the independence of the Dominions, with a home population essentially similar to that of Great Britain itself, does not alter by one iota the far-flung structure of the great red empire on which the sun never sets. Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Suez, Aden, India, Singapore, Borneo, Hongkong, the Sudan, East and West Africa, Kenya, Rhodesia, the Falkland Islands, the British West Indies, and the rest—they remain as before, outposts of an empire which rules them primarily in its own interest. Nowhere in the report is that harshest of imperial problems, the color line, touched upon. South

Africa may, conceivably, have a little freer hand than before in holding down her natives and barring the Hindus; India remains precisely where she was. Some of these domains may be conceived, as Mr. Zimmern optimistically paints them, as part of a parade of colonies marching upward toward dominion status, self-government, and essential independence; but the Imperial Conference changes their status only in so far as it alters the position of the Dominions, which may be regarded as their ideal.

While this long report deals with the intricate questions of independent and semi-independent treaty-making, of dominion merchant marines and of dominion consuls in foreign countries, of conflicts of dominion legislation and of appeal to the Privy Council as a sort of Supreme Court for the empire (characteristically sidestepping this stumbling-block by a thoroughly ambiguous form of words), it nowhere touches upon the questions of imperial preference and of imperial economic unity. The emphasis has shifted since the early post-war days. Then there was talk both of preference and of a joint imperial foreign policy for which the Dominions would share responsibility. Times have changed; the Dominions have in practice worked out their salvation, and in the main this document accepts their independence.

It is an impressive object-lesson in political evolution without the rumble of threatened armed conflict. Since the war the Dominions have grown mightily, and Britain, with some anguish of soul, has had the good sense freely to recognize their new stature. The chief troubles of empire have come not from those regions to which the greatest autonomy has been granted but in those where the ruling country still tries to sit on the lid.

## Midway in the Season's Books

THOUGH only one-half of the books announced by American publishers in their fall lists have yet been issued, it is now possible to survey the season with a degree of understanding which will justify generalizations. The first of these is that the much abused two-volume biography is holding its own, at least with the publishers. Poe gets two long biographies almost simultaneously, Hervey Allen and Mary E. Phillips entering into competition for the honor of having written the most exhaustive life of that unhappy man. John Wanamaker, as will be seen in the literary supplement to the present issue of *The Nation*, gets another without exactly deserving it; it remains to be seen whether Joseph Conrad is worth the two volumes promised by G. Jean Aubry. There can scarcely be a doubt that Asquith and Ex-Secretary Houston in their memoirs, and H. A. L. Fisher and Francis Hirst in their lives of Lord Bryce and Lord Morley, and Sidney Lee in his continuation of the "Edward VII" will make contributions to the history of politics and political theory. Cobden-Sanderson and Rider Haggard, lately dead, have left copious autobiographies. Rupert Hughes's recent volume on George Washington was only the first, presumably, of several which he will publish; and there is still to come an extensive work on Washington—a "pictorial biography"—from Joseph Dillaway Sawyer. Then Walter Edwin Peck will devote two volumes to Shelley, and Percy MacKaye two more to the life of his father in the American theater. The two-volume form, it would seem, is still anything but vanquished.



In the department of literary criticism two developments are particularly noticeable. The American critical renaissance bears fruit this season in three anthologies of contemporary reviews and articles prepared by William A. Drake, Lewis Worthington Smith, and James Cloyd Bowman. The range of theme and skill exhibited by the three volumes will surprise any reader who has not been aware of the strides made within the past five or six years by the Tenth Muse in the United States. In the second place there is a notable increase in the number of volumes devoted to figures in French literature. W. F. Giese's "Hugo," Cleveland B. Chase's "The Young Voltaire," E. B. D'Auvergne's "Pierre Loti," René Benjamin's "Balzac," John Garber Palache's "Gautier and the French Romantics," and Ernest Boyd's and Robert Sherard's studies of de Maupassant—no such attention is being paid just now to any other foreign literature; and while this list may be more or less an accident of the current season, it seems that the younger American writers are set upon making themselves acquainted with both past and contemporary France. The newest idol of all, Paul Valéry, succeeding, as it seems, Anatole France and Remy de Gourmont, is represented by "Variety," a collection of his essays. Anatole France himself, though he is honored with one more volume of reminiscences in the worshipful vein—Kemer's "Rambles with Anatole France"—hears this year the first echo in America, in a book by Barry Cerf, of the detraction which has been his fate in France almost from the day of his death.

In fiction and poetry we find, as always, old names riding the top of the wave and new ones rising into recognition. This season brings novels or stories from Anderson, Bennett, Cabell, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Dreiser, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Hergesheimer, Kipling, Maugham, May Sinclair, Van Vechten, Walpole, Wells, and Elinor Wylie. And that might seem to be the whole story—except for the certainty that among the novels by less known persons there are a few which will one day be considered as having made the literary history of 1926. Some of these, it is likely, have received little notice or none; and guessing who of all the newcomers will survive longest is extremely hazardous business. Will it not be, however, one of the following: H. E. Bates, E. R. Eddison, "H. D." (as a novelist), Ernest Hemingway, Frances Newman, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, E. H. Young? As to poetry, the crop is the poorest in years—collections and selections predominating in the list and thus attesting better than anything else could do the lack of current enterprise.

New publishing houses continue to spring up over night. Most interesting this fall are the John Day Company and the Vanguard Press. The first, in accordance with what has come to be the conventional practice, drew much of the talent for its staff from older houses; and its program, so far admirably carried out, is to issue only a few books each season, to see that as many of these as may be are good, to print them well, and to keep their dust-jackets innocent of meaningless superlatives. The Vanguard Press will sell all of its books at cost; and its aim will be to furnish cheaply the means of a radical education. Its reprints from Karl Marx, Ruskin, Tolstoi, Lenin, Kropotkin, Wells, Henry George, Thorstein Veblen, William Morris, Upton Sinclair, Edward Bellamy, Benjamin R. Tucker, Darwin, Haeckel, Buckle, and Lecky promise much in this direction; of the volumes which contain new material time and criticism will have more to say.

## Ghosts at the Horse Show

THERE were ghosts at the forty-first annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America, Limited, held in New York the week of Thanksgiving. There was the ghost of Eohippus, rabbit-sized, five-toed, monkey-toothed, tapir-nosed, scurrying about under the flat-backed draft horses. There were the ghosts of Orohippus and Mesohippus and Parahippus and Merichyppus, tossing their fossil heads and prancing on feet which in one stage after another came nearer to the hard, single hoofs of Equus caballus. There were the ghosts of the descendant horses which men learned first to eat, then to draw on the walls of smoky caves, then to ride, then to hitch to carts and plows and chariots and wagons and carriages, and finally, as at the Horse Show, to make the playthings of prosperous leisure. There were the ghosts of chargers screaming on battle-fields, of ponies deep underground in laborious mines, of stallions matched in bloody conflicts for the sport of Vikings, of wild horses sweeping over wilder plains in swift freedom, of mangy, beaten plugs, and of philosophical Houyhnhnms. The two thousand actual horses which trod the neat floor of the arena were but a handful to the ghostly tribes which drifted through and over it.

Not even the elaborate specialization which always marks the Horse Show could drive the ghosts out of mind. Officers' chargers, horses suitable to become hunters, hackneys in harness, novice saddle horses, artillery teams, four-in-hands, ladies' qualified hunters, novice five-gaited saddle horses, thoroughbred hunters, geldings under saddle, tandems, hunt teams, pairs of roadsters, pairs of wagon horses, polo mounts, children's ponies, green hunters other than thoroughbreds—what were all these but the heirs of Eohippus? And what was the intense, patient curiosity of the spectators but a survival of the centuries of interest in man's most diversified servant and pet?

Perhaps acquired characteristics are not inheritable, and perhaps a fondness for horses has not really been handed down from father to son in the human cells themselves. And yet the feeling for horses has so long been so profoundly a part of human culture that a generation of automobiles has only begun to root that feeling out. Even when the last man who ever rode or drove a horse is dead there will still be literature and oral memories. In the meantime, plenty of horses still live to preserve the ancient tradition. They keep to the side of the road while motors rush by them. They have given over to steam and gas the work of drawing the heaviest loads. But on soft ground they have no serious rivals; on the hunting field and the race course they have no rivals to speak of; and in a large department of human affection and concern they have no rivals at all. They are the most splendid playthings ever used by men. If horses should become entirely useless, there would still be men who could not be quite themselves away from stables and paddocks. "The first money I laid out," said Lemuel Gulliver on his return from his travels, "was to buy two young stone-horses, which I keep in a good stable, and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite."

Those ghosts at the Horse Show were not merely shadows out of history. They were strands woven into the complex constitution of mankind itself.

## These Modern Women Why I Earn My Own Living

ANONYMOUS

[This is the second of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women active in professional and public life. Our object is to discover the origin of their modern point of view toward men, marriage, children, and jobs. The next article is by a lawyer who was brought up in the South.]

FOR thirty years I walked primly, directing my course by the social guide-posts set up in a New England town for the direction of well-born, well-bred little ladies. Then I broke loose. My former friends consider me a sort of wild woman because I earn my own living, do not take my husband's name, and have been known to live in strange, dirty neighborhoods where the rents are lower. To myself I seem much the same person who used to leave properly engraved visiting-cards on proper occasions at proper houses.

I earn my living as a matter of course now, but the habit started from a childish sense of guilt at making my parents so much trouble. My mother took life rather hard. She was extremely sensitive to responsibility; she hated routine duties, but her conscience forced her to perform them scrupulously. Again and again she gave up the nerve-racking struggle and took to her bed, discovering nervous prostration long before it was recognized by the medical profession and taken up generally by distressed gentlewomen. Both she and I thought that taking care of me was what made her sick.

Like all children I was a complete egoist. My world revolved around myself and when it was a clouded world I assumed that I was to blame. There was always in the foreground some naughtiness like screaming against bedtime, demanding a toilet where there was none, refusing to wear a certain dress, or being impertinent. I could not comprehend that my parents' gloom came as much from being married to each other as from being my father and mother. Early in life I figured out that the least I could do for two people who had done so much for me was as soon as possible to earn my own living. I hoped thus to lessen my sense of guilt in living at all. Some of my playmates, now middle-aged, have tried to assuage a similar feeling in a different way; they have continued in their childhood homes instead of forming independent ties and their parents have become their children.

Later on, I carried over into my marriage the old, illusive sense of guilt and a passionate desire to be no trouble to my husband. I had the naive belief that men loved best women who were no bother to them. I had the curious idea that my husband would admire my power to earn money and be proud of my standing in my profession.

The working-for-wages habit was well established before I turned critical eyes on the courtship, engagement, and marriage customs of my town. In the large city where I had received a school appointment after graduating from college, I "poured" at "receptions," played atrocious bridge, went to dances, taught in Sunday school, and expected to

marry a pleasant house with steam heat, electricity, and a husband. Until I was more than thirty years old I refrained from thoughts about sex because "there is time enough for that after you are married."

Through the printed word I escaped the dreary commonplace. The verses of Hovey, Carman, and Le Gallienne were my creed. I soaked up the saccharine art of the Pre-Raphaelites in English galleries and mooned about the English Lake district, tested life by the philosophy of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, adored Maude Adams and Sothorn (before he took to Shakespeare), and wrote diluted love lyrics.

The girls of my little group of young folks were all weltering in sentimentality, but they were mostly able to distinguish between reality and fantasy. The other girls didn't try to make an apple-pie by the rule for a sonnet. They wrapped their affections about young men who had what was called "character" in distinction to "personality." After marriage they discarded romantic fancies and stagnated in mild discontent. But I had only one foot firmly planted on solid respectability; the other was sliding round on romance. You recognize this situation as what we now name "a conflict of desires."

The romantic side of my nature led me to pick out a charming man in the city where I was teaching. Or did he pick me out? I do not know; it was love at first sight; and, looking back, I would not have missed it for the world. The practical side of my nature compelled me to take him home to my parents to be approved. They refused their approbation. The man had been divorced, he was a Socialist, and had been brought up as a Catholic. My home circle was monogamous, Republican, and Protestant. One marriage, one political party, one church were the portion of one individual in those days.

My parents declined to accept my man as a son-in-law. I would not marry him without their consent because "a bad daughter makes a bad wife"; yet I wouldn't give him up because life without him was too utterly dreary. The outcome was that he went back to the city to make a fortune as a substitute for "character," while I returned to teach school in my home town. In those days an engaged girl stayed with her parents during her engagement because she was so soon to leave them. I spent my leisure filling my Hope Chest. All my lingerie was made by hand. It took longer than we expected for my fiancé to make a fortune and I watched myself grow older.

My man actually did make a fortune. But he married a woman who, I afterward learned, had been working and living with him during his long, hard pull. Everyone was satisfied but me. I was mad clear through. I had been a good daughter and had lost my lover thereby. I had no desire to be anything but good, but I did not want to be punished for it. Reviewing the affair, I could not see that anyone was to blame. The code had let me down.

Then and there I renounced allegiance to ready-made codes. I again left my home town and went away to work



out my salvation or destruction. I had to be free to study what had happened to me and to figure out a working plan for my life. Being self-supporting I was able to move about. Even now I do not like to recall the suffering of that period. For several years the world was a gray fog spinning about me. Every guide-post by which I had directed my course had been swept away. I had lost, not a lover but a universe.

Intense curiosity awoke in me. Always I had repressed questionings because they led to criticism of the fundamentals of society. The brain cannot function if it is not allowed to question, and my intelligence was as weak as that of a new-born babe. I got a job reading in libraries, gathering material for a writer. Seven hours a day I put in on the assigned subjects and the rest of the time I read about anarchy, sex, votes-for-women, education, divorce, and similar topics. I read till my eyes puffed out and my head was splitting. I went to university lectures and also met soap-box orators. I gobbled ideas.

Books were not enough. I went in for people, plunged headforemost into crowds. I lived in a tenement, worked in factories, and went to meetings and meetings and meetings. The sweat, the vulgarity, the commonness of humans in the bulk were both a horror and a pleasure to me. I experimented conscientiously with being "wicked," and was keenly disappointed to find so little excitement in sinning and so little sense of guilt.

The driving emotion of that period of my life was curiosity. I was insatiable concerning every subject with which I came in contact. I even got jobs to investigate wages, prostitution, fire-escapes. Because I had known so little I wanted to know everything. I prowled the world like a cat on the housetop. Along with curiosity went pity. My own suffering had opened my eyes to the suffering all about me. Working conditions, living arrangements, the general social code seemed to me extraordinarily stupid. I discovered that I was not the only woman uncomfortable in the world. The office charwoman's cracked hands were dyed brown from washing filthy floors; growing girls lugged heavy babies about the playgrounds; prostitutes complained because they had to hand over their earnings to pimps; virtuous women shriveled at their desks; men got the good jobs.

## The Hall-Mills Case in the Newspapers

By SILAS BENT

NOT since Harry Thaw killed Stanford White has the American press found crime news so much to its taste as the Hall-Mills mystery. Tons of white paper have been covered with trivial details about clothes, with personalities and highly colored descriptions of individual deportment in the courtroom. Somerville, N. J., is by journalistic consent the news center of the world. The New York *Times* has already devoted to the trial (which is by no means completed as this is written) more words than Theodore Dreiser needed for the development of his monumental novel, "An American Tragedy." The others have not been idle. Enough words have been sent out of the Jersey village to fill nine volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

I flung my puny strength into the fight for social legislation. Occasionally the group with which I worked got some well-intentioned law passed, but immediately a new condition arose which was different but quite as intolerable. My reaction to the suffering which I could not assuage was similar to my attitude toward my broken heart; since I could do nothing about it, I would pass on.

I reacted violently at that time against all established institutions, like marriage, spanking, meat diet, prisons, war, public schools, and our form of government. The mere fact that a condition existed was evidence to me that it was wrong. Yet as I watched the lives of those radicals who dared live their rebellion, the rebels appeared to get no more satisfaction than did the conformists and smugness seemed equally common among both extremes. I did some experimenting myself, and never have I found any completely satisfactory arrangement of financial, social, or personal relationships. The wise course now seems to me to decide what one wants, whether one can get it, whether or not it is worth the price that must be paid, and then to go after it. "Will it work?" is my moral code.

Although I supported myself in the beginning because I thought it was my duty it has become a matter of course. I have no principles on the subject but I prefer money-earning to being dependent on a father, a lover, or a husband. Dependent women seem hampered even more than wage-earning ones. Likewise I hold no brief for or against marriage, having tried celibacy, free union, and marriage.

I do not know what woman's job in life is, any more than I know what man's job is. And I feel it is rather silly to drag sex into the matter. My journalistic career, the fact that I have turned to account in printed word and cold cash the curiosity that drove me in my groping middle years, is the source of a certain pride and self-confidence which is the springboard for my future. Now, at forty-odd, I stand where the young man of thirty stands, with enough solid achievement behind me to nourish an ambition to do still bigger things. I see quite plainly that it is the fact of my being a woman which has delayed me fifteen years in reaching this point. It is nobody's fault; I was born in circumstances which our generation has helped to destroy. The younger women seem able to get away to a start without so much muddling.

A giant telegraph switchboard, incorporating 120 "positions," has been rigged up in the basement of the courthouse. The daily capacity by Morse code is half a million words, and the telephone company has imported eight additional operators to help move the spoken load. A noteworthy aspect of this trial is the variety of "trained seals" who are helping to report it. The daughter and widow of Eleanor Mills, one of the murder victims, are signing stories for a syndicate, but do not write them. Mrs. Henry Stevens, wife of one of the defendants, is writing for Cyrus H. K. Curtis's papers, which have also assigned to the case Dorothy Dix, their staff counselor and consoler of the lovelorn. The reverend fundamentalists, Billy Sunday and John Roach

Straton, are moralizing for the public benefit on the sudden death of their fellow-clergyman, Edward W. Hall. For a time former Police Commissioner Enright contributed stodgily to the Hearst string; but the brunt of this work is now being done by Rita Weiman, a playwright; Louella Parsons, a movie reviewer, and Damon Runyon, a sports writer. (Reporters are in the minority, apparently.) The Hearst papers are also represented by specialists on "heart interest," legal aspects, features, defense, prosecution, and so on. The number of employees, counting photographers and messengers, is seventeen. The *News*, which serves also its elder brother, the *Chicago Tribune*, has a staff of nineteen on the job, and is signing half a dozen names. The reams printed in the *Times* are ground out by anonymous drudges.

The Hall-Mills case affords an excellent opportunity to observe the methods and practices of metropolitan newspapers. I have measured the space given to news and pictures of the trial in three representative journals: the *Times*, which advertises that its circulation is "among intelligent, thinking, substantial persons, a quality of readers not equaled by any other newspaper"; William Randolph Hearst's *American*; and New York's most widely read tabloid, the *Daily News*. These three have a combined average morning circulation of more than a million and three-quarters, and they are not overlapping circulations. A tabulation of the three for twenty days (including three Sabbaths, Armistice Day, and one suspension on account of a witness's illness, when no court sessions were held) shows the following results in column inches for news and illustrations, and in total number of words:

|                       | News    | Pictures | Words   |
|-----------------------|---------|----------|---------|
| <i>Times</i> .....    | 4,893   | 290.5    | 338,000 |
| <i>American</i> ..... | 4,656.5 | 1,903    | 232,800 |
| <i>News</i> .....     | 2,991.5 | 2,138.5  | 149,000 |

The *American* ran second to its picture paper competitor in the space accorded to photographs, drawings, and maps, and second to the *Times* in the number of column inches devoted to news. The *Times* used fine type plentifully, and squeezed in more words to the column inch than any of its competitors. The *News* was chosen for this examination instead of the competing tabloid picture paper, Hearst's *Daily Mirror*, because the *Mirror*, having turned up the case, and having gathered practically all the evidence on which the prosecution relied, had the inside track. The *News* plunged knee-deep into the story with unblushing gusto; both the *Times* and the *American* honored it with editorial clarification—or justification. "It is to the public interest," said the *Times*, in a dignified half-column editorial, "and not merely because it is a 'celebrated case,' that there should be a full report in the newspapers of the trial of Mrs. Hall and her brothers. . . . His [Special Prosecutor Simpson's] inquiry was conducted with all the help he could get from the press, because it was Mr. Simpson's theory that publicity might encourage witnesses to come forward." And so on. (The *Mirror* had found the witnesses.) The *American* came out flatly: "If ever publicity was warranted, it is here. Human interest is instinctively keen over money, sex, and religion." Arthur Brisbane, in his signed first-page editorial column, saw no need of defending the journalistic ethics involved. "This horrible case," said he, "will again remind men that whoever stirs up jealousy stirs up danger."

The *Times* ran no first-page head more than three columns wide, but used eight-column streamers inside. The

tabloid ran a streamer across the top of its first page every day, whether or not there was any news; so did the *American*, except that the streamer was sometimes only six columns wide.

After the Armistice Day interlude the *Times* led Page One with a sympathetic forecast of the defense, although there were still seven days to come of testimony for the prosecution. The first object of attack, the *Times* story said, would be a calling-card found at the clergyman's feet, bearing a finger-print identified by State witnesses as Willie Stevens's. The *Times* spoke of the finger-print as a "black smudge, a vague and partly obliterated mark." The *News* devoted less than one hundred words to the testimony of Philip A. Payne, managing editor of the *Mirror*, who took the stand for the prosecution and who was responsible for damaging its rival's circulation and prestige.

It is impossible to accord the palm for thrilling narrative to any one of the three papers I have been studying. Take your choice, for example, of these selections from the news of a single day, the day an effigy of Mrs. Mills's head was exhibited:

From the *Daily News*:

Mrs. Hall went to a matinee yesterday.  
The rich widow who is battling for her life . . .  
attended a hideous exhibition staged for her benefit. . . .  
But she could not look at it.  
Her brothers looked. The show fascinated them.

From the *American*:

Ah, yes, this Mrs. Frances Noel Stevens Hall is human,  
after all. . . .  
Human—and a woman!  
She showed it yesterday afternoon.

The proud, stoical front she has been presenting to the  
world as she sits in the little chapel-like courtroom in Somerville . . . was shaken by a distinct shudder.

From the *Times*:

Shudders passed along the rows of spectators as the doctor marked in red crayon the entry point of the bullets, or in a sweeping motion of the crayon showed how the choir singer's throat had been cut. . . . Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall had shot a second's glance at the exhibit and had averted her eyes. When it was placed on the witness stand railing, directly in her line of vision, she reached quickly into her pocketbook and began to examine the documents. She dropped coins, one by one, into the black leather purse; she looked fixedly at the back of the room, then her eyes traveled to one of the small galleries. She seemed to be counting the spectators.

The tabloids are reviving an obsolescent form of journalistic activity. In the days of the Guldensuppe case, for instance, the *Times* and *World* and *Sun* did their own investigating, and murder mysteries were solved. How much real newspaper work was done on the Elwell murder mystery? It remained unsolved. The standard-sized newspapers appear now to be too lazy or too respectable for that sort of thing. They wait for a "privilege of publication." They wait for dunderheaded policemen to do the work, and apparently the work doesn't get done. Perhaps the despised and irrepressible tabloid has more to its credit than we suspected. Whether right or wrong in its facts, the *Mirror* followed a long journalistic tradition. If the accused were innocent, they should have been cleared four years ago; that the case came so late to trial is due not only to the defects of "Jersey justice" but to the change in the press.







## Toward the Arctic Ocean

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

[This is the last of a series of three articles describing the author's trip across Mongolia from the Chinese to the Trans-Siberian Railway.]

THREE days were usually needed to obtain permission to leave Mongolia, but Nikiforoff, the Russian Consul, was eager to be rid of a troublesome visitor, and sent his secretary with me to make the rounds of the magnificent collection of secret-service, passport, and police departments with which the would-be modern Mongols toy. Cars started for Siberia, so read the announcement in the Russian newspaper of Urga, every Saturday at nine. At 9:30 a boy came to inquire whether I really wanted to leave that day. They would rather, he said, wait until Monday. I explained that I wanted to catch the weekly Trans-Siberian express on Wednesday. The boy took the message; an hour later he returned to say that the ice on the rivers was breaking, and it was doubtful whether we could make the Wednesday train anyway. I replied that I was more than ever convinced that we had better start at once and be sure of the next week's train. And finally, after long discussions, it was so agreed. The nine o'clock car called for me at half past two. The chauffeur, Mikhail Vassilievich, was an American-type lad, clever with his hands and quick at invention; the other passengers were his sister, returning to Moscow; Bajin, a merchant, and a peasant who lived eighty versts from Urga. None of them spoke any Western language but Russian.

Down the side-valleys into Urga thousands of ox-carts were pouring—long caravans of two or three hundred, each cart loaded with a huge section of tree-trunk, or with chunks of charcoal, the last two or three with hay to feed the oxen on the long trek from the forest to the city. The Holy Mountain across the river is tree-covered with the only trees for forty miles, but the wood of the sacred mountain may not be cut. Until dark we tugged up through one rolling bare valley after another, lifeless except for a single covey of ptarmigans. The brown sweep of the hills reminded one of those magnificent pictures of more Western hills in "Grass." We crossed three passes before dark, always to find new mountains opening before us. The road was a camel-track, sometimes barely wide enough for a car, sometimes broadening hundreds of yards wide across the meadows where camels and ox-carts had sought fresh routes in place of trodden mire. Sometimes it disappeared in hard hummocky meadows or hillsides of jagged rocks. The driver, who had never been over the route before, kept his eyes glued on the ruts of a previous car.

It was nine o'clock when we came to a river—and the tracks were lost. The ice was broken; melting snow had swollen the current. Passengers piled out; we hunted the valley up and down for a possible ford, or for tracks of the preceding car. But it had done as we—crawled to the edge of the river at a score of points, and then backed out. At one point the ice seemed safe; our peasant-passenger tried it—and broke through, above his waist in ice-water. It was midnight before we finally found automobile tracks that entered the river; we tested the depth with a stick,

slipped gently into the stream, and roared safely up the opposite bank with a cheer. And it was after midnight when we routed out the Chinese keepers of a lonely mountain inn and had a belated supper.

We rose at four the next morning, and were off soon after five, with tea and bread inside us. About ten we came to the home of our peasant-passenger, a lone pioneer log cabin away up in one of the high Mongolian valleys. He had hauled his wood thirty miles, built his own house and barns, and was enormously proud of his work. Even his furniture was home-made, except for an American Singer sewing machine! He gave us fresh boiled eggs, and fresh milk, and soft home-made bread, baked from his own wheat flour. There are scores of such Russian frontiersmen pushing their way into Northern Mongolia, and a few Chinese farmers; but the Mongols, desperately afraid that their grazing-land will be lost, oust them on any excuse.

The mountains lay cold and bare to the south but warmly birch-wooded on the northern slopes. We ran smoothly from one valley to another, then down to the ford of the Khara-gol River. But the ice was out at the edges and the water flowing swiftly. A lone Mongol on horseback made his way through the water and across the ice, but there was no hope for a heavy car. We backed off and tried again, and again. But the spring warmth was against us, and the black water turned us away. Twenty miles downstream, the Mongol told us, was a wooden bridge—almost the only bridge in Mongolia.

We found the bridge but could not get to it. One route after another across the soggy meadows proved impossible. The road for a mile short of the bridge was a canal of deep, soft, moving mud. We tried it once, and worked for an hour to back the car out of the slippery ooze. Deep ditches three feet wide, with swirling water, ran on either side of it, and shallow mud-lakes lay beyond these. Finally Bajin and I, prospecting on foot, worked out a route which lay across meadows part of which were under water but at least seemed snow-covered or grassy, not mere mud. The car maneuvered into position, attacked the course, ran half way smoothly, then stopped, up to the hubs in ice-water. There was nothing to do but push—not a living soul within twenty miles; not a service-station within three hundred. Bajin and I rolled our trousers to the knees, which was sometimes not enough, took off shoes and stockings, and for the next two hours waded among ice-cakes, adding our feeble man-power to the sturdy engine of the car. By mid-afternoon we were within a few yards of the bridge—with the swirling ditch still in front of us. We spent the rest of the afternoon tearing up a corduroy road and building a bridge across the ditch. Almost at sunset we rolled blithely across the river, and sped, at a perilous angle, along the edge of the mountain, across the valley, the road being deep in water; then turned north again, over more Alpine passes. I have seldom seen a lovelier sunset than that night, the sky's fire reflected from a thousand pools in the river-bottom—but the chauffeur, who knew that the road lay through those flaming pools, was utterly unmoved when I pointed to the reflections.

Four more rivers we crossed the next day. The ice was gone from the first, and the stream was too deep for a Dodge unaided. We unlashed the bags from the running-boards and piled them high inside the car, took out the carbureter, greased the rest of the engine, and hired two horses to haul us through. The second river we boldly forded. The third, after long hesitations and testings, we crossed on the ice—safely. The fourth, the Ura, was a longer story. The ice was out and the river ran free along both shores, but the center ice seemed solid. From the near shore the Mongols had built a log bridge out to the solid ice; on the north side the ice came so close to the sloping shore that it seemed safe. We reinforced the log bridge; the car gently slid across it, raced across the ice for the far shore, when—crack! the Dodge plunged through, whirled a moment, and lapsed into discouraging silence. And there it sat, in the river above the hubs, water flowing through the bottoms of both my bags. Fortunately, we were close to a Mongol village, and they had a boat. We were ferried to dry land; again we rolled up our trousers and waded in; we hitched a dozen ropes to the car, and Mongols, Russians, and American slowly hauled the car out of the river and up on the sand.

Toward evening I saw mountain-peaks to the north which looked blue instead of brown; and suddenly I became aware that their skylines were fuzzy, like the skylines of the wooded mountains at home. The ranges flattened out and the country softened. Aspens, birches, and pines mingled with one another—occasionally we actually ran through forest, as one never does in lowland China or in high Mongolia. We passed tiny villages of Russian pioneers—pushing into the wilderness, building their own houses, and contriving their own machinery, self-dependent and resourceful—the Americans of the next century. That third night we reached Troitskosavsk, the frontier town, and slept, with an army of cockroaches, in a Russian inn.

Customs officials cannot be hurried. It was easy

enough to get out of Mongolia, but it took most of a day to get into Russia. Every parcel and paper was pried into. With some difficulty I conveyed the idea that I still hoped to catch the weekly train next afternoon, and at length we set out again. More rolling birch-and-pine country that evening, and more deep sand. It seemed strange but friendly to see occasional bits of plowed land and even fences. Toward midnight, just short of the great Selenga River, we roused a peasant village and found a family willing to take us in for the night and give us tea. The air struck one in the face as the door opened—it must have been carefully preserved all winter—and eleven people were more or less asleep on the floor, including a sick baby; but when I attempted casually to lean against the door and keep it open for a minute they came to me and pointed out that the *malinka* was ailing and must not suffer fresh air. I slept in the car, and got four and a half hour's better sleep than I had had since Urga. Mongol huts have one advantage over Russian—they leak air.

The great Selenga River lay ahead, a big navigable stream, to be crossed twice. But the Selenga ice was stronger than we knew. It had broken a bit at the edges, but log bridges had been laid, and we were past the first crossing before six. We passed Selenginsk—a little one-story town dominated by two huge green-roofed, blue-

bulbed churches—and then wandered miles out of our course. But finally we came upon the new road which marks the route of the future Trans-Mongolian Railroad, and while it was soft and unfinished, most of the lesser bridges had been built and were usable. Wind drove the loose sand into our faces, but we were covering the miles. Our long detour and the bad roads, however, had cost us so much gas that the chauffeur was doubtful whether we could get through. At 1:30 we were only thirty versts from the goal, the meter showed one and a half gallons of gas, and we stopped to eat. Five miles short of the railroad the meter showed zero, but the car puffed on, and we caught the



A pro-Russian Mongolian poster showing England reaching over the Himalayas, knife and telegraph in hand to ensnare and threaten Tibet; the Chinese colonizer enters from the East; Mongolia tends her sheep; and Red Russia stands guard.



weekly train with half an hour to spare! And that is the route over which some say Russia ships great quantities of munitions to her friends in China!

Six days crossing the snowy plains of Siberia—endless, half-cultivated, still in the log-cabin stage, but looking forward to a boundless future with a boundless self-confidence. Siberia is American in its spaciousness, its optimism, its faith in its future.

Four days in Moscow, where Henry Ford and Lenin are enshrined as twin gods, where a cult of American mechanism is arising, along with new skyscrapers, electric sky-signs, and even talk of a subway, and mingles its familiar jargon with the lingo of communist ideals.

Two more days, and I was back in Western Europe, where frontiers huddle on frontiers, where men bathe and talk familiar languages and wear familiar clothes—a land achingly nostalgic, living on memories of the good old days before the war, praying for restoration, reconstruction, rebuilding, always looking backward. A continent

where the great races of the nineteenth century do not know that their moment of history is done.

China still slumbers, perhaps—but she has never lost faith in herself, and today, with the weapons of the West in hand, retains her ancient pride in the power of her four hundred million citizens; Mongolia is an interlude, a dying race that once ravaged a continent awakening, as all Asia will awaken, and rubbing its eyes in a new dawn; Russia is a bridge between East and West, enormous, a young people four times as numerous as America was a half century ago and as sure of an infinitely expanding future—and the little crowded countries that have made history on that Western plain of Europe, blinking behind their customs frontiers and separate armies and diplomatic staffs and mutual hates and jealousies, seem pitiful, lost, unimportant in comparison with these mighty peoples.

China, Russia, America—these are nations of the future. They are none of them meek, but they will inherit the earth.

## Gasless America

By STUART CHASE

OUR culture complex—as the anthropologists say—is changing, nay, has changed. While England and Germany still remain coal civilizations, the United States has become, with unheard-of rapidity, a gasoline civilization. The acid test of a culture complex is the nursery. In American nurseries the choo-choo gathers dust on the topmost shelf while the red racer holds the position of honor on the floor. Little Archie can tell you on the nail the make of every car that passes him. The grocer boy will call it a day any time to help you change a tire. Where is the urchin who has not mastered the calisthenics of the traffic cop?

Of a Sunday, in front of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Pittsburgh one may behold an impressive ceremony. One by one, all day long, motor cars draw up before the church door. A priest sprinkles each with holy water and pastes upon the car a seal which insures automobile, driver, and passengers the protection of St. Christopher, lately appointed the patron saint of motor cars.

Ten years ago the consumption of gasoline in the United States was 300 million barrels; today it is 800 million barrels. Ten years ago there were two million cars in the country; today there are over twenty million. It is gasoline which has girdled the country with 300,000 miles of magnificent highways; decreased distances between communities as no other form of transportation has ever done; and with the shrinkage, stamped identical habit patterns upon the citizens of Boston, New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Kansas City, Salt Lake, Los Angeles, and Seattle. It is gasoline which now propels, in motor trucks, more gross tonnage of freight than the railroads move. The Florida boom would have been unthinkable without gasoline. In the last few years has appeared the strange phenomenon of gasoline gipsies—uncounted thousands of families on the march from one automobile camping ground to the next, the country over. It is gasoline which has made possible the mass production of week-ends—the synthetic gin is only a by-product—which has made the reclamation of abandoned farmhouses by city folks a major industry; which has quad-

rupled the radius between the skilled worker's home and his job; which has built golf courses and demoralized the working schedules—to say nothing of the pantaloons—of practically the entire business world above \$7,500 a year; which has in the guise of the tractor revolutionized farming methods; which has created the road house, the night club, put the hot-dog industry on its feet, added stupendous efficiency to the art of banditry. No saxophone blows without a faint whiff of gasoline behind it; no silver screen can flicker without its parking lines outside. It is gasoline, not cosmetics, which has given the flapper her final polish, and made the boy friend what he is.

Which brings us to the folkways of courtship. No longer do we love by dim gaslight but by dimmed headlights—and gasoline. Cruise around the outskirts of any city or town on a summer night and note the parked and silent monsters up every lane, before every vista where moonlight sparkles on the water; tail lights glowing, and kisses warm above the steering wheel.

Dr. Watson holds, not without some show of reason, that what chiefly marks off man from the other animals are language habits. The influence of gasoline on the American language is profound. A whole new dialect of slang has been created, much of which in due time will force its way into accredited forms of speech. Coming down Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington the other day, we overtook a girl in riding breeches, resting on a rock. "Pretty stiff drop," said we, obeying the courtesies of mountain trails. "Tough on the brake bands," said she with equal courtesy. "Step on it, kid"; "park your hat here"; "I've been goin' it on high for a month"; "aw, put it in reverse"; "a regular self-starter"; "flivvered out"; "throwing the Rolls Royce"; "you've got water in your mixture"; "a six-cylinder guy."

Gasoline will start the next war; gasoline in airplanes carrying poison gas will win the next war—or end the career of *homo sapiens*—it is not quite clear which.

And now comes this aggregation of flat tires, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, and wants to conclude it all by giving us only six more years of gasoline production at the

present rate in America. The threat is grotesque, inconceivable. A law must be rushed through Congress prohibiting it. From the roar of the gusher and the shrieks of the spectators to the last flying explosion in the muffler, gasoline runs—the heart's blood of the nation. Six years—and then a gasless America! The mind reels at the contemplation of it. What? No taxis, traffic cops, Dixie highways, one-way streets, better Buicks, Standard Oil companies, filling stations, schoolgirl complexion billboards, airplanes, football stadia (for how could they be filled?), five-ton trucks, Klaxon horns, 25,000 new graves a year, *Saturday Evening Post* advertising, Fifth Avenue buses, road maps, dash-board architecture, lubricating oils, four-wheel brakes, Diesel engines, instalment selling, "Punkville 4 miles, Goodrich Tires," Tumble Inns, submarines, Ye Olde Antique Shoppes, gunmen in Packards, back-seat driving, back-seat kisses?

America without gas is a pipe without tobacco, a hearth without a fire, a suit without trousers. . . . Death rather!

## The New Generation

By MATHER A. ABBOTT

[An address delivered by the headmaster of Lawrenceville School before the Rotary Club of Trenton, New Jersey, on Armistice Day, 1926.]

AS I looked over my boys this morning, when we were celebrating Armistice Day in chapel, I said to myself: "The war is an ever-present evil with me. I suffered so much during my three years in the navy—we all suffered so much—that we can never forget it. But not one of these fellows knows anything about it. The oldest boys were only ten years old when the Armistice was signed." Then I saw a picture. I saw a picture of myself at eighteen, and the world as it was then, and a picture of this maelstrom of a world in which our boys are now placed. Think of it, and remember your youth. In the last eight years we have had:

1. Prohibition and all it entails.
2. The ubiquitous automobile.
3. The cheap theater, especially the movies, with its sex problems.
4. The absence of parental control.
5. The ignoring of religion.
6. The emancipation of womanhood, combined with the modern dance.

There are just six things. Now, when we were eighteen, liquor was hardly thought of. We knew there were certain boys that used to drink and we did not often associate with them. As for carrying a pocket flask, it was practically unknown. When we took a girl out for a drive, we had to hire a one-horse rig and we were all properly chaperoned and looked after. We had no cheap theaters and no movies. Our parents were addressed as "sir" and "ma'am," and their word was absolute law. God was an ever-present power, whom we held in deadly awe. Imagine our feelings if a lady, with a cigarette in her mouth and drinking a cocktail, should have shown herself at one of our dinner parties thirty years ago! That sort of thing we relegated to certain streets which had red lights. And the modern dance I saw first in 1902, when I went up the Nile, in certain Ethiopian villages where the tomtom was no louder than the present-day drum! Into this maelstrom the modern youth has come,

knowing nothing else, and you and I and all the members of this parental generation are absolutely responsible if youth is going to the devil. But it is not!

I have been in the business of teaching boys for thirty years. I have at present under my charge 540 boys collected from nearly every State, and I have never known a more truthful, clean-living, honorable set of young men. They are different from the boys of my youth as the sun is from the moon—full of nonsense, full of passion, headstrong, mischief-loving, but five times as decent, as truthful, and as manly. Let me describe them to you:

In the first place, their leading characteristic is that they must prove everything by trying it. They do not begin where we leave off, as we want them to do; they must go through every experience themselves. They take nothing for granted. They want facts, not camouflage. They can see the false through a ten-inch board. They have an almost devilish intuition—I say "devilish" because I have been caught so often! They will have nothing of what they call "bull" on the part of an older person. I would rather talk to five thousand people of your age than I would to my five hundred boys. I have to be so abominably careful that I can prove every word I say!

Secondly, the absence of religious instruction in their youth. Unfortunately, the mothers are too busy to give the fireside and bedside talks that they used to give the little fellows, and the fathers are too busy in business even to tell them the truth about the sex problem. Now you cannot prove the other world and you cannot prove God, and the modern generation will not accept anything you cannot prove. So, though "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom," the modern generation is practically without it. Since the great fear which held us is absent, these boys, having the spiritual longings that all boys have, are restless. Unwilling to face the deep questions of life, they try to seek happiness in the material, and most of this desire that we hear so much of for a thrill, for breaking the law, and so on, comes from an unanswered longing within, which they think they are going to satisfy with material things, only to find that the material things cannot satisfy. So these lurid tales we hear are usually caused, not by any evil in the boy or girl, but by the untrammelled pursuit of truth which is so evident in all the young of our generation. They want to realize everything and, of course, you and I, in our maturity, know that very few things in this world can be realized. In this connection, I wish to use a place nearby as an illustration. This town has suddenly become notorious, but I believe there are 20,000 people in it who are not notorious, who are living lives that are decent and straight and true. But the news of a certain family in the town blackens every paper every morning. So it is with these stories of the youth of today. They are frightful stories, absolutely true, most likely, but I do not believe that 10 per cent of our youth could be thus characterized. If we looked upon the notorious happening in that town as the rule, where would America be going? But it is the great exception. So with these lurid stories; they, too, are the great exceptions.

Now, lastly, the equalization of the sexes: When you and I were boys, woman was on a pedestal; we worshiped her. There was pursuit; there was mystery; there was worship. Did we worship that which was true or that which was false? The worship has gone, disappeared, and I am told that modesty, too, has gone. Perhaps it has, but we are getting at facts; we are getting at companionship; we are



getting at the truth. The double standard has vanished. Of course, there are terrific calamities, terrific failures, but out of them there is going to come something remarkable.

To sum up, therefore, what do I find? First, a truth-lover. Second, a word of honor that is never broken. Third, a reasonable being that will not take a rule as final until it is approved. Fourth, and most astonishing, on the whole, a clean-minded individual. And then—what will always happen where God is not regarded as supreme, what has happened throughout history where a nation has given up its God—a restlessness that is always unaccountable, a dissatisfaction of mind which makes the youth probe into things we never thought of going into, which we took on faith. Also, many failures, many disasters, as there always are in a great upheaval, where freedom gets confounded with license. No, gentlemen, the youth of the present generation, as far as I know, and I know five hundred of them very intimately, are on the way to great discoveries, have made a step toward happiness and a step toward self-government far ahead of anything we had in our youth. They need very careful handling. They need all the love and affection that a man can give them, and they are going to bring this old world of ours one step nearer heaven in the end.

## In the Driftway

THE death of Leonid Krassin of pernicious anemia in London last week sent a pang of regret through the Drifter's breast. He recalled Krassin's first appearance in London as a Soviet envoy when the Drifter, too, happened to be sojourning in London. Krassin was in looks anything but the typical Bolshevik. Quiet, reserved, unassuming, and obviously in delicate health, he seemed the student and teacher. Yet many people then, as now, expected that because he was a Bolshevik he must have the mustachios of a pirate, long, flowing and unkempt hair, a bomb in one hand and a dirk in the other. Instead, he was a modest, accessible diplomat who differed in no wise in his personal appearance from the conventional Russian gentleman.

\* \* \* \* \*

NATURALLY Mr. Krassin's first appearance in London was not altogether easy nor without uncomfortable happenings, even beyond the nasty editorials in the conservative press. But sometimes there were rays of light and little experiences which greatly smoothed the road for this representative of the Soviet. Thus, the Drifter recalls Krassin's experience when he undertook to give a dinner to which he invited some of the men most prominent in British public life, including Lloyd George. He was at first at a loss to know where to give the dinner, but finally decided to try one of the great hotels in the Strand. He interviewed the maitre d'hotel with distinct uneasiness. He explained that he wished to give a large dinner party, but desired to have it understood in advance that if the hotel agreed to take the dinner it would give its word to live up to its agreement and to let nothing interfere. The puzzled maitre d'hotel, piqued, declared that his hotel did not break its word. "Wait a minute," said Krassin, "you do not know who I am. I am the Bolshevik envoy, Krassin. I do not wish you to say you will serve me and then have your managing director tell me three days before the dinner that you cannot serve Bolsheviks." The maitre d'hotel smiled skeptically. "You are not Krassin?" "I am," replied the envoy, and reinforced

his statement with his passport and other official documents. The maitre d'hotel looked at them and turned upon Krassin. "Do you mean to say that you wish this hotel to serve a dinner for you? Well, Mr. Krassin, I wish you to know that I shall consider it the greatest honor I have ever had."

\* \* \* \* \*

DESPITE this welcome Krassin felt uneasy until the repast was over. Afterwards he told the Drifter that he never had he eaten so fine a dinner, and never had he dreamed that a dinner could be so perfectly served. "The most interesting thing about it," he added, "was that we had a new set of waiters for every course. Later I asked the maitre d'hotel why that was. He laughed and said 'So many of them begged the privilege of serving you that I had to compromise by letting a new crew serve each course!' " And then comes the most remarkable part of it. Mr. Krassin confided to the Drifter that he could not prevail upon a single waiter to accept a tip! There is no doubt in the Drifter's mind that that incident brightened life for Krassin for many a day and offset some of the coldness he encountered when he was first received as a diplomat and people did not know whether to regard him as a wild animal or an escaped convict. If what has since been widely reported is true, Krassin steadily made his way wherever he went, because of his ability and his modesty and his quiet devotion to his job. And that is also the belief of his acquaintance,

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence In Defense of Fascism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Able and efficient government can never be attained through the head nor through the heart, but only through the hide. Even your distant proteges in Russia have been compelled to see the wisdom thereof, and, chop as much logic as you will, you cannot disprove it. Force, brute force, is the one and only method toward efficacious government.

How can you dare to assert that Fascism and its philosophy are inferior to our much-mooted democracy and liberty? Pray, where is that democracy, that liberty? In Prohibition, perhaps, or the Teapot Dome, or the crookedest Cabinet in the history of the American Presidency? By what heavenly sign has the divine right of the majority been established? Why the right of the majority any more than the similar right of kings?

It is evident (to me, at least) that our theory of government is fallacious as well as inefficient. We rule, not by the ablest, but by the most popular. At election time it is not the man who can best fulfil the desires of the voters, but the man who spends the most money in advertising, who brays the loudest, that wins. The record of Congress scarcely displays any signs of intelligence, let alone of brilliance.

Granted that free speech is denied in Italy—what good does it do us here? Has it helped with Prohibition? Has it prevented such outbreaks of delirium as were witnessed in Tennessee and, more recently, in Boston during the Mencken-Mercury altercation? It is much like having an expensive automobile when you haven't the money to buy gasoline.

In brief, Fascism places the needs of the nation above all—above the individual, above the group, above the interests of either capital or labor. When, in 1921, all industry, all production was at a standstill in Italy, because of the bickerings of the laborers and the manufacturers, the Fascists, the middle class of Italy, rose and forced the workers to work and the capitalists to pay. Then why this outburst?

New York, November 12

VICTOR ZORIN

## That Glorious Word—Damn

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your symposium on profanity is of great interest. Once Lord Tennyson discredited me at great length on the silliness of profanity—its "feebly-forcefulness," etc. Then, after a silence of half a minute, or more, his whole face lit up and he exclaimed enthusiastically: "But that word 'Damn' is a glorious word, isn't it? Often, nothing else can take its place, or express the exact shade of your feeling!"

Columbia, S. C., November 13

Y. S.

## And What About Europe?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you ever considered the tremendous target offered by the City of New York to an enemy's attack? It would be impossible to miss such a mark. It is close to the sea: it is almost as high and wide as a mountain; and it is as destructible, for modern artillery, as a glass house, or a china shop. A single first-class enemy ship could destroy the city on Manhattan Island, in half an hour, from a distance of twenty miles. Each high-explosive shell would pass clean through the skyscrapers, and blow them into ruins of twisted steel and shattered concrete; and every shot would cost us thousands of lives and millions of dollars. Fire would complete the work of destruction.

The City of New York is the heart of America, and should be defended, as men defend their own hearts. The approach of an enemy by sea or by air should be made impossible. An attack from the air, with the use of poison gas, might be even more disastrous than a bombardment. America should not disarm. America should double her armaments by sea and by air. She should have a navy and air forces capable of stopping the combined fleets of Europe in mid-Atlantic.

Chicago, October 26

BERTRAND SHADWELL

## Mr. Bruce Spills

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an interview obtained recently by the New York *Evening Enquirer*, W. P. Bruce, a geologist of Boston, spills the beans. Mr. Bruce has been seeing Venezuela, and what he has seen puts Mr. Bruce fearfully in the dumps. Was Mr. Bruce moved by the sardonic mischief-making of those who put up innumerable monuments to Simon Bolivar and put down with iron heels the consequences of Bolivar's passion? Was he stirred by the realization that Venezuela through all the days of Gomez's dictatorship has been suffering an unending Santa Marta? No, it is oil that afflicts Mr. Bruce so profoundly—oil and the bad state of health of that humanitarian, Juan Vicente Gomez. Here are Mr. Bruce's own words:

Yes, General Gomez is failing in health, and I fear is failing fast. It is said that he has Bright's disease, or nephritis, and you know what that means. However, credit must be given him for the way he has developed Venezuela's natural resources, especially her oil fields. What will happen down there if he should happen to pass out, the future only knows. I rather dread to think about it, because there is no one qualified at the present time to step into his shoes. Just how capital views the situation, I am really at a loss to understand, because all the oil concessions have been granted by the Chief Executive himself, and therefore are illegal under the laws of Venezuela, and will necessarily be subject to future revision. Here is a problem confronting not only American capital invested there, but British as well. I really see nothing but chaos ahead.

It is perhaps bad manners, but what makes Mr. Bruce sad gives us uncommon joy. Imperialistic capital in Venezuela is coming to an impasse, and it is aware of the fact. It is con-

fused, and brought to confession. "All the oil concessions have been granted by the Chief Executive, and therefore are illegal under the laws of Venezuela, and will necessarily be subject to revision." Indeed, they will be, Mr. Bruce. And other things will be subject to revision, a drastic change. And on that purgative day Simon Bolivar will return to Caracas, to a new birth!

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 27

MARTIN FEINSTEIN,

English Secretary, The Venezuelan Labor Union

## Encouragement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read "Music and the External World" to a number of visitors; it always provokes discussion, and it is interesting to see just where the individual begins to remonstrate. I hope B. H. Haggin will continue.

West Medford, Mass., November 14

E. H.

## Contributors to This Issue

SILAS BENT was formerly associate editor of the *Nation's Business*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, spent last winter in the Orient.

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste."

MATHER A. ABBOTT is headmaster of the Lawrenceville School.

RENÉ LALOU, author of "Contemporary Literature in France," is engaged upon a study of Paul Valéry to be published soon in Paris.

ABBE NILES, coeditor with W. C. Handy of "Blues," has made a special study of Negro folk-music.

ELISEO VIVAS was the author of the anonymous article, *The Unknown Critic*, which closed the Critic's series in *The Nation* two years ago.

MARY AUSTIN, author of "The American Rhythm" and many other books, now lives in Santa Fe.

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

HAROLD J. LASKI, of the London School of Economics, is the author of "The Grammar of Politics."

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

R. L. BURGESS is on the staff of the *San Jose News*, San Jose, California.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York.

MORTIMER J. ADLER is a member of the department of psychology, Columbia University.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

J. A. HOBSON, the noted British economist, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

PAUL BLANSHARD is a trade-union organizer and author of "Outline of the British Labor Movement."

GERALD CARSON is a New York business man and literary critic.

CARLETON BEALS is the author of "Mexico—an Interpretation."

R. F. DIBBLE's most recent biography is "Mohammed."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD is a member of the department of history, Smith College.

B. H. HAGGIN, a musician of New York, is contributing a series of articles to *The Nation*.

The author of *Why I Earn My Own Living* is a well-known magazine writer.



## The British Commonwealth of Nations

WE print below the opening sections of the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference, issued November 19, as cabled to the New York Times.

### I.—INTRODUCTION

We were appointed at a meeting of the Imperial Conference, October 25, 1926, to investigate all questions on the agenda affecting inter-imperial relations.

Our discussions on these questions have been long and intricate. We found on examination that they involved considerations of fundamental principles affecting the relations of the various parts of the British Empire *inter se* as well as the relations of each part to foreign countries.

For such an examination the time at our disposal has been all too short, yet we hope that we may have laid a foundation on which subsequent conferences may build.

### II.—STATUS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS

The committee are of the opinion that nothing would be gained by attempting to lay down a constitution for the British Empire. Its widely scattered parts have very different characteristics, very different histories, and are at very different stages of evolution, while considered as a whole it defies classification and bears no real resemblance to any other political organization which now exists or has ever yet been tried. There is, however, one most important element in it which from a strictly constitutional point of view has now as regards all vital matters reached its full development—we refer to the group of self-governing communities composed of Great Britain and the Dominions.

Their position and mutual relation may be readily defined. They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

A foreigner endeavoring to understand the true character of the British Empire by the aid of this formula alone would be tempted to think that it was devised rather to make mutual interference impossible than to make mutual cooperation easy. Such criticism, however, completely ignores the historic situation. The rapid evolution of the oversea Dominions during the last fifty years has involved many complicated adjustments of old political machinery to changing conditions. The tendency toward equality of status was both right and inevitable. Geographical and other conditions made this impossible of attainment by way of federation. The only alternative was by way of autonomy and along this road it has been steadily sought. Every self-governing member of the empire is master of its destiny. In fact, if not always in form, it is subject to no compulsion whatever.

But no account, however accurate, of the negative relations in which Great Britain and the Dominions stand to each other can do more than express a portion of the truth. The British Empire is not founded upon negations. It depends essentially if not formally, on positive ideals. Free institutions are its life-blood; free cooperation is its instrument. Peace, security, and progress are among its objects. Aspects of all these great themes have been discussed at the present conference. Excellent results have been thereby obtained, and though every Dominion is now and must always remain the sole judge of the nature and extent of its cooperation, no common cause will, in our opinion, be thereby imperiled.

Equality of status so far as Britain and the Dominions are concerned is the root principle governing our inter-imperial relations. But principles of equality and similarity appropriate to the status do not universally extend to the function. Here we require something more than immutable dogmas.

For example, to deal with questions of diplomacy and questions of defense we require also flexible machinery—machinery which can from time to time be adapted to the changing circumstances of the world. This subject also has occupied our attention. The rest of this report will show we have endeavored not only to state political theory but how to apply it to our common needs.

### III.—SPECIAL POSITION OF INDIA

It will be noted that in previous paragraphs we have made no mention of India. Our reason for limiting their scope to Great Britain and the Dominions is that the position of India in the empire is already defined by the Government of India Act of 1919.

We would, nevertheless, recall that by resolution of the Imperial War Conference in 1917 due recognition was given to the important position held by India in the British Commonwealth. Where in this report we have had occasion to consider the position of India we have made particular reference to it.

### IV.—RELATIONS BETWEEN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Existing administrative, legislative, and judicial forms are admittedly not wholly in accord with the position as described in Section II of this report. This is inevitable, since most of these forms date back to a time well antecedent to the present stage of constitutional development. Our first task, then, was to examine these forms with special reference to any cases where want of adaptation of practice to principle caused or might be thought to cause inconvenience in the conduct of inter-imperial relations.

A—*Title of His Majesty.* The title of His Majesty the King is of special importance and concern to all parts of His Majesty's Dominions. Twice within the last fifty years has the royal title been altered to suit changed conditions and constitutional developments.

The present title, which is that proclaimed under Royal Titles Act of 1901, is as follows: George V, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of Faith, Emperor of India.

Some time before the conference met it had been recognized that this form of title hardly accorded with the altered state of affairs arising from the establishment of the Irish Free State as a Dominion. It had further been ascertained that it would be in accordance with His Majesty's wishes that any recommendation for a change should be submitted to him as a result of the discussion at the conference.

We are unanimously of the opinion that a slight change is desirable and we recommend that, subject to His Majesty's approval, necessary legislative action should be taken to secure that His Majesty's title should henceforth be: George V, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

B—*Position of Governors General.* We proceeded to consider whether it was desirable formally to place on record a definition of the position held by the Governor General as His Majesty's representative in the Dominions. That position, though now generally well recognized, undoubtedly represents a development from an earlier stage when the Governor General was appointed solely on advice of His Majesty's Ministers in London and acted also as their representative. The Governor of Newfoundland is in the same position as the Governor General of a Dominion.

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In our opinion, it is essential in consequence of the equality of the status existing among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, that the Governor General of a Dominion is a representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in a Dominion as is held by His Majesty, the King in Great Britain, and that he is not a representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or of any department of that Government.

It seemed to us to follow that the practice whereby the Governor General of a Dominion is the formal official channel of communication between His Majesty's Government in Great Britain and his governments in his Dominions might be regarded as no longer wholly in accordance with the constitutional position of the Governor General.

It was thought that the recognized official channel of communication should be, in the future, between government and government direct. The representatives of Great Britain readily recognized that the existing procedure might be open to criticism and accepted the proposed change in principle in relation to any of the Dominions which desired it. The details were left for settlement as soon as possible after the conference had completed its work, but it was recognized by the committee as an essential feature of any change or development in the channels of communication that the Governor General should be supplied with copies of all documents of importance and in general should be kept as fully informed as is His Majesty the King in Great Britain of Cabinet business and public affairs.

C—Operations of Dominion Legislation. Our attention was also called to various points in connection with the operation of Dominion legislation which, it was suggested, required clarification:

The particular points involved were:

(1) The present practice under which the acts of the Dominion Parliaments are sent each year to London and it is intimated through the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs that His Majesty will not be advised to exercise his powers of disallowance with regard to them.

(2) The reservation of Dominion legislation in certain circumstances for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure which is signified on advice tendered by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain.

(3) The difference between the legislative competence of the Parliament at Westminster and the Dominion Parliaments in that acts passed by the latter operate as a general rule only within the territorial area of the Dominion concerned.

(4) The operation of legislation passed by Parliament at Westminster in relation to the Dominions. In this connection special attention was called to such statutes as the Colonial Laws Validity Act. It was suggested that in the future uniformity of legislation as between Great Britain and the Dominions could best be secured by the enactment of reciprocal statutes, based upon consultation and agreement.

We gave these matters the best consideration possible in the limited time at our disposal, but came to the conclusion that the issues involved were so complex that there would be grave danger in attempting any immediate pronouncement other than the statement of certain principles which, in our opinion, underlie the whole question of the operation of Dominion legislation. We feel that, for the rest, it would be necessary to obtain expert guidance as a preliminary to further consideration by His Majesty's Governments in Great Britain and the Dominions.

On the questions raised with regard to disallowance and reservation of Dominion legislation, it was explained by the Irish Free State representatives that they desired to elucidate constitutional practice in relation to Canada, since it was provided by Article 2 of the articles of agreement for the Treaty of 1921 that "The position of the Irish Free State, in relation

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to the Imperial Parliament and Government and otherwise shall be that of the Dominion of Canada."

On this point we propose that it should be placed on record that apart from the provisions embodied in the constitutions or in specific statutes expressly providing for reservation, it is recognized that it is the right of the Government of each Dominion to advise the Crown in all matters relating to its own affairs. Consequently it would not be in accordance with constitutional practice for advice to be tendered to His Majesty by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain in any matter appertaining to the affairs of a Dominion against the views of the Government of that Dominion.

Appropriate procedure with regard to projected legislation in one of the self-governing parts of the empire which may affect the interests of other self-governing parts rests on previous consultation between His Majesty's Ministers in the several parts concerned.

On the question raised with regard to the legislative competence of members of the British Commonwealth of Nations other than Great Britain and in particular to the desirability of those members being enabled to legislate with extraterritorial effect, we think that it should similarly be placed on record that constitutional practice is that legislation by the Parliament at Westminster applying to a Dominion would only be passed with the consent of the Dominion concerned.

As already indicated, however, we are of the opinion that there are points arising out of these considerations and in application of these general principles which will require detailed examination, and we accordingly recommend that steps should be taken by Great Britain and the Dominions to set up a committee with terms of reference on the following lines: To inquire into and report upon and make recommendations concerning, first, existing statutory provisions requiring the reservation of Dominion legislation for assent of His Majesty or authorizing disallowance of such legislation; second (a), the present position, as to competence, of the Dominion Parliaments to give their legislation extraterritorial operation; (b) the practicability and most convenient method of giving effect to the principle that each Dominion Parliament should have the power to give extraterritorial operation to its legislation in all cases where such operation is ancillary to provisions for peace, order, and good government of that Dominion; third, principles embodied in or underlying the Colonial Laws Validity Act of 1865 and extent to which any provisions of that act ought to be repealed, amended, or modified in the light of existing relations between the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, as described in this report.

[Sections on Merchant Shipping Legislation and Appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are here omitted.]

#### V—RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES

From questions especially concerning the relations of various parts of the British Empire with one another we naturally turned to those affecting their relations with foreign countries. In the latter sphere a beginning had been made toward making clear those relations by resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1923 on the subject of negotiation, signature, and ratification of treaties. But it seemed desirable to examine the working of that resolution during the past three years, and also consider whether the principles laid down with regard to treaties could not be applied with advantage in a wider sphere.

A—*Procedure in Relation to Treaties.* We appointed a special subcommittee, under the Chairmanship of the Minister of Justice of Canada, the Honorable E. LaPointe, K. C., to consider the question of treaty procedure. The subcommittee, on whose report the following paragraphs are based, found that the resolution of the conference of 1923 embodied, on most points, useful rules for the guidance of the governments. As they became more thoroughly understood and established they would prove effective in practice.

Some phases of treaty procedure were examined, however,



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in greater detail in the light of experience in order to consider to what extent the resolution of 1923 might with advantage be supplemented.

B—*Negotiations.* It was agreed in 1923 that any of the governments of the empire contemplating the negotiation of a treaty should give due consideration to its possible effect upon other governments, and should take steps to inform the governments likely to be interested of its intention.

This rule should be understood as applying to any negotiations which any government intends to conduct so as to leave it to the other governments to say whether they are likely to be interested.

When a government has received information of the intention of any other government to conduct negotiations it is incumbent upon it to indicate its attitude with reasonable promptitude. So long as the initiating government receives no adverse comments, and so long as its policy involves no active obligations on the part of other governments, it may proceed on the assumption that its policy is generally acceptable. It must, however, before taking any steps which might involve other governments in any active obligations, obtain their definite assent.

Where by the nature of a treaty it is desirable that it should be ratified on behalf of all the governments of the empire the initiating government may assume that the government which has had full opportunity of indicating its attitude, and has made no adverse comments, will concur in the ratification of the treaty. In the case of a government that prefers not to concur in the ratification of a treaty unless it has been signed by a plenipotentiary authorized to act on its behalf it will advise the appointment of a plenipotentiary so to act.

C—*Form of Treaty.* Some treaties begin with a list of the contracting countries, and not with a list of the heads of states. In the case of treaties negotiated under the auspices of the League of Nations adherence to the wording of the annex to the Covenant for the purpose of describing the contracting party has led to the use in the preamble of the term "British Empire," with the enumeration of the Dominions and India if parties to the convention, but without any mention of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the colonies and protectorates. These are only included by virtue of their being covered by the term "British Empire."

This practice, while suggesting that the Dominions and India are not on a footing of equality with Great Britain as participants of the treaties in question, tends to obscurity and misunderstanding and is generally unsatisfactory.

As a means of overcoming this difficulty it is recommended that all treaties (other than agreements between governments), whether negotiated under the auspices of the League or not, should be made in the name of the heads of the states, and if a treaty is signed on behalf of any or all of the governments of the empire the treaty should be made in the name of the King, a symbol of the special relationship between the different parts of the empire.

British units on behalf of which a treaty is signed should be grouped together in the following order: Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and all the parts of the British Empire which are not separate members of the League; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Irish Free State, and India. A specimen form of treaty as recommended is attached as an appendix to the committee's reports.

In the case of a treaty applying to only one part of the empire it should be stated to be made by the King on behalf of that part.

The making of a treaty in the name of the King as a symbol of the special relationship between the different parts of the empire will render superfluous the inclusion of any provision that its terms must not be regarded as regulating *inter se* the rights and obligations of various territories other than that on behalf of which it has been signed in the name of the King.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that the question was discussed at the Arms Traffic Conference in 1925, and

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that the Legal Committee of that conference laid it down that the principle to which the foregoing sentence gives expression underlies all international conventions.

In the case of some international agreements the governments of the different parts of the empire may be willing to apply between themselves some of the provisions as administrative measures. In this case they should state the extent to which and the terms on which such provisions are to apply. Where international agreements are to be applied between the different parts of the empire, the form of treaty between the heads of states should be avoided.

**D—Full Powers.** Plenipotentiaries for the various British units should have full powers issued in each case by the King, on the advice of the government concerned, indicating and corresponding to the part of the empire for which they are to sign. It will frequently be found convenient, particularly where there are some parts of the empire on which it is not contemplated that active obligations will be imposed, but where the position of British subjects belonging to these parts will be affected, for such government to advise the issue of full powers on their behalf to a plenipotentiary appointed to act on behalf the government or governments mainly concerned. In other cases provision might be made for the accession by other parts of the empire at a later date.

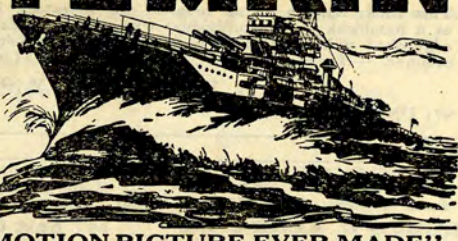
**E—Signature.** In a case where the names of countries are appended to signatures in a treaty different parts of the empire should be designated in the same manner as is proposed in regard to the list of plenipotentiaries in the preamble to the treaty. The signatures of the plenipotentiaries of the various parts of the empire should be grouped together in the same order as is proposed above.

Signature of a treaty on behalf of a part of the empire should cover territories for which the mandate has been given to that part of the empire unless the contrary is stated at the time of signature.

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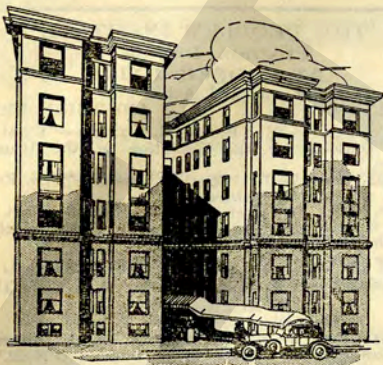
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No, los indicios no son mexicanos, son americanos, y por la cuarta vez en 1926. El Secretario Kellogg se ha soltado de nuevo. Primero, ha inspirado un maligno ataque periodístico sobre México a propósito de Nicaragua, de modo que por varios días nuestros diarios más dignos de confianza estaban llenos de aseveraciones respecto a que de México, foco del bolchevismo, se estaba extendiendo por toda la América Central y del Sur una peligrosa propaganda comunista y antiamericana. Luego siguieron las sugerencias igualmente inspiradas sobre que si México persiste en su regla de conducta en lo que respecta a su Constitución y sus leyes de tierras y petróleo hay todas las probabilidades de una ruptura en las relaciones diplomáticas. Simultáneamente aparecieron las historias de varias revueltas sin importancia y de otras que amenazaban estallar y a las que ya hemos hecho referencia. Nunca se había visto un caso más claro de propaganda inspirada por un gobierno, y, con pena, tenemos que recordar que la Associated Press se prestó a esta afrenta, llevando a cabo la sensacional propaganda antimexicana sin citar el origen de sus informes. Hasta ahora, la política de la Associated Press, según tenemos entendido, había sido la de dar a conocer su fuente de información, para evitar que se le acusara de servir de propagandista.

Nosotros consideramos graves estos actos, a pesar de que esta es la cuarta conmoción en este año de que las compañías petroleras inglesas han anunciado a México su aceptación de aquellas estipulaciones de la ley mexicana del petró



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leo que tanto han exitado a nuestro Departamento de Estado en los tiempos de los señores Hughes y Kellogg. Nuestra - ansiedad se debe a que la politica extranjera de los Estados Unidos está en manos de dos hombres excesivamente débiles, Mr. Kellogg y Mr. Coolidge, el último de los cuales, - si se les puede dar crédito a los mensajes de Washington, - acaba de hacerse el propósito de intentar romper con la -- tradición que no admite un tercer periodo, lanzando su candidatura para la Presidencia en 1928. Se le debe temer -- más a los hombres débiles que a los fuertes en nuestras -- cuestiones exteriores - tenemos la prueba en la facilidad con que William McKinley hundió al país en una guerra con España por razones de partidatismo únicamente, de cuyo hecho es testigo el historiador James Ford Rhodes. Estamos muy al corriente de las palabras resonantes usadas por el Presidente Coolidge con respecto a nuestros asuntos extranjeros, de las que hace mención el New York "WORLD" . Dijo al Congreso que durante cien años nos habíamos comprometido "al arreglo pacífico de las controversias entre las naciones; Por medio del ejemplo y de tratados hemos abogado por el arbitraje." También dijo al Congreso en su último mensaje que "la política de nuestras relaciones exteriores haciendo a un lado toda sugestión de fuerza, descansa únicamente sobre el principio de paz, buena voluntad y buenas obras." Pero viniendo de Mr. Coolidge estos sentimientos no son sino politiquerías ordinarias a las que todos estamos acostumbrados, pero que no tienen nada en el fondo. Ni son una garantía de que nuestra política hacia México y Nica



caragua pueda ser decorosa y humanitaria, pues Mr. Coolidge no es sino el instrumento del capital y lo que el capital quiere eso hace. Si nuestros capitalistas que han hecho inversiones en México se niegan a ser razonables y cuerdos, como sus hermanos los ingleses, es indudable que vendrá la ruptura de las relaciones diplomáticas y una política basada en la fuerza - y, tal vez, hasta una bonita guerra en pequeño.

Por lo tanto, urgimos a todos aquellos que se interesen de corazón por ambos países que se levanten una vez más y hagan saber a Washington que no están dispuestos a permitir que los Estados Unidos hagan el papel de brabucones y quieran asumir la actitud de dictadores de México en lo que respecta a sus leyes y Constitución - política que nunca nos atreveríamos a arrogar si se tratara de un país tan grande como el nuestro. Ahora es cuando debemos hacer sentir a --- Washington el peso de nuestras protestas, no después que ya se hayan roto las relaciones. Ahora, aquellos que deliberadamente buscan camorra con México se sienten reforzados con los miles de nuestros compatriotas que pertenecen a la fé católica, y que con algo de razón, se sienten ultrajados por la política del Gobierno mexicanos hacia la Iglesia católica. El Presidente Coolidge juiciosamente se negó a hacer de esta cuestión religiosa la base de una protesta al Gobierno mexicano - hecho que con gusto le acreditamos, aun cuando no podemos dejar de sospechar que lo hizo más por temor a la misma cuestión religiosa, que inspirado por el deseo de no entrometerse en asuntos puramente domésticos; pero una multitud de católicos apoyarán al Diputado John J. Boylan -



de Nueva York en su anunciada determinación de obligar al Comité de Relaciones Exteriores de la Cámara a obrar de acuerdo con la resolución tomada de romper las relaciones diplomáticas con México. Afortunadamente el Senador Borah ha sabido expresarse bien y se rehúsa a que lo influencien repentinamente en esa dirección.

Una vez más llamamos la atención sobre la deliberada propaganda en pro de una guerra con México. Los peores transgresores son los dueños del "Chicago Tribune" y de "Liberty", hombres de corazones endurecidos que en su desprecio hacia la justicia y la honradez, están constantemente presentando argumentos a los Estados Unidos sobre la validez de la anexión de México, basándose para ello en el principio puramente materialista de que como los mexicanos no están explotando sus recursos naturales, nosotros debemos explotarlos. A "Liberty" se le ha cogido hace poco impresionando un retrato que pretendía ser el de los "Católicos Retirando sus Depósitos del Banco de México en Son de Protesta por la Confiscación de las Iglesias", retrato tomado y publicado once meses antes de la tentativa de boycott, es decir, antes de que empezaran las dificultades con los católicos, y que representaban a las personas que fueron a depositar fondos al Banco, no a retirarlos. Así es como se despierta sentimientos hostiles para México, y estos incitadores a la lucha siempre dan por hecho que los Estados Unidos están invariable e inevitablemente en su derecho, y que tenemos el poder, el derecho y el deber de inspeccionar su conducta, sus asuntos y aun sus relaciones con el extranjero.



Las aseveraciones respecto a que México es bolchevi--  
que y a que está extendiendo su propaganda bolchevique no -  
tienen sentido común. Bajo el régimen del Presidente Ca---  
lles, como lo hemos hecho notar repetidas veces, se está --  
llevando a cabo una política social, progresista en benefi-  
cio de las masas mexicanas, la cual debería en ciertos ca--  
sos ser imitada y no criticada por los Estados Unidos. Me-  
nos que nada se debían de criticar sus leyes sobre petróleo  
en los momentos en que Fall, Sinclair y Doheny están enjui-  
ciados por haberse apropiado una parte del mayorazgo del --  
pueblo americano. Si ciertos mexicanos tuvieron a bien a--  
bastecer de armas a los revolucionarios de Nicaragua, no hi  
cieron más que imitar lo que los ciudadanos americanos han-  
estado haciendo en casi todas las repúblicas que tenemos al  
sur, en los últimos cien años. Las fanfarronadas y amenazas  
en contra de México no pueden tener sino un efecto - levan-  
tar a todas las Repúblicas de Centro y Sur américa en con-  
tra nuestra.

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A Government of Minnows by *Frank R. Kent* 79

# The Nation

Vol. CXXIV, No. 3213

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1927

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by *William Hard*

The Last Empress of Mexico

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**THE MEXICAN CRISIS REMAINS GRAVE.** And the responsibility therefor lies clearly at the door of President Coolidge who is shifting his ground continually so that no sane man can know from day to day just what it is that he stands for, he and his Secretary of State. Look at the dispatches as they have appeared in the press. On January 17 the delicate situation in regard to Mexico and Nicaragua was "more satisfactory than at any time." Mr. Kellogg stated that the Government's policy had "undergone no change whatever; it was not true that it had gone from one of a continued show of force . . . to a willingness to endeavor to promote amity by arbitration or mediation." The very next day, however, he "welcomed" the resolution of Senator Robinson for arbitration and added: "For some time I have been giving very careful consideration to the question of the definite application of the principle of arbitration to the existing controversy with Mexico." Naturally that was supposed to be the utterance of the Government and as definitely to commit President Coolidge to the principle of arbitration as he could possibly be committed. The announcement created joy in Mexico, but on January 21 President Coolidge, through the thin disguise of the "Spokesman," cast his Secretary of State overboard and announced that he saw "no hope in arbitration, no

question which should be arbitrated," and let it be known that in his opinion "nothing helpful could be gained by a discussion of arbitration of a dispute." The President wished even discussion of it banned. As the *New York Times* reported: "In the President's opinion, the sole issue at stake was the inalienable right for people to own their property and it should not be taken away by a government unless paid for," and that was not subject to arbitration.

**MR. COOLIDGE'S DESIRE TO STOP DISCUSSION** of the question of arbitration is in keeping with his recent demand that the American press cease criticism of his foreign policy. The country properly continues to bombard the President with demands that the historic American principle of arbitration be applied to this issue. In addition to the magnificent manifesto signed by more than 400 prominent citizens including many university presidents, we have had two admirable utterances in favor of arbitration and against war with Mexico from William Green, of the American Federation of Labor, and a fine statement by 101 college professors, many of them teachers of international law, demanding arbitration and pointing out that "the United States has already agreed upon a method by which they [the issues] should be adjudicated." The professors further declared that the questions are "appropriate for settlement by the judicial method. Protracted delay is dangerous. . . . The issue may become one of national pride and sentiment; feeling may be aroused which will make impossible the judicial settlement now practicable." The protest of the administrative committee of the Federal Council of Churches is another answer to the President's effort to throttle the discussion of arbitration. We repeat that the danger remains grave; a Washington news service is about right when it quotes "an authority" as saying bluntly: "We simply are not going to tolerate unfriendly governments south of us, and that is all there is to it." That determination to impose our will upon others makes the late German Kaiser look like a "piker." The fire upon the President must be continued increasingly and, as Senator Frazier and Congressman Huddleston—who has done admirable work—declare, Congress must be kept in session in order to keep us out of war.

**WHAT IS BRITISH POLICY** in China? The cables are full of pacific speeches, but from the lesser dispatches we assemble the following amazing data: On January 12 there were in the Yangtze River in China 9 British gunboats, 1 sloop, 6 destroyers, and 5 cruisers. Three more cruisers, an aircraft carrier with airplanes, and other British warcraft were in other Chinese waters. In all, there were 62 foreign warships—British, American, French, and Japanese—in the Chinese Yangtze River! On January 19 the British cruisers Frobisher, Delhi, Dragon, and Danae left Malta for China; on January 24 1,000 royal marines sailed from Portsmouth for China on board the Zeeland, and the White Star liner Megantic was in drydock being fitted as a troopship for China; four more battalions of infantry, comprising 140 officers and 3,424 men, and the Fifth Armored Car Company were under orders to sail from England; two



battalions in Malta were also under orders; two liners had been chartered to sail from India for China; the Durham Light Infantry, the Gloucestershires, and a battalion of Punjab infantry were reported mobilizing; and three companies of "Punjab Indian-British soldiers were dispatched from Hongkong to Shanghai"; on January 24 it was announced that an expeditionary force of 12,000 men, with armored cars, would leave England at once. Actions speak louder than words. The United States has 55 warships, 8,000 blue-jackets, and 800 infantrymen in or close to China. Is there something sinister and secret behind the fine words of the statesmen?

### THE REJECTION OF COLONEL FRANK L. SMITH

Of Illinois at the door of the Senate by a vote of 48 to 33, or, rather, the reference of his case to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, is welcome news. Rarely has there been such deep feeling shown in the Senate, at least by those Senators determined that this controller of public utilities, who accepted huge contributions to his campaign fund from the men he was supposed to control and to judge, should not take his seat among them. The vote is all the more impressive because all of the "lame ducks" voted for Colonel Smith. On his side were Cameron of Arizona, Ernst of Kentucky, Lenroot of Wisconsin, Stanfield of Oregon, Means of Colorado, Pepper of Pennsylvania, and Wadsworth of New York, all of whom have been defeated for another term, and with them voted Gould of Maine, who is under a cloud because he was once found guilty in a Canadian court of bribing a high public official. We do not deny that the issue was a difficult one. Senator Borah, for instance, voted for the swearing in of Colonel Smith, not because he wished him to take his seat, but because he thought that the wiser way to achieve his ousting. Had the question not been complicated by this doubt as to what was the constitutional procedure, the vote would have been overwhelming against Colonel Smith. As it is, there are sixteen precedents for this action of the Senate in refusing to swear in a Senator whose election has been protested, the precedents beginning in 1849 and ending in 1865. The difference lies in the fact that in these sixteen cases the question was whether the election was legal, or the applicant was eligible for reasons clearly specified by the Constitution, or because of doubts as to the contestant's loyalty aroused by the Civil War.

IN DECIDING THAT COLONEL SMITH cannot take his seat—and that is what the vote comes to—the Senate has indubitably gone further than ever before in passing upon the qualifications of Senators. From the moral point of view it is a wholesome decision, and the deep feeling displayed shows that the recent scandals have had a good effect upon the spirit and tone of the Senate. But when Senator Smith comes back in March to take the seat to which he will then be entitled by reason of the decision of the electorate of Illinois after it was aware of all the facts in the case, the situation will be more difficult and more serious. Then the Senate will refuse to accept a man deliberately chosen by the voters of a great State—now he is merely a gubernatorial appointee. If he does not resign it would appear that Illinois will be deprived of her constitutional representation by two Senators for an indefinite period, and the same will be true of Pennsylvania when Vare is similarly spurned. This raises the question of States' rights and that will be harped upon in many directions, though as

yet there are few protests in the South where the States' rights doctrine has so long held sway. No one can doubt that the Senate has the right to set any standards that it sees fit. It alone is judge of the qualifications of those who are elected to it; that the Constitution specified. If it should decide to reject a Senator because he had one blue and one brown eye there could be no appeal, for neither the Executive nor the Judiciary could intervene. But as we have said, quite aside from the legal and constitutional factors we have much to be thankful for that the Senate has made it clear that so far as lies in its power it is going to prevent men coming into its fellowship who have bought their seats by enormous campaign expenditures.

ALONG WITH MR. KELLOGG'S embarrassment over the repudiation of his Nicaragua-Mexican policy by public opinion in the United States comes another disaster to the State Department's prestige, possibly a direct consequence of our invasion of Nicaragua and our insolence toward Mexico. Previous to our latest attempt at bossing Latin America the Secretary of State had proposed as a way out of the Tacna-Arica trouble that Chile and Peru both abandon their claims and allow Bolivia to buy the territory in dispute. Chile had accepted the proposal in principle and Bolivia was more than ready to carry out its part. But since our invasion of Nicaragua Peru has declined to accede to the scheme. Of course it might have taken that course anyhow, but it was certain to do so after an exhibition on our part which has stirred public feeling all over South and Central America, more deeply, probably, than any of our previous adventures in imperialism. Indeed it is not too much to say that Pan-Americanism, as once conceived, is dead. In so far as such an ideal is developed henceforth it is likely to be a moral and material coalition of the republics of Latin America against the aggression of the United States.

ENTIRELY GRATIFYING IS THE ACTION of the liberal Jewish women of the United States, speaking through the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods in their convention at Cleveland, on January 20, in urging the compulsory arbitration of international disputes, the abolition of poison gas in warfare, American cooperation in world disarmament, and the abolition of compulsory military training in all land-grant colleges. In addition, the convention favored the World Court and demanded arbitration in the present disputes between the United States and Mexico. That is really magnificent. Especially strong is the resolution relating to military training in the schools which, as reported by the *New York Times*, reads in part:

Such training stresses war psychology in the minds of our youth. The War Department is thus given unprecedented influence in our civil and educational institutions. Such a training runs counter to the movement to substitute law for war. The Sisterhood's recommendation is that the compulsory feature of military training be eliminated in all land-grant colleges.

The establishment of the principle of compulsory arbitration of all international disputes is an essential step, the Sisterhood correctly holds, to the outlawry of war. So powerful is this organization that its outspokenness is bound to have an effect upon the politicians. It confirms us in our belief that if the facts as to military training in schools and colleges can be laid before the American people, the people

themselves will demand its abolition. Why should Americans stand for training in arms of boys? The Prussians never resorted to it, if only because they were convinced that the military training of the physically immature is of no value whatever in the creation of soldiers.

SIX FORMER PASSAIC STRIKERS on January 19 entered pleas of "non vult"—substantially admissions of guilt—to a charge of "throwing explosives with intent to injure property"—thereby admitting a crime against masses of their fellow-workers more serious than the futile explosions in Clifton, N. J., which led to the indictments. It is no excuse to say that they were foreigners, living under a sense of brutal police oppression, and saw no other way out; it is no palliation to say that they were held in extravagantly high bail, or that they were tortured into signing confessions in a language they did not understand. Nor do the affidavits of company spies, paid by the mills, that they had discussed bombing as a means of discrediting the strike excuse them. The fact that they did use this peculiarly detested form of violence against the property of strikebreakers will be used against workers everywhere, bolstering up false charges in scores of coming strikes. One may understand these men, setting their action against the black background of mill and police violence in Passaic; one cannot excuse it. Union men cannot afford to tolerate violence in their own ranks: it always strikes first at petty individuals, leaves the real enemies unscathed, and reacts against the whole battle-line of labor.

WITH THE PERSISTENCE OF THEIR KIND the fundamentalist opponents of the theory of evolution are continuing their agitation for restrictive laws, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee in upholding the constitutionality of the anti-evolution law of that State will doubtless stimulate them to new efforts. In Kentucky as well as in Tennessee the law is already upon the statute-books, and, according to an informing pamphlet just issued by the Civil Liberties Union, campaigns have been started in South Carolina, Washington, Oregon, Kansas, Florida, Virginia, and California, while the bill drawn up in Arkansas in December is now ready to be put before the State Senate. To be sure, the efforts of the liberal forces are not always unavailing. In 1926 a referendum to the voters in Oklahoma sustained the State Legislature in its repeal of an anti-evolution bill previously passed, and the year before bills were defeated in North Carolina and Georgia. This year West Virginia has downed an anti-evolution bill. But the "Bible Crusaders" and "Bryan Leaguers" are not easily discouraged, and only organized opposition like that of the Civil Liberties Union can either defeat them or keep them defeated.

"BUTTON YOUR GALOSHES!" is the latest command of the censor. The Town Marshal of Salem, Indiana, has issued such an order to the flappers of the town and their flapping footgear. Unbuttoned arctics are a nuisance, he says, and while he remains in office will be kept neatly fastened. We must now ask of the censor what we shall drink, what we shall read, what plays we shall see, how long our bathing suits must be, and in some places how much of arm or leg may be visible when we appear in public. Censorship and the movement for it are progressing surely and not too slowly. The so-called

"art" magazines have been ordered off the news-stands in New York, Yonkers, Chicago; the head of the Vice Society is urging the abolition of the New York play jury on the ground of its inadequacy; nude pictures have been removed from the walls of a Chicago picture gallery. All these restrictions, of course, are to protect the public; but has censorship ever protected anybody from anything to which he wished to expose himself? The Town Marshal of Salem introduces a new note. He dislikes unbuttoned galoshes and he uses his power to abolish them. This is a frank and refreshing revelation of the nature of censorship.

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED people attended the dinner and one thousand were turned away for lack of seating capacity—this tribute to Jane Addams in Chicago on January 20 ought to give pause to the small minds of the American Legion and other organizations which have been seeking to bait this noble woman. No finer cross-section of American life has ever been brought together on such an occasion, nor have more heartfelt or better-earned tributes ever been paid to an American man or woman. "First citizen, not only of Chicago but of the American republic," they called her. We are especially pleased with the tribute of Governor "Al" Smith of New York. We give it in full:

May I be permitted to share in the tribute to Jane Addams, for she belongs not only to Chicago but to the nation and the world. No American woman has contributed so much to awaken our social conscience. She has been a statesman of society, cooperating with public officials to have government an instrument to serve humanity. In her inspiring life, in her writings, and in the movements Jane Addams has typified lies the spirit of true democracy, which recognizes the potential worth of every human soul without regard to his race, creed, or origin. In honoring Jane Addams we honor the idealism of American womanhood.

EDWARD P. MITCHELL, LEE KOHNS, JAMES FORD RHODES—the death list for the week ended January 22 was a long one. In Mr. Kohns the city of New York lost one of the best of its citizens, who took his civic responsibilities seriously, kept an open mind, and always had time for public causes. No city could ask for more intelligent or more loyal service. Especially devoted to the College of the City of New York, of which he was for twenty-seven years a trustee, he capped his generosity by endowing last fall a professorship of American History, Civilization, and Letters at the Sorbonne in Paris—an act of international friendship deserving of the highest praise. Edward P. Mitchell was for a full half century connected with the *New York Sun*, and was its guiding spirit after the death of Charles A. Dana. During part of this period it was the most brilliantly edited and written newspaper in America. Yet it left no deep mark upon our journalistic life or our political progress since it was without principle, cynical to a degree, and more interested in poking fun, ridiculing, and satirizing than in pointing out a better way. And at times the *Sun*, less so under Mr. Mitchell than Mr. Dana, was incredibly brutal and unfair. Its viewpoint was too often narrow, and its vision limited; but Mr. Mitchell had a host of devoted friends and wielded a great personal and political influence. In James Ford Rhodes *The Nation* has lost a warm friend, the country a great historian. To his career we shall return on another occasion.



## The Monroe Doctrine and the Coolidge Doctrine

THE powerful uprising of popular feeling against the threat of war with Mexico has, for the present at least, compelled the Administration to modify its tone, and arbitration of the outstanding differences seems likely. The marines, however, remain in Nicaragua; and public relief at the removal of the imminent threat of war seems to have obscured the fact that we are continuing to commit the crime of military interference with that small republic.

Despite the contradictory excuses offered by the Administration, certain facts stand uncontested. No American or other foreign property had been injured by the revolutionaries when we landed our marines; no American or other foreign lives had been lost. There was no threat of foreign intervention; at most the British and Italian representatives at Managua asked the American marines to give the property of their nationals the same special protection which was contemplated for Americans. There had been, we repeat, no damage to foreign lives or property; only that threat of damage which any revolution must cause. How does this relate to the Monroe Doctrine whose name the Presidential Spokesman uses so recklessly?

James Monroe was a cautious soul, fearful of political entanglements in either hemisphere. It was only when there seemed a real possibility that Bourbon France would form an offensive alliance with Spain to recover the old Spanish colonies, then young republics, in South and Central America, that President Monroe took action. And the momentous words in which he enunciated a century ago what has come to be known as the Monroe Doctrine sound strangely mild today when a score of battleships patrol the coast of Nicaragua and United States marines guard the capital.

The American continents [said Mr. Monroe], by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

Yet Mr. Coolidge explains that the Monroe Doctrine required us to intervene in Nicaragua. Piffle! Mr. Coolidge does not know what the Monroe Doctrine is.

The Monroe Doctrine, to be sure, has undergone certain sea changes in the course of a century; but never before has it been stretched so far from its original shape. President Polk, in the forties, suggested that the doctrine might require the United States to occupy territory of the Southern republics to prevent the introduction of the European system; President Grant, in the eighties, announced that the doctrine did not permit transfer of American territory from one European nation to another—but neither he nor Polk carried his new principles into practice. Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State in the eighties, sought to extend the doctrine to the assertion of the exclusive right of the United States to umpire in all disputes between other American Powers, or between those Powers and Europe—a right which, one need hardly add, is admitted neither in Europe nor in Latin America, although it has become increasingly a habit. (The fiasco of Mr. Coolidge's "mediation" between Peru and Chile may put an end even to the habit.)

Theodore Roosevelt made the most striking additions to the Monroe Doctrine—but though he made the phrases "dollar diplomacy" and "big stick" current he never went so far as Calvin Coolidge. While he suggested that we might have to act as an international policeman in flagrant cases of wrongdoing by a Latin nation, he also said:

If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort, save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape.

And Roosevelt declared that

It has long been the established policy of the United States not to use its armed forces for the collection of ordinary contract debts due to its citizens by other governments. We have not considered the use of force for such a purpose consistent with that respect for the independent sovereignty of other members of the family of nations, which is the most important principle of international law and the chief protection of weak nations against the oppression of the strong. It seems to us that the practice is injurious in its general effect upon the welfare of weak and disordered states, whose development ought to be encouraged in the interests of civilization; that it offers frequent temptation to bullying and oppression and to unnecessary and unjustifiable warfare.

Two short decades later, we have moved so far that a President of the United States justifies the use of military force not merely to enforce payment of contract debts but to ward off a threat of possible danger to property, and even suggests that we must use our troops to prevent a possible inflation of the currency!

A billion and a quarter dollars, the Department of Commerce says, is the rough total of American investments in foreign capital securities in 1926. Never in history has one nation poured forth so much money in a single year. Nor is this all: when Belgium, Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Honduras, Costa Rica, or Salvador, the Hugo Stinnes Corporation, the Swedish International Match Company, the Trinidad Oil Fields, the Chile Copper Company, or the South Porto Rico Sugar Company floats a loan in New York—as all of these, and many others, did in the last quarter of 1926—the fact is publicly noted; but when an American oil or copper company invests more money in its own estates in Chile or Mexico no public record is made. We are aware how loans from government to government have embittered our relations with Europe; most of us admit that without the loans from banks to Central American governments our increasing tendency to dictate in the Caribbean would at least have been more restrained. Whither are we bound?

The Coolidge message excusing intervention in Nicaragua made no distinctions of size and geography. Americans have just lent \$1,500,000 to the Housing and Realty and Improvement Company of Germany and \$2,500,000 to the German Protestant Church welfare institutions. Logically the Coolidge doctrine would justify us in landing marines, in case of another German civil war, to defend the houses and hospitals in which Americans have invested their cash. It sounds ridiculous, but it is no more absurd today than Mr. Coolidge's present doctrine would have seemed in the days of President Monroe.

## Merging 12,000 Miles of Railway

THE whirligig of time has played no more remarkable trick in our recent political and economic history than in bringing to the fore a proposal for the reunion of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads. The dissolution of the union of these two roads and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy constituted one of the great triumphs of Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote in August, 1904:

The Northern Securities suit is one of the great achievements of my Administration. I look back upon it with great pride, for through it we emphasized in a signal fashion, as in no other way could be emphasized, the fact that the most powerful men in this country could be held to accountability before the law.

More important still was the principle laid down that competition should be kept alive in the railroad field; for that purpose the Anti-Trust Act of 1890 was invoked.

The Anti-Trust Act still stands, but as a result of our experience during the war the policy of this country toward its railroads has been reversed. Incredible as it seems, there is a law permitting the merger of railroads, and it is under this that the Northern Pacific and Great Northern are now applying for permission to do in 1927 what they were prevented from doing in 1904, when those who proposed it were denounced by Roosevelt as "malefactors of great wealth." In 1904 the proposal was to hold the three railroads through the Northern Securities Company, a company specially formed for that purpose. Today the plan is to have a single operating carrier which shall operate the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway. The Burlington is to be operated separately for the present, but the statement given out in regard to its status shows that there is to be one ownership, since 97 per cent of the Burlington stock will be vested in the new company. Thus more than 12,000 miles of railroad will be brought together if the Interstate Commerce Commission approves, and competition will entirely cease in the great Northwest. It is pointed out by the proponents of the plan that "such unified operations will afford exceptional opportunities for improved service and for substantial economies promising to improve the aggregate net earnings of the railroads in the Northwestern region, which has made the poorest showing of any rate region in the country." All of which does not alter the fact that it was precisely this proposal which so stirred not only Mr. Roosevelt and his Administration, but the country as a whole. What, destroy competition and create a railroad monopoly in the Northwest? Fifteen years ago the mere proposal would have roused the farmers to fury.

The proposal for these mergers is camouflaged as "regional groupings," and the pretense is maintained by Mr. Coolidge and others that there will still be competition, possibly by one region against another. If this merger goes through it means, in our judgment, another step toward the inevitable government ownership of railroads. The war showed that in time of stress that ownership was essential. We do not propose here to go into the question again as to whether the Government ran the roads well or badly. The point is that there was a necessity for moving quickly large quantities of freight and men, and the advantage of controlling the whole railway system from Washington was so obvious that no one questioned the advisability. Were war to come again the same step would be

taken immediately, even with the assent of those who believe that the roads were turned back to their private owners in bad condition. We are unable to understand why this should be done only in a war emergency. If there are unquestioned benefits to be had from a union of all the railroads in war time, there must be at least some benefits in peace time. Why not let the country, shippers and passengers, profit by the economies of administration from complete union and joint operation, as the railroad presidents insist will be the case if the new Northwest merger is permitted? Is it not true that if there are economies and greater profits, and perhaps lower rates, to be obtained by the merger of these three Northwestern roads, still greater economies could be obtained by merging all the railroads?

We are aware, of course, that this is treason, precisely as the Northern Securities Merger of 1904 was akin to treason. But facts are facts, and no sane man can deny that if, as a result of the merger, the farmers and the merchants of the Northwest feel that they are in the grip of a selfish monopoly—that the stockholders are getting all the benefits of the merger—there will be an overwhelming demand that the government itself take over these railroads. If government consent is given to the merger, the lines will never again be unscrambled. It is a sign of the times that Governor Smith of New York has just declared in his annual message that the public gets nothing out of Interstate Commerce Commission control except "long drawn-out battles in which experts disagree over capital accounts." The prostitution of that commission by President Coolidge's recent appointments is another very large nail in its coffin. Regulation of the railroads will inevitably give way to national ownership.

## The Last Serfs

CONUNDRUM: When is a strike not a strike? Answer: When it is on shipboard.

A stray item in the newspapers lately is a reminder that almost the only part of the modern world that is free from strikes is the sea. For on shipboard a strike is not a strike but mutiny. When the American steamship Colombia of the Panama Mail Line arrived in New York recently from San Francisco it was learned that just before the vessel reached the Canal three Filipino stewards refused to do work assigned to them because they said it was duty usually performed by seamen. They were put in irons, upon which twenty-eight other stewards knocked off work and endangered the safety and lives of the passengers to the extent that the latter had to make their own beds. The next day the three stewards had a change of heart, were released, and returned to work, but the twenty-eight were arrested at Panama, taken ashore, and held for trial, charged with mutiny on the high seas, an offense that under American law is punishable by as much as five years in prison and a fine of \$1,000.

To characterize by so serious a word as mutiny an act that led to no greater catastrophe than necessitating passengers to make their own beds seems obviously excessive, yet many would hesitate to demand the right to strike at any time on shipboard, partly because of the peculiar relation of a crew to its ship. But whatever the argument may be for carrying over the crime of mutiny, with its historically severe punishments, into an age of short voyages, radio



communication, and ships in which nine out of ten employees have nothing to do with the vessel's safety, there is no such justification for the survival of a medieval system whereby a sailor is chained to his job and practically deprived of his wages until—and unless—he finishes his term of employment. Except for the modifications worked by the La Follette act, the sailors of the world are bondsmen in a civilization in which other labor—in theory, at least—has become free. They are the last serfs surviving into the twentieth century.

Up to 1915 the general law of the world was that when a ship left the country of her ownership she signed a crew that agreed to work aboard until she returned to a home port or until a stated period of time—usually about three years—was up. During this period a sailor's wages were withheld, with the exception of one month's advance pay—usually signed away to a crimp as a shipping fee—and such small sums as it pleased the captain to dole out in foreign ports or to account for against clothing, tobacco, and the like received from the ship's slop chest. A sailor who left a ship before his time was up was guilty of the crime of desertion; he could be forcibly brought back aboard and punished with a term in jail besides—although he rarely was. If he made good his escape he forfeited all his accrued wages. The amount of wages lost by sailors in this way has always been huge. Most sailors are rolling stones and after a hard voyage feel an urge to try life ashore in a foreign port—for a while. In favorite ports desertions may amount to 25 per cent of the incoming crews. Where other crews are obtainable, desertions are often stimulated by captains as a means of saving wages.

A breach was made in this system in 1915 by our Congress, in the La Follette act, which provides that a sailor in an American ship may demand one-half of his accrued pay in any port, at home or abroad, while a sailor in a foreign ship has the same right in a port of the United States. The act also abolishes the crime of desertion in American ships or in foreign vessels when in our ports. It was intended to be not merely domestic but international in its effect. It is only the beginning of the end of serfdom for the world's sailors, a moderate measure from the standpoint of the freedom acquired by labor ashore, but it is still opposed by many ship-owners in this country, and an effort is afoot to undermine it at the present session of Congress. There is also a tendency to make it the scapegoat for the recent slump in shipping, although low tide in that regard was reached years before the La Follette act. Silas B. Axtell, counsel for the International Seamen's Union, thinks that body must take an active, constructive part in the rehabilitation of American shipping in order to refute the charge that legislation for the benefit of seamen has killed our ocean commerce. Sea power, says Andrew Furuseth, president of the union, is in men, not in ships; the latter are but tools.

It is this view which the American people should impress upon their business men and legislators. No shipping policy which does not produce a great breed of men upon the sea is worth while. If sailors are generally thriftless and improvident—and they are—it is because they have not had the control over their money which develops contrary traits. If they too often quit their ships, it is a reaction against the harsh and outmoded terms of their employment. Better morale and higher ability will come when conditions at sea appeal to men possessed of those qualities.

## Vegetarian Dogs

THE late W. H. Hudson, who got a great deal of attention whenever he wrote about animals, recorded in one of his books that a considerable portion of his popularity departed when he wrote an article calling dogs "scavengers." Hudson liked dogs, or rather he liked particular dogs, as any reader of the South American books and of "A Shepherd's Life" must know; but this did not prevent him from saying that he found their habits disgusting. They preferred carrion to caviare, they buried good food until it should become bad, they dug up refuse out of foul places; their famous noses had been perfected by nature for the sake of an unlovely search, and they slunk away from the scene of this search with something like the attitude of hyenas. Hence their moral qualities, such as they were or were not. Thus Hudson declared himself, and thus he got the sort of attention he cared nothing about—the attention of dog-lovers. There was no comfort for these readers in the fact that Hudson had credited their favorite animal with having taken on a remarkable amount of polish during the centuries.

Whether dogs, like men, will ever become fundamentally different from what they once were and now are is a question which men answer in diverse ways. What dogs think about themselves is unfortunately unknown. It is unknown, for instance, whether they have a doctrine of canine perfectibility under whose light they look forward to an era when garbage will have been forgotten by every member of the race calling himself or herself civilized. But a situation has arisen in India which may force a declaration of opinion. According to a dispatch received by the New York World, Shet Arjunlal, millionaire of Boroda, has founded a dog city, called Kutta Nagar, wherein he will attempt henceforth to lead dogs in the way he thinks they should and can go. His chief criticism of them at present is that they eat meat, dead or alive, and of course in the latter case have to kill other creatures in order to do so. So he has inclosed 300 acres within a fence that ingenuity can go neither over nor under, has paved the inclosure with concrete, so that there will be no rats or mice, and has put his charges on a strictly vegetable diet—milk being the only animal product available to them. The puppies are treated to "wheat flour fried in butter and slightly sweetened with sugar, with a dash of salt." Adults get "pancakes made of whole wheat flour, with a dash of curry made of vegetables and flavored with salt and pepper." The sick and the convalescent are let off with a special dish consisting of "almonds fried in clarified butter and sweetened with honey." For millions of years dogs have cleaned their teeth on the bones they gnawed; now in Kutta Nagar the operation will be performed by the human attendants who administer the morning bath. There will be no fleas if Shet Arjunlal can help it, and there will be the strictest moral virtue among the members of the colony. The sexes will be segregated until marriage time, after which monogamy will be the word and the law.

The result of these measures should be awaited anxiously by reformers everywhere. If the dogs die or go mad, that may mean something. If they live and continue to look like dogs, and appear happy, that will mean something too. To mere lovers of dogs, however, the whole experiment will mean little. Dogs to them are dogs.

## The Urge Toward Empire

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, January 24

WHAT is the psychological anatomy of the thing we call "imperialism"?

I observe in Washington that it would continue to exist even if no such persons as New York bankers or oil magnates were in being.

I hold it thoroughly inadequate to think that "imperialism" is forced upon the State Department and the United States by the machinations and pressures of wicked "interests." I hold it more reasonable to believe that the average American is naturally "imperialistic" and that, when he finds himself in the State Department, he just naturally acts "imperialistically."

Secretary of State Bryan owed nothing to any New York bankers or oil magnates. He had no political or commercial commitments impelling him toward the use of force against weaker countries. Yet he was thoroughly prepared to use force against Mexico and he laid the train of policy which necessarily exploded into the use of force in Haiti and in Santo Domingo.

For years I have watched my "imperialistic" friends in the State Department. They are not acting as the conscious tools of "interests." They are perfectly honest. They are perfectly patriotic. They would not for anything have the United States do wrong in order to help a mahogany company. The idea that they would arouses my indignation. I know them, and I know they would not. It also incidentally arouses sincere indignation in their breasts when I call them "imperialistic." They do not think they are.

Few of them have any relationships worth mentioning with the industrial or commercial or financial world. Those who are well-to-do are living on inherited or married money, quite aloof from all contemporary business struggles. Those who are poor are living honorably in their poverty, with their eyes fixed on a great glory—the glory of "the career." Any secretary of state would get about one hundred resignations tomorrow morning from our diplomats of "career" if he tried to make them follow a policy which they thought was a surrender of the interests of the United States to the "interests" of business.

Why then are they what the editors of *The Nation* call, and what I call, "imperialistic"?

I claim that it is for the same reason that, under President Polk, led Northern lads from the free States to volunteer in swarms to go and fight the Mexicans, although it was well known that the immediate result of the fighting would be the adding of more slave territory to the Union. It was against the interests of the North to fight that war. Yet the volunteers from the North were aboundingly plentiful.

Let me then state what I have observed in the psychology of our "imperialistic" diplomats; and then let me ask the editors of *The Nation* how in the world they are going to uproot the roots of that psychology.

The first characteristic in it is an extreme "consciousness of kind" and an extreme "consciousness of difference." "We" are Americans. "They" are something else—something else that is very, very different. "You can't treat Nicaraguans the way you could treat Americans." I have

heard that remark until it requires all of what self-control I have to get home without kicking the roof off the car.

These people—and they are most of us—do not start with saying: "All of us inhabitants of this planet are first of all human beings. Then, afterwards, we have split off into being Americans and Nicaraguans." No! They do not start with thinking of our points of equality. They start with thinking of our points of difference.

It is the start of our thinking that determines the ultimate outcome of our actions. What is the instant result?

It is to despise the people from whom we feel ourselves to be so different. If Americans and Nicaraguans are so different, one side must be "higher" and the other side must be "lower." That is not necessary in logic; but it is necessary in human nature. Start once with the idea that you are more different from a Nicaraguan than you are like him, and you will inevitably find yourself saying: "One of us must be the higher. The other must be the lower." Well, then, which is the higher? Why, naturally, inevitably, *I, we*.

Take then a man who thinks himself necessarily "different" from a Nicaraguan and necessarily "higher" than a Nicaraguan and put him into the State Department. In other words, take almost any man in the United States and put him into the State Department. What will he do when some "low" Nicaraguan general seems likely to interfere in Nicaragua with the welfare of some "high" American?

Does any New York banker have to telegraph him? Does any sinister influence have to worm itself into an invitation to his dinner-table? Does the President have to call him in and talk politics to him? Not at all.

The American business men who have wanted our marines in Nicaragua at this moment are not worth the political powder to blow them out of their little counting-rooms. Our largest business interests have been extremely skeptical of our intervention in Nicaragua. Yet we intervened. We intervened—how shall I express it? We intervened by automatic psychological momentum.

We are different. We have ideals. They are different. They have no ideals. One of our fellows is in danger. We must rush to rescue him. It makes no difference who he is. He is lofty. They are degraded. Send the marines. We have them. We have the power. This gives a duty. Duty!

First, difference. Second, loftiness compared with degradedness. Third, duty. (That is the final and most frenzied step in the process.)

We have a duty to diminish the degradedness of the Nicaraguans. We have a duty to make them be peaceful. We have a duty to make them be better.

This is our moral compensation to ourselves for our original sin of despising fellow human beings.

Starting with a perfectly sincere under-emphasis on humanity, we end up with a perfectly sincere over-emphasis on humanitarianism. And we sincerely send the marines, to safeguard the exalted and to elevate the lowly!

Destroy every banking firm in New York. Destroy every oil company in the whole country. The psychology which I have here described will still drive us toward empire—and toward the ruin which always follows empire.



## The Last Empress of Mexico

By ERNEST H. GRUENING

IT was Charlotte who dreamed of empire. Franz Josef's jealousy and court intrigues had removed Maximilian from the governor-generalcy of Lombardo-Venezia. He had been personally popular, but not *strong* enough to satisfy the Vienna militarists. He retired to Miramar, his castle across the bay from Trieste.

"Max is planning," Charlotte wrote a friend, "to place a fountain on the terrace, to build at the garden's edge a Moorish kiosk, furnished in Oriental style." He also contemplated a winter aviary filled with exotic birds. Charlotte had exacted a daily mass, and for it a chapel was designed so that even the servants could hear—from the vestibule. Such was life by the blue Adriatic. It began as an idyl. It became monotonous. A long Mediterranean journey duly reported through a series of detailed *Reisebilder* to the royal relatives at Windsor, Schönbrunn, and Laeken relieved the tedium but little.

Then Napoleonic intrigues; scheming of Mexican expatriates; Maximilian's availability warmly urged by Eugénie. His noble and sincere gesture of refusal "unless the entire nation, freely expressing its will, ratifies your demand." The Mexican Conservatives produced certified lists to show that 6,445,564 Mexicans of a total population of some eight million had voted to call Maximilian of Austria to a new imperial throne. He credited this fraud. Charlotte had always been for acceptance. Victoria of England counseled against it. Queen Marie-Amélie of France, Charlotte's grandmother, strongly opposed it. "It will be an occupation for Max, a diversion for me," retorted her favorite grandchild. Moreover, under the existing Austro-Hungarian constitution, Maxchen, were he to live to be eighty, could never be other than a private citizen, always the second in a realm where being first alone counted. Her father, Leopold I, of Belgium, agreed. The archduke's income, he pointed out, was insufficient to meet the needs and dignity of that station. Only when Franz Josef and the other Hapsburgs asked Maximilian to sign away all his archducal rights to patrimony and succession did the young couple protest violently and hesitate.

Napoleon III, learning of these vacillations, wrote sharply: "the assurances given in Mexico, the pledge to the subscribers to the loan . . . bind your Imperial Highness. . . . No, it is impossible that you renounce going to Mexico . . . the interests of your family demand it . . . for the honor of the House of Hapsburg is involved." What was really involved was 270,000,000 pesos, to pay which the unfortunate archduke's agreement with the French Emperor mortgaged in advanced the bankrupt Mexican treasury. Even around the Tuileries the court gossips referred to *l'archduke*. In vain did Marie-Amélie, Cassandra-like, cry "they will assassinate them."

In the palace at Schönbrunn there was a terrible family quarrel, harsh recriminations, sneers, expressions hardly noble. Maximilian said to Charlotte: "Let's get out of all this."

The night Maximilian's signature to the family compact and his severing of the tie that bound him officially to the Old World became known, the Empress-to-be presided,

radiant, over a great banquet at Miramar. But her consort, requiring a physician, lay in the *Gartenhaus*, to which the breeze wafted the music and tinkle of glasses. When next morning Charlotte hurried to give him, with her own hands, a congratulatory dispatch from Napoleon, he brushed it aside with "I tell you I do not want to hear of Mexico." The day following he refused to receive delegations come to felicitate him. As the Austrian frigate Novara, pennant from stem to stern, weighed anchor amid the huzzahs of multitudes, Maximilian sat in his cabin, his face buried in his hands, weeping.

But after the Papal blessing was received at Rome, the party turned gay and lighthearted. He was thirty-two; she, twenty-four. The grave problems which the new monarch would face were brushed aside. Maximilian himself designed a new decoration for prominent Mexicans; precedence, titles, uniforms, court organization, and ceremonies were enthusiastically discussed.

From the fever-laden sandhills of straggling Vera Cruz blew the first breath of disillusion. So indifferent were the inhabitants that even the buoyant Empress—Carlota now—could not hold back her tears. Up to the plateau in rattling coaches pulled by mules straining under the *arrieros'* cracking whips, over roads that were often torrent-beds, the imperial cortège, with its five hundred trunks, struggled. At Cordova but one dingy room was prepared for the imperial guests, while their suite slept in coaches or in hallways.

But in the capital the splendor of the old viceregal days and of Emperor Iturbide shone forth. Arches of triumph blazoned "Eterna Gratitud à Napoleon III" and "Viva Nuestro Emperador." Moreover, there was a genuine outpouring of affection, of native cordiality for the gallant young couple and above all for the lovely little Empress, whose beauty and vivacity, whose regal bearing and democratic manner captivated every heart.

With all his weaknesses, Maximilian was at heart a liberal. Despite the constraint of rank and environment which hedged his mentality his was truly a nobility of soul. To his new and unknown country he brought a sentimental love for the oppressed, a modern disbelief in absolutism that boded an early clash with his supporters. Carlota shared these qualities; in addition she had fire, determination, and persistence.

"The arrival of the Nuncio," she wrote her grandmother, "is an important event in the settling of ecclesiastical matters. I hope that thanks to us this country will become healthily Catholic, at the same time as liberal, for it was neither one nor the other. To have survived the scandals of the clergy, our holy religion must indeed be of divine origin, though it would soon have disappeared without the reforms we shall undertake."

But the Mexican hierarchy was more influential with the Papal envoy than were the imperial couple. He was obdurate for the return of ecclesiastical properties disamortized eight years previously, inflexible for rescinding the religious tolerance promulgated by Juárez. Maximilian turned over the hopeless task of convincing Mgr. Meglia

to Carlota. She was no more successful. The clericals were to become militantly hostile.

It was the intrepid Carlota who, during one of the Emperor's brief absences from the capital, legislated to alleviate the terrible abuses of the Indian peons on the haciendas. But she succeeded only in enraging the land-owning class, while the reforms, like so many others throughout Mexican history, remained scraps of paper.

Finally, Bazaine, the French commander, persuaded the Emperor, much against his will, to sign a decree outlawing those who fought in arms against his government and subjecting them, upon capture, to execution as bandits.

With his only supporters, the clergy, thus alienated for reasons wholly creditable to him, and the opposition steeled to the utmost through the ill-advised ruthlessness of the French military, who were soon to be withdrawn, Maximilian was doomed. But when he considered abdication, the Empress opposed it passionately. She was determined to carry out her dream of empire with him.

Poor Carlota! She had already lost him. It was in the enchanted Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, where the Morelos

Valley lies in tropical warmth below the snowy volcanoes, amid the deep scent of jasmine, hyacinth, and heliotrope, that she lost him—to the gardener's daughter—lost him to the Indian loveliness that had conquered the conquerors. His absences from the capital became more and more frequent. From then on her feverish activities, her immersion in charitable works, her journey to Paris and Rome vainly to implore aid were a desperate effort to escape from her own burning unhappiness.

It is doubtful whether she ever fully grasped Maximilian's death. Despite widespread belief to the contrary, her derangement had begun before she left Mexico. In an Empress much may pass for caprice. Only when she openly conjured up Napoleon's poisoners as on her trail and refused to leave the safety of the Vatican did the world learn of her madness. Within a few months it had shrouded her bright spirit like a pall. For sixty years she lived—until January 19, 1927—in her native Belgium, "dans les ténèbres." How much she really knew, what fancies of hope, resignation, or despair passed through that clouded mind, will forever be a mystery.

## The League of Nations: A Misprint in History

By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD

SIX years ago I found myself, at the height of the Russo-Polish War, in the border town of Minsk. Its starving citizens were watching the last relics of food vanishing from its shops. In the Christian villages the peasants lay prostrate, counting the horses and cattle which the retreating Poles had carried off. The Jewish villages were heaps of timber, which smoldered to the accompaniment of an incessant wail. Under my windows, along the cobbled street, there flowed two streams of peasant carts, drawn by diminutive ponies. One stream carried shells to the Russian front, and the other brought back the sick and wounded of the Red Army.

A young staff officer read out for me the news which had been picked up that evening from the West by radio. "This morning," ran one item, "the first assembly of the League of Nations met in Geneva." What was it, this League? I tried to picture Geneva to the mind's eye. But the cart-wheels went on jumbling their munitions over the cobble-stones, and in my nostrils there was the sickening smell of charred humanity and smoldering wool. Wilsonian phrases ran in my ears; they would not blend with the landscape around me.

I have often wished that some realist could carry the legislators of Geneva on a Candide's pilgrimage round their world. For the scenes at Minsk have been repeated in many corners of our earth since the creation of the League. Smyrna has gone up in smoke; the heavens have rained their fiery mercies on the villages of the Rif; by the light of the flames of Damascus one might see the French engineers diverting its rivers until the fruit-trees withered in its legendary gardens; the hum of airplanes in the sky has punctuated the phrases of a British ultimatum over Cairo; and as China entered the League's Council, British gunboats fired their salvo of welcome at the city of Wansien. The League has become the European goddess. By

pacts and treaties of arbitration her ritual is celebrated from Vistula to Thames, but for Nile and Yangtze there are other gods and other rites. There seems to have revived in the atmosphere of Geneva something of the old sentiment about a European family, but it practices its exclusions as well as its intimacies. It is gradually evolving its intricate system of Locarno documents, complicated by an almost bewildering system of promises to arbitrate. The lower grade of peoples stands outside these family relationships. With them one does not conclude pacts; one "guarantees their independence."

One may indeed exaggerate the success of this local pacifism in turning the European Continent into an oasis of peace. The garrisons of the victors must still keep watch on the Rhine. The chimneys of Creusot and Skoda smoke busily, and around the chemical factories the air is not perceptibly purer. It is hard to follow with any optimism the news that the League's disarmament committee sits from time to time. No one is so simple that he interprets the treaties of arbitration which Italy negotiates with Albania and Germany as evidences of the devotion of Fascism to peace. Each garrison watches the increase of the other across the frontiers of Italy and France. And indeed we could find no clearer proof of the futility of a technique of peace which is content to cultivate its European garden. For if Italy seems to be enlisting a League of the Dissatisfied in Europe, it is because she cherishes extra-European ambitions. It is for Tunis or Smyrna, for Abyssinia or even for Syria that she seeks to enrol her partisans in the pacified Continent, flirts with Germany as she begins to reconcile herself with France, and disturbs the staffs in Paris, whose duty it is to watch the Alpine passes, and guard the sea lines which in time of peril will carry the Negro troops from Africa to Marseilles.

Partly to provision herself with foods and raw mate-



rials grown under her own flag (or in more realistic language, for the profit of her own middlemen), partly to find a protected sphere for her own capital, but chiefly to secure careers for her surplus population, Italy is determined to expand. She coquets with Germany, whose Nationalists cherish the same ambition; and these things she cannot do without disturbing in the Balkans and elsewhere the balance of power which France had adjusted for her own purposes. No more than in 1914 can peace be established and war banished by a continental system. What Morocco and Bagdad were then, Tunis and Syria are now. Powers which believe that prestige and profit depend on their expansion outside Europe cannot be confined within the bonds of a Locarno pact. The plan of thrusting the lesser peoples outside the mercies and fraternities of this European concert does not work. You may revise your code of morals and decide that war is not war but only killing, when Riffi or Chinese or Syrians serve as targets. You may agree that "independent" Egypt shall not arbitrate with imperial Britain. You may make peace the privilege of an international upper caste, but within that caste itself the disturbing jealousy of imperialism breaks through. Italy wants colonies, and for that contingency there is no provision in all the verbiage of Locarno.

The political pacifism of which the League is the highest expression has its limitations. One may doubt, to begin with, whether every salutary movement toward the reconciliation of France and Germany which the Locarno pact registers had its real origin in a political calculation. Could it have succeeded while the heavy industries of the two countries were living in acute discord? Was it not the reflection in politics of the Iron and Steel Cartel, which was all but concluded before the statesmen ventured to sign its reconciling provisions? When these industries, each dominating the party machines of their respective countries, failed to agree, M. Poincaré invaded the Ruhr; so soon as they agreed, even his relentless memory consented to forget the racial feud.

On the eve of the decisive discussions over disarmament so good a friend to the League as Lord Cecil explained in a speech in London why Great Britain could not reduce her armaments. The army, he said, barely suffices to police the empire. Its geographical distribution and the safety of its communications will always forbid Britain to reduce, even by one unit, the number of her cruisers; she might, perhaps, reduce their tonnage if others would do the same, but that must be her only contribution to the world's disarmament. That speech revealed, as plainly as any hostile diagnosis, the motives of a great Power's armaments. The defense of one's home territories has become the least of the excuses for heavy armaments. It will become steadily less important as the reorganization of Europe proceeds on the models of Locarno and Geneva. It might vanish altogether, if ever the victors could bring themselves to revise the territorial settlement of Versailles, and clear away those racial grievances, which disfigure the map of Europe, like so many finger-posts pointing to the next war.

But even if one can stretch one's mind to this difficult climax of optimism, the imperial and economic reasons for armaments remain. Lord Cecil's enumeration was not complete. It is not solely the risk that communications with India and Australia might be broken which requires Britain to maintain a fleet in the East. There are at this moment fifty-five British naval units in Chinese waters,

engaged, in the last analysis, in maintaining against the will of the Chinese nation certain privileges, valued by her traders, but so obnoxious to Chinese pride that force must defend them as force extorted them. Nor is "police work" an accurate description of the army's functions. Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Singapore are not the most turbulent spots on our earth's surface. But they may well supply the decisive arguments, if ever England is compelled to debate the question whether British capital shall control the railway development and banking system of India; or whether she shall continue to base her ability to dictate the world price of rubber on her possession of Malaya. And in the same order of thought, it is clear that on the ability to fly over Cairo in bombing-planes depends who shall ration the Nile water and grow cotton from the dry sands of the Sudan.

So long as the decision of such questions depends on the number of a Power's cruisers, on its coaling stations and its air force, an institution like the League of Nations disguises the operation of the real forces which shape the history of mankind. It is what Nevinson called the first Hague Conference, "a misprint in history." Pacifist ideals cannot be reconciled with the ownership or even with the exclusive exploitation of territory beyond the motherland. "Police," as Lord Cecil uses the word, is a complete misnomer. These imperial policemen are not the guardians of the common good; they are the defenders of owners' privileges. Sooner or later the glaring incompatibility between these claims of ownership and the new ideals of arbitration and disarmament must become apparent. The world cannot tolerate forever a system which allows force, past or present, to decide the ownership of materials which are the foundation of our daily life. While it hesitates to face this problem of economic imperialism, the League is tolerating the growth of the forces and motives which one day will destroy it, and civilization with it.

## II

Is it possible to see the lines of an international solution for these problems? Some of them depend on the mobilization of the world's public opinion. When even one or two of the Great Powers is clean of compromising ambitions, the League's Assembly will gain the courage to speak the fitting word about such matters as the British ultimatum to Egypt or the proceedings of France in Syria. In Great Britain itself there are forces which may one day achieve for India a full dominion status. But for the problem of raw materials one must await the growth of a corporate consciousness vastly stronger than the world has yet developed in times of peace.

There are two suggested solutions, of which one is no solution at all. Mr. Hoover's criticisms of the British rubber monopoly proceeded from the obsolete doctrine of *laissez-faire*. His complaint seemed to be that the British Government had intervened to make the restriction of output effective. He would apparently have felt no objection if the same restriction had come about by the voluntary action of the syndicated producers. One must be very blind to the tendencies of the modern world if in the face of such facts as the formation of the European Iron Cartel one supposes that free competition among the producers can much longer protect the consumer in the world's markets. Even M. Loucheur, commenting on the formation of this cartel, declared, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that the

European governments would have to take concerted action to control it and to regulate its prices. He was thinking solely of the world's need of cheap iron and steel. What may well be argued on that ground becomes an irresistible necessity when one considers the interests of peace. The world certainly needs oil and copper, rubber, iron, wheat, and cotton at stabilized prices which will yield a living wage to the workers who handle them; but no less must it be protected against the allocation by force of the power to control their sources. There is no way of escape, save by the revival on a permanent basis of the international machinery for rationing the distribution of the chief raw materials and foodstuffs, which existed in an effective though rudimentary form during the war. Given this assurance of regular and impartial supply, it would become even to London a matter of indifference whether British war-planes could circle over Cairo or British warships find a shelter at Singapore. But to this solution American *laissez-faire* is as much the enemy as British imperialism.

The need remains, it is said, for civilized administration of the territories which produce these things: that no nomad tribe has a divine right to keep, as its own hunting preserves, territory which might satisfy the world's need of cotton or oil. Possession must be justified by the effective use of natural resources. But if this argument, based on the claim of mankind to all the earth's potential riches, is to be honestly used, then there must be an authority which represents mankind and no national government with the right to apply it. In a very timid form this principle is latent in the League's system of mandates. That system, though it was in its origins a laughable hypocrisy, may be capable of further development. The Mandate Commission stands in need of stronger backing from public opinion in its occasional efforts to check and criticize the administration of the Great Powers. The suggestion that it should have its own resident reporter

in every mandated area is worth consideration. In the long run we shall have to face the fact that every imperial Power which boasts that it holds its tropical possessions as the "trustee" of their native inhabitants and of humanity at large ought in that case to hold them not as owner or conqueror but under the mandate of an international authority.

I would base the future of the League on the decay in men's minds of the conception of a Great Power. The word means nothing but the ability to act, by virtue of force or the prestige which force conveys, beyond national frontiers. Within these frontiers democracy may seem to be sovereign; beyond them it has no meaning. To other Powers, save by courtesy and at a sacrifice, no Great Power can ever bow or yield. That is the meaning of the insistence on unanimity in the League's constitution. Many years ago, when we were discussing the foundation of the League, Gilbert Murray asked me: "Can you imagine the British Empire consenting to allow itself to be placed in a minority in any international assembly?" Candidly, I cannot imagine it. But so long as this clinging to the idea of national sovereignty survives, so long will the League be a mere decoration which barely disguises older and harder realities.

Disarmament alone will not cause the conception of national power and sovereignty to decay. Above it we must create a mechanism which represents and serves the common economic interests of mankind. Men will find the League workable when the bond of common opinions means more to them than the bond of nationality. Opposed to this evolution are the economic interests which use the power of the national state for gain. The future depends on their defeat in the social struggle waged within each national unit. But by constructive criticism and the reasoned statement of an international ideal we may, while we struggle, hasten the victory of humanity.

## These Modern Women The Evolution of Disenchantment

ANONYMOUS

AS one of those awful Southerners in the North, I shall have to begin with the Civil War. Of course there were earlier wars in the family annals, but I do not feel so personally responsible for them. Grandpapa A gave some money to the Confederate Army and stayed at home to look after his possessions, consequently came out of the war pretty well off, continued to beget daughters, and in his old age was rewarded by the appearance of a son who was to be my father. When I was very young I thought it a terrible disgrace that Grandpapa A had not gone to fight the Yankees; now I regard his perspicacity somewhat differently. Grandpapa B was a hero and went to war (it now appears that he went reluctantly but it was a long time before I knew this), ruined his health, came home to dire poverty, begat a number of children, and died with suspicious readiness. My mother was his oldest daughter.

Papa was a good-looking young man, trained to do nothing, who drove a fast horse and was supposed to have money. Mama was such a good girl that when a man once told her she had a pretty foot she blushed and wondered if

she should feel insulted. The last cent of her inheritance from her grandfather had paid for her college diploma. She had taught school for a year and been sick most of the time; her mother told her to get married. So the city girl drove back of that fast-stepping horse to her country home; all the male relatives of the groom got drunk at the wedding supper and I was born as speedily as possible, not as an accident but as the natural consequence of ignorance. The physician was papa's brother-in-law and an autocrat; he believed that women should suffer in childbirth and refused to administer chloroform during the process. The parents were twenty-two years old, papa startled but inclined to strut, mama consumed with bitterness and terrified of having another baby, all three of us surrounded by a family organization tighter than a band of steel. It was determined that the only son must stay on the land, in spite of the fact that all other decent families had moved away and tenant-farmers were all around beginning their devastating efforts.

There was not a thing papa knew how to do except



ride a horse and boss the Negroes about the crops. It developed, too, that after Grandpapa B had given each of his girls a good wedding and two thousand dollars there was not much left except the two farms. So we lived with the bluegrass hills and the rattlesnakes, the mocking birds and the darkies, my mother in a terror of childbirth and I in a loneliness not greatly mitigated by the contempt in which I was taught to hold all other children in the vicinity. I could play with the Negro children, who knew they were my inferiors, but I could not play with the white children, who might want to dispute this. The Negroes, too, taught me to despise the white tenants as trash, so it was not hard for me to perceive that my family was the most remarkable in the world. But those lonely, bitter years were a crime against childhood; I shall not ever lose their scar. There was always plenty of money for newfangled and useless machinery, never any for books; the small girl read Shakespeare and the poems of Edgar Poe; she thrilled over the composition books in which her mother had written college themes; she determined to be a writer.

Before I was six I knew that men could do something terrible to women, and I flamed with the injustice of it. I ached with the longing to make it up to my mother and I braced myself against the dining table to tell my father that I hated him, then fled in terror before his threatened vengeance. That ache and that hatred continued until I was myself out of college, and there have been many nights when I have stayed awake planning desperately how to make a great deal of money and take my mother away from my father. Now I know that she would not have gone; now I know that there were compensations which she never allowed me to suspect, and that there was never any reason for things to be half as bad as I thought them. But the scar remains.

When I was seven we moved to the city. My mother's family, more prosperous now, made a place for my father which he took on sufferance, always with the threat that he would soon be going back to the country. Once we did go back and I hated him worse than ever, but we did not stay long. In business my father has always been the kind of man who comes out of a trade poorer than he went in; he has the need to be generous and lordly and superior to money; he wants to give things away in order to assure himself that he is of some importance in the world. When I was seven there was also a little brother to relieve me of some of the injurious strain of my mother's devotion.

My two grandmothers must not be omitted. They were very different, except that both were proud as peacocks. Neither had any just cause for pride, but that was the way they had been brought up. They outlived their husbands many years and continued to dominate the families. My mother's mother was the daughter of a country doctor who roused the ridicule of his patients by the education he insisted on giving his girls. Perhaps it is from him I get my feminist strain. I doubt if either grandmother felt it was any particular hardship to be a woman; they were both vigorous, able women, capable of getting a great deal of

enjoyment out of life. They took, as I remember, a rather tolerant and somewhat amused attitude toward the men of the family; it was my mother's mother who used to check me up when I said bitter things against men or specifically against my father.

By the time I reached my teens I had a well-developed dogma on the world's injustice toward women because they could not have everything they wanted, on nature's injustice toward women because they have to bear the children, and a lack of interest in God because he was a man. A lady god would have roused my soul's devotion. It is true I did get religion when I was about twelve, being then jointly in love with the minister and the minister's daughter. I spent an afternoon kneeling at the

altar and tried to feel uplifted, but without great success; told my Sunday-school teacher of the visions I had and despised her for appearing to believe me. Then at fifteen I fell in love with a language teacher who was an atheist and lost my religion. Thereafter I had only one religion, a sort of perverse feminism, based on the convictions that women had all the children, men had all the fun, and men were pretty awful anyhow. I was still determined to have a career as much like a man's as possible. And no babies. And no matrimony.

Mama said she wanted me to have three good offers and to refuse three. She wanted me to be a glorified old maid, doing the things she might have done. I decided I would get married when I was thirty, in order to have tried everything, and then I advanced the date by six years to get rid of the argument: to be or not to be. It seemed to me it might be pleasant to have something settled, even though the settlement itself was bad. Then I had begun to suspect that marriage could not possibly be as bad as I had thought it. And I had met some Northern men who seemed to think women might be treated more or less as adults and who were willing to assume some of the responsibilities for the more boring side of domestic life. I had lived too long in a family of men who in times of distress remained pleasantly incapable of making a cup of coffee; I do not believe I could have married a Southerner, and if I had I am sure I would have murdered him the first time he asked for his slippers or the evening paper. So I married a Yankee and found marriage not so bad as it might have been, nor yet so good. At any rate I got that cause of conflict more or less settled. My husband is interested in my work and I am interested in his; at a pinch we substitute for each other, though this is growing more difficult as we grow older and our interests become more specialized. He is eager for me to develop as far as I can, and he has few theories about woman's position, or man's. We keep house casually and travel a good deal. My own diathesis is against anything that is fixed. We have no children and thus my mother's old terrors are laid for me.

The war swung me out of college into a totally unexpected job. Since then I have dabbled a bit in college teaching and a bit in research. Over the college teaching I was discouraged because, while I liked the students, I found it rather dull ladling out platitudes to the indifferent adoles-

cent, and I could see no prospect of working into graduate teaching. Women do not, as yet, get much chance at this cream of the teaching profession. In research I shall always be interested, though here, too, I am hampered by my attitude of disenchantment. I can never quite accept the finality of a statistical formula, and the errors which are constantly being demonstrated in the work of even the best scientists make me a little dubious about branding any conclusion as the Truth in capital letters. I can still get mad when I see an obvious case of discrimination against women, but in general all my old feminist revolt has been transferred from men to the conditions of human existence. There is nothing any of us can do about these conditions which does not seem to me futile, so my only test for different activities is the pleasure to be derived from them.

Thus I have at a comparatively early age lost all my

motivating faiths, faith in the righteous cause of women, faith in the recreating powers of science, faith in the ennobling possibilities of education. This is indeed a very sad state. Worse, I have become that futile creature, a writer. I had rather make small black marks on paper than go through any experience I can name. The sensory pleasures have pretty largely ceased to be; I can sit here in my quiet study and desire to desire something, something to touch or taste or see or hear, but the desire does not come. If I were building a Utopia, I would take away our memories, so we would start fresh every day, and then I would endow each of us with strong, lusty desires, and I would give us strong, eager feet with which to run swiftly and determinedly after our desires. I would leave principles out of my Utopia, even feminism; in place of principles I would give us all a magnificent and flaming audacity.

## A Government of Minnows

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, January 21

ALMOST exactly a hundred years ago a discouraged friend of the able but not amiable Adams coined a phrase, "the millennium of the minnows," in order to describe the small fry swept into public office on the great popular Jackson tide. There are times when a look around the official Washington of today makes that description seem to fit present conditions perhaps better than it could possibly have done in 1828. There is of course one really big fish in the Department of Commerce, and there is a splendid shining gold fish over in the Treasury Building, but for the most part they do seem to be more or less of the minnow variety. The glitter of the gold fish and the splash of the big one go a long way to prevent a general comprehension of the extreme insignificance of the others that swim about in the Capitol pool. To drop the piscatorial metaphor and get down to cases, when you eliminate Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, about whose size and sense opinions radically differ, those occupying high place here today undeniably grade pretty low. There is a class of writers in Washington who think it dreadful to blurt things out like that. Even though it is a conceded fact it seems to them "unnecessarily vitriolic" and "unbecomingly violent" to state it in print. Yet not many unbiased and posted persons would privately combat that particular indictment.

In the White House, for example, we have a small Massachusetts machine politician whose flawless record of inertia and inaction in a dozen offices plus several extraordinary pieces of political luck has enabled him to keep an unbroken attachment to the public pay roll for thirty years. His real intimates include a retired Boston department-store keeper, an aged Vermont village lawyer, and a dull but rich Massachusetts mill-owner who rode up on the same State political machine. In his official Cabinet are the scintillating figures of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilbur, Dr. Work, James J. Davis, and Harry F. New. In the House we have the noble "Nick," who looms large as a leader only to certain congenial colleagues and to them only under certain circumstances. There too is the devoted Tilson, whose caliber was well illustrated in the

recent cruiser fight. Over on the Senate side leadership, such as it is, is lodged in the hands of Curtis of Kansas, Bingham of Connecticut, Fess of Ohio—honest and worthy men, smooth but unstimulating. However, this lack of outstanding legislative leaders and great executive figures is not a thing of which to complain in this time of prosperity and absence of critical problems. The country has not suffered because of them. Perhaps on the whole it is better not to have stimulating men under such conditions. So long as a negative policy is all that is needed, these negative men, aided by a daily press four-fifths of which in the last ten years has become concentrated in strong Republican hands, can rattle around in their jobs without doing anybody any real harm and with great joy to themselves, albeit some of them never quite get over the uneasy feeling that in their case a mistake has been made and that somehow it is going to be found out. You can if you watch for it often see this apprehension in the eyes of the Attorney General. In negative action, however, they are all right. It is only when affirmative action is required that mediocre men clothed with power make trouble for themselves and the rest of us—which brings us quite naturally to Mr. Kellogg and the State Department.

Not long ago one of the wisest of Washington observers—he is not an office-holder—speaking of the conduct of our foreign affairs made what seems a searching and trenchant remark. Said he: "Our State Department, like the British Foreign Office, is conducted primarily and properly in the interests of the business of the country. The difference is this—in England it is business as a whole which is represented. With us it is not only business as a whole but individual business as well. At the British Foreign Office a group of business men representing an industry can get in—and they ought to get in, but the individual industrialist with his little individual ax to grind and his little personal grievance to air cannot get in and ought not to get in. With us that is the very fellow who does get in. Not only the bureau heads but the Secretary himself is easily accessible to him. Every little tin-pot business man who wants to can get into our State Department and muddle the minds and cloud the heads of the men who mold our



policy and commit our country. This may be democracy, but it has its disadvantages."

The more reflection given this comment the more reasonable it seems. Unquestionably it is the individual business interest which has forced Mr. Kellogg on his indefensible course in Nicaragua and in Mexico, not industry as a whole. It seems to be generally believed that the interested individuals in this case were oil men and that they were powerful or persuasive enough to have compelled Mr. Kellogg to take affirmative action and for Mr. Coolidge, who is inherently averse to all forms of affirmative action, to support him in this policy as soon as he discovered what it was—which it may be said in passing was quite late in the game. The net result has been a sorry mess. No one can tell what the situation will be when this appears in print, but as it is written, while the prospects are that we will muddle through and avoid an actual clash with Mexico—perhaps even emerge on Arbitration Avenue—our loss will be none the less real no matter what we gain. Our prestige in South America has mostly gone; even the pretense of friendship with us among our Latin-American neighbors has vanished, and the diplomats in Europe are gleefully chuckling over the situation. Here is America, which since the war has been trying to save the soul of the world and has preached at the Powers without ceasing, pointing out to them the beauties of national goodness and unselfishness—here is America doing to a small nation on this continent exactly what it has been the American custom to deplore in Europe. Why shouldn't the diplomats chuckle? They have, as the Paris correspondent of the New York Times points out, got the United States on record in a way which will bind it to silence when the occasion presents itself—as it will—for European Powers to take analogous steps where their interests are involved. It is a great pity that Mr. Kellogg could not stick to negative action like the other Cabinet minnows.

## The Debt Unsettlements

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

THE clamorous European echoes of the recent Columbia manifesto urging a reopening of the European debt question remind us again that this matter of the Allied debt is far from being settled. Aided by our politicians we have come to look upon ourselves as benevolent and generous creditors. But Europe, led or misled by its politicians, has as strong convictions to the contrary and looks upon us as an international Shylock. Europeans know only that we are eternally asking for blood-money. Whenever the European tax collector comes around, they blame us. That is politics.

The only hope of a friendly and lasting solution of the question lies in removing it from the arena of party politics, dealing with the matter as if it were a business affair between an embarrassed debtor and an intelligent creditor. Let us forget that mighty sovereign states are involved. Suppose a business corporation gets into a jam—what happens? We examine the circumstances. Perhaps the corporate affairs have been so mismanaged, the corporate assets so looted, that the debts are far greater than the assets and it is not worth trying to resuscitate the concern. Then only one course is possible—receivership, bankruptcy, liquidation, the scrap-heap.

But perhaps the debtor corporation has assets and good

prospects for future earnings. Perhaps it has mines, factories, lands, labor, but not enough cash or other liquid assets. It needs merely time to work out of its difficulties. In such circumstances an intelligent creditor gives time.

There is a third possibility—a settlement at less than a hundred cents on the dollar. If it is useless to accept extension notes because the debtor has not enough to pay them, intelligent creditors, as realists, accept a compromise. They trade and bargain and sometimes haggle. Finally they take fifty cents on the dollar, or forty, or whatever they can get.

Now, you cannot put a sheriff or a receiver in charge of a government. If the government is a weak one, or if it has been beaten in a war, you can arrange for a financial adviser or a reparation committee, which looks a good deal like a receivership; but with most of the countries of Europe such a course is not to be thought of. Let us perforce take a cheerful view and politely assume that our European debtors are solvent and want to pay us but are temporarily hard up for dollars. Just what shall we do?

We can grant an extension of time or take a settlement at less than one hundred cents on the dollar. But we in America have chosen neither course. What we have done is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Our representatives have solemnly assured us that the last drop of blood has been squeezed out of the turnip, and the high-minded European statesmen have told their constituents that although the Americans are bloodthirsty sharks they have been induced to be quite reasonable. But when these statesmen are dropped from office, how do their successors talk? "What!" they exclaim, "the United States yielding or generous? Just listen to what the American Secretary of the Treasury has himself stated to the people of the United States." So they prove from our own lips that we are grasping and merciless. Thus the dragons' teeth of hatred are sown.

Now, when a business creditor exacts a settlement he makes sure that he gets real money and not worthless stage money. If he accepts a 50 per cent settlement on a \$100,000 debt, he sees to it that before he releases his old debt he gets a certified check for \$50,000. But what have we accomplished in our dealings with Europe? In place of the notes which England owed us at the time of the Armistice, we have accepted new notes for 75 per cent of the principal amount of the old notes. In place of Italy's old notes we have taken new notes for 25 per cent of the old debt. From Belgium we have taken paper for 54 per cent of the old debt, and we are now proposing to settle with France on a basis of 48 per cent. These agreements are merely the acceptance of new scraps of paper for old scraps of paper, of new promises for old promises. And we have called these agreements settlements.

Instead of pursuing this stupid, irritating, and discriminatory policy, why should we not, as intelligent creditors, say to our debtors in Europe something like this:

We lent you eleven billions of dollars to help you win the war. You admit you owe the money. We, on the other hand, admit you cannot pay it at present. We do not wish to press you, but, of course, we know that yours is a high-minded, powerful, solvent government and that given time you will insist upon discharging these obligations for moneys which we were able to lend you because of heavy taxes imposed on our citizens. You shall, of course, have time, plenty of it. Ten years have gone by since we lent you this vast sum. No repayments of principal have been made.

Hardly any interest has been paid. Never mind. We are your friends, your brothers, as we were your allies in the war. So we declare that for another ten years you need not pay a penny of principal or interest. We lift the load from your shoulders so that you may prosper and so that you may feel free of burden to us for a total period of twenty years. We have already settled with some of you which we thought not only fair but generous, but we gather that you are not satisfied, that you consider us harsh creditors. If that is so we offer to let you cancel the settlement already made. Let the old debt be restored. It can stand for the additional ten-year period, and at the end of the ten years if you find yourselves ready to discuss payment in whole or in part, we shall be glad to discuss the matter with you. If at the end of the ten-year period you are not ready to pay in full, we know that you will be able to make some payment in part at least to reimburse our citizens.

If such a policy were to be announced and pursued we could take the matter out of politics, put it on a sensible and business-like basis, and make a step at least toward a final solution, or we would remove all opposition of the irreconcilables since we would not be canceling any part of the debt; and we would stop the mouths of the hate-breeding jingo foreign politicians.

## The Solid South Backs "Al" Smith

By GEORGE W. HAYS,

Former Governor of Arkansas

WITH the popularity and influence of "Al" Smith and his importance as a national figure increasing every day, many persons are asking what attitude will be taken by the solid Democratic South toward his candidacy for the Presidential nomination in 1928. One can hardly pick up a newspaper without coming across the statement that the South will reject the New York Governor as Presidential nominee on account of his religion; that the Southern delegates will bolt the party to which the South has always given its whole-souled allegiance rather than accept Smith as standard-bearer. To one who is fully alive to the true sentiments of this section of the country such speculations appear almost ridiculous.

I doubt whether other parts of the nation realize the strength and solidity of the Democratic Party south of the Mason-Dixon line. Locally, to be nominated by the Democratic Party is to win the election. The candidates who lose in the primary go on fishing trips, while the successful nominee is interviewed by the press on the reforms and policies of his future Administration. This condition prevails throughout the South and Southwest with the exception of sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, both of which have gone strongly Democratic this year.

The Democratic Party is the party of our fathers and our fathers' fathers. It is the perfect organ for the expression of our political beliefs and hopes. We are mainly an agricultural people, in contrast to the industrial North and East. Our advancement must come largely through our farmers and small merchants. We are probably the largest group of individualists left in the nation in this day of industrialism and mass production. The Democratic Party is the only party whose ideals and platform represent our interests.

The Southerner distrusts the Republican Party with an instinctive suspicion fully as strong as the faith he holds in Democracy. His animosity is "bred in the bone," a heritage from the period of Republican ascendancy in the South during the dread days of Reconstruction when the carpet-bagger ruled over a desolate and wretched land. The deliverance of the South in those times was the Democratic Party. By lining up solidly under her protection the Southern white man discovered that he could once again win back to freedom and social supremacy.

In the light of these facts it is easy to see how absurd is the presumption that the South would desert its party in the event of Governor Smith's nomination. The argument that the religion of New York's chief executive would bring about a change in Southern allegiance assumes that religious prejudice and intolerance are stronger than party loyalty. Such an assertion is unfair to the vast majority of Southerners. While it is a fact that most of us are Protestants, I feel certain that I voice the sentiments of the average Southerner when I state that the principles of Democracy are too great and mean too much to us ever to be sacrificed for anything so un-American and so petty as religious bigotry. The Constitution of our country says that there shall be no religious test for office. Church and state are completely separated.

The events of the 1924 Democratic National Convention are not pleasant to recall. Religious dissension showed its ugly head. Painful and humiliating but inevitable were the results in the elections which followed. We learn from experience, and I feel certain that at the convention of 1928 the delegates, bearing in mind the fiasco of 1924, will nominate their strongest and ablest man and put aside petty politics and sectionalism.

The elections last fall showed that a reaction was setting in in favor of the Democratic Party. In view of the scandals of the Republican regime and the Republican Party's failure to coordinate and harmonize its own ranks, discord and discontent are widespread and the people throughout the nation are ready for a change to Democratic control. With such a leader as Governor Smith the return to Democracy should be an almost foregone conclusion. He is not only the greatest figure in the Democratic Party today; he is the most important statesman of our time regardless of party affiliations. To belittle such a man because of his religious views would be incredibly stupid.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter finds in his letter file the following from a correspondent in Cleveland:

That impulse to kill—to kill a fellow-being, to take upon myself the mark of Cain—has been coming over me. And I want you to file this letter whether you publish it or not; I may have to use it in my defense some day.

I spend much of my time in a Ford coupé, chasing around downtown Cleveland. A few months ago I welcomed, as a big step forward, these automatic, three-light signals at busy intersections. I have obeyed them faithfully. To me they are a much better traffic control than an officer. There is such an absolute, impartial Justice about them. The signal is inexorable and each driver checks the other, a symbol of automatic Democracy.

But pedestrians, apparently, are Republicans or Bolsheviks. What gets my goat is that after I have waited patiently for my green "Go" signal, and am just start-



ing up, a pedestrian walks deliberately across the street.

I am mild. I consider the safety of the other fellow. But think of some of the drivers we have nowadays. Take a real he-driver; add to him some of the thoughts I had today; and you might get a dead pedestrian. Here am I with an incipient urge to hit the leering pedestrian who crosses my path at the wrong time. I have in my hands, under my power, the weapon that will do the job. I have the probable immunity. With an officer out at the intersection trying to speed me up, no court would hold me guilty.

I wonder how many of our traffic accidents are accidents. Are we going to wake up to a new spasm of our social order, an epidemic of traffic homicide? Will the time come when jury verdicts of "justifiable traffic homicide" will be common? We must do something to lessen the traffic jam. Is killing pedestrians the answer?

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PROBABLY the Drifter's correspondent, like most car drivers, is unaware of the law of the highway. Ironically enough, a candidate for a driver's license is questioned about almost every other subject under heaven except his legal obligations toward pedestrians. Nor are policemen better informed. The ancient law of the road, as expounded to the Drifter in those halcyon days before it had become a dead letter, gives the pedestrian an equal right on any part of the highway with any vehicle and a special right at crossings. Legally speaking, a crossing is a continuation of the sidewalk. It is the pedestrian's special domain. A vehicle crosses it on sufferance. No automobile has a right to honk a pedestrian off a crossing or to keep him waiting at one side. Probably this is *legally true* in most cases even where there are lights or where a policeman regulates traffic. In New York City, at any rate, the municipality has been empowered by the State to regulate only vehicular traffic—not the goings and comings of pedestrians.

\* \* \* \* \*

BUT of course in the year 1927 all this is mere theory—moonshine of the most impalpable sort. There has been no invested capital to champion the pedestrian's rights. He himself hasn't even been aware of them, and through neglect he has irrevocably lost them. The Drifter read a paragraph recently in which one citizen was represented as saying militantly to another: "We pedestrians ought to organize to protect our rights." To which came the placid reply: "What rights?" What rights, indeed? To reclaim the rights of the pedestrian today would, in most of our cities, tie up traffic in a Gordian knot in ten minutes. And the Drifter surmises that the pedestrian has got what he deserves. He is a chicken-hearted, white-livered insect who has been more devoted to getting a car in which to play the bully himself than to asserting his rights or those of his fellows when afoot. Let him suffocate in his own exhaust.

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THE Drifter's sympathies used to be all with the pedestrian, but he is beginning now to regard the automobile driver as an object for commiseration too. When pedestrians straggle off the curb into the street and impede the progress of a line of cars without getting anywhere themselves, the Drifter would hardly blame some choleric driver for giving them a not-too-gentle bump. Come to think of it, the Drifter sometimes harasses drivers himself by stepping in their path and pretending not to see them.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### California Is Awake

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A student mass meeting, held on the University of California campus, January 13, discussed America's policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. Fifteen minutes before the meeting was scheduled to begin it was impossible to get inside the doors. An overflow meeting was held in another auditorium. About three thousand students attended, and many were turned away: sorority "sisters," fraternity "brothers," political-science students, foreign students, art majors—all the personalities that combine to make a university. Many sat in the aisles, more stood up; only three people left before the meeting was adjourned.

After the preliminary speeches by Professor Barrows, Professor Priestley, Chester Rowell, and others, the meeting was turned over to discussion from the floor. The trend of these talks was decidedly "liberal." A vote was taken and resulted as follows: For our policy in Nicaragua—about even. For our antagonism toward Mexico—80; against our antagonism toward Mexico—2,000.

The very fact that such a meeting was even called shows that the American youth is waking up; the fact that the discussion was "liberal" indicates that the splendid work of *The Nation* is bearing fruit; and the fact that the vote was 2,000 against 80 in opposition to America's maintaining a policy which may lead to war with Mexico offers evidence that American youth is unwilling to fight a war for "dollar diplomacy."

Our next ambition is a mass meeting on military training.  
San Francisco, January 15 R. T.

### Honor Where Honor Is Due

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does *The Nation* know anything about the English case? Does it know that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, in driving that corrupt judge from the federal bench, one of the most difficult feats imaginable, rendered a conspicuous public service for which it was applauded all over the country—everywhere, indeed, except in *The Nation's* Roll of Honor? It seems to me a very grave omission. How could you have overlooked this feat which made almost all journalism respectable?

St. Louis, January 6

CLARK MCADAMS

[We plead guilty. We should, of course, have placed the *Post-Dispatch* on our Honor Roll, and do so now with the greatest pleasure.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

### No Rules for War?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Attempts to restrict the use of poison gas in warfare by international treaty are predestined to futility by the impossibility of including arbitrary regulations in a procedure which, by its very nature, must be without such regulations. War should not be confused with sport. In sport, ends are ignored for the sake of the means. In war, means are ignored for the sake of the ends, and by this an international Hoyle prescribing means is inconceivable. Indeed, by its very declaration of war, a nation says that all rules are off, and that henceforth anything goes.

Let poison gas be an indictment of war, and let us outlaw both; but if, as I cannot believe, it is possible to have war without gas, then it may also be possible to have war without guns or bayonets.

New York, January 15

A. Y. JAMESON, JR.

## Down with "March" and "Thursday"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For more than two thousand years the idea of war has been perpetuated in the names of one of the months and in a day of the week. Where do we find the idea of peace perpetuated in any universal public institution? Would a proposal to change the name of March to "Pax" and Thursday to "Peaceday" bring a storm of protest? Perhaps we are too "civilized" nowadays to create such memorials to the spirit of our age.

Indianapolis, December 27

FRANK ROSS

## The Source of Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We ought not to feel extremely happy over the freedom of worship in the churches and freedom of thought in the schools (there is considerable of both, although here and there are restrictions). What freedom exists comes from a smallness of interest in religion and in the schools. Let the public become vitally interested in either, and much of our boasted freedom will disappear. It will go like the freedom of Negroes to vote in the South, the freedom of the press in Italy, the freedom of speech in America during the war, the freedom of worship during the Middle Ages, when religion was a vital matter.

Freedom in church and school today is probably due to our twenty-four-hour attention to "Business as usual."

New York, January 11

LLOYD M. CROSGRAVE

## Let's Have Lots of Holly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You say: "Now that Christmas is well over we can begin the New Year with good resolutions never to use live holly again." Why not say "Appreciate the plant so much that you will support a movement to learn how it can best be propagated by seed or cuttings. Help populate the region in which it can be grown, so that all that has been destroyed will be replaced. Persuade those who have helped in its destruction to join you in filling the world with more rather than less of the beauty of this or that American plant?"

Plant science has until recently paid little attention to the study of the propagation of native plants, but we are learning. We now know how the dogwood may be propagated, either by seeds or cuttings, and the response to a leaflet on dogwood distributed at the New York Flower Show last year leads me to expect an increase in the number of dogwood plants in America. With the information in regard to dogwood seeds and dogwood cuttings now available, one can say with conviction: "Use dogwood all you will; but use your own. Fill your world with the loveliness of the dogwood flower, of the gloriously colored leaves of the fall and the red fruit, but grow your own."

The problem of holly has also been solved. At one Christmas dinner this year the centerpiece was a ten-inch holly plant covered with red berries, and this was established in less than six months. Roses would have taken that long. Why should we be deprived of using living holly or dogwood any more than carnations or roses? We need funds for research work whereby in each State, at some college or university, at least one person will study the propagation of the plants of greatest beauty and those most in danger of extermination, so one can say: "Use the plant, but use your own, and help fill America with its natural loveliness."

The Garden Club of America has already given to the Department of Botany at Vassar College a Conservation Research Fund. The Boyce Thompson Institute of Plant Research is carrying forward the work without a special grant. Graduate students are at work on problems of this type at Ohio

State University, Chicago University, and at Washington State University.

Do not sound the death-knell to the use of holly, nor ask us to use some scrappy substitute. Teach the Southern States how to have nurseries full of their own grown holly. It is done with the English holly in the West. It can be done with American holly in the East. Increase the number of American plants in America, first by aiding in obtaining the knowledge of how to grow them, then by aiding in growing of them. Enrich the lives of the American people with living American plants.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 4

EDITH A. ROBERTS

## A School with a Lantern

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial Authors with Lanterns glows with the fire of freedom. It emboldens me to bring out my lantern and ask you to lift it high. I am searching for lovers of freedom to help the Modern School of Stelton, New Jersey, pioneer of libertarianism in education since 1910. There have been fears lately that it might have to stop for want of sufficient income, and a committee is attempting to raise an endowment of \$100,000, which would carry about half the annual load and banish further fear. But it is a stupendous job for poor men in a land of hundred-percenters, and the help of every lantern-bearer that can be found anywhere is needed.

This school follows the lead of the child's spontaneous interests, letting play be its teacher; the child learns by doing. We consider education not merely preparation for life but a large part of life itself; wherefore we give the children the environment and the contacts of actual daily living in the world. We have an art-room, a weaving-room, a carpenters' shop, a printing-shop, places for all sorts of outdoor activities—sports, of course, gardens, barns with cows and chickens.

The school publishes a circular for free distribution, a 25-cent pamphlet on "The Spirit of Freedom in Education," a dollar book of the school's history, and an occasional magazine, the *Voice of the Children*, written, illustrated, printed, and bound wholly by pupils. It appeals to every friend of happy childhood to give it a lift.

Stelton, New Jersey, January 14

S. W. SIMPSON

## Elinor Wylie, Geographer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of "The Orphan Angel" in your columns I indirectly reproached Elinor Wylie for placing Portsmouth in Vermont. On rereading, by request, the passage I learn that Miss Wylie referred to Portsmouth in one connection and to Vermont in another, and she, you, and all concerned have my apology.

New York, January 18

ABBE NILES

## One Soul Saved

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot read a publication which lends its advertising pages to such rabidly blasphemous propaganda as that which has disgraced *The Nation* recently. Granted that the Bible is confusing and out-of-date in many ways—it has been and still is the best crutch for limping humanity to stumble along life's perplexing road, and until you can provide a better prop, why knock away the old one? You undo much of your excellent editorial work by the folly advertised in your publication. I have not even opened the later numbers—they are too poisonous.

Formosa, Japan, December 22

CLARENCE GRIFFIN



## First Glance

The age demanded an image  
Of its accelerated grimace,  
Something for the modern stage,  
Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;

Not, not certainly, the obscure reveries  
Of the inward gaze;  
Better mendacities  
Than the classics in paraphrase!

The "age demanded" chiefly a mold in plaster,  
Made with no loss of time,  
A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster  
Or the "sculpture" of rhyme.

THIS poem, one of the best, I think, to be found in "Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound" (Boni and Liveright: \$3.50), is only half ironical. It is only half, that is to say, against this age. One part of Mr. Pound regrets being born into a time when it is necessary, if one is to write good poetry, to be occupied with contemporary externals. This part of him hankers, and has been hankering for eighteen years, after the grace of other years, after alabaster and the inward gaze. Hence the many pages in "Personae" filled with translations or paraphrases from Propertius, the Provençal poets, and the classical poets of China; pages which, however learned and clever they may sometimes be, are not for me the real thing. The real thing in Mr. Pound—leaving out of account the famous epic, which is yet to be assessed—is his objective rendering of the age one half of him hates. The other half not merely relishes the act of rendering; it relishes the world thus rendered. "In a few years . . . no one will remember the trivial parts of me," says Mr. Pound to his detractors, implying that something greater will be remembered. I am not so sure. The best of him is still the impudent breeze of satire which blows through "Lustra." Coming on that once more in this collection, I gave the jump of delight which one must always give before the spectacle of a poet who has glanced directly at the world about him, decided how it looks, and invented a way of speaking that will bring poet, reader, and world for the moment into perfect conjunction. Epic or no epic, to have done this in many poems, even if they be slight ones, is to have become one of the poets of your age. And Mr. Pound is that.

In a foreword to "White Buildings: Poems by Hart Crane" (Boni and Liveright: \$2) Allen Tate says that Mr. Crane has written "the most distinguished poetry of the age," and that if Mr. Crane is difficult to read, as he certainly is, the fault lies with the age, which does not offer "a suitable theme." "The comprehensiveness and lucidity of any poetry," explains Mr. Tate, "the capacity for poetry being assumed as proved, are in direct proportion to the availability of a comprehensive and perfectly articulated given theme." The rejoinder that it is the business of the poet to find or make such a theme where no theme is, that indeed the theme is always in the poet and not in the world, will doubtless be made; but it will be absurd in the face of Mr. Tate's analysis of the two elements fundamental in all successful poetry: adequate vision and adequate subject. The capacity for poetry will be a certain energy

of vision; but there must be a subject to be seen. Mr. Crane, says Mr. Tate, has the energy; our world, however, has not the structure to support this energy. So Mr. Crane's poems are formidable and, perhaps, futile; they are the result of a powerful and original poetic mind straining in its nakedness to express nothing. I am not convinced that this is the most distinguished poetry of the age, but I am sure that it is distinguished poetry, and I am sure that "White Buildings" is important.

And a poor prayer, in these days, to be simple.  
What can the curled tongue say a straighter way  
When beauty breaks, even before we touch it,  
Into a thousand ardors at a thought?

This third commentary upon our time is made by Laura Riding Gottschalk, whose collection of poems, "The Close Chaplet" (Adelphi Company: \$1.75), introduces simultaneously to England and America a metaphysician in verse of most curious and distinct merit. Miss Gottschalk, equally convinced no doubt with Mr. Tate that the present order does not invite the vision of the poet, escapes into her own brain for subjects to see.

For in untraveled soil alone can I  
Unearth the gem or let the mystery lie  
That never must be found.

"The close chaplet of thought" to which she goes is nothing more or less than the knot of nerves at the top of the human spine. There she plants her eyes and plays with all manner of ingenious images, ideas, and rhythms sent to her along the nerves. Her book will seem laughably obscure to some. To others it will be fascinating with the fascination of the best, the most burrowing lines of Donne. Justly considered, it represents one of the numerous adventures which American poetry must make if it is to remain—or become—distinguished.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Another Microbe Hunter

*Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt.* By Frederick Soddy. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

I AM not competent to review this book. I cannot tell you whether it is one of the most important ever written, although it well may be. It is about money, and having dealt with money for fifteen years as a practicing accountant, I know nothing whatever about it. My perspective upon its social implications has been hopelessly befuddled by virtue of the thousands of individual transactions I have checked and balanced to the penny. Thus I stand—for once in my life—shoulder to shoulder with the banker and the captain of industry. The three of us cannot see the wood for the trees. The men who handle money the most have no more notion of what it does to society than a Mississippi fishwife—or a Congressman.

Frederick Soddy is Dr. Lee's Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford; he received the Nobel prize for chemistry in 1921; he is the author of "The Interpretation of Radium" and other learned works, and one of the most brilliant scientists alive. For many years his thinking has been regulated by the stern realities of quantitative fact. Struck with the objective absurdities of the economic scene, he has attempted to swing the searchlight of the exact sciences upon the poetry and mysticism of money, credit, wealth, value, and the other imponderables in which we economists, accountants, and bankers deal. It is an adventure at once illuminating and per-

plexing. His analysis of the going structure is clear, penetrating, and, for me at least, exciting. I did not miss a word, or an idea, as he looked at production, distribution, and physical plant in the light of the first and second laws of thermodynamics. But when he came to superimpose upon this physical picture the gossamer veil of money and credit, and particularly when he outlined specific controls for money to keep it from wrecking production, perpetuating poverty, going on the loose in business cycles—I stumbled and fell. The accountant rose up and overwhelmed me. He may have discovered, as his subtitle implies, "the solution of the economic paradox," but I cannot follow him in that solution. I hope to God he has; and that it remains for a Nobel prize chemist to lead us out of the wilderness.

Here is a ball of gold, nine inches in diameter. "As a hoard or store used to buy goods it will diminish in quantity, like soap when you wash with it." Even in the vault of a bank it will tend slowly to disintegrate. But lent out at compound interest, "in six hundred years, there would arise legal claims to a golden ball equal in size to the earth, and weighing four times as much." We remember the will of Timothy Forsyte. Of such nonsense is the fabric of money compounded. Its laws have no scientific relation—often no relation at all—to the laws governing the growth of tangible, consumable wealth. It is a gaudy fairy story, told in a parallel dream world of its own, never meeting the lines of matter, energy, and the physical realities upon which the food, clothing, and shelter of *homo sapiens* are necessarily based. And in that dream world, bankers, accountants, stock exchanges, public-utility valuations, mergers, high finance make their solemn way, mirthless and intent. Out of the stuff of dreams they appropriate a great fraction of the tangible wealth—diamonds, country houses, haughty motor cars, Ritz dinners, even beautiful blondes—and that is enough for them. What their dream stuff does to society at large they neither know nor greatly care. They are practical men who know how to make dreams come true.

So far so good. Money has evolved on the basis of a scarcity economy; the threat of not enough to go round ever furnishing its dominating drive. The industrial revolution, culminating in the marvels of modern technology, has achieved a surplus economy—more than enough to go round if the engineer were granted a free hand. The two systems do not interlock; money puts the engineer on half time. Capacity production of industrial America is twice the normal output of consumable goods. There is no more important problem than that of dragging money out of dreamland and forcing it to correlate with the curve of physical production, as governed by the technical arts.

Mr. Soddy says that the following measures will achieve this end. I copy blindly for the enlightenment of wiser men: The value of money should not depend on the quantity of a single commodity, such as gold. The standard of value should be based on the general average of goods consumed and used in living. Government statistical authority should work out an index number of prices and report its findings periodically to "the national authority charged with the issue of money, so that the issue may be regulated to maintain the standard of value constant, much as the National Physical Laboratory (in the United States the Bureau of Standards) is charged with the standardization of weights and measures. . . . The issue of money should therefore be regulated by its purchasing power, so as to maintain purchasing power constant, more being issued if the purchasing power tends to rise, or the index number to fall, and some withdrawn from circulation if the purchasing power tends to fall and the general price level to rise—very much as the speed of a steam engine under varying load is automatically controlled by steam being admitted by the governor when the speed tends to fall, and shut off when it tends to rise." All this is not so far from Irving Fisher.

Private banks should by law be required to keep national money, dollar for dollar, of deposits. They shall only be per-

mitted to lend money genuinely deposited in their keeping by its owners, who give up the use of it for the period of the loan, and receive receipt in legal form therefor. Thus the bank becomes merely a brokerage establishment for placing loans for depositors. And thus, if you please, the whole tradition and practice of private banking is dealt a staggering blow. Bankers may know nothing about the social effects of money, but they can safely be predicted to know enough to call Mr. Frederick Soddy, M. A., F. R. S., seventeen kinds of a blundering fool. He puts them, as it were, in the ash can.

These two basic provisions plus a suggestion for inaugurating the new system comprise the remedy. No reader, however, should criticize them on the strength of this inadequate summary; he should first absorb all the cogent arguments presented in the book itself. And having done so, he can perhaps write a distraught reviewer and tell him if this is indeed the way out of that economic paradox which does so much to make life the half completed thing it is. And if it is the way out, suggestions as to a temporary chloroforming of bankers—in no other manner can they be kept quiet—will be also welcomed.

STUART CHASE

## Endless Adolescence

*Tar: A Mid-West Childhood.* By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

THE spectacle of a grown-up human being engaged in a continual process of self-examination and expressing his discoveries in terms of a naive bewilderment may well be disconcerting. In this sense it is always a little embarrassing to read a new novel by Sherwood Anderson. It is like being present at a birth. You know that you are witnessing a cataclysmic event in nature. Yet you cannot help feeling that after all you have no business to be watching that event, and, moreover, that the birth itself is hardly as important as the baby. In novel after novel Mr. Anderson continues to render, with a disturbing effectiveness, his mental and emotional birth-pangs, but somehow we never see the baby. Transposed into critical slang, this means that his books invariably furnish us with the spectacle of a genetic process, never with that of a creative process.

It is perhaps justifiable to ask whether an author who is also known as an artist has a right to manufacture a dozen books all of which are concerned with a sincere attempt to understand himself and a few simple ideas. The question becomes all the more puzzling when it is considered that Mr. Anderson is just as bewildered in his latest novel as he was in his first. Perhaps the criticism is obtuse; I have been told that this is what is called sincerity. Now, sincerity and simplicity are splendid things in themselves; but how far do they go toward the creation of an integrated work of art? In his foreword to "Tar," for example, Mr. Anderson explains that an author lives in a world of fancy, that he can never tell the truth about himself or any other real person, and that therefore the autobiography that is to follow is not really accurate but just sort of made up. Now, this is a fine, sincere thought—for a little boy. Unfortunately it is not part of the autobiography, which is told from the viewpoint of a little boy, but it is the sum and substance of the Foreword, which is presumably written by an adult. And even to arrive at this complicated idea (which has been worrying Mr. Anderson since "Windy McPherson's Son") he must write eighteen pages. Agreed, one is very sympathetic; but one can hardly be said to be vitally interested or aroused or moved.

"How are you going to understand women when you cannot understand yourself? How are you going to understand any one or anything?" Little Tar asked himself the question at the age of twelve, but Mr. Anderson asked it all through that quaint anecdote "Dark Laughter." Such questionings were the essential basis of his happily named "Out of No-



where into Nothing." They may be legitimate, even profound—who can tell? But not all the interrogation marks in the linotype machine, no matter how charmingly arranged, can ever make a novel. It is pretty confusing to have an author create a character and then turn around and ask himself forlornly what that character means—in fact (more usually), what it all means. There is such a thing as detachment. It is the thing that comes last of all to the pioneer mentality.

To express his self-discoveries and perplexities Mr. Anderson employs a prose style which is like a glass tumbler in that it is utterly transparent. It is unlike it in that it will not hold water. The plain fact is that his style gets so simple as to become bald and monotonous; and eventually it fails to transfer the emotion. Despite the worshipers of naivete, no particular magic resides in words of one syllable. It will be objected that Mr. Anderson is trying to reproduce American speech rhythms. But if these rhythms are dull and sleepy, what is the sense in reproducing them? A novel does not have to be a stimulant, but it certainly need not be a narcotic. When Mr. Lardner reproduces the lingo of the baseball player or the hard patter of the manicurist, we are fascinated because these linguistic patterns have a hyperbolic poetry, a surprisingness peculiar to themselves. But the flat monosyllabic middlewestiness that Mr. Anderson transcribes (undoubtedly with admirable accuracy) is merely dull. It is not poetic, it is not flexible, it is simply a poor medium for expression. At times it sounds like a first reader, at times like the first profundities of a thoughtful fourteen-year-old.

In Mr. Anderson's latest book of wondering reminiscence these crudities are probably more in order. "Tar" purports to be a transcript of life as seen through the eyes of a young boy. What puzzles the reviewer, however, is the astonishing similarity of this book to the others Mr. Anderson has given us. We have heard these bewilderments before. We have even seen that race-track before, in the story I'm a Fool. We have met Tar's father several times, in Windy McPherson, in "A Story Teller's Story." "Tar" is a tale of youth; but Mr. Anderson seems to have put a spirit of youth in everything. Adolescence is admittedly a fascinating phenomenon. Perhaps it is most fascinating to the adolescent.

"Tar" is another reminder of the fact that Mr. Anderson has written and can write superb short-stories.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

## Voltaire in Formation

*The Young Voltaire.* By Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

THIS welcome addition to Voltaireana is a sympathetic attempt to tell "the dramatic and unusual story" of Voltaire's exile to England and "to trace the important part played by this episode and by other influences in the shaping of Voltaire's subsequent life and writing." It is distinctly a book for the general reader who knows rather vaguely that Voltaire got a good deal from his sojourn across the Channel but who cannot recall exactly what it was all about.

Mr. Chase's Voltaire is a vivid personality. Heir of a bourgeois tradition which our age values more highly than it does the social circles to which he aspired, the young notary's son determined to "make good." If we are to believe the author, this vulgar ambition, more than any other single factor, urged him on to the noble goal of admittance into the best social and literary groups at the capital. The *cartes d'entrée* were his plays and his brilliant, polished verse. That ambition also made him ridiculous in exalted regions, for he once lost his temper over a beating at the hands of one of the Chevalier de Rohan's lackeys and crassly sought retaliation. His efforts brought social disgrace upon him and he betook himself to England, where his temper could less readily be exercised and where the accident of his middle-class birth would be undiscussed.

He arrived in 1726, unknown, ignorant of the English language, and almost penniless, and in less than three years was an accepted social institution in England. Mr. Chase gives a faithful and vivacious account of his prodigious activity and his amazing success. Apparently all that Voltaire needed to do to win friends and admirers was to present himself and begin talking. But he did much more important things than talk. He observed everything carefully and pondered and made comparisons and broached half a dozen literary projects simultaneously. When these appeared in the years following his return to France, they served the double purpose of presenting England and a new Voltaire to his old followers. For, in Mr. Chase's own words, "when Voltaire arrived in England he was a deft and superficial poet; when he left he was a 'philosophe.'" Thanks to the philosophical influence of the English deists and the impressions which free English institutions had made upon him, he returned to France a reformer and a mature critic of society.

At this point Mr. Chase's enthusiasm leads him astray into broad and dogmatic generalizations on the influence of Voltaire's writing. "His ceaseless tirades were one of the most important causes of the French Revolution and of the fall of the old regime," he writes in one place, and in another: "It is not too much to suppose that had Voltaire realized that his preaching against the old regime was to bring on the cruel slaughter of the French Revolution he would have restrained his tirades." Apart from the question of Voltaire's prophetic soul, there is the weightier problem of determining the causes of the French Revolution. It is safe to say that neither Mr. Chase nor any other literary historian will solve it adequately. In common with Lytton Strachey and the early Morley, Mr. Chase lays entirely too much stress upon the influence of writers and books in the eighteenth century and entirely too little upon social and economic factors. Indeed, where he does touch upon them he does so violently, almost hysterically, which suggests that his acquaintance with the period has not yet ripened into intimacy. Moreover, it stands in unpleasant contrast to the rest of the book, which is distinguished by a gracious and polished urbanity.

LEO GERSHOY

## This Unbelieving World

*Power.* By Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

CASTLES and titles and jewels and women—these are the coveted realities for which people chaffer and cheat and pawn their souls in the glittering world created by Feuchtwanger. Scruples are for weaklings; trickery and violence are more becoming to gentlemen. And so the tangible goods of a state and the feeble rights of its citizens are piled up in the rich profusion of an Oriental bazaar—a bargain counter to be exploited by prince and priest, by Catholic and Jew alike.

It is a racy and kaleidoscopic picture which the novelist draws—a veritable panorama of civilization in a turbulent South German state in the declining years of the Holy Roman Empire. Swabia is a vortex in which the influences of Vienna and Rome and Versailles are set spinning—a political whirlpool so vividly presented to the imagination that the book takes high rank among historical romances.

Dominating the story is the character of Josef Süss, the Jew whose march to power has the glamor and the assurance of a tale out of the Arabian Nights. Even in his ultimate surrender to the forces which he has built up only to have them destroy him, the note of splendor remains. The moneyed despots of his race offered to buy his life for five hundred thousand double ducats, full and unclipped. And it was to be a cash transaction, for "out poured a stream of gold, minted gold of all currencies, red gold, Spanish, African, Turkish, from every quarter of the world. It piled up, towered high, and never stopped; it grew man-high and as broad as a full-grown oak, a mountain of gold." But Josef Süss goes to his

execution in spite of all, a diamond solitaire blazing on his hand.

Feuchtwanger is a poet; his intricate story moves in a rhythmic pattern and woven into it are passages of stately music:

Where the Orient and the Occident meet, there lies the land of Canaan, infinitely small. . . . From the Occident there beats a wild continuous wave upon the land of Canaan: a thirst for life and personality, a will for action, for happiness, for power. . . . But in the south under the pointed pyramids there lie dead kings embalmed in gold and spices, refusing majestically to give their bodies to destruction; their images set in colossal alleys in the desert smile at death. And a wild continuous wave beats from the south upon the land of Canaan; a passionate cleaving to Being, a burning desire not to lose form and shape, not to lose the body, not to disintegrate. But from the east comes a message of gentle wisdom: Sleep is better than waking, to be dead is better than to be alive. . . . And the mild continuous wave ebbs softly from the Orient toward Canaan. Eternally these three waves flow over the tiny land and mingle one with another. . . . The tiny land of Canaan lies still and attentive and lets the waves flow over it and into each other.

All the clamor and trickery and riotous action of the novel are muffled down at last to this note, vibrating to the harmony of the poet. That the outlines of this harmony have not been blurred in translation is due to the expert rendering of it into English by Willa and Edwin Muir.

LISLE BELL

## Portrait of an Educated Man

*The Meaning of a Liberal Education.* By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

IT is true, as Mr. Martin says, that "there is an important change in the attitude of the public toward education." Especially is this observable in the fields of education which lie beyond the walls of the academy. When Professor Dewey wrote "Democracy and Education" he did not envisage the very problems in human training which democracy inevitably had to face—an adult, extra-curricular demand for education and discussion. Adult education, Mr. Martin points out, is not new. The schools of Athens and the medieval universities were engaged in it; but they were established in a social milieu that gave them an intellectual aristocracy and conferred upon them the privileges of a leisure class. The crucial difference today is that intellectual life must be created and lived in an industrial democracy which neither grants leisure nor values reason above all things.

In this sense it is Professor Dewey's problem which Mr. Martin undertakes. But Mr. Martin's solution is sounder. Managing to see around the edges of his predicament, he realizes that social and economic forces cannot alter the ideals of the educational process when its aim is defined in terms of the attitudes it cultivates rather than the dogmas or doctrines it may inculcate. The description and historic exemplification of these attitudes, which is the chief preoccupation of the book, ultimately brings Mr. Martin to the position, more often implicit than stated, that if a liberal education means an intelligent pursuit of life, only a few in any multitude can achieve it. This may not solve the problem of democracy and education. If not, it does something better. It gives democracy up as irrelevant to education.

When one considers the traits which this book enumerates as belonging to the educated man, one rejoices in Mr. Martin's intimate appreciation of what intelligence really amounts to, apart from and above its expression in I. Q.'s; but at the same time one is appalled that he should not have been bothered, as Plato was in the "Protagoras," by the question whether such virtue could be taught. The educated man is "a mellow amateur, competent and well informed, but withal natural and

human, wholly at ease with his knowledge and master of his technique; one whose thinking is play and whose mind does not squeak as it runs along." Mr. Martin turns to Plato, Aristotle, Abelard, Montaigne, Erasmus, Voltaire, and Anatole France to illustrate this definition. "In their words there is laughter and there is light." To be free of prejudice and propaganda, to be "debunked" as it were, to be an arduous skeptic without becoming an easy scoffer, to be an amateur inconsiderate of disutility, and to be forever in possession of a playful sense of humor, in short, to be intelligent—this is what being educated means. Who could deny the wisdom of this conception? But are there not some who would ask whether any educator who fully understood it would dare propose a program for its accomplishment? Mr. Martin is prudent as well as wise; he offers no positive measures, but contents himself with criticism of such obstacles to liberal education as utilitarianism, propagandism, the emphasis on mere rote learning instead of insight, Rousseauian romanticism, the conventional morality, and the intrusion of economic "class ideals."

In his exposition of the types of educated man in the great historical epochs Mr. Martin reveals his sympathies. These are with the humanists Erasmus and Montaigne, and his discussion of such men makes one of the most exceptional chapters in this excellent book. But here at the same time is Mr. Martin's weakness. He is just a little too this-worldly properly to evaluate rationalism, either in Plato, in scholasticism, or in contemporary science. Being deeply a humanist gives Mr. Martin unquestionable sanity in his understanding of the role of education in life, and genuine liberality in his conception of it, but it somehow prevents him from ever appreciating that which really makes education, knowledge, and insight a vital experience, the "amor intellectualis dei."

MORTIMER J. ADLER

## A Fresh View of the Child

*The Language and Thought of the Child.* By Jean Piaget. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

PROFESSOR CLAPARÈDE in his preface to this volume attributes its value to the fact that the author is young enough to have escaped the domination of older concepts from which the veteran psychologists of today had to free themselves, and so has been able to combine the dynamic and pragmatic view of the mental world as an organism that works under urges in a real world, the rich approach of Freud with his emphasis on emotional motives and mechanisms, the tremendous play of the social forces, the genetic clue as pursued by Hall, Gross, and Binet, and all the experimental and analytic methods from which these approaches were derived and which, in turn, they stimulated. There can be no doubt that one of the most amazing discoveries of modern science is the mind of the child, a thing as obvious as the evidence of the geological record and as readily overlooked until the proper viewpoint appeared. Yet nature does not cease to be landscape when it is recognized as the story of geology; and the sympathetic and aesthetic flair remains indispensable in the study of childhood, which would remain mute and inglorious if limited to the mechanisms of a narrow behaviorism. M. Piaget presents a novel approach to the rationalistic phases of the infantile psyche; and his opportunity comes through the provisions and spirit of the Institut J. J. Rousseau of Geneva, which in its nursery school provides for the most favorable development of its charges. It is the freedom and spontaneity of that pedagogical atmosphere that accounts for the naturalness and validity of the author's data. Now that it is all done (and a second volume is promised which will present the conclusions as a general interpretation), one wonders that no one did it before; the technique is so simple. It consists in nothing more than taking down the total conversation of two children of six years of age during a period of a few months. And the skill is all in the analysis of the material.



Confining attention to the major conclusions alone, we discover that the child begins to talk as an *ego-centric* exercise. First there is an imitative prattle, then a monologue, in which he neither tells nor expects a listener, then a collective monologue, in which the other person is a stimulus and yet in which there is no dialogue because each goes his own way. The second order is *socialized* speech, in which there is true interchange, the talk of one depending upon that of the other, as in most children's games. In the statistical analysis the ego-centric quality appears and even yields a formula; for about half of the elements in early language deal with expressions of the actions and intentions of the speaker. In the beginning was the act, and the word followed it. The older child thinks socially, though talking to oneself may be a relic of an earlier technique but invested with the complexities of a later argumentative logic; accordingly the socialization clue must be well considered and directed in the child's development. By the same analysis we learn that the child's thinking is undirected, or rather directed from within; and consequently imaginative, fantastic, wish-fulfilling, not fully shaped by reality or directed to a realistic goal.

Under this generic formula there appear types and stages. Some children grow rapidly, precociously, others slowly; some are given to one, others to another of the common components of the language and thought activity. Quarreling is presumably the commonest variety of social and linguistic and, if primitive enough, fistic interchange, and in verbal encounter may vary from Billingsgate to Westminster parliamentary rejoinder; and argument, the most common name for the exercise, may be statement, gesture, demonstration, justification, and finally true reasoning, first with a dominantly concrete and then with an abstract application. What we obtain from this shrewd venture in the infantile jungle is at once a genetic picture decidedly more in focus than any which appears in previous contributions, and as well a confirmation of the analogy between the thought and speech of the child and those of the primitive mind. Piaget confirms Lévy-Bruhl.

M. Piaget varies his technique interestingly and profitably. In order to gauge and record the child's status in comprehension and narration, he tells a story to one child and then has this child tell it to another, who in turn repeats it back to the psychological observer. Since one must measure what each understood and was able to convey, the "functions" are complex; but they can be managed, though it appears plainly that children understand one another no better than they understand adults. The child is at first too ego-centric to be aware of these deficiencies; it understands itself as far as the pragmatic situation goes, and in addition, being interested in verbalism, its language exceeds its thought. In opposition to our analytic world the child's world is a *verbal syncretism*, which is not so unlike the fused patterns which the *Gestalt* psychologists emphasize; but its own patterns are so different from adult forms that we may account for the confusions of children—and their originalities also, both always interesting—in this more definite diagnosis. Children also feel the need of justification, which in the Freudian terminology becomes rationalization, and combined with the artistic trend is responsible for much fantastic delusion.

M. Piaget's book cannot be a popular one. It is addressed to serious students of child nature whose interest runs deep enough to follow a technique. With the appearance of the second volume it will be possible to extract the cream of it all for purposes of child-study, and by the same token to reduce to simpler statement the intrinsically significant interpretations. For the child jungle, like the primitive jungle of mentality, is to our sophisticated view, in which generations of simplifiers have been at work, arbitrary, confused, intricate, blind. But it is not clueless, if we have the wit to cast aside the rigidities of our enforced logicity and enter again into the world from which we have laboriously emerged. It is all part of the story of civilization, of how differently—individual and race alike—

we begin and end; it illustrates that when the past is the forgotten and the outlived, the obvious is the hardest thing to discover. M. Piaget's treatise is an admirable example of the profitable journeys still possible in the familiarities that fail to become intimate because we have become foreign to them in their own provenance, or because they are so commonplace in ours that they seem insignificant. If only a child could psychoanalyze itself, psychologists would have a simpler occupation.

JOSEPH JASTROW

## Books in Brief

*Religion in the Philosophy of William James.* By Julius Seelye Bixler. The Amherst Books. Marshall Jones Company. \$3.

Any attempt to derive a narrow systematic doctrine from the philosophical writings of William James must fail to be considerate of the diversity of his insights and the ubiquity of his thought, veering in so many directions and inclusive of so bewildering a heterogeneity of opinion. Least of all is there a determinate creed in his philosophy which might be called the religion of William James. The structure of Professor Bixler's book suggests a more rigid system of ideas than it actually contains. He is given, as is anyone writing about James, to ample quotation, and that alone would make impossible any thoroughly doctrinaire presentation. There is no doubt that James was tremendously interested in all sorts of religious phenomena and the relevant intellectual problems that any individual had to face. This part of his total philosophical thinking Professor Bixler has rather vividly indicated by collecting, reviewing, and organizing scattered passages in his major works, and more personal documents, including some delightful letters, for the first time published here. But James's interest in religion generates only a part of his philosophizing, and that part must be cooked and stewed in the sauce of the whole. Sometimes Professor Bixler forgets this, and then one feels that William James would have handled this book, as he once wrote of another dissertation that tried to systematize his ideas, "with mingled admiration and abhorrence."

*Children of Ancient Egypt.* By L. Lamprey. Illustrated by Margaret Freeman. Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

Miss Lamprey has a nice instinct for what will interest children, and fortunately she bases it on such careful research that her writing is as dependable as it is entertaining. She manages here in a graceful story of a boy and girl of old Egypt to bring in a hippopotamus and a crocodile fight, to discuss hieroglyphics and the pyramids, and even to describe how they went shopping in the days of the Pharaohs. While writing primarily for young readers, Miss Lamprey drops in some observation here and there that gives her volume substance for older persons also. "It is hard to see," she says, "by what mental convulsion any one could conclude that because the ancient Egyptians decorated and dignified the tomb and spoke freely of the life beyond the grave, they were a gloomy and unspiritual people. Those who took this view seem to have inferred that the men who were the first to believe in immortality must have regarded their tombs with the same sensations of terror that ignorant and superstitious persons now have when passing a graveyard."

*The Sublime Boy.* By Walter de Casseres. With an Introduction by Benjamin de Casseres. Seven Arts. \$2.50.

When Walter de Casseres drowned himself in the Delaware one night in 1900 he left behind him in the world a number of exceptionally lyrical and finished poems. Eight years seems little time for reenriching with any new experience the tried themes of life, love, and death. Yet Walter de Casseres sang these with so much freshness of feeling, and simplicity and grace of form and sound, so much definitiveness, that we come

to realize we are in the presence of an experience beyond our own, another kind of experience—"that agony," perhaps, "drawn by sure measurement of the soul's fallibility," the coming universal desire not to live, as Hardy thought. Benjamin de Casseres waited twenty-six years to publish this book, and that implies its sort of tragedy. Passages of his introduction, where sincerity escapes the trick of words, become the substance of a profounder poetry than Walter's own.

*The Book and the People. Essays on the Old Testament.* Edited by Arthur S. Peake. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

Between the man on the street and the specialists in the universities the gulf often seems hopelessly wide. Any effort to bridge this is always welcome. Here is a book which aims to summarize accepted results in the field of Old Testament study. The authors are men who speak with authority, at any rate for Englishmen. While they have primarily in mind an audience of scholars, a novice ambitious to know what has been doing in recent years among the professional craftsmen of Old Testament research will find the volume of interest and instructive.

*Rural Sociology.* By Carl C. Taylor. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

This book testifies to the common view that education consists of information. It contains a mass of facts, quotations, and statistics, not always accurate or up-to-date, on a great number of rural problems. The author's philosophy is suggested by a regretful observation that among rural people "the sentimental is almost universally decried."

*The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook.* Edited by William Dorsey Kennedy. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Writer Publishing Company. \$5.

Helpful suggestions to writers and would-be writers are like sermons over the radio—mildly inspiring and remotely effective. This collection is considerably better than the average, but its chief value lies in its reference list markets.

## Drama Ballyhoo

WHOEVER has happened at any time to read the Carnivals and Tent Shows section of that most comprehensive of theatrical journals *The Billboard* must have longed to be a playwright capable of doing justice to the life which those pages reveal, for whatever railroads and business methods may have done to the circus, the "Midway" is still Bohemian and its denizens are the last uncorrupted descendants of those wandering medieval thespians whom the unkind but doubtless accurate legal code of England classified as "rogues and vagabonds." They have—and the pages of the above-mentioned journal are still my evidence—their own language, their own code, and their own ideals. Through the medium of their chosen organ the man who "writes in" from a village in Kansas keeps in touch with his brother who is playing the remoter centers in Maine, and though I note that business is seldom better than "fair" and though village chambers of commerce seem almost universally unreasonable, these members of "the profession" are at least resigned to their lot. So far as I know, no one else respects them, but they obviously respect themselves. There are Hula dancers—Koochie was of course the name before the Hawaiian craze struck even the rural regions and made them change their Oriental pantaloons for a grass skirt—as well known in their world and as proud of their names as any actress who ever demanded twenty-four-inch letters on Broadway; there are ballyhoo artists as vain of their voices as an Italian tenor; and even the humble member who sells potato-peelers from a suit-case on a tripod has both his professional secrets and his shop talk. Few outside the profession know that there are New York firms which for five dollars will supply "pit-shows" with

an assortment consisting of one tarantula, five horned toads, and three pounds of assorted snakes; most are ignorant even of the fact that common "eating snakes" of the sort supplied to the various imitators of the famous Bosco are had at a special rate. Yet these market quotations are a matter of intimate concern to a very considerable body of human beings. When his paint is off and his wig put away Bosco has his private life, his professional pride, and the secrets of his craft. He occasionally drops the boys a line just to let them know that business this season in the Middle West is lousy; he would be surprised to learn that anybody did not know that the adjective "flashy," when applied to anything from the "front" of a tent show to one of the premiums offered at the Japanese rolling game, implies the highest possible compliment; and if there seems to be no demand at the moment for an artist in his particular line he, being a versatile man, is quite capable of responding to an advertisement which reads something like this: "Wanted—Blackface who can double in brass. Join on wire. No booze-hounds need apply. Tickets? Yes." A great life, he will tell you, if you don't weaken.

It is a slice from this rich life which Kenyon Nicholson has undertaken to portray in "The Barker" (Biltmore Theater), and in certain respects the job is well done. He has created a convincing atmosphere in outward things, he has, in many spots, mastered a vigorous dialogue, and he has created one or two characters—notably that of "Sailor West" the tattoo artist—who have a vivid life. But however original these various trimmings, he has, unfortunately, borrowed all of his situations from the common stock of melodrama, and the effect is of something terribly stale which has been artificially freshened up. In spite of a superficial air of newness it is always the expected that happens, and one may enumerate, one after the other, the inevitable stages of the action. (1) When the barker's son runs away from school to join the show the barker, of course, casts off his mistress for his son's sake. (2) This mistress, of course, plans a revenge by hiring the vamp of the troupe to seduce the son. (3) The vamp, of course, finds herself really in love with the boy and is much troubled because she is "not worthy" of his innocent devotion. (4) When the barker bestows upon her the biblical word for prostitute, the son, of course, exclaims: "You lie; even if you are my father you can't talk to her that way." And so it goes. Of course the heart of the barker is broken and of course he plans to leave the business, but of course the lure of the canvas is too much for him and even—need it be said—there is every reason to suppose that the vamp is about to reform her ways and make a very good wife after all.

Now I claim no first-hand knowledge of carnival life. It may be that those who live it really behave as other people do nowhere else except upon the stage of melodrama. Outside, the head of the usual flapper of the tents may be arranged in a very fetching marcelle and inside it she may be capable of the general emotional reactions of the ingenue in a *Ladies' Home Journal* romance; but I confess, nevertheless, that I have my doubts. I suspect that the real comedy, the real drama, and the real tragedy of the midway existence are something more deeply colored by the knowledge, the habits, and the ethos of that life, that they are more individual and less familiar than anything here presented. I suspect, that is, that the author of "The Barker" has not gone very far below the surface in the study of his characters and that he has made up for his deficiencies by a very considerable familiarity with the traditions of the popular drama. But to say this is not, of course, to deny that in all probability the present work will please a good many more people than the one I vaguely feel could be written. By the standards of Broadway it is a good show and it stands an excellent chance of great success.

"Bye Bye Bonnie" (Ritz Theater) is that very rare thing, a musical comedy with a genuinely amusing book—a book which happens in this case to deal with the plight of a reform candidate who was made by a cruel fate to figure in the courts and the jail as a bootlegger.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



## The New Danish Government

By JULIUS MORITZEN

IF it were not that Denmark is a very small country, the recent political changes, which retired the Social Democratic regime and brought the Liberal Party into power, would have aroused more attention from the rest of the world than was the case. It is perhaps the peaceful methods that characterize a Danish election and campaign for political supremacy that keep the news largely within the country, but at the same time enough importance attaches to the event which brought another party into power to warrant a résumé of what took place.

In Denmark today four parties are bidding for the popular vote. These are the Right, or the Conservative Party; the Left, or Liberals; the Radicals; and the Social Democratic Party. In the recent election the Social Democrats did not have the cooperation of the Radicals, due to differences about the economic crisis that caused the resignation of the Stauning cabinet and to the calling of a new election to the Folketing of the Danish Parliament.

As each of the four parties went into the election singlehanded the Liberals, represented to a great extent by the landed proprietor class, saw their great chance and with considerable generalship succeeded in proving to a large portion of the farmers that all the economic troubles of the nation could be laid at the door of the Social Democrats, supported largely by the workers of the city. This, of course, was begging the question. It is true that the trade unions of Denmark are basically Social Democratic in tendency and that between them and the agriculturalists ties of cooperation were being gradually loosened. But this condition is similar to that in the United States, for instance, where the farmers of the Northwest feel aggrieved because of their belief that the industrialists of the East are getting the major benefits of existing legislation.

The Liberals, assisted indirectly by the Conservatives, gained the day at the polls in that they won two more seats to the Folketing. The Conservative Party likewise obtained two more seats, while the losses sustained by the Radicals and Social Democrats were four and two seats respectively. The result, then, was that the Conservatives and the Liberals control seventy-seven members in the Folketing against a combined Radical and Social Democratic membership of sixty-nine.

The leader of the Liberal Party, Madsen-Mygdal, being charged by King Christian to form a cabinet, then chose the following, retaining for himself the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture, besides the premiership: Foreign Minister, Dr. Moltesen; Minister of Finance, M. Neergaard; Minister of Justice, M. Rytter; Minister of Commerce, M. Slebsager; Minister of the Interior, M. Kragh; Minister of Defense, M. Brorsen; Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Pastor Brunn Rasmussen; Minister of Education, Dr. Byskov; Minister of Traffic, Director Stensballe; Minister of the Department of Sanitation, Dr. Rubow.

In analyzing the result of the election in Denmark the recovered province of South Jutland assumes a political importance perhaps not so noticeable on the surface. But the fact has been established that however much the South Jutlanders formerly under German rule desired to return to

the mother country, Denmark, their desire, and its fulfillment at the hands of the Allied victors in the war, did not prove a wholly unmixed blessing. It is true that the loyalty of the South Jutlanders toward their Danish brethren north of the border never wavered during all the years since Germany, after winning the war in the sixties, possessed herself of the province. But patriotism is one thing, and economic well-being another. And as the situation became more acute in South Jutland there were many who wondered what had become of the promised benefit.

Naturally, the Social Democratic regime in power was made to feel the brunt of the criticism, and the Conservative and Liberal leaders did not fail to derive whatever benefit they could from the South Jutland dissatisfaction. All the political crimes in the calendar were charged against the Government, and when one Cornelius Petersen succeeded in combining a considerable number of South Jutland farmers into what was known as the "Self-Rule" organization which openly threatened to take matters in its own hands, the Stauning cabinet found itself obliged to put a stop to an agitation that was really the result of circumstances over which the Government had no control. Whether the Madsen-Mygdal regime will succeed in doing more for the South Jutlanders than the Stauning cabinet could do is a question for the future.

It was on April 11, 1924, that the general election to the Folketing brought victory to the Social Democratic Party. The Liberals had been in power nearly four years, M. Neergaard, the Minister of Finance in the Madsen-Mygdal cabinet of the present, holding the premiership. The four years of Liberal rule preceding the Social Democratic advent could not have been wholly satisfying to the Danish voter, but whatever may have been the cause the return to power of the Liberal element will be awaited with considerable interest by Europe in general if only for one reason: their attitude toward disarmament.

If no other legislation of importance had been introduced by the Social Democratic organization than the attempted reduction of the Danish military establishment to a minimum this alone should entitle it to respectful consideration. It is true that the Landsting, or upper house of Parliament, was opposed to this measure which had the support of the Folketing, but the Stauning cabinet succeeded in keeping the question alive. In spite of organized opposition a large portion of the population realized the futility of a military establishment which could prove of little value in war. Probably little will be heard about disarmament in the Danish Parliament unless the Social Democrats continue their campaign as the largest opposition party. The Conservatives have consistently stood out for the status quo in this matter and even pointed to the general European situation as an argument against any reduction in military and naval strength.

It is to be hoped that the rapprochement with Germany, which was a feature of the Stauning administration, will be continued by the new Government. The German minority in the now Danish province of South Jutland has a representation of its own in the Danish Rigsdag. It played no particular role in the recent election, but, like all minorities in any land, needs special attention. But there need be no fear for the parliamentarism of Denmark. It is well grounded in principle. Monarchical in name, the rule is essentially democratic.

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The Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, on the one hand, and the President of the Lithuanian Republic, on the other, convinced that the interests of the peoples of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and of Lithuania can be advanced by constant cooperation based on confidence, and also desirous to secure the establishment of universal peace, have agreed to conclude a treaty with the aim of furthering the friendly relations existing between the two countries, and for this purpose they have appointed as their plenipotentiaries:

For the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—George Chicherin, member of the C.E.C. of the USSR, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and Sergei Alexandrovsky, plenipotentiary representative of the USSR in Lithuania, and

For the President of the Lithuanian Republic—Mikolas Sliazevicius, Prime Minister, Minister of Justice, and Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Lithuanian Republic, and Jurgis Baltrushaitis, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Lithuanian Republic,

Who have met in Moscow and, after having presented their credentials which were found to be in good form and corresponding to the legal requirements have decreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. The peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania concluded in Moscow on July 12, 1920, all the stipulations of which have preserved their force and inviolability, remains as the basis for the relations between the USSR and the Lithuanian Republic.

ART. 2. The USSR and the Lithuanian Republic mutually bind themselves under all circumstances to respect the sovereignty and the territorial integrity and inviolability of each other.

ART. 3. Each of the contracting parties takes upon itself the obligation to refrain from any aggressive acts against the other party.

In case one of the contracting parties, notwithstanding its peaceful conduct, is subjected to an attack on the part of a third Power, the other contracting party binds itself not to lend any assistance to the third Power in its campaign against the contracting party which had been subjected to the attack.

ART. 4. In case a political agreement is entered into by other Powers directed against one of the contracting parties, or in case of a conflict like that mentioned in Article 3, Paragraph 2, or if, when neither of the contracting parties is involved in an armed conflict, a coalition should be established of other Powers aiming to subject one of the contracting parties to an economic or financial boycott, the other contracting party will not be a party to such agreement or coalition.

ART. 5. In case of a conflict between the contracting parties which cannot be adjusted through diplomatic channels, they agree to appoint a mediation committee.

The composition of such committees, their rights and rules of procedure will be defined in a separate agreement. . . .

ART. 6. The present treaty is subject to ratification which must take place within six weeks after the date of signature. The exchange of ratifications will take place in the city of



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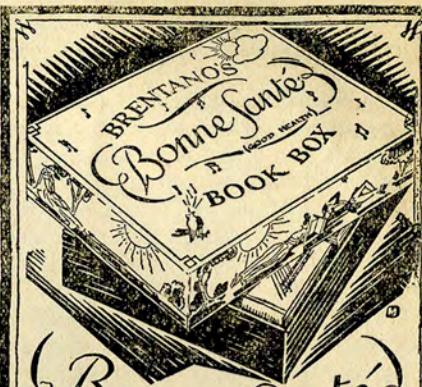
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Kovno. The treaty is drawn up in the Russian and Lithuanian languages. In the interpretation of the treaty both texts shall be considered as authentic.

ART. 7. The present treaty is to be in force from the moment of the exchange of ratifications for a period of five years, except Articles 1 and 2, the term of which is not limited.

The action of this treaty will be automatically prolonged for the period of one year if one of the contracting parties does not declare, at least six months before the expiration of the term of the treaty, that it desires to open negotiations concerning future relations between the two states. . . .

[Signed] G. V. CHICHERIN  
SERGEI ALEXANDROVSKY  
MIKOLAS SLAZEVICIUS  
JURGIS BALTRUSHAITIS

At the conclusion of the treaty there was an exchange of notes between Chicherin and the Lithuanian Prime Minister. Chicherin's note follows:

The Soviet Government has repeatedly in its declarations declared itself to be guided by the desire to see the Lithuanian people, as well as any other people, an independent nation, and also in accordance with the note of the Soviet Government of April 5, 1923, addressed to the Polish Government, and moved by the sympathy which the fate of the Lithuanian people is arousing among the toiling people of the USSR, the Soviet Government declares that the actual violation of Lithuanian territory which took place against the will of the Lithuanian people has not changed its attitude toward territorial sovereignty as defined in Article 2 and in the notes of that article of the peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania of July 12, 1920.

The above note refers to the capture of the Vilna district by the Polish militarist Zheligovsky which was subsequently upheld by the Council of Ambassadors. The Soviet Government had protested at the time against the Council of Ambassadors which decided the fate of Vilna without consulting Lithuania. In the Riga treaty with Poland the Soviet Government agreed to recognize any agreement between Poland and Lithuania concerning the territories west of the new Polish frontier, i.e., including the Vilna district.

### Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner, April 12.

ERNEST H. GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, has for some time been studying Mexican affairs.

HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD recently resigned as editor of the *English New Leader*.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the *Baltimore Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG wrote three articles on the World Court, published in *The Nation* and now reprinted in pamphlet form.

GEORGE W. HAYS is a former Governor of Arkansas.

STUART CHASE wrote "The Tragedy of Waste."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN wrote The Process of John Erskine in *The Nation* for January 12.

LEO GERSHOY has been engaged in historical research at Cornell University.

LISLE BELL is a New York journalist and reviewer.

MORTIMER J. ADLER reviewed "The Story of Philosophy" in *The Nation* for September 29.

JOSEPH JASTROW, author of a number of works in psychology, is a frequent reviewer for *The Nation*.

The author of *The Evolution of Disenchantment* is a member of the faculty of an Eastern university.



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# Significant Events in January

## The Nation Applauds

The stand of Governor Walker of Georgia against outrages of the Ku Klux Klan. (THE NATION, Jan. 12)

The President's defeat of the big navy bloc in the House and the support given him by fifty religious and educational leaders. (THE NATION, Jan. 19)

The verdict of the United States Court of Appeals in San Francisco that the denaturalization of Hindus is inequitable. (THE NATION, Jan. 19)

Governor Smith's position on New York State water power. (THE NATION, Jan. 19)

Glenn Frank's defense of the right of a college teacher to his opinions and his conscience. (THE NATION, Jan. 19)

The advocacy of obligatory arbitration by William Floyd, editor of the Arbitrator (THE NATION, Jan. 26) and the adoption of similar resolutions by church bodies and college professors. (THE NATION, Feb. 2)

The Porter resolution proposing that the United States negotiate a new treaty with China on a basis of reciprocal equality. (THE NATION, Jan. 26)

The decision of the Supreme Court confirming the right of Congress to compel witnesses to attend hearings. (THE NATION, Jan. 26)

The Senate's rejection of Col. Frank L. Smith of Illinois. (THE NATION, Feb. 2)

## The Nation Deplores

The intervention of the United States in Nicaragua. (THE NATION, Jan. 5)

The Panama Treaty providing for an offensive alliance between Panama and the United States. (THE NATION, Jan. 5)

The proposed appropriation for the Cape Cod Canal. (THE NATION, Jan. 5)

Government poisoning of alcohol. (THE NATION, Jan. 12)

The increase in the number of lynchings in 1926. (THE NATION, Jan. 12)

The Administration's campaign against Mexico and the failure of Catholics to join the general protest against it. (THE NATION, Jan. 26)

The decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee upholding the constitutionality of the anti-evolution law. (THE NATION, Jan. 26)

The Shipping Board's approval of Ship Subsidies. (THE NATION, Jan. 26)

The censorship of art by the Illinois Vigilance Association (THE NATION, Jan. 26), of unbuttoned galoshes by the Town Marshal of Salem, Indiana, of "art" magazines by New York, Yonkers and Chicago, and the threatened censorship of the stage. (THE NATION, Feb. 2)

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LA ULTIMA EMPERATRIZ DE MEXICO.por  
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Fue Carlota quien soñó en un imperio. Los celos de Francisco José y las intrigas de la corte habían alejado a Maximiliano del puesto de Gobernador General de Lombardo-Venecia. Personalmente Maximiliano había sido popular, pero no lo bastante fuerte para satisfacer a los militaristas vieneses. Se retiró a Miramar, su castillo situado al otro lado de la bahía, frente a Trieste.

"Tiene intenciones Maximiliano," escribía Carlota a una amiga, "de colocar una fuente en la terraza y construir a la orilla del jardín un kiosco morisco, equipado al estilo oriental." También Maximiliano proyectó un aviario hibernal, lleno de pájaros exóticos; y como Carlota había exigido misa diaria, se arregló una capilla, de modo que hasta los criados asistieran a dicho servicio, aunque fuera en el vestíbulo. Tal era la vida que se hacía en las márgenes del azul Adriático: Empezó como un idilio, pero se volvió monótona; y un largo viaje que se emprendió por el Mediterráneo, y del que se dió debida cuenta en largas narraciones a los parientes reales de Windsor, Schönbrunn y Laeken, apenas si sirvió para alejar un poco el tedio.

Siguieron las intrigas napoleónicas, los planes de los expatriados mexicanos, la recomendación que con tanto fervor hizo Eugenia acerca de Maximiliano; y el noble y sincero gesto de éste, por el que rehusó, diciendo: "a menos que toda la nación exprese su voluntad libremente y ratifique la petición de ustedes." Los conservadores mexicanos presentaron listas certificadas para demostrar que de una población total de cerca de ocho millones, 6,445,564 mexicanos habían votado haciendo un llamamiento a Maximiliano de Austria para que ocupara un nuevo trono imperial; y él dió crédito a esta mentira. Carlota mostróse



dispuesta a que se aceptara la proposición; Victoria de Inglaterra aconsejó que se rechazara; y la Reina María Amelia de Francia, abuela de Carlota, decididamente declaró su oposición; pero su nieta favorita le contestó: "Será una ocupación para Maximiliano y una diversión para mí," agregando que según la constitución austro-húngara de entonces, si Maximiliano llegaba a los ochenta años, no podría ser mas que un simple ciudadano, siempre el segundo en un reino donde sólo costaba ser contado como el primero. Leopoldo I de Bélgica, padre de Carlota, aprobó lo que ésta decía y manifestó que las entradas del Archiduque no eran suficientes para atender a las necesidades y dignidad de su rango; y sólo cuando Francisco José y los otros Hapsburgos pidieron a Maximiliano que cediera todos sus derechos archiducuales al patrimonio y a la sucesión, protestó con toda violencia y titubeó la pareja.

Napoleón III, al tener conocimiento de estas vacilaciones, escribió con severidad: "Las seguridades dadas en México, el ofrecimiento a los subscriptores del préstamo.....obligan a Vuestra Majestad Imperial..... Es imposible que renuncie ir a México.....Los intereses de Vuestra familia lo exigen.....pues el honor de la Casa de Hapsburgo está comprometido." Lo que realmente se hallaba comprometido eran \$270,000,000, para cuyo pago convino el infortunado Archiduque con el Emperador francés hipotecar, por adelantado, el insolvente tesoro mexicano. Hasta en las Tullerías, los murmuradores de la corte se referían a "l'archdupe" (archi-incauto). Fue en vano que María Amalia, al igual que Casandra, exclamara: "Lo asesinarán."

En el palacio de Schönbrunn tuvo lugar una terrible escena de familia, en la que hubo duras recriminaciones, mofas y expresiones carentes de nobleza. Maximiliano dijo a Carlota: "Escapémonos de todo esto."

La noche en que firmó Maximiliano el convenio familiar y que se supo oficialmente que quedaba roto el lazo que lo unía con el viejo mundo,



la futura Emperatriz, radiante, presidió un gran banquete que se dió en Miramar; entre tanto su marido, que tuvo que recurrir a los servicios de un médico, permanecía en su lecho en el "Gartenhaus", hasta donde la brisa llevaba los acordes de la música y el ritintín de las copas. A la mañana siguiente que Carlota apresuradamente fue a verlo, para entregarle por sus propias manos, un despacho de felicitación de Napoleón, exclamó, haciendo a un lado el papel: "Te digo que no quiero saber nada de México." Al día siguiente rehusó recibir delegaciones que habían ido a felicitarlo, y cuando la fragata "Novara", adornada de gallardetes desde la proa hasta la popa, levó anclas, entre los videntes de la multitud, Maximiliano permanecía sentado en su camarote, con la cara entre las manos, llorando.

Pero después de recibida la bendición papal en Roma, el grupo se volvió alegre y festivo. El contaba treinta y dos años y ella veinticuatro. Se hicieron a un lado los graves problemas que tenían que confrontar al nuevo monarca, y Maximiliano, en persona, diseñó una nueva condecoración para los mexicanos prominentes; discutiéndose entusiastamente la precedencia, títulos, uniformes, organización y ceremonias de la corte.

En las colinas de arena de la esparcida Veracruz sopló el primer viento del desencanto, pues se mostraron los habitantes tan indiferentes que hasta la alegre Emperatriz no pudo contener sus lágrimas. El cortejo imperial prosiguió el viaje en coches rechinantes, tirados por mulas que recibían los latigazos de los arrieros, y por caminos que a veces eran lechos torrenciales. En Córdoba sólo se preparó un humildísimo cuerto para los huéspedes imperiales, teniendo los acompañantes que dormir en los coches o en los pasillos.

Pero en la capital se notaba el esplendor de los antiguos días virreinales y de Iturbide. Había arcos de triunfo, con las inscripciones



de "Eterna Gratitud a Napoleón III" y "Viva Nuestro Emperador." Además, notábase un sentimiento genuino de afecto, de cordialidad de parte de los nativos para la galante pareja y sobre todo para la encantadora Em<sup>real</sup>peratriz, cuya belleza y vivacidad, así como porte y maneras democráticas, capturaban a todos los corazones.

Con toda su debilidad, Maximiliano era liberal en el fondo, y a pesar de las restricciones que le imponía su rango y el medio ambiente que circundaba su mentalidad, tenía una verdadera nobleza de alma. A su nuevo y desconocido país trajo un amor tierno por los oprimidos, un excepticismo moderno del absolutismo, lo que presagiaba que habría un choque con sus sostenedores. Carlota también tenía estas cualidades, además de fogocidad, determinación y persistencia.

"La llegada del Nuncio," escribía ella a su abuela, "es un suceso importante para el arreglo de los asuntos eclesiásticos. Espero que este país, gracias a nosotros, se convierta en saludablemente católico y al mismo tiempo liberal; pues no ha sido ni una cosa ni otra. Para sobrevivir a los escándalos del clero debe ser necesariamente nuestra santa religión de origen divino; aunque bien pronto desaparecería sin las reformas que emprendemos."

Sin embargo, el Alto Clero mexicano tuvo más influencia que la pareja imperial con el enviado papal; quien insistía en que se devolvieran las propiedades eclesiásticas que se habían desamortizado hacía ocho años, y se mostraba inflexible para rescindir la tolerancia religiosa promulgada por Juárez. Maximiliano se valió de Carlota para llevar a cabo la inútil tarea de convencer a Mgr. Meglia. No logró obtener un buen éxito y los clericales se volvieron militantemente hostiles.

Fue la intrépida Carlota quien, durante una de las cortas au-



sencias de la capital, legisló para aliviar los terribles abusos de los peones indígenas de las haciendas; pero sólo consiguió enco-lerizar a los terratenientes, mientras que las reformas, al igual que muchas otras de la historia mexicana, se redujeron a quedar en fragmentos de papel.

Finalmente, Bazaine, el jefe de las fuerzas francesas, persuadió al Emperador, en contra de la voluntad de éste, para que firmara un decreto, declarando fuera de la ley a los que se encontrara con armas en la mano, peleando en contra de su gobierno, y sujetándolos, al ser capturados, a ser pasados por las armas como si fueran bandoleros.

Con su único sostenedor, el clero, que permanecía unido por razones que le convenían, y con la oposición que llegaba ya hasta el límite, por los métodos crueles tan mal aconsejados por los militares franceses, cuyas fuerzas pronto iban a ser retiradas, se hallaba Maximiliano perdido; pero cuando consideró abdicar, la Emperatriz se opuso a ello con todas sus fuerzas, ya que estaba resuelta a llevar adelante su sueño de imperio con él.

!Pobre Carlota! !Si ya lo había perdido! Fue en los jardines encantadores de Borda, en Cuernavaca, donde se encuentra el valle de Morelos, bañado por el sol tropical bajo los nevados volcanes y entre el intenso perfume de jazmines, jacintos y heliotropos, donde ella lo perdió, por el amor de la hija de un jardinero, por el encanto indio que conquistó a los conquistadores. Sus ausencias de la capital fueron más y más frecuentes, y desde entonces las actividades febriles de Carlota, su dedicación a las obras caritativas, su viaje a París y a Roma para implorar, en vano, ayuda vinieron a constituir un esfuerzo desesperado para escapar a la infelicidad que la mataba.

Se duda que se haya dado plena cuenta de la muerte de Maximilia-



no; pues a pesar de la esparcida creencia al contrario, su malestar mental había empezado antes de su salida de México. En una Emperatriz mucho puede pasar por capricho, y hasta cuando abiertamente dijo que andaban en su persecución los envenenadores de Napoleón, y rehusó salir del Vaticano, se dió cuenta el mundo de su locura, la cual, en unos cuantos meses, había rodeado a su radiante espíritu como una mortaja. Durante sesenta años vivió en su patria Bélgica, "en las tinieblas", hasta que ocurrió su muerte el 19 de Enero de 1927. Será para siempre un misterio lo que verdaderamente sabía, las ideas de esperanza, resignación o desesperación que pasaron por su ofuscada mente.

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