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New Review

A CRITICAL SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

WITHDRAW FROM MEXICO!

Dangers of a Citizen Army

Is India's Loyalty Forced?

Free Speech and the Flag

NEW REVIEW PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
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New Review

Contents, May, 1916

To Our Readers

The paper market has been demoralized by the war to an unprecedented extent. All publishers suffer, particularly small publishers. Not only has the price of white paper risen tremendously, but sometimes the paper cannot be had. This is why the present issue of the NEW REVIEW is printed on inferior paper.

We will endeavor to secure our regular stock for our next issue. But it does not depend upon us, but upon the conditions of the paper market.

New Review

A CRITICAL SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

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Current Affairs

Withdraw From Mexico!

THE inevitable has happened. The first clash between our troops and the peaceful Mexican population has occurred. In this first clash two American soldiers and forty Mexican civilians lost their lives. That this clash was bound to occur sooner or later was evident all along, and must have been known to the Administration in Washington, as it was known to and hoped for by the interests clamoring for intervention. That many more are bound to occur if our troops remain in Mexico much longer is equally self-evident. And this, quite irrespective of whether or not our soldiers in Mexico are "looking for trouble," and deliberately provoking the Mexicans to deeds of violence. The fact that in the clash at Parral only *two* Americans were killed as against *forty* Mexicans would go far to disprove the "peacefulness" of our troops there, and would certainly indicate that the "attack" by the Mexicans was provoked. But even if the semi-official version of the affair published by our "patriotic" newspapers be taken as true, the real character of this shameful business remains the same. The fact is that the very presence of our soldiers in Mexico is provocation enough to the Mexican population.

You cannot send your armed forces into a neighboring country on a "punitive expedition" and expect the inhabitants of that country to receive them with open arms; no matter what the official attiude of the *de jure* or *de facto* government of that country may be. This is particularly true in a case where your intentions to "intervene" in, or "protect," the neighboring country have been heralded far and wide, and there is more than reasonable ground to believe that the "raid" which brought about the "punitive expedition" was a "put up job" and the "punitive expedition" itself merely the opening phase of a permanent occupation. The clash between our troops and the Mexican population could therefore be foreseen and safely predicted the day when our first soldiers crossed the border. It *was* foreseen and predicted by the interventionists. Hence their great joy at the news of the "punitive expedition."

To imagine that Mr. Wilson and his immediate advisers are so stupid that they could not see what was clear to everybody else, is, of course, utterly absurd. The Administration went into Mexico with its eyes open and fully expecting all that has happened since. When Mr. Wilson gave the order to our troops to cross the border into Mexico he knew that long before they would get anywhere near Villa, "dead or alive," our soldiers would be killing civilian Mexicans and occasionally be killed by them.

The sending of our troops into Mexico was therefore either a momentous crime or a stupendous piece of hypocrisy. Possibly both.

That Mr. Wilson does not want any war with Mexico is perhaps true. In fact very likely so. It has been Mr. Wilson's chief characteristic since he has assumed office to mean well and do wrong. He lacks the backbone which is necessary to translate good intentions into proper deeds. He was opposed to Preparedness, but was bowled over by Mr. Roosevelt—swept off his feet by the Preparedness wave. He is opposed to intervention in Mexico, but dared not oppose the Hearsts, the Otises, and the clamor of their yellow press. When the interventionists staged the Columbus "raid" he was bowled over and into the "punitive expedition"; probably hoping, like Mr. Micawber, that "something might turn up" to extricate us from the difficulty.

Unfortunately the nefarious business is such that nothing can "turn up" to extricate us from its meshes. On the contrary: the further we go, the more deeply involved we become; and whatever may now be expected to "turn up" will make our *turning back* more difficult.

The fact is that we have but one alternative left: either instant withdrawal of our troops, or "intervention," war, and conquest.

As Senator Stone, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, has very frankly put it: *"The only alternative to withdrawing our troops is intervention, sooner or later."*

Which shall it be: *withdrawal or intervention?*

This is the question that is up to Mr. Wilson. But this question is also up to the working class of this country. If it raises its voice in favor of withdrawal it may stiffen Mr. Wilson's back, and he may yet

defy the criminal clique clamoring for intervention, and order the withdrawal of our troops before it is too late. The workers of this country must therefore let their voice be heard in the clear and explicit demand:

WITHDRAW FROM MEXICO!

L. B. B.

The Kaiser's Nationalism

ONCE again the mouthpiece of the Kaiser has spoken in the Reichstag about peace terms. His words were aimed less at the deputies than at those outside, both in Germany and beyond.

The groans for the end of the slaughter are getting more and more insistent, in spite of the censored newspapers and letters. They indicate a rising demand for the terms of peace acceptable to official Germany. That is the meaning of von Bethmann-Hollweg's latest utterance.

The chancellor was forced to shift his ground, to come more into the open. Mere phrases about the defense of Germany's soil, her dignity and security, were found altogether inadequate.

Forced to make concrete statements, the chancellor delivered no harangue about "the freedom of the seas" or "the place in the sun." He buckled on the armor of gallant chivalry and appeared in the arena as the champion of the oppressed minor nationalities. It is by no means a new part. It has been played before by such actors as Napoleon III. and the Russian Czars.

As an impersonator of that role, the German chancellor is awkwardly handicapped. The history of Hohenzollern policy weighs him down. Over the face of the world flits a sardonic smile when Prussia advocates the national claims of the Poles, Lithuanians, yea, even the Belgian Flemings, their sacred right to the use of their varied tongues. Von Bethmann-Hollweg assumes that the world outside of Germany knows nothing about the ruthless way in which the Polish, Danish and French speaking subjects of the Kaiser have been maltreated these many years for the crime of using their mother tongues.

Possibly the chancellor thinks Talleyrand's saying that "language is used to conceal thought" still holds true. The world, however, is now a century older. It has learned a little. It has learned, among other things, to dissect diplomatic phrases, to guess the real meaning behind them.

It is perfectly plain what the chancellor, or his master, has in mind regarding the former Russian territory now occupied by German military forces: an Eastern replica of the "Rheinish Confederation" of the first Napoleon, a nominally independent nationalism entirely under Prussian influence and control. The Flemings are thrown in for good measure, as a sort of blind. They certainly are not clamoring for liberation by the Kaiser.

The new nationalism in the East of Europe is invented to avoid the terms annexation or conquest, at which even some of Scheidemann's followers might balk. Poland and the Baltic provinces are a toothsome morsel to the German annexationists. On the land east of the Baltic dwell the feudal landlords, German of origin and tongue, closely akin to the Prussian Junkers in their economic and political make-up. They have changed masters time and again, ever willing to serve new sovereigns as long as their feudal prerogatives were not abridged. They have furnished the Czar innumerable willing tools of oppression. They are ready to serve the Kaiser on the terms of their former allegiance. Every Prussian Junker knows that if he knows little else. This independent Nationalism simply means the exploitation of the quasi-independent nationalities by German capitalism.—*M. O.*

The Teachers Organize

THE teachers of New York City have just formed a union and affiliated it with the A. F. of L. This step, no longer revolutionary even in America, will do much to bring an important body of public servants abreast of the times. In England, a powerful teachers' organization has existed on a trade union basis for more than twenty years. What is the result? Three representatives in the House of Commons stand guard over the teachers' interests, their pay is high, their profession is respected, and their opinion is valued and courted by education authorities throughout the nation. In consequence, the elementary grade teacher in a London public school is treated somewhat like a human being, enjoys greater freedom from irksome supervision, and has more to say about the conditions of his or her work than the teacher of the same grade in any other large city on record.

Contrast the London situation with that of the hitherto non-unionized teacher in New York. The unlucky woman (or man) who serves in the New York schools is trained like a high-grade professional, paid like a low-grade artisan, treated like a factory hand, and worked like a machine. The treadmill to which the requirements of the curriculum and the caprices of tyrannic supervisors condemn them is so crushing to the spirit and exhausting to the body that Ixion's revolving fate is, by comparison, a picnic in a Ferris wheel.

What people do not realize is that there has crept into our school system a hierarchy of officials who lord it over the teacher, and exercise a more arbitrary power than any hierarchy of officers in a regular army. From a physical point of view the life of a private at the mercy of a Prussian drill sergeant may be rougher than the life of a New York peda-

gogue at the mercy of an inspecting superintendent. Mentally or spiritually, the difference is all in favor of the Prussian private. For no Potsdam Junker would dare be guilty of such insolence in office, cynical indifference to merit, or ruthless display of power as the examiners practise daily in the schools they control. Our children feel this tyranny no less keenly than their teachers. The visit of an examining superintendent is as welcome to them as a cat to a bowl of gold fishes. His presence in the classroom, while the teacher cringes humbly at the blackboard and the children shrink nervously in their seats, is a spectacle to incense every spirited man or woman and to shatter the confidence of the blindest parent in this bureaucratic training of their offspring.

The Union will have to make clear to the public why it aims at the elevation of the teacher to a place of independence and self-respect. This elevation is the most essential step in any real reform of common school education. How can we improve the pupil unless we first improve the master? An underpaid teacher means an undertaught child, a harassed teacher means a harassed child. We hear a great deal nowadays about the "new" education. Enthusiasts paint idyllic pictures of the Gary plan, the Lanier plan, and other plans that are to transform the schoolroom from a prison to an earthly Paradise. And many fine words are spoken about replacing the old unconscious education by the new self-conscious education. But fine words butter no parsnips. The amiable theorists who recommend the Gary plan completely overlook the agents on whom the execution of this plan devolves. What results can we expect from a Gary plan in the hands of a typical public school teacher? Exactly what we might expect from a compound microscope in the hands of a Hottentot.

If our reformers neglect this indispensable preliminary reform, their efforts will resemble those of the man with a gloomy room, who put a more cheerful paper on the wall, laid a more buoyant carpet on the floor, and gave a more brilliant varnish to the furniture, but forgot to insert another window. The inference is patent. The free teacher, the teacher relieved of supervisory persecution, the teacher who is given something to say about the pupil's training as well as something to know about it—above all—the teacher with a good income, adequate leisure, and brains enough to put these personal advantages to a social use, is the additional window through which the light of a better education must pass. This conclusion is a ready weapon. It is the handle by which the Teachers' Union should swing its program and stamp its purposes on the community. If it does so adroitly, it need not fear that even the bogey of a unionized teacher will deprive it of intelligent public support or hamper it in becoming a power towards democracy in our schools.—*F. G.*

Congressman London On Immigration

THE Burnett-Smith Immigration Bill has passed the House of Representatives and is now pending in the Senate. When the bill was under consideration by the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, our Socialist Congressman appeared before the Committee and spoke in part as follows:

"I am opposed to the literacy test, although, as Mr. Morrison knows, I have devoted all of my conscious life to the interests of organized labor. I believe organized labor has been the greatest factor for good, not only for the working class but for the American people. However, in opposing immigration, they are on the wrong track. They point only to the immigrant as their enemy. Instead, they should take the millions of women and children who compete with the men out of the factories and mills. They might as well prohibit the birth of children, because every child that is born to a working man is a greater burden upon him than any immigrant that may arrive. They are following the old fallacy advocated by Malthus in 1798. He spoke of the evils to mankind of overpopulation when America had a population of only about 3,000,000 people. . . . To my way of thinking, every human being has a right to go to any part of the world, and no man has a right to claim that any particular section of this globe has been specially designed by the Almighty for him. God has never issued any such decree.

"Mr. JOHNSON. Do you include the Chinese?

"Mr. LONDON. The Chinese are human beings. *The question of the Chinese and Japanese creates another difficult race problem,* and, so far, the United States have been unable to solve the race problem they have on their hands now. *Therefore, it would be very unwise to create additional race problems, and it is a very serious matter whether anybody should advocate a state of affairs that would create a new problem.*"

Thus, on the one hand, "every human being has a right to go to any part of the world," and "the Chinese are human beings," consequently—you might infer—the Chinese have a right to go to any part of the world, including the United States. But, on the other hand, the admission of the Chinese and the Japanese would add "another difficult race problem" to the Negro problem, and "it would be very unwise to create additional race problems," therefore nobody "should advocate a state of affairs that would create a new problem." Plainly speaking, nobody should object to the provision of the pending bill extending Chinese exclusion to the Japanese and other Asiatics.

Mr. London being the sole representative of the

Socialist Party in Congress, his statement will be taken to express the official position of the Socialist Party on immigration. While a large portion of the party membership will doubtless endorse his position, it is well to remember that the Socialist party as a national body has never officially committed itself to that policy. In 1907 Mr. Morris Hillquit was instructed by the party to introduce, at the Stuttgart International Congress, a resolution against the immigration of "backward races," but the resolution was defeated by a majority of 900 against 100. Since that time a resolution to the same effect was adopted at the State Convention of the Social Democratic Party of Wisconsin in 1910. The matter was brought up at the national conventions of the party in 1908, 1910, and 1912, committees were appointed to "study" the immigration question (Mr. London was on one of those committees), but no other action has ever been taken.

Speaking as the sole representative of the Socialist Party in Congress, Mr. London accordingly had no authority to declare in favor of Asiatic exclusion. Neither could he have derived this authority from the Socialist organization of his own Twelfth Congressional District of the State of New York, or from the voters of that district, as they are in favor of unrestricted immigration.

Mr. London, by his compromise, apparently intended to conciliate the American Federation of Labor, whose secretary was present at the hearing while the Congressman addressed the Committee. But his diplomacy is doomed to failure. Asiatic exclusion is, after all, but a local issue, confined to the Pacific Coast. Those who believe that restriction of immigration will improve the condition of American labor are more concerned about the three millions of European immigrants than about the 48,000 Japanese who were added to the population of the United States from the census of 1900 to that of 1910. As Congressman Johnson of the Committee on Immigration put it at the same hearing—"if a Japanese and a Greek are contesting for a job at $1.10 a day, is not that an economic problem in the United States?"

Logic is certainly on his side. Whoever acquiesces in Asiatic exclusion cannot consistently oppose immigration restriction in general. There can be no compromise between the position of the Stuttgart International Socialist Congress and that of the American Federation of Labor.—*I. A. H.*

Hervé Resigns

GUSTAVE HERVÉ, former anti-militarist agitator and latter-day war-enthusiast, has resigned from the Executive Council of the French Socialist Party. The reason for his resignation is the slackening of the war ardor among the French Socialists and the growing influence of the peace propaganda within the French Party.

It is significant of the difference of conditions in the Socialist parties in Germany and France, respectively, that the war-enthusiast Hervé should feel constrained to resign from the French Party's Executive Council because he finds himself out of harmony with the majority of the party, at the very time when Haase was *forced out* of the German Party's Executive Committee because of his opposition to war.

Whether or not Hervé's resignation from the party's Executive Council also means his withdrawal from the party itself, it is hard to say from the meagre reports which reach us from France in war time. But that is by no means impossible. Hervé's career has been so erratic that almost anything may be expected of him. And while no one doubts his honesty or sincerity of purpose, his qualities of mind and temperament—*particularly temperament*—are such as to make his passing from one extreme to another a very easy matter.

Hervé's voluntary retirement from the Executive Council of the French Socialist Party also calls to mind what to many seemed the anomaly of his presence on that Council for many years past, and points to a difference in the methods of internal administration between the French Socialist Party and some other Socialist parties—the American Socialist Party for example—well worth noting.

During practically all of the years of his membership in the Executive Council, Hervé was in a hopeless minority within the French Socialist Party. And with his bellicose temperament and far-famed power of invective he was always a thorn in the side of the leaders representing the majority sentiment of the party. But neither his theoretical heresies, nor his practical non-conformism in methods and modes of agitation, had any effect upon his position on the Executive Council. The French Socialist Party believes in minority representation. As Paul Lafargue once put it: "We keep Hervé on the Executive Council *because* he is in a minority."

L. B. B.

Poor Economy and Worse Radicalism

SOME time ago the National Committee of the Socialist Party decided not to hold its regular annual meeting this year, owing to the fact that the National Convention was expected to be held at about the same time when the National Committee was wont to meet. Then the party membership decided by referendum that there should be no National Convention. Since the referendum several attempts have been made to reconsider the decision abolishing the meeting of the National Committee, but so far none of them have met with any success. As a result, all the important matters

connected with the coming National campaign, as well as all the momentous questions growing out of the European War and the Preparedness agitation, are practically left in the hands of a small executive committee of five. That this is anything but a satisfactory situation goes without saying. But in the present mood of the party there seems little hope of improvement.

The opposition to the National Convention as well as to the meeting of the National Committee is based mainly on two grounds: Some "practical men" in the party think that a lot of money can be saved by not holding any conventions or any meetings of the National Committee. And some of the "radicals" within the party think that since our National Conventions and National Committee meetings are "run" by the opportunists it is just as well not to have any at all.

There is, of course, no doubt that considerable money can be saved by not holding any conventions or delegate meetings of any kind. But even more money could be saved by maintaining no national organization, or any State organizations for that matter, and doing away with a lot of other "useless" things in our movement. To spend enormous sums of money on a vast and intricate organization-machinery and to deprive it of the proper guiding spirit and working efficiency in order to save a paltry few thousand dollars is certainly poor economy.

And the "radicals' " objections to convention and N. C. meeting are no better, if not actually worse. That the National Convention of 1912, with its "Section Six," etc., should have made some of the party membership think with horror of all party conventions and meetings of delegates is not surprising. But the remedy applied by them is worse than the disease itself. If the party is ever to come out of the slough of despond into which it has been steered by our opportunist leadership during the past years, general discussions such as are carried on at and in connection with General Conventions are absolutely indispensable. And when no General Convention can be had, a meeting of the National Committee is the next best thing.

By all means, let the National Committee meet and perform the duties imposed upon it by the Constitution of the party. *L. B. B.*

Mr. Gompers Qualifying for the Bench

DURING the past couple of years or so, it has been becoming increasingly manifest as time went on that Mr. Samuel Gompers is possessed of the laudable ambition to don the judicial robe. And during the past few months it has become quite evident that he is an active candidate for judicial office. Just what particular judgeship he hopes to land it is hard to say, but we venture the shrewd guess that he is aiming as high as the United States Supreme Court, or at least the New York State Court of Appeals. There has been a vacancy in each of these great tribunals during the past few months, and certain activities of Mr. Gompers coincident with these vacancies clearly point to the fact that he is endeavoring to qualify for either or both.

Whether or not the Grand Old Man of the American labor movement will succeed in his ambitious designs upon the bench we do not pretend to be able to forecast. There is no historic precedent for it. Until a few years ago, and as long as the policy of "no politics in the union" was adhered to, the highest office a labor leader ever attained was that of Commissioner General of Immigration. But with the inauguration, a few years ago, of the policy of "rewarding our friends and punishing our enemies," a new era seems to have dawned upon the labor movement of this country. With ex-labor leaders sitting in the cabinet, there seem to be no political heights to which an able and ambitious labor leader might not climb. Not even the *sanctus sanctorum* of American political institutions—the United States Supreme Court—is quite beyond his reach.

But whether or not Mr. Gompers actually succeeds in landing upon the bench, one thing he has already succeeded in—*in proving his eminent fitness for the same.* In fact, *"pre-eminent"* would express it more correctly. For persons of Mr. Gompers' typically *judicial* cast of mind are becoming rather rare, even in the circles from which the higher ranks of our judiciary used to be recruited. With Mr. Perkins as an apostle of profit-sharing and Mr. Gary showing dangerous leanings towards government regulation of industry, even some of our "best" corporation lawyers would fail to qualify as fit successors to those of our judges whom Mr. Roosevelt so irreverently described as "fossilized."

If this goes on much longer, the only place where an honest, old-fashioned upholder of the Constitution and protector of the "freedom of contract" could be found would be the labor movement; or the American Federation of Labor, to be more exact.

Of course we haven't reached that point yet. There still are—the Lord be thanked—good, old-fashioned corporation-lawyers who believe in freedom of contract and abhor all governmental interference with the liberties of the people. These are mainly in the employ of good, old-fashioned industrial magnates who still believe in "the public be damned" as a business policy. But we defy any one of these survivals of the fast-becoming-extinct race of constitutional lawyers to turn out anything as fine in defense of the good old doctrine of *laissez faire* and freedom of contract as Mr. Gompers' arti-

cles in the last couple of issues of the *American Federationist,* nor his recent speech before a Committee of Congress *in opposition* to Congressman London's Health Insurance resolution.

Not since the late Justice Peckham has delivered his famous opinion in the case of Lochner v. New York, some twelve years ago, declaring the New York eight hour law for bakery workers unconstitutional, has anything written against labor legislation had the true ring of the fiery periods which Mr. Gompers has penned within the last two months against the eight hour law, minimum wage laws, and health insurance laws. In fact, even Mr. Justice Peckham's brilliant prose pales in the presence of the poetical heights reached by Mr. Gompers in defense of the principle of the free exploitation of labor. A comparison of choice passages from Mr. Justice Peckham's celebrated opinion and Mr. Gompers' recent writings will show that in falling upon Mr. Gompers, the judicial robe worn by Judge Peckham would attain added lustre.

Said Judge Peckham in Lochner vs. New York:

"There is no reasonable ground for interfering with the liberty of person or the right of free contract, by determining the hours of labor, in the occupation of a baker. There is no contention that bakers as a class are not equal in intelligence and capacity to men in other trades or manual occupations, or that they are not able to assert their rights and care for themselves without the protecting arm of the State, interfering with their independence of judgment and of action. They are in no sense wards of the State."

Says Mr. Gompers in the April *Federationist:*

"Compulsory sickness insurance for workers is based upon the theory that they are unable to look after their own interests and the State must interpose its authority and *wisdom* and assume the relation of parent or *guardian.*

"There is something in the very suggestion of this relationship and this policy that is repugnant to free-born citizens. Because it is at variance with our concepts of voluntary institutions and freedom for individuals, Labor questions its wisdom."

There cannot, therefore, be the slightest doubt of the fact that Mr. Samuel Gompers is pre-eminently fit to occupy the place on our Supreme Court Bench once filled by the Hon. Rufus W. Peckham.

But it is even more fit that Mr. Gompers should be made a member of the New York State Court of Appeals—filling the niche in that court left vacant by the recent death of Mr. Justice Werner, the author of that great court's celebrated opinion in the case of Ives vs. South Buffalo Railway Company, declaring the New York Workmen's Compensation Law unconstitutional. The New York Court of Appeals may not be as exalted a tribunal as "The Most August Tribunal on Earth"; but we believe that Mr. Gompers will find its atmosphere more congenial to his spirit than that of the federal Supreme Court.

We have a lurking suspicion that the U. S. Supreme Court is not as strong now on "freedom of contract" and "liberty of the individual" as it was a decade or so ago. It should be remembered that Lochner vs. New York was decided by a bare majority of 5 to 4. Since then, all but one of the judges who stood with Justice Peckham for the sacred principles of *laissez faire* have gone the way of all flesh, to be succeeded by men of a newer generation, men whose orthodoxy in this respect is not quite above suspicion; while all but one of the judges who voted for the abrogation of the liberty of the bakery workers by giving them a legal eight hour day are still on that bench. The prevailing tone of its decisions is therefore not quite what it used to be. On the whole the court seems to be leaning to the opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes, who dissented vigorously from the decision in the Lochner case, giving it as his opinion that the Fourteenth Amendment has not made Spencer's Social Statics a part of the U. S. Constitution. Such a view would undoubtedly not harmonize with Mr. Gompers' expressed view that Spencer's Social Statics are part of the philosophy of the American Labor movement, and should, therefore, be part of any Constitution that is intended to protect "voluntary institutions."

On the other hand, the New York Court of Appeals still seems to breathe the spirit of *voluntarism* in its pristine purity. It holds aloft the ancient traditions of Spencerianism — modern heresies evidently not having made any impression upon it. The decision in Ives vs. South Buffalo Railway Company, declaring the New York Workmen's Compensation Law unconstitutional was *unanimous,* and most of Judge Werner's associates who concurred with him in deciding that case are happily still among the living. Mr. Gompers should feel decidely at home in their company.

Besides, there seems to be a particular fitness of things in the *direct succession* of Mr. Gompers to the seat of Mr. Justice Werner. There is so much similarity in their thought processes. Their minds seem to have been fashioned in the same mould. To cite but one example:

In his famous opinion in the Ives case, Mr. Justice Werner said that workmen's compensation laws might be good enough for *Germany,* but wouldn't do for the *United States.* Now hear Mr. Gompers in the April *Federationist:*

"It is difficult to make a parallel between *our country* and *Germany.* The spirit of the people and the institutions of the country are so totally different. In *Germany,* the principle of State control and regulation is accepted. The whole of the govern-

ment and regulation of social relations and private relations are under the control and direction of the central government. . . . The workers of *America* adhere to voluntary institutions in preference to compulsory systems which are held to be not only impractical but a menace to their rights, welfare and their liberty."

If it were not for Mr. Gompers' well-known probity we might almost suspect him of having plagiarized Judge Werner.

And then, think of the *truly poetic* justice in having the great opponent of Workmen's Health Insurance legislation inherit the dignity and the emoluments of the great nullifier of the Workmen's Compensation Law!

Judge Werner's mantle has fallen upon Mr. Gompers—his robe should go with it.—*L. B. B.*

Damning With Faint Praise

IN speaking of the nomination of Allan L. Benson as the presidential candidate of the Socialist Party, the *New Republic* says:

"Mr. Benson ought to make an excellent campaign. He does not suffer from a Marxian technique. He talks the language of American radicalism, and his approach is more like that of the older muckrakers than of the hard intellectualists who constitute the priesthood of Socialism. Mr. Benson will carry much conviction because he begins not with a few concepts about property and the class struggle, but with a rough-and-tumble experience of American business and politics."

We do not know whether Comrade Benson is thinking of suing the *New Republic* for libel. But we have no doubt that the *New Republic* will soon get its answer from Comrade Benson in a "key-note" address in which the *class struggle* raging within our social system and the *class character of our movement* will be duly emphasized.—*L. B. B.*

Lest We Forget

IN view of the hypocritical statement of the German Imperial Chancellor about Germany's plans of "liberation" for the "submerged nationalities" within the domain of its enemies, particularly Russia, and the even more hypocritical approval of these plans by the socialist majority in the Reichstag, it is well to remember that the nationalities in question *do not want* to be "liberated" by Germany, and that the majority leaders of the German Socialist Party know it. This fact should always be borne in mind, and should be reiterated by our press as often as possible — so that Messrs. Scheidemann, Ebert, David & Co. may know that the socialists of the neutral countries are "on" to them and their hypocritical cant.

In this connection we desire to again call the attention of our readers to the "open letter" which the Lettish Socialist Party addressed to the German Socialist Party on August 20th, last, and published in the Socialist Digest department of the NEW REVIEW in our issue of November 15, 1915. The opening paragraphs of that remarkable document read as follows:

"With the victory of the German murderous guns, voices are heard in commanding circles of Germany demanding the annexation of the Baltic provinces in the interest of German imperialism, at the same time putting forth the hypocritical phrase of 'liberation' of this territory from the Russian yoke. It is to be regretted that the fairy tale of 'liberation' through the grace of Hindenburg finds an open ear among those German social-democrats who hope for liberty and democracy not from proletarian mass will and mass struggle but from the victory of the military power and the insight of the ruling classes. This compels us to issue the following declaration:

"The Lettish population of Courland and Livonia does not want any 'liberation' through the German military power. The Lettish masses cherish no hate of the German people, but they justly fear that a possible annexation by Germany would strengthen anew the shaken domination of the Baltic-German Junkers. The Baltic provinces are united with Russia economically and politically, and any annexation would inflict heavy blows on the whole life of the country. But first of all: *the class-conscious Lettish proletariat* which has struggled for decades shoulder to shoulder with the revolutionary Russian proletariat *is firmly convinced of the inevitable victory of the Russian revolution, and expects its freedom solely and exclusively from this victory, but never from the victory of the German (or the Russian) guns, Zeppelins and submarines.*"

Let this protest be heard far and wide! Let it reach the ears of the rank and file of the German Socialist Party. It may not deter Messrs. Scheidemann, Ebert, David & Co. from their course. But it may keep the Socialist proletariat of Germany from following these misleaders of the working class.—*L. B. B.*

The Right Answer to Wrong Criticism

THE Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in its annual report to the stockholders, says, among other things:

"Your attention is called to the fact that a bill is pending in Congress and has, with the support of the Secretary of the Navy, been recommended for passage by the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs providing for the building by the government at an expense of $11,000,000 an armor plant with a ca-

pacity of 20,000 tons a year.

"This capacity provides for more than double what have been the average actual requirements of the U. S. for armor over the past 20 years, and if such a bill is passed the value of the existing armor plants in this country will be virtually destroyed. Bethlehem Steel Company has more than $7,000,000 now invested in its plant devoted to this use, and useless for any other purpose.

"Your officers have appeared before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs and urged the defeat of the pending measure. As it is frankly declared that the sole purpose of the proposed enterprise is that the government may secure its armor at a lower price, your officers have submitted the following proposition to the Federal Government:

"We will agree to permit any well known firm of chartered public accountants to inventory our plant and make careful estimates of the cost of manufacture; with that data we will meet the Secretary of the Navy and agree to manufacture armor at a price which will be entirely satisfactory to the Secretary of the Navy as being quite as low as the price at which the Government could possibly manufacture armor on its own account after taking into account all proper charges. As a concrete working basis for such negotiations Bethlehem Steel Company has offered to manufacture one-third of the armor plate required for contemplated five year naval programme (estimated approximately at 120,000 tons) for a price of $395 per ton for side armor as compared with the price of $425 per ton now obtaining."

"It may be added that while all other steel prices have greatly increased, the foregoing figure at which we now offer to make armor for the United States is not only a lower price than has been paid by the Government for more than ten years but it is also a substantially lower price than is paid for armor by Japan, Austria, Germany, France, or England."

Even if this proposition is rejected it would be futile to argue that since the Government is in a position to manufacture double the war material that the Steel Corporation turned out, the danger of war is altered or lessened. As long as the enlargement of markets for products and capital is indispensible, necessarily by force as a last resort, just so long are we in danger of war, irrespective of whether the instruments of the process are of public or private manufacture.

The importance of war-profits is entirely secondary to the larger fact that guns and ammunition are the best salesmen to sell products other than themselves.

We Socialists must therefore attack the present system not because it makes its guns at an excessive price, but because it should have an inherent need for guns at any price. This is Imperialism, and we must not limit our attack to Militarism, which is merely the agent or symptom of the Imperialistic structure.—*M. B.*

Stray Notes

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck threatens to vote the Socialist ticket at the next Presidential election, and to have many other German patriots resident in the United States do so. There is, of course, no way in which the Socialist Party could protect itself against such an invasion of Huns. No amount of "preparedness" will do against an enemy who works in the secrecy of the ballot box. Nor will injunction proceedings lie. But the Socialist Party should lose no time to make it clear to Mr. Viereck and his friends that their votes are not wanted.

The New Jersey Parole Board has refused to parole Pat Quinlan. The New Jersey Parole Board knows by whose grace and why *it* is there. Let us hope that the working class of this country will soon come to understand why Pat Quinlan was put and is kept where *he* is.

Bernard Shaw has been talking some common sense to the Irish. It is a pity that the Jews have no Bernard Shaw among them. Not only is common sense much more rare, since the war, among the Jews than among the Irish, but the consequences of this lack of common sense are much more tragical for the Jews than for the Irish.

The editor of the New York *Call* is evidently badly in need of an occasional reminder—which ought to be administered to him from time to time by the proper authorities—that the attitude of a Socilaist Party organ on the question of labor legislation should be governed by the Socialist Party platform, and not by Mr. Gompers' opinions on the subject.

At the recent hearing on the London Health Insurance resolution Mr. Gompers gave it as his opinion, that *if* the statistics quoted by some of the speakers as to the condition of the workers of this country be true, then the fifty years of his, Mr. Gompers', activity in the labor movement was so much time wasted. He did not say whether for himself or the labor movement. But whichever he had in mind, we can assure Mr. Gompers that the statistics in question *are* quite true.

Germany fighting for the freedom of small nationalities, and us getting ready to fight for the rights of humanity.

It *is* to laugh.

Immigration Problems

By Moses Oppenheimer

WHEN I came to this country, a generation ago, the waves of immigration were far from being as high as they became in the last decade. There were trade unions patterned chiefly after those of Great Britain. There was also the rising organization of the Knights of Labor, more progressive and more aggressive than the other hosts. Sam Gompers had not yet become a national figure, being then only a humble member of a cigar makers union and a devoted disciple of his master, Daniel Strasser.

In those days labor was not crying out insistently for anti-immigration laws, except in two specific cases: A strong and justifiable demand was made for the prohibition of importing European labor under contract, and for the exclusion of Chinese coolies, imported as semi-slaves.

It was asserted in support of the first demand that the masters of the mine and metal industry were maintaining a force of agents in Europe importing workers under contract, luring their victims with false pretenses and promises and using them to down American workers by the competition thus artificially and artfully created. On much the same grounds the workers of the Far West, particularly the Pacific Slope, cried for the exclusion of Chinese workers. Denis Kearney, the notorious "sand lots orator" of San Francisco, was elected mayor of the Golden Gate City on that issue.

The laws so vehemently called for were enacted, and, on the whole, fairly well enforced. We all know, though, that they did not usher in the millennium for American workers.

Organized labor remained unhappy. It diagnosed its ailments and concluded that its main enemies are the fellow-workers that flock to these shores from other lands. To that quack diagnosis stuck and stick even now many who had been drinking at the well of socialism abroad in the days of their youth and enthusiasm.

The agitation against immigration continued, although a congressional commission sent to Europe in the nineties of the last century could not discover the bugaboo of an organized conspiracy to bring hordes of unwelcome laborers over here. There was more tinkering with the immigration law without materially diminishing the influx. Instead of drawing, as heretofore, from Germany, Great Britain and Scandinavia, the American labor market now drew increasingly from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia and other southeast European nations, even from Asia Minor. American labor failed to perceive that owing to the rapid development of capitalism tremendous economic forces kept on operating like a gigantic sucking pump.

Incidentally, Theodore Roosevelt seized upon the hysteria caused by the assassination of President McKinley to graft upon the immigration law most drastic provisions against political refugees, styled as anarchists, without encountering any serious opposition on the part of the American working class.

Still unrest and discontent grew. Still the A. F. of L. leaders cast about for means to stem the wave of immigration. Their efforts culminated in the Burnett Immigration bill with its literacy test. Whether this bill, twice rejected, will now be enacted is a matter of speculation. One thing is certain, though. It will not bring the relief hoped for by its sponsors and advocates. Economic laws will continue to operate in spite of petty political obstacles. The problem of immigration will remain a hard nut, not to be cracked by antiquated methods.

Labor must learn to face the situation courageously and intelligently. Instead of looking upon the newcomers as hostile competitors it must take effective measures to make of them useful auxiliaries in the common struggle against the masters.

The bulk of the immigrants come here to stay, to become a part of our national life. Hence their assimilation is of the utmost importance. They must not be encouraged in their tendency toward clannishness, forming compact colonies, keeping aloof from their fellow workers because of the difference of language. Every big strike encounters this difficulty. The cunning masters know how to profit by it. They contemptuously refer to their profit producers as Dagos, Wops, Hunkies, Kikes, and so forth. They surround them with an atmosphere of hostility much as the master class in the South does regarding the Negro.

To break this spell, the immigrants must learn at least the elements of the English language and familiarize themselves with the essence of American conditions and institutions.

Night schools in many places endeavor to teach the language of the country. Such action should be encouraged, spread all over the land. It should be made an integral part of our public school system everywhere. Of course, workers cannot profit much by such instruction if they have to come to school tired in body and soul. Hence a shortening of the workday is closely connected with this educational work.

While the teaching of the language may be left to the agencies of public education, if honestly undertaken by them, the situation is altogether different in regard to the information the workers should obtain as to our conditions and institutions. In this respect we have grave reasons for mistrust. There is real danger that the teaching would be mislead-

ing, colored, distorted. The task of giving the actual facts will have to be undertaken by those in full sympathy with labor. This side of the problem has thus far been scarcely visualized, its solution not yet been attempted.

Of another need we hear a great deal of late. The distribution of the immigrants. There is general agreement that distribution is desirable, that it calls for organization. The question is whether distribution is to be directed for the benefit of the immigrants or in the interests of the masters. Here the roads part, the interests clash sharply.

The masters would like to direct the stream so as to increase their harvests, to create a sort of labor irrigation system. They would send a part down South to share in the oppression and degradation of the Negro and the "white trash." In other fields the newcomers would be used as mass strike preventers or strike-breakers. All the fine phrases of the labor philanthropists only conceal the actual purpose of the master class. The experience in the mining and metal industries should drive home that lesson.

To be a blessing and a benefit, distribution must be taken up by labor itself in a thoroughgoing manner and in a spirit of genuine brotherly helpfulness. That implies a revolution in the outworn methods of organization. It means that the doors of the organizations must be kept wide open to receive the newcomers as helpers, not as enemies. It opens vistas so clear and far reaching that labor leaders of the Gompers or Lennon type shrink back.

The Dangers of a Citizen Army

By Frank Bohn

THE strength of the working class in the industrial conflicts of today lies in the fact that it is in opposition to the present government and social order. The worker is tied to authority through his job alone. As a producer on the job it is instinctive for him to fight against authority and constantly demand conditions more in harmony with his own interests.

As a member of any sort of militia force the view of the worker changes automatically. In time of peace the militiaman is paid not to work or fight but to amuse himself while holding himself in readiness for the miserable service of breaking strikes. Leaving the shop or mine the worker proceeds to the annual militia encampment as to a Sunday school picnic. It is his only chance to breathe fresh air during the entire year. Discipline is a joke. He drills two or three hours a day at most. He is fed perfectly good food and lives in a comfortable shelter tent. He wears good clothes, plays much at cards, and spends his dollar a day for drink.

Returning to his home, the member of the militia force finds that the state furnishes him with a very good club house in the form of an armory. The means of social diversion are paid for out of the public treasury. If he remains in the militia for a considerable length of time he almost automatically becomes a non-commissioned officer. Puffed up with a little brief authority his patriotism waxes as every proletarian instinct wanes. In his own opinion as well as in that of his relatives, and of his young women friends, he has become a person of importance.

A citizen army of ten millions of men would mean that the non-commissioned officers alone would number a million and a half. Here is live bait for the game fish of the working class. The uniform, the flag, above all the privileges and the emoluments attaching to the service will bind the young workingmen to order in a way to prevent revolutionary ideas from even taking root.

Imagine a perfectly healthy boy of twenty standing for twelve hours a day in the elevator of an apartment house on Central Park West. His wages are ten dollars a week plus such dimes and quarters as are thrown to him, as scraps from meals are thrown to a dog. The ladies and gentlemen who use the elevator never see him unless it be to frown when the service does not suit. The maid whom he helps down with the baby carriage feels herself to be his social superior. Whenever he saves enough money to buy himself a decent meal he becomes nervous through surpressed energy. This boy enjoys no social diversion whatever—indeed, the only social contact he knows is with a half-dozen of his fellow lackeys. His future is a blank wall. The boy reads in the newspapers that a hundred extra men are needed to fill up a militia regiment for the summer camp, or perchance at the nearest mail box is hung the well known advertising poster of the regular army enlisting officer. Who but a fool would blame that boy, despite any preconceived notion he may have, for accepting with ardent interest the life and view point of the soldier? There open before him possibilities of a social intercourse such as theretofore has been denied to him.

One of the most popular fallacies of persons not in the habit of observing the simplest facts is the conception that women are naturally opposed to war. If women were seriously opposed to war there would be no war. It is a commonplace of sociology that the fantastic dress of fashionable woman is effected largely for the purpose of winning in the struggle of sex competition. The showy uniforms of the army and navy are, unhappily, infinitely more interesting to women than to men. It is a positive fact that in every European city the average working girl will take part of her wages received on Saturday night and turn it over to a soldier on Sunday afternoon, thus paying for the privilege of appearing with him in public. An average fourteen year old girl in Europe knows every detail in the cut and color of officers' uniforms. She will tell you the exact difference between that of Uhlan and Hussar at the first glance across the street. Militarism has not yet permeated the mind of America. But if we wish to know the far-reaching result of the establishment of a citizen army of ten millions of men in America, go and study the women at a West Point dress parade or at an Army-Navy football game. Following the Women's Peace Conference at The Hague last year one of the most luxuriously gowned American delegates, on her return to New York, expressed the opinion that wars would never cease until male citizens in civil life begarbed themselves in more beautiful and more interesting clothes.

Of all the horrible paradoxes of militarism none is more indefensible to a thinking mind than the pageantry of the army in times of peace. Three days after your soldier goes into his first fight no beast of the wilderness presents so horrible a picture. His yellow-green clothes are smeared with mud and grime. His filthy and verminous person reeks beyond the imagination of his friends at home. Pictures of heaps of men frightfully mutilated by shell fire are now quite familiar to the newspaper reading public. As a blind to this inevitable result of war, the showiness of militarism in time of peace is the cheapest swindle which our ruling classes employ in the process of misleading the ignorant. Yet it has always worked and still does work successfully.

A CITIZEN ARMY AND STRIKES

We have seen in France and Italy the result of universal military service as employed in times of large strikes. Practically every worker between the ages of twenty and forty-five is a member of the reserve. A call to the colors puts an end to the strikes in twenty-four hours. The primary purpose of the political action on the part of the working class is to preserve and increase political and legal freedom. With "the call to the colors" all political and legal freedom come to an end. The next step in our social evolution in America is municipal state capitalism. We shall presently have municipal and national ownership of enormous industries employing millions of persons. Bills have already been introduced at Washington looking to the preferment of ex-soldiers and ex-sailors in the public service. The whole matter is simplicity itself. We have two millions of railway workers alone. Nationalize and municipalize industries employing five millions of men, select the railway employees and others with reference to their services in the citizen army, and slavery will be entrenched with militarism, as it is in Germany.

THE ARMY AND THE URGE TO MAKE WAR

Can you imagine a baseball team or a hockey team being most carefully practiced at the sport for twenty years and never being permitted to play a match game? Imagine two such teams in adjoining fields, hearing each other's boastful shouts, season after season. Every point of the other fellow's game is carefully studied by experts. Wagers are made. Compliments and sneers are alternately hurled across the fence separating the two fields. Miles away, here and there in an attic, is an old woman hoping that the two teams may never cross bats.

Suppose we have in New York harbor the officers and crew of a merchantman. They are drawing much less than their service wages and their entire duty consists in cleaning the ship and talking to one another. The ship has not sailed the seas for a generation. If, perchance, an order comes for the ship to sail, every officer will have his pay quadrupled and every member of the crew will think that he is going to become an officer. Their names and pictures are to appear in the newspapers. Crowds of the populace will come and bestrew the deck of the ship with roses. Does the crew wish to sail?

Army life in time of peace is at best a dull game. A healthy young second lieutenant of the regular army, after a few years' service, arrives at a time where he hates himself and his job. The single craving of his heart is war, to relieve the monotony, to give him at once promotion and pay, to offer him, above all, opportunity for distinction and perhaps enduring fame.

The commissioned officers of the army and navy in every country are a powerful social class whose political influence is limited only by their numbers. These officers constitute a free masonry conspiring night and day, year in and year out, to throw the various nations into war.

If we have been at peace in America one reason is that our army and navy are so small in numbers. As it is, the influence of these services at Washington is beyond anything that the public has yet conceived. Increase the regular army to half a million, with forty thousand officers, and the citizen army to ten millions with half a million officers, and the business of preparing for war will become a large

part of the work of the nation.

On August 1, 1914, the general staff of the German army assured their government that they would take Paris in a month and seize the vast colonial empire France had been so long building and which the ruling classes in Germany and Austria crave to the core of their hearts. The Russian general staff, no doubt, assured the Czar that their army was quite competent to proceed to Berlin. Long before the war cloud appeared, General Sir John French, on learning that the English army was held in light esteem in Germany, declared that he hoped with all his heart to be soon given an opportunity to prove their worth.

A powerful force of American regulars enters Mexico and the name of Pershing becomes first on the lips of a hundred millions of people. An unknown colonel, who would have been retired because of age into impenetrable obscurity within 90 days, has the good fortune to command the advance of the invaders. They come upon the enemy asleep in their blankets. The commanding officer does exactly what any commanding officer who is a professional soldier would have done in any country in the world—he commands his force to instantly attack the sleeping outlaws and thirty are shot dead before they have their eyes open. A bill is at once introduced into congress to make this colonel a brigadier general. He knows—and the whole army knows—that, in case of promotion, the name of Dodd will be written into every school history of the public schools of the United States for generations to come.

Militarism grows by what it feeds on. The danger of war increases with the increase of the forces of war. Enlist ten millions of young wage-workers and farmers into the army and they will push with all the power of their lives in the direction of the battle field. Nothing is so soon forgotten as the horrors of war. With peace the picks and spades will be laid aside and the dirty yellow brown uniforms forgotten. The militarism of peace, with its enchanting music, it's clean, soft silken flags, it's fine, well-groomed horses and the applauding women, will all appear again, whereupon, with the growth of a new generation of fools the whole cycle is lived over again.

SOME FOLLIES OF THE CIVILIAN MIND

We are told that a citizen army will give the workers an opportunity to become proficient in the use of arms and thus place physical power in their hands, which power may on some future occasion be employed in their own interests.

Let us lean upon no such broken reed as this. To place the boyish mind in the entire keeping of the military retainers of the ruling class; to train that infant mind until it becomes an unthinking part of the military machine; to discipline that mind until it has lost every trace and semblance of moral responsibility; to place before the eyes of this young person the assured rewards of obedience and of service; and then to expect a mind so fixed in its purpose to mutiny against every tradition and law of its training, is for us to play the fool and surrender our first line forces into the hands of our enemy.

Military drill, say the advocates of a citizen army, will bring to the young workers good health, the bearing and self-respect of soldiers and education toward a better social order. To which we reply that any person so misled had better go to the files of the War and Navy Departments and furnish themselves with much needed information. The statistics of venereal diseases among the young men of the army and navy are in themselves enough to condemn those institutions to instant abolition as terrible public dangers. In view of the fact that our young men, and young women, too, are very much in need of physical and mental training, is it not possible for us to devise some method to attain that end which will not involve jingoism and flag worship, self surrender and enslavement to the past, moral perversion and unthinking murder for hire?

The Issue in Schenectady

By Isaac A. Hourwich

MAYOR LUNN of Schenectady, who was elected last November on a regular Socialist ticket, has been read out of the Socialist party by its State Committee. The charge against him was that he had made an appointment over the objection of the local "organization" and declined to appoint the candidate recommended by the organization.

It is not clear whether the duties of the office in question offer the incumbent an opportunity to put Socialist principles into practice, or pertain merely to routine matters.

It appears that some time ago the State organization of the Socialist party adopted a rule requiring all Socialist officials to make all appointments from a slate fixed by the organization, and that Dr. Lunn voted in favor of that rule. Dr. Lunn claims, however, to have told the local organization in open meeting that he would accept the mayoralty nomination upon the express condition only that he should not be bound by that rule. This claim has not been denied by his accusers.

The issue between the Mayor and the party organization reduces itself to the question, "Who is to make the appointments to city offices; the Mayor elected by the voters, or the local organization of the Socialist party?

The party organization holds that the Mayor owes his election to the nomination he has received from the Socialist party; that the latter stands sponsor before the people for the success of the Socialist administration; that the success or the failure of the same will affect the prospects of the party in other elections, and that the party must therefore exercise control over the appointments to city offices.

To this Mayor Lunn answered, in substance, that he has been elected to office by the votes of the citizens of Schenectady and that he is responsible to them for the administration of the affairs of the city; that he must, therefore, exercise his best judgment in the selection of officials who may be entrusted with the city's business, and that he cannot delegate his authority in this matter to any self-appointed body of private individuals, who are not accountable to the voters.

It is said in reply by the spokesmen of the organization that the Mayor's responsibility to the voters is purely fictitious, inasmuch as the voters scatter after election day and have no agency for effectively looking after their elected servants, whereas the party organization is on the watch all the time.

It will readily be seen that the administration problems involved in the controversy between the Mayor of Schenectady and the party organization are not at all new. They have been the subject of public discussion and legislative action since the days of Mugwumpery. Tammany Hall, the Penrose machine, and kindred bodies, always insisted that their candidates, if elected, were to be mere "rubber stamps," whose only function was to record the will of the organization. The movement for political reforms, which is slowly but surely sweeping the country from end to end, aims to wrest from the organizations of politicians the control over the machinery of government and to restore it to the voters.

So long as the Socialist party was merely a propaganda society which was amusing itself with playing "campaigns," it was free to assume an attitude of superiority toward the "middle class" political "nostrums." Now, however, that it is coming into power in spots, it is confronted with the same problems of political organization as the old parties had to face before.

Of course, the Socialist party claims to be made of different stuff than the old parties; it is supposed to be an organization of idealists concerned solely about the common weal. Those who have read Gustavus Myers' "History of Tammany Hall" will remember, however, that originally the Wigwam was also an organization of idealists, devoted to the principles of the French Revolution, that manhood suffrage was won for the State of New York by the Tammany of that heroic period. As soon, however, as it gained control of political power, it became what it is. Recent history of some "Socialist" labor organizations, East and West, has brought to public notice the existence of well-oiled machines, engineered by leading Socialists, who are fattening on the fruits of "industrial peace," while the rank and file complain that they are starving.

With these examples before them, people with a skeptical turn of mind, while conceding the lack of effective control by the voters over their elected officials, will be inclined to ask who is going to exercise control over the "organization."

The new Socialist local of Schenectady numbers about 250 members, while the number of enrolled Socialist voters under the direct primary law is about 2,000. The vote by which Mayor Lunn was elected was about thrice that number.

The anonymous Two Hundred and Fifty thus arrogate to themselves the right to govern the 5,000 voters who have cast their ballots for Mayor Lunn, while he is to act merely as an executive official of the party local, not as the chief executive of the city. This is "invisible government" with a vengeance.

The method by which Mayor Lunn and his supporters were ousted from the party follows the precedent established by the S. L. P. in 1897. No member of any society can be expelled without a trial. Mayor Lunn was tried by the local, but the impeachment against him failed to secure the two-thirds majority required by the State Constitution of the party. To circumvent this constitutional obstacle the State Committee withdrew the charter of the local and organized a new local, from which Mayor Lunn and his supporters were barred.

Whatever may have been the "high crimes and misdemeanors" of Mayor Lunn, for which he was thus made to forfeit his citizenship in the embryonic "co-operative Commonwealth" known as the Socialist party, it is obvious that his "abettors" have merely sinned by voting against his expulsion from the party. This act in itself constituted no offense against the State Constitution, as one might disapprove of the appointment of city officials by the Mayor, instead of by the party local, and still consider the penalty too severe. Of course, they could set themselves right before the party by promising in the future to vote as advised by the State organization. By what warrant of authority, however, could that or any other official cancel their membership in the party without the formality of a trial upon charges preferred against each of them individually?

This high-handed proceeding shows that, while the Socialist party may treat with tolerance members who, like Mr. Charles Edward Russell, dissent from the accepted principles of International Socialism, the same leniency need not be expected by the offenders, where political jobs are at stake.

Company Owned Towns in California

By Austin Lewis

A FEW months ago a detective for the dominant lumber company who was also a deputy-sheriff, was shot by some Italian laborers at Scotia, California. Among other grievances of the laborers against the detective it was charged that he was partial and unfair in the enforcement of prohibition, which the company had forced on the town. It was also charged that he acted as a spy upon such laborers as did not deal at the company store.

A recent decision in a case, where practically a similar state of facts existed, but where the company's agent did the shooting, deserves attention. It sheds a sinister light upon the management of such towns. The view of the court is interesting, by reason of its strange perversity, and as affording another instance of the mechanical reaction of industrial events upon the legal mind. One might easily be reading an English case of 1830

This historic decision is entitled "People of the State of California vs. W. P. Sidwell, Vol. 21, Cal. Appellate Decisions, p. 705," and was handed down a few weeks ago. Following is an abridged statement of the facts as set out in the opinion.

The town of Westwood was brought into existence by the Red River Lumber Company, some three years ago, and there are approximately 2,500 employees of the company. The company prohibits the use of intoxicating liquors and also forbids gambling in the town.

The company employed a special officer who was also a deputy sheriff. He was instructed to break open any room or to enter any house where he suspected that gambling was going on, so as to be able to report the names of the parties so employed to the company and to bring about their discipline and probably their dismissal. W. P. Sidwell was at times mentioned a special officer of the company.

On March 14th, 1915, Sidwell heard voices in the Hotel Swille about midnight in room 8. He broke open the door, taking his pistol in his left hand and thrusting the door with his right shoulder. As he pushed the door his pistol went off simultaneously and shot and killed an Italian laborer, called Escrivano, who was sitting at a table in the room thus invaded. *Sidwell was found guilty of involuntary manslaughter in the lower court and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.*

He appealed from the judgment on the ground that the lower court erred in refusing to instruct that "the company had the right to authorize the accused to break into rooms and houses for the purpose of ascertaining whether the rules of the company against gambling were being violated, and that the defendant in breaking into the room of the deceased on the occasion of the shooting was actually within his legal rights." On the contrary the court told the jury that the breaking into the room of the deceased by the defendant "was a wrong" (quoted from the opinion).

The Court refused to permit the defendant to show that the penalty of violating the rule against gambling would be the discharge of those found therein engaged from the employment of the company and furthermore disallowed testimony which would have tended to show that the employees were dissatisfied with the inhibition against gambling, and had threatened to resist violently any officer who invaded their room.

The judgment of the lower court was upheld upon the ground that the accused had shown criminal negligence in the use of his weapon. All the questions of the invasion of the rights of the individual by the forcible entry of an armed officer into his room were ignored.

The outrageous killing is described by the court as a "most unfortunate affair"; "but," to use the language of the opinion, "precisely how or in what manner the pistol was discharged the evidence does not disclose, nor, indeed, under the circumstances, is it to be supposed that anyone should know unless it was the defendant himself."

Judge Burnett adds to the court opinion the following remarks: "The mere circumstances that gambling was carried on was not sufficient, as I view it, to justify the defendant in breaking through the door with a loaded pistol in his hand. His desire and that of the company to suppress gambling was, of course commendable, but the method resorted to was too drastic. Human life is too precious to be jeopardized for the purpose of ascertaining whether parties are engaged in a peaceful game of poker. Defendant should have directed the inmates to open the door before resorting to such violence, and I think he should have gone away, rather than plunge into the room with his loaded revolver in his hand. Our aversion to vice should not blind us to the more vital consideration of life itself."

This sort of work by the courts makes peaceful development exceedingly difficult. Two men are under a life sentence in a California jail for no other crime than taking the leadership of a strike of migratory workers in which an officer was killed. Now we find that the killing of a migratory worker by a corporation official is reckoned as merely culpable negligence and punished accordingly.

India's Forced Loyalty

By Lajpat Rai

INDIA is profoundly stirred. There is a great deal of unrest, dissatisfaction and discontent, both visible and latent. The repressive measures taken by the British Government within the last ten years have driven discontent underground and produced a party which, forsaking constitutional agitation, has taken to the use of *bomb* and *revolver* in furthering their objects.

The war has made no difference in the activities of this party, and evidence is not wanting that during the war, conspiracies of a wide spread nature to overthrow the British Government have been organized. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of persons have been tried and convicted of sedition during this time; numbers having been sentenced to death and the rest to long terms of imprisonment. Whether all this is sufficient to justify saying, that India is on the verge of rebellion, is problematic. Yet it cannot be said that India is in love with England.

All the manifestations of loyalty made during the war can be read in two different ways. India is loyal to Great Britain if by loyalty is meant the utter helplessness of the people of India to do anything in the way of organizing a successful rebellion to overthrow the British Government. The population is disarmed; the manufacture and the import of arms is prohibited. Except for those regularly enlisted in the army there is no provision or chance for military training.

So that outside of the military ranks there are not even a hundred persons in the country who have had a military training. This figure does not include those who have been regular soldiers some time or other in their lives. Their number can not be very large. The whole British army in India consists of 80,000 whites and 160,000 natives.

So the country is completely emasculated, and considering the population there are very few who have been permitted by the rulers to keep arms, either for purposes of defense or sport. In the light of these facts, the claim of the British authorities that India is "loyal to the core" is rather stale. A disarmed nation, so completely cut off from outside connections as the Indians, on account of their geographical position, can not show their disloyalty in any tangible way, even if they were inclined to do so, except by secret conspiracies and underground plots.

The regular soldier cannot refuse to fight; those who dared to refuse were court martialled and shot. The most convincing evidence of Indian loyalty lies in the fact that even during the war the British have declined the offers of personal military service from the people except from those who have joined the army as regular soldiers. The offers of educated men were rejected, both in England and India. The requests for military training were refused and the number of permits to keep arms has been substantially reduced.

The rulers of Native States have no doubt made manifestations of loyalty and have given substantial help in the carrying on of the war and so have other rich people, but their position was such that they could not do otherwise. The Native States have practically no armies except such as are maintained for Imperial Service and controlled by the British though paid for by the Native States.

Besides, Indians have nothing to gain by the victories of Germany. Men placed in such a position as Indians are, have only two courses open to them, either to organize rebellion or to take sides with the rulers. In the opinion of some it might have been politically wiser for them if they had kept neutral, but in a country like India such a position is untenable, so it is no wonder that the articulate portion of the population decided to profess their loyalty to the Government.

But along with these expressions of loyalty one can not fail to notice bitter complaints of the wrongs from which the country suffers at the hands of the rulers. Even during the war these complaints have found expression and the speeches of the Presidents of the Indian National Congress and the All-Indian Moslem League, made at their annual sessions in December last, were nothing but a prolonged lamentation over the country's grievances. Analyze these speeches; put the expressions of loyalty and the declarations of dissatisfaction in two different columns and you will find which is the more weigthy and how far vocal India is loyal or disloyal.

On the credit side is the long continued peace which India has enjoyed under British rule, the development of the country for purposes of commerce and irrigation and the bit of education which has been provided for by the Government. On the debit side is a long array of grievances from which the country has suffered: The most important of which may be stated as follows:

(a) The complete emasculation of the people by being disarmed and debarred from military training of any kind.

(b) The economic exploitation of the country by the foreigners, resulting in the extreme poverty of the masses and the utter subordination of the classes.

(c) The neglect of education which keeps the figure of illiteracy as high as 95 out of every 100, after one hundred years, or in some states, 150 years of British rule.

(d) The absolute despotism of the Government, debarring the people from any share in the determination of its fiscal policy (or of any policy) and in the spending of its revenues.

(e) The farcical nature of the representative institutions introduced into the country within the last fifty years, no power being vested in the representatives of the people.

(f) The almost complete debarring of the sons of the soil from high offices of the State and the utter humiliation to which they are subjected by the self-governing parts of the Empire.

(g) The suppression of liberty of speech, liberty of press and liberty of education.

Within the last five years two hundred and twenty periodical publications have stopped publication and numbers of editors and speakers have been sent to jail for violating the Press Act or other laws dealing with seditionary speeches or writings. The Government would not only not make an adequate provision for education, either elementary or secondary or university, but would not allow private agencies to do educational work, except under the most humiliating restrictions imposed by law or regulations having the force of law.

(h) The complete absence of any provision for technical education, industrial training or commercial instruction.

In fact, the tale is so long and so bitter that a constant repetition of it, every day of the year, is the chief business of the press and the platform in India. The country is frequently devastated by famines and epidemics for which the economic policy of the Government is held responsible. Sufficient credit is given to them for what they do to relieve and alleviate suffering. What is complained of is that under the fiscal policy so far pursued, nothing substantial has been done in the way of prevention.

The people of India possess generous impulses and are grateful even for small mercies. They are ready to recognize enthusiastically what has been done for them, but the existence of these grievances compels them to complain that the very fundamental constitution of the Government is responsible for them.

No self-respecting nation can choose to be governed by a foreign people or to be loyal to such Government under any circumstances, and it would be a libel on the people of India to say that they attach no value to independence or freedom and that they do not like to be free and in control of their own affairs.

The representatives of the British Government often boast of having done things for India which they had never heard of before under native rule, but they forget that the British could not have governed India even for a day without doing those things for which they take so much credit. They could not have governed India without using the natives in subordinate positions, for which they had to be educated, or without building up a system of communications as they have done. All these things have helped them not only in governing the country but in exploiting it mercilessly.

Examined closely it would be found that the advantages which the Indian people are deriving from these things are only incidental. The native rulers of India could not possibly have introduced these features for the simple reason that the world had not then advanced sufficiently. On the other hand the British have systematically and deliberately crushed everything which India had of its own. For example: All its industries, including shipbuilding, the use of the rivers as the great highways, the indigenous skill in the manufacture of arms, the native institutions by which the village was a unit of self-rule and the indigenous agencies for education have been killed and ruined.

An Akbar or an Aurangzeb could not build railways or telegraphs, or publish books or introduce steam power or electric power for the development of industries, because these things were not known in their time. These discoveries have changed the face of the world. The true nature of the British Administration in India is discovered only by comparing it with what has been achieved in Japan or in California or in the South American Republics or even in the Philippine and Hawaii Islands within the last fifty years.

The fact is that government of one people by another people can not be in the interest of the former. A government imposed from without is generally, if not always, for the benefit of those who constitute the government. The interests of the governed country are secondary. To this principle, the British Government in India has been only too loyal.

The result is that England has been enriched by its domination of India, and India has suffered thereby. There is only one remedy and that is self-government, whether voluntarily given, as it was given to South Africa or Canada, or wrested by force as it was done by the Americans. The Indian people may have to wait for some time before they succeed in gaining self-government, but succeed they will, as it appears from the great movement of liberty which is gaining ground sufficiently fast.

In another article we intend to deal with the question whether the people of India are ripe for self-government or not, and what weight is to be attached to the excuses which are made on behalf of those who justify the continuance of the present despotism in that country.

Hyphenated Poets

By Ernest A. Boyd

THE sudden death of Stuart Merrill a few months ago added one more serious loss to those sustained by French literature during the past year and a half. It seems as if the ranks of the older writers were to be depleted simultaneously with those of *les jeunes* in the trenches. Beginning with Jaurès, a tragic succession of deaths has thinned the forces of what might be termed the literary reserve: Jules Lemaître, Paul Hervieu, Remy de Gourmont, and now, Stuart Merrill.

The last-mentioned writer has perhaps a special interest for Americans, being one of the most distinguished of those naturalized Frenchmen of letters which the United States have given to contemporary French literature. For, it is interesting to note, by far the most remarkable foreign masters of French in recent times have been American citizens: Greece can point to her son, Papadiamantopoulos, whose fame was established in Paris under the now familiar name of Jean Moréas. Roumania is responsible for quite a contingent of *femme de lettres*, notably Hélène Vacaresco and the Comtesse de Noailles. These are the two most popular successors of Demetrios Bolintineano, whose *Brises d'Orient*, as far back as 1866, brought the Eastern rampart of Latin culture to the notice of France, and earned for him the title of "Roumanian Lamartine." But the American contribution to French literature equals in quantity, and surpasses in quality, that of Roumania, in spite of the latter's racial affinities.

Unlike his compatriots, Francis Vielé-Griffin, Renée Vivien and John Antoine Nau, Stuart Merrill did not altogether abandon the land of his birth. He was born at Hempstead, L. I., in 1863, and in 1887, when his first book, *Les Gammes*, appeared in Paris, he was a student at Columbia University. During this period he contributed critical articles to the *Times* and *Evening Post*, and in 1890, the year of his return to Paris, he published *Pastels in Prose*. This charming little volume of prose poems, Merrill's only book in English, consisted of translations from the younger French writers, many of the Symbolist generation, with whom he had been in contact while in Paris. Probably this work was the first introduction to an English-speaking public of Ephráim Mikháél, Pierre Quillard and Henri de Régnier, to quote some names subsequently associated with the movement of which Merrill was an exponent.

His student years in New York saw Merrill converted to socialism, and were devoted to revolutionary propaganda rather than to law, the ostensible subject of his studies at Columbia. He even sold Socialist papers in the streets, but when he returned to France these socialistic activities to some extent ceased. However they left their imprint upon his work; Merrill became the poet of "revolution," in the sense that Whitman was and showed all his life a constant bias in favor of those in revolt against society. His verse is tinged with a sadness springing from a sense of latent revolt, his sympathies go out to the humble and oppressed, but it is only rarely that he allows his social iconoclasm to manifest itself openly, as in *Le Vagabond*, that fine poem which closes his last volume, *Une Voix dans la Foule:*—

O vagabond, j'entends, dans ta chanson sonore
L'écroulement des tours des villes de la nuit
Où l'incendie, ici et la, rougeoie et bruit,
Et l'éclat des clairons rouges de la révolte
Annoncant au soleil la nombreuse récolte
Dont se rassasieront les pauvres de jadis.

Here one feels all the revolutionary ardor of the poet as he broods over life, finding in the tramp who passes the symbol of that freedom which comes to those who live in contact with nature, who have cast off the bonds of respectability. Yet, in contrast with Whitman, Merrill was rather conservative in his conception of poetry.

Educated at the Lycée Condorcet with René Ghil, Quillard, and George Vanor, he founded with them the short lived journal *Le Fou*, and collaborated in *La Basoche, Le Décadent*, and all the various reviews in which the Symbolists essayed their strength, until finally *Le Mercure de France* served to crystallize the new movement.

Stuart Merrill was a contributor to the *Mercure* from the start, and has been consequently identified with the Symbolist group of which it became the centre. It must be said, however, that neither the form nor the content of his verse supplies any ground for the complaints and abuse showered upon the Symbolists. Compared with most of his friends he showed a legitimate respect for the traditions of French poetry, and his verse presents fewer divergencies from the accepted formulae than that of Vielé-Griffin. In this respect Merrill resembles Henri de Régnier, whose admission to the Academy was regarded as the final consecration of the Symbolist school.

If Poe had been as great a poet as his disrepute might have indicated him, he would offer the nearest parallel in American literature to the poetry of Stuart Merrill. The note of similarity is not so pronounced in *Poèmes 1887-1897*, the volume in which were collected his three early collections of more

markedly symbolist verse, *Les Gammes, Les Fastes* and *Petits Poèmes d'Automne.* In these, as befitted a young pet *chez Vanier,* the claims of the then "new poetry" had to be accentuated. But his second volume, *Les Quatre Saisons,* and also *Une Voix dans la Foule,* supply numerous examples of that imagination which one feels in Poe, even when he fails adequately to express it. *La Mystérieuse Chanson* and *Les Poings à la Porte* might be cited to show how *The Raven* can be translated into terms of the purest poetry. The length of these poems makes quotation impossible, but the following verses, taken from the manuscript of an unpublished poem may serve to illustrate a characteristic aspect of Merrill's imagination:

LA DANSE DANS LE CIMETIÉRE.

Dansons au soleil, ô ma Joie,
Sur les tombes de la Mort!
Ta bouche est la grenade en proie
Aux désirs des abeilles d'or.

Pour mes chansons et pour ta danse
Il ne faudra ni le cri
Des pipeaux fous, ni la cadence
Des lyres dans le bois fleuri;

Mais seulement ta plainte, ô brise
Qui dans les cypres t'endors,
Et le silence sans surprise
Du sommeil eternel des morts!

In spite of a certain *macabre* element in his work, however, Merrill has always emphasized the aesthetic duty of the poet. His rejection of current social conventions did not leave him without a well defined morality. The true reformist spirit of the socialist is back of the conviction that "modern society is an ill-made poem which we must correct. In the etymological sense of the word a poet is always and everywhere a poet, and his duty is to try to bring some beauty into the world." This conviction not only inspired Stuart Merrill to write some of the most delicate and musical verses of his generation, it impelled him to take an active part in every enterprise which tended to raise the intellectual and spiritual level of the masses.

In a group of literary exquisites, whose thoughts were turned towards essentially abstract beauty, it was the distinction of this American to represent the union of life and art. Perhaps no happier illustration could be found of that native desire for the practical application of ideas than this atavistic manifestation of Americanism.

The most recent name in the list of American writers of French is that of Renée Vivien, the pseudonym of Pauline Tarn, who died a few years ago. Between 1901 and 1909, she published more than a dozen volumes, both prose and verse, and her premature death was deeply regretted. This slender, fair young woman revealed her Anglo-American race in every feature, and her life in the English-speaking colony of Paris, where she formed most of her ties, seemed to belie the poetess of *Evocation* and *Flambeaux Eteints.*

Her literary personality found expression only in the purest melodies of the French tongue, in those passionate verses, whose intensity of emotion caused her to be described as "the new Sappho." A species of intuition, strengthened by the experiences of her own peculiar temperament, enabled her to translate, paraphrase and complete the thought of the Greek singer whose spiritual descendent she was. Her version of Sappho in 1903 attracted considerable attention on this score, and confirmed a relationship suggested by her first volume, *Etudes et Préludes,* published in 1901.

Mention should be made of John Antoine Nau, of San Francisco, whose fame as a novelist has overshadowed that of the poet since 1903, when *Force Ennemie* received the prize of the Goncourt Academy. But it is more interesting to consider for a moment the poet who alone represents a most creditable variety of "hyphenated American," since the death of Stuart Merrill. Francis Vielé-Griffin was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1864, while his father, General Egbert Louis Vielé, was quartered there, in charge of the Federal forces. In a recent novel *Eve Dorre,* his sister has related, with the poetic license of fiction, the circumstances of Vielé-Griffin's childhood in Paris. After the Franco-Prussian war the family settled in France, the country from which their Huguenot ancestors fled in the seventeenth century, and, while one brother, Hermann N. Vielé, returned to make a name as an American novelist, the other became celebrated as a French poet.

His first book, *Cueille d'Avril,* was published in 1886, one year before Merrill's *Les Gammes,* and in rapid succession there followed the inevitable privately printed *plaquettes,* and the little books of verse with Vanier's imprint—the traditional procedure in young Symbolist circles. This early work was first collected in 1895 and published by the *Mercure de France* as *Poèmes et Poèsies.* Since that date all his important works have been issued by the same publisher, *La Clarté de Vie, Phocas le Jardinier, La Légende Ailée de Wieland le Forgeron, Plus Loin and Voix d'Ionie.*

As may be seen, Vielé-Griffin is a more prolific writer than was Stuart Merrill, whose work is contained in three volumes. From the beginning he threw himself whole-heartedly into the Symbolist movement, having founded, with Henri de Régnier and Paul Adam, *Les Entretiens politiques et littéraires*—that famous review, whose red cover was the symbol of a literary revolution. Vielé-Griffin soon became one of the greatest exponents of *vers libre,* fortifying theory by the remarkable workmanship of his own verse.

It is perhaps more than a mere coincidence that the land of Walt Whitman should have given birth to this poet who participated so ardently in the movement which was to liberate the technique of French verse. As time went on, others made concessions to the precise regularities of poetic tradition, but Vielé-Griffin has been consistently *intransigeant*. Indeed, it is probable that the theory of "free verse" captured the imagination of his generation largely because of his translations of Whitman.

Vielé-Griffin is a *verse libriste* rather than a Symbolist, and his claim to consideration must be based largely upon the influence of his work in this connection. He did not decide to break away from the metrical conventions on intellectual, or theoretical, grounds, but turned to free verse in a perfectly instinctive manner:

Le rythme de sa voix est ma seule métrique,
Et son pas alterne ma rime nuancée.

He has a Whitmanesque breadth of inspiration, a deep feeling for nature, whose immensities, and beauties he has sung in rhythms which recall those of Whitman. Such poems as *Etire-toi la vie La Moisson,* and the numerous pictures of his beloved Touraine which Vielé-Griffin has given us, indicate his sensitiveness towards natural beauty. All his poetry has been a hymn to creation, the expression of a simple joy in living. Yet he is not devoid of subtlety.

Except for his translations from Swinburne and Whitman, Vielé-Griffin has placed on record no evidence of his affiliations with the English language. He is, nevertheless, a truly "hyphenated" American in the best sense of the word, for he has remained true to his United States citizenship. Had he been willing to become politically, as well as intellectually, a naturalized Frenchman, he might have been honored with a seat in the Academy, but, when his candidature was put forward, he refused to comply with that condition precedent of Academic immortality.

His Americanism, however, has been most effectively demonstrated in his contribution to French literature, which owes to him its first acquaintance with the great genius of *vers libre*. Others have completed the work of translating Whitman, the technical qualities of the latter's work have exercised a profound revolution in French poetry, but the advantage of innovation and early practical example lay with Vielé-Griffin. He is, therefore, primarily responsible for the evolution of contemporary verse both in his native and his adopted country.

By a literary reversion, America is now re-learning from France the lesson which she originally imparted through the intermediary of Vielé-Griffin. Yet, as if to emphasize the biblical dictum concerning prophets, neither he nor Stuart Merrill has received any consideration at the hands of those who interpret French poetry in this country.

The 3rd Internationale

Note.—The following article is a translation of the introduction contained in the first issue of "Vorbote," the magazine published by Anton Pannekoek. This publication purports to give the views of the extreme left wing of the German Social-Democracy, and aims to apply Marxist principles to the solution of present day problems of the proletariat.—Editors.

WE are standing in the midst of a catastrophe of the working class movement, such as it has never experienced in all its history. The collapse of the Internationale due to the world war is not simply a surrender of international sentiment before the power of intensified nationalism. It is at the same time a collapse of tactics, of methods of fighting, of the entire system which had been incorporated into the social-democracy and the working class movement during the last few decades.

The knowledge and the tactics which, during the early rise of capitalism, were of great service to the proletariat, failed in the face of the new imperialistic development. Outwardly this was apparent in the increasing impotency of the parliament and the labor union movement, spiritually in the substitution of tradition and declamation for clear insight and militant tactics, in stultification of tactics and the forms of organization, in the transformation of the revolutionary theory of Marxism into a doctrine of passive expectation.

During the period when capitalism was developing into imperialism, was establishing new aims for itself and was energetically arming for the struggle for world supremacy, this development of the majority of the Social Democracy remained unobserved. It allowed itself to be fooled by the dream of immediate social reforms and did nothing to increase the power of the proletariat to fight against imperialism.

Hence the present catastrophe does not mean only that the proletariat was too weak to prevent the outbreak of war. It means that the methods of the era of the second Internationale were not capable of increasing the spiritual and material power of the proletariat to the necessary extent of breaking the power of the ruling classes. Therefore the world war must be a turning point in the history of the working class movement.

With the world war we have entered into a new period of capitalism, the period of its intensive extension by force over the entire earth, accompanied by embittered struggles between nationalities and huge destruction of capital and men; a period therefore, of the heaviest oppression and suffering for the working classes. But the masses are thereby driven to aspiration; they must raise themselves if they are not to be completely submerged.

In great mass struggles, alongside of which former struggles and methods are merely child's play, they must grapple with imperialism. This struggle

for indispensable rights and liberties, for the most urgent reforms, often for mere life itself, against reaction and the oppression of the employing class, against war and poverty, can only end with the overthrow of imperialism and the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. It will at the same time be the struggle for Socialism, for the emancipation of the proletariat. Therefore with the present world war there also dawns a new period for Socialism.

For the new struggle our spiritual bearings must be taken anew. Lack of clear socialistic insight was one of the chief causes of the weakness of the proletariat when the war began—it knew neither imperialism or its own tactics. The fight against imperialism, this most recent and most powerful form of capitalism, made demands upon the highest spiritual and material, moral and organizational, qualities of the proletariat. It could not succumb to stupid, impotent desperation; but it was not enough that it break out into spontaneous actions against the unbearable pressure. If these are to lead anywhere and to gain new stages on the climb to power it is necessary that they be inspired with spiritual clarity in regard to the aims, the possibilities and the meaning of such actions. Theory must go hand in hand with practice, theory which transforms blind acts to conscious ones and spreads light over the path.

"Material force can only be broken by material force. But even theory becomes material force when it takes hold on the masses." (Marx.) The germs of this theory, this new spiritual weapon, were already at hand in the spiritual defeat of the former practice of imperialism and mass actions. Now the world war has brought much new insight and has shaken minds out of the sleep of tradition. Now is the time to gather together everything in the way of new ideas, new solutions, new propositions, to inspect them, to prove them, to clarify them by means of discussion and thus to make them of service in the new struggle. That is the purpose of our review.

An immense number of new questions lie before us. First of all the questions of imperialism, its economic roots, its connection with the export of capital, procuring of raw material, its effect upon politics, government and bureaucracy, its spiritual power upon the bourgeoisie and the press, its significance as a new ideology of the bourgeoisie. Then those questions which relate to the proletariat, the causes of their weakness, their psychology and the phenomena of social-imperialism and social-patriotism. Added to these are the questions of proletarian tactics, the significance and possibilities of parliamentarianism, of mass actions, of labor union tactics, reforms and immediate demands, the significance and the future rôle of organization; also the questions of nationalism, of militarism and colonial policies.

Upon many of these questions the old Socialism had settled answers, which had already crystallized into formulae—but with the collapse of the second Internationale even its formulae have gone by the board. In the old rules and ideas of the pre-imperialistic era the proletariat can find no guides for its actions under new conditions. Nor can the social-democratic parties furnish it with a firm foot hold. They have in the great majority surrendered to imperialism; the conscious, active or passive, support of war policies by the party and labor union representatives has dug too deep to make possible a simple return to the old pre-bellum point of view.

This support of imperialism in its most important and vital phases characterizes these working class organizations, no matter how strongly they subscribe to the old socialist solutions and combat the most intimate effects of imperialism. For in this way they come into conflict with the necessarily revolutionary aims of the proletariat and are themselves forced into a difficult crisis of their own. Between those who would make of the social-democracy a tool of imperialism and those who want to see it a weapon of revolution no unity is possible any longer.

The task of elucidating those problems, of offering solutions, of formulating the proper direction for the new struggle, falls to those who have not allowed themselves to be misled by war conditions and who have held fast to internationalism and the class struggle. In this their weapon will be Marxism. Marxism, regarded by the theoreticians of Socialism as the method to explain the past and the present and in their hands degraded more and more into a dry doctrine of mechanical fatalism, again is to come into its birthright as a theory of revolutionary acts. "The philosophers have interpreted the world in a number of differing ways: the real necessity is to alter it." As a live revolutionary method this sort of Marxism again becomes the most solid principles, the sharpest spiritual weapon of Socialism.

There is no more pressing task than this elucidation of the new problems. For it is a life and death question for the proletariat—and hence for the entire development of humanity—that it should see its way clear and bright before it leading to new heights. And there are no questions of the future whose solution can be postponed until we can once more discuss them in peace and quietness. They are not capable of postponement. Even during the war and after its conclusion they form the most important and immediate vital questions for the working class of all nations.

Not merely the important question, which everywhere is the kernel of the object of struggle, whether

and how the proletariat can emerge, hasten the end of the war and influence the terms of peace. At the conclusion of the war the immense economic shattering of the world will first be felt in its entirety, when, with the condition of general exhaustion, lack of capital and unemployment industry must be organized anew, when the fearful debts of all nations necessitate colossal taxes and state socialism, the militarization of agricultural pursuits, as the only way out of the financial difficulties. Then the problem must be met with or without theory; but then the lack of theoretical insight will entail the most disastrous errors.

There lies the greatest task of our journal: by discussion and elucidation of these questions it will support the material struggle of the proletariat against imperialism. As an organ of discussion and elucidation it is at the same time an organ of battle—the publisher and the contributors to the journal have the common will to give battle, the same point of view in regard to these chief questions of the practice to be adopted at this time.

First of all the struggle against imperialism, the chief enemy of the proletariat. But this struggle is only made possible by a simultaneous relentless struggle against all the elements of the former social-democracy, which would bind the proletariat to the chariot of imperialism; also the open imperialism which has become the mere agent of the bourgeoisie, and that social patriotism of all shades which would gloss over undisputable antagonisms and would rob the proletariat of the sharpest weapons in its struggle against imperialism. The reconstitution of the Third Internationale will only be made possible by an absolute break with social-patriotism.

With this knowledge we stand upon the same ground as the left wing of the Zimmerwald Conference. The principles put forth by this group of international socialists as their aim our journal will support by theoretical work; by the most intense struggle against social-patriotism, by merciless analysis of the errors of the old revisionism and radical socialism to pave the way for the new Internationale. If the proletariat recognizes the weaknesses and mistakes of the old points of view, the practical collapse of which it is now suffering from, it will gain the foresight for the new struggle and the new Socialism.

Free Speech and Flag Idolatry

By Theodore Schroeder

As heaven recedes and loses its charm a superstitious public tends to transfer its blind adoration to symbols of the fading ideal. Thus comes the idolatrous attitude toward an image, a priest, a creed or a book. By a similar psychologic process it comes that as governors grow more contemptuous of the fundamental liberties of the citizen, they also have need to become more exacting in their demand for allegiance to those symbols of liberty, which have now become the outward and visible signs of authority. Thus comes the idolatry of a flag.

In response to this need there also comes the tendency to divert our schools from teaching the principles that make for more liberty and for a more refined sense of justice, to the inculcation of blind patriotic sentimentalism. Then also come those laws penalizing blasphemy against the political idol, I mean the national flag.

These reflections are suggested by those frequent arrests, and the public excitements which follow, whenever our political idolatry is repudiated or whenever, as the idolators say, "the Flag is desecrated." The two recent cases to come under my notice are those of Rev. Bouck White, of the Church of the Social Revolution, and of James H. Maurer, President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor.

White was arrested at the instigation of one who had changed his name, apostacized from socialism and had become a professional patriot. White is accused of having blasphemed the sacred Idol by replacing the Stars with a $. It was charged that in a caricature of the flag printed on a leaflet announcing the meetings of his Church, he had also depicted a devil leering from the field of the stripes.

Maurer seems to have escaped arrest because he only quoted a captain of the Pennsylvania Constabulary as saying "To hell with the flag." The original utterance was made in an altercation with strikers and, having been made in the interest of those for whom political superstitions are promoted and by one of the lesser priests of the sacred political temple, no arrests were made.

However, Maurer's offense was very great because he evidently meant to blaspheme the Flag-Idol in that he did not quote the political priest with the same holy purpose which inspired the original utterance. Furthermore, he carried this unholy purpose right into one of the sacred temples of patriotism, the Washington Irving High School, where daily the children march and say "Oh flag, I pledge

respect to you" no matter what injustices are committed in thy holy name. That was a terrible sacrilege which Maurer committed, and properly aroused the "unspeakable indignation" of all those who see our institutions with the spiritual eyes of our high financiers.

The righteous wrath and holy vituperation of our "unspeakably indignant" patriotic priesthood was inspiring to behold. According to the daily papers, one of the peace-loving saints of the inner temples of politics said: "What I would do would be to kick such a man out of the building, and if I were fined by the court, I would say that it was worth it." I quote this to show that those who advocate violence and lawlessness in order to inculcate the sacredness of property and the idolatry of the flag can do no wrong. *They are the law* or above the law. How differently similar incitements to disorder are considered by officers of the law, when the idols of pious wealth are not held in reverence, one need but remember the prosecution of Upton Sinclair who only marched in silence on the street in front of the Rockefeller Building with a piece of crepe on his sleeve. He was convicted because his Free Silence League by its silent marching *tended* to incite to a breach of the peace.

Likewise Anarchist papers like the *The Revolt* and *The Woman Rebel* are excluded from the mails for uttering expressions similar to that quoted above. Not so the daily papers. Incitement to a breach of peace when directed against agitators is perfectly lawful—at least in the eyes of a lawless judiciary.

In the New York statutes, designed to protect the dear flag against the blasphemy of the iconoclasts, most of the space is devoted to preventing the flag from being desecrated for advertising purposes. Momentarily the legislature overlooked the fact that conventional modes of money-making are more sacred even than the Flag-Idol. However, those of the more exalted priesthood who solemnly sit in the higher places of our temples of "Justice" properly expunged the legislative sacrilege by holding unconstitutional that part of the statute which prohibits advertising on or by means of the flag. (People v. Van De Carr, 178 N. Y., 425.)

At this stage there comes to view another very wise judicial distinction between the divine rights of our property-gods, and the merely verbal constitutional right of free speech as that may be enjoyed by agitators, "within proper limits."

When, in the interests of the divine rights of property holders, the judges desire to annul a statute, they search to find a theoretical situation wherein the statute includes something not within the legislative power. Then it is easy to argue that being unconstitutional in part the statute is void as a whole. (See Employers Liability decision. Howard v. Ill. Cent. Ry. 28 Sup. Ct. Rep., 141.) No such logic can ever be allowed to the advantage of those evil spirits who cast doubt upon the divine plan of our economic justice, and who would destroy the privileges bestowed by divinity itself. That part of the statute under which White is arrested will be held perfectly valid in spite of invalidity of the rest.

Ridiculous as is all this pious mummery over the flag there is a serious side to the superstition. If free speech has any meaning at all then it must include freedom to convey any idea whatever about the flag or by means of the flag. Elsewhere I have shown that according to the historical method ("Obscene" Literature and Constitutional Law, Chapt. 11) or the synthetic method (Free Speech for Radicals, Chap. 8) it includes even the right to advocate a revolution. According to judicial dogmatism it only means the right to say whatever does not seriously offend popular superstition. Thanks to this judicial view we now have here in these United States more varieties of penalized opinions, I believe, than any country of the world at any time in the history of the world. The penalties are not so severe nor the laws so generally enforced, as at other times and places, and therefore we have not become aware of the fact. But I must return to the flag.

In Indiana they have things which are legally so patriotically sacred that no graven image thereof is permitted. Hence they penalize "the manufacture or sale of pictures, models, books or other representations of the monument and grounds at Monument Place," Indianapolis. This monument must be dedicated to the Gods of War for pelf.

Anywhere in the United States one may with impunity denounce, and destroy liberty itself, but thirty-one States penalize disrespect to the flag, which supposedly symbolizes liberty. Thus it comes that you may not "defy, trample upon, or cast contempt either by words or act upon any such flag, standard, color or ensign." In several States you cannot even use its particular combination of lines and colors for honest advertising of some remnant of honest business. Damn and desecrate liberty's ideal, all you please, and your loyalty to the system will not be questioned. Glorify legalized tyranny with all your might, and you may become a prosperous and popular hero. But if you desecrate the sacred idol—which at the very best only symbolizes liberty—you may be imprisoned as a criminal. Religion, patriotism, the sacredness of money and motherhood and the home all combine to demand the suppression of such political blasphemy.

"The Lord thy God—the Flag-Idol—is a jealous God and thou shalt have no other God but that one." In Colorado they penalize a display of "a flag of Anarchy," whatever that may be. If newspaper accounts are to be trusted, in some places the national Flag-Idol must be given precedence over all other similar idols or symbols in public parades.

Utah Mormons have often been denounced for maintaining a disloyal priesthood. 'Tis fitting therefore, that some one just big enough to be the governor of Utah and remain unknown outside his State, should out-patriot the patriots who have declared his church treasonable.

Thus it comes that in 1914 this governor declares for a new reverence, a legalized sacred music. He demanded that "The Star Spangled Banner" shall not be contaminated—perhaps blasphemed is a better word—by intimate association with frivolous tunes, such as are played in concert hall medlies.

Of course, the anti-Mormon, professional patriots were quite unwilling to be beaten at their own game, and so vigorously echoed the governor's demand. If we may not "desecrate" the star spangled banner, on cloth or paper or by speech, why permit it's desecration in music? Answer, you idol worshippers! Already we have a censorship over music by prohibiting all Sunday concerts, where other than sacred music is presented. Of course, a lawless judiciary, in co-operation with a lawless police, can be relied upon to enforce such "laws" if the political expediency and religious superstition can be combined as a motive, although no statute or ordinance has or can define the quality by which "sacredness" in music is distinguished. Why isn't all music equally sacred?

Or, why not follow Plato's example? If my memory serves me, it was he who advocated a censorship against music which suggested lasciviousness. The psychology of music and Puritanism is such, that I am sure many purists can extract lewdness out of most of our musical masterpieces.

There is another fine precedent which should be followed in protecting the sacredness of such sacred tunes as "The Star Spangled Banner." I refer to a "Collection of Hymns" published in Dublin, in 1779. Among its novel features were "Words to practice the tunes on, that the Sacred Compositions may not be profaned by Learners." Why not prohibit the singing of such sacred compositions as "The Star Spangled Banner" until the singer has attained a "sacred" degree of excellence in its rendition?

I started out to write a solemn disquisition about constitutional free speech in relation to the flag. Just this moment I have come to realize that I am not spiritually minded enough for so important a function. Amen.

Fiction Standards Old and New

By Mary S. Oppenheimer

PROFESSIONAL critics have dealt much with this subject periodically. So have professional writers,—novelists especially, perhaps seeking the wherewithal to fill space. Surely by now it is the turn of the reader, in this particular case the turn of one who has been an insatiate reader of fiction for more years than it is always pleasant to remember, the kind of reader to whom almost any sort of a story is fish for the net, who is prone to look first at the end and then at the middle and last at the begining of a novel, who may be said to represent in a way that great general public of readers to whom the able editors and publishers are always trying to cater with success.

To such a reader the relation of fiction to life is of surpassing interest. Novels other than those professedly historical, are in the main real bits of history of the manners and morals of the time of which they were written, they reflect largely the viewpoint of their period,—do in a fashion hold the mirror up to nature, either by essaying to depict the social life and environment and ideals of their day, or else, as in an inverted mirror, they attempt to show life as the multitude who lead meagre and starved intellectual lives would like to know it.

All that mass of fiction, ignored by the polite critics, but read avidly by thousands and thousands belongs to this latter class. The average shop girl, the average servant girl, if she reads anything, wants to know how the millionaire came to marry the poor and beautiful working girl after a series of blood curdling adventures, hero and heroine vying with each other as to which is the more complete idiot and prosecuted innocence always triumphant in the end.

That this sort of stuff is absolutely untrue to life is precisely its charm to its innumerable readers. Their drab lives are glorified by the magnificent vistas opening to their imaginations through these volumes. How some books of this sentimental trash keep their vogue in such popular literature is truly amazing. Not long ago the writer chanced to be seated in a subway train next to a young girl,—clerk or stenographer apparently,—so engrossed in a book as to be perfectly oblivious to her surroundings. Close investigation showed the book to be one which the present writer confesses to have admired immensely,—at the age of twelve,—a sentimental tale of two sisters called *Tempest and Sunshine,* by a a writer whom it is really anathema to name in the intellectual pages of the NEW REVIEW, Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes. To think that book is still being read with eager interest after all these years when so many far better books have dropped out of exist-

ence! Standards of fiction change slowly in that kind of writing and with such readers.

Yet change they do in a degree. Here is a case of another sort. A brave little woman, an old friend, the daughter and granddaughter of clergymen, blessed with a temperament to which religious faith came naturally,—no descendant of doubting Thomas she,—took up mission and Sunday school work as a profession. She complained of the lack of good stories to recommend to her scholars and told a recent experience. It appeared she recommended to a young woman a story she herself had never read, the *Daisy Chain,* one of the many productions of Charlotte M. Yonge. Likely NEW REVIEW readers never heard of her though her name at one time was great. As a writer she has been truthfully described as a by-product of that novel of revolt, Jane Eyre, and her popularity was fostered as a set off to that of the other Charlotte, her of Haworth. The *Heir of Redclyffe,* for instance, was meant as a wholesome and moral contrast to the godless Rochester. Her books are full of pious sentiment. The *Daisy Chain* is the story of a large family of brothers and sisters, all devout, conventionally thinking people. It was this book the mission worker recommended with cheerful alacrity. A few weeks later the girl to whom she had recommended it said to her reproachfully:

"How can you recommend a book like that? Why, several people in it have tuberculosis and there isn't a word about any sanitary precautions. It is a dangerous book, I think."

The world does move, even with the slow, unthinking masses.

When we come to that fiction which is listed, so to speak, which critics review, and much of which does have genuine intellectual pretensions, we find that standards change with a rapidity often surprising.

One reason for this is the comparative frankness on the subject of sex which marks so much of our modern fiction. Indeed, the backward swing of the pendulum is so strong in this respect that there are those among radical writers who seem almost to feel that the prostitute is the only woman deserving to be the heroine of fiction. In part it is this franker attitude , the acceptance of sex and the problems of sex, which makes Victorian fiction often so old-fashioned to modern readers. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, belonged to a generation gingerly spoken of in such regards. Even Wilkie Collins' *New Magdalen* was mentioned with bated breath and regarded as unfit reading for a young girl. In America *Sister Carrie,* of much later date, was and perhaps still is in many quarters considered as shocking, along with that other and more sympathetic book, also by Theodore Dreiser, *Jennie Gerhardt.*

Yet nowadays our popular magazines, barometers of the public taste, publish graceful and polished short stories telling how a married man flirts with, kisses and becomes entangled with a woman, also married, but not to him, or *vice versa,* and nobody even pretends to be shocked so long as the language is not crude. As for the novels dealing with sex problems, their titles are legion.

It is not without significance that in the lists of the six best novels in English periodically published, *Tom Jones* holds so high a place. Our present frank recognition of sex has much to do with the revival of interest in Fielding's novel. Twenty years ago, or even less, *Tom Jones* might have been mentioned on such a list but the mention would certainly have been qualified with due apologies for the outspokenness of the age that produced it. "Oh, do you *like* Tom Jones?" cried piteously a little librarian to whom the book was recently returned. She seemed troubled by the mere fact of having to handle it.

Possibly the dawn of our recognition of sex as so large an element in literature first broke with the general reading public here in America with the Russian literature then introduced by William Dean Howells and the *Atlantic Monthly* years before the reading East Side with all its Russian influences, literary and other, came into being. With all its power the keynote of that literature is the semi-oriental one of the futility of human action, in the last resort, the futility of human life itself, a rather ghastly lesson. However, it could scarcely be otherwise, considering the conditions in Russia from which that literature sprang.

Still another reason that makes some books not so old in point of years fatally old fashioned is their attitude toward women, or rather the kind of women their authors draw for us. Much of the vogue of George Meredith is due to the fact that the Clara Middletons, the Letitia Hardys, the Dianas of his pages are individualized creatures of flesh and blood who do not fear to think for themselves and to express their thoughts.

Part of the present outcrop of American literature, books by Henry Lydnor Harrison, by Winston Churchill, by Ellen Glasgow, by Theodore Dreiser, stories by Inez Haynes Gillmore, in slight degree even Booth Tarkington's *Turmoil,* reflect the drift of the time in their pages. They are not wholly untouched by the issues growing out of our vast industrialism and by the changes it has brought to womankind. There are more American novels of which the same thing may be said. Perhaps this literature is not great but it is pleasing and, so far as it goes, true.

In closing let this reader say a word of thanks for the books of the man, no American, but a master of splendid romance, Joseph Conrad.

Between the Lines

By Richard Perin Appleton

A DAY of warm bright sunlight had been followed by a night of fog. Fog so thick and clammy that it seemed to rasp the lungs at every breath. Men breathed heavily, almost stertorously and, warmly clad for winter weather, sweated despite the cold.

The German trenches lay but a few hundred yards from the French, and the stench of the scores of rotting corpses between was so upborne by the heavy air that the nervously alert Germans seemed to be inhaling death and corruption itself.

The lieutenant in command was visibly nervous. He gnawed his mustache and constantly tried to peer through the fog. Again and again, as a faint air current moved the thick vapor this way or that, his lips parted as if to utter a whispered order and then closed to a tense, drawn line.

"Strange," he muttered to the unterlieutenant who crouched at his shoulder, "that they give us no light bombs. They could creep in on us up to five yards and we couldn't see them! Keep the men awake, let none of them sleep!"

"If we could only attack!" whispered his subordinate. "Anything would be better than this!"

"Better! Yes, for us far better! But the orders tonight are death for the man who fires a shot. And yet I have a feeling they'll try it tonight. They'll never have a better chance."

"Listen, lieutenant! Orders do not forbid us to see and if we can't see from here, let me go over and find out what they're doing."

"You must be nervous!" said the lieutenant with a sour smile. "But it's not a bad idea. Be careful of yourself and don't bring on an attack. The second line has been weakened."

"Auf wiedersehn oder adieu!" was the whispered answer as the young unterlieutenant crawled noiselessly over the muddy edge of the narrow trench.

With no arms but a murderous looking knife held in his teeth, he crawled on hands and knees over the pasty ground and then lay flat.

Again he crawled for a few yards and again lowered himself into the cold mud.

When he judged he had covered half the distance between the lines he lay motionless with one ear to the ground and listened. Strain his senses as he would he could hear nothing, see nothing, but the almost unbearable reek of long dead flesh told him he was near the point where so many of his own men had fallen.

More cautiously now he wormed his slow way, every nerve tense. Once, in nearing what he thought a rock, he grasped it to pull himself along more quickly. His fingers sank into the rotting flesh of a dead man's face and, shuddering, he wiped off the horrible slime on the cold earth.

Gasping now from the unusual exertion of dragging himself along on his belly through half frozen mud, choked by the unutterably foul heavy air, made more nervous by the fear he might cough, he wriggled himself past two more corpses.

Directly in front of him and about two yards away was another body. He meant to lie behind that and rest. He crawled toward it for a few inches and then suddenly stopped. Lying absolutely motionless, he felt a cold chill creep all over his skin.

The corpse had moved a hand!

"Impossible!" he said under his breath and thought that even his hardened nerves were breaking. He smiled at his own weakness and resumed his snail-like progress.

Closer and closer he crept to the body before him. He must get there before any light bombs went up, for he was close enough now to the enemy's trench to be seen when their white light pierced even this thick fog.

Closer and closer he crept, a few inches more now and he would be safe.

But he never got there. The thick mist was parted for a moment by a shifty breeze and a bomb overhead illumined the ground as with a searchlight. He gazed at the body, now only about a foot from his outstretched hand and found himself staring into the shining eyes of a living Frenchman, whose right hand grasped a dagger similar to his own.

Neither man moved, but the muscles of both tightened hard. Each pair of eyes looked unwinkingly into the other.

What to do, was the German's thought. He must kill him, but how get the advantage and kill without noise. The French were not going to attack, that was certain. They, too, feared attack through the heavy curtain of stinking vapor. To kill him quietly and then go back was the problem. He must wait for a period of darkness and take his chances at outwitting his enemy. The bomb would soon burn out and then——

The light-bomb began to fade. "In a minute," he thought. And then he heard a whisper; the Frenchman's lips were moving. The German imagined he heard his own name.

"Kurt! Camarade!"

His ears must be tricking him. No nervousness now of all times. The safety of his men, his honor were at stake.

"Kurt! Camarade!"

A little louder this time. There was no doubting. The Frenchman knew him, knew his first name. A great wonder seized him. He let his gaze, fast held to the eyes before, stray over the motionless face.

The light was fading fast but the painful muscular tensity of the other's features had relaxed into a smile. It was the smile of a friend and the face was one he knew, but whose?

The light faded. Now it was gone. The contrast made the darkness inky black. The German grasped the handle of his knife. Oh, for another rocket.

"Wer ist's," he whispered.

"Kurt Zimmerer! Camarade!" was the only answer. He tried his rusty French.

"Who is it?" he muttered low.

"Rene Morel," was the muttered reply.

Rene Morel! Copenhagen! Basle!

Memories flashed through his mind.

Rene Morel at the Copenhagen Congress! Rene Morel at the International Socialist Congress at Basle. Rene Morel, with whom he had struck up a warm friendship at the first meeting, with whom he had exchanged many long letters since on the best means for the "proletariat" of their countries to prevent war if war threatened!

"Camarade!" he whispered. "I remember! How are you?"

The question sounded ridiculous as soon as uttered. Both men laughed low, and crawled toward each other. Knives were transferred to left hands and right hands clasped firm.

"What shall we do?" asked the Frenchman.

"Each go back and say nothing," answered the German.

Both knew that no attack was intended by the other side that night and both relaxed, relieved that the tension was over.

Whispered questions as to health, families and other intimate things followed. Then came another light bomb and silence. Not even lips must move under that piercing brilliance.

The light fades, the inky black darkness takes its place. The two friends had not dared to unclasp their hands until now.

The German withdrew his slowly.

"Are you going?" asked Morel.

"Not yet," said Zimmerer.

The thought had struck him that should the Frenchman return and inform his officer that the enemy would not attack that night, the French might seize the opportunity for a surprise attack themselves.

"What to do," was again his problem. While thinking hard he almost unconsciously returned the knife from the left hand to the right.

So close lay the two men that Morel heard, although he could not see the movement.

"Are you going?" he asked again.

"Not just yet," replied Zimmerer in an absent-minded tone.

The shade of difference in tone sent a shudder of suspicion down Morel's spine. At once he was ashamed of himself, but nevertheless he slipped his dagger from the left hand to the right.

"Are you going?" it was the German's turn to ask.

"Not yet," replied Morel.

Another light bomb flashed and the prostrate men gazed into each other's eyes once more, then each saw the knife in the hand that had clasped his so firmly and so heartily.

Suspicion lurked in the eyes of both. Motionless they lay while hatred slowly usurped the place of friendship. Each had the same thought, each the same fear of treachery. And eyes that gradually blazed with anger met eyes in which flamed up passionate contempt for a false friend.

The light begins to fade.

Eyes blaze into eyes.

The light is fading.

It is pitch black.

The two knives fall together.

"Verraether!" grunts the stricken German.

"Boche," screams the Frenchman.

A few more blows in the inky blackness, a fusilade from the French trench, dead silence in the German lines.

The warm morning sun sees two more corpses lying there to taint the fetid, horrible, stinking air.

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The Plays

The German Way:

The Irving Place Theater is one of the few houses of entertainment that does not give the spectator the blues or the fidgets. These Germans have an uncanny habit of never doing anything in public until they can do it well. The standard American practise in giving a play is to stage it first and learn the best way of staging it afterwards. The Germans reverse this practise. They put the burden on the skill and conscience of the actor, where we Americans put it on the patience and timidity of the spectator. The Times Square way is to apologize and experiment *after* the production. The Irving Place way is to do all the experimenting and apologizing before. By the American plan, experience is merely the sum of all past mistakes; by the German plan, experience is their large divisor.

Nor does Direktor Christians' theater make fine workmanship an excuse for wretched programs, as the Boston Symphony Orchestra does. Any winter you may, if you are lucky enough to know German, see plays by Shaw, Ibsen, Wilde, Becque, and Brieux, in all the trappings and the suits of the original, save only the language. As likely as not, the latest Shaw play will "swank" it in German on Fifteenth Street before it is assassinated in American on Forty-second. And crack Teutonic writers like Wedekind, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler, alternating with Shakespeare and other dear sons of memory or great heirs of fame, appear in every Irving Place season quite as a matter of course.

Erdgeist

The sensation of the Irving Place repertory was the recent performance of Wedekind's *Erdgeist*. Not a pleasant play this. But a powerful one, ranking high among the works that give Wedekind an international following, and that bring to his productions the same thoughtful audiences that troop to a Shaw or a Galsworthy night. A greater tribute no dramatist can hope for.

Erdgeist is the story of a Helen of Troy or a Thais reincarnated in Lulu, who lives in any European capital of to-day. Helen's beauty carried destruction into cities and armies, into politics and public places. Lulu's beauty has a specific modern venom. It strikes at private life, at the very heart of the social system. It carries disease and death into the emotions and the imagination. It cankers the body, it poisons the mind, it corrodes the soul. And it does this not alone in the case of the individual, but in the case of the entire community.

In other words, Lulu is female lure incarnate. Her mind has the wisdom of a dove, her body the harmlessness of a serpent. The havoc her demonic beauty works among men teaches a grim lesson. Human beings are paying a terrible price for the lustful folly with which they removed a whole sex from the normal activities of life and devoted it to the gratification of desire. All the arts whereby men caused women to stultify their brains and multiply their carnal enticements, and all the devices whereby they artificially stimulated sex differences for the sole object of heightening a moment's delirious joy, are now recoiling on the contrivers and menacing them and their females with the inward rot of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Many people scorn Wedekind because of this Sodom and Gomorrah touch. It is true that his range is limited. But he accomplishes a very useful work. He uncovers the normal abnormalities of sexual life as they dramatically undermine the highly sophisticated civilization of our age. And he does this with consummate artistic skill. He blends the pitiless realism of a Hogarth with the introspective acumen of a Freud.

Though the theme of *Erdgeist* is grewsome, the action is swift and enthralling. The play was given with an *éclat* that only the Germans can achieve and only the French can describe. Jenny Vallière played the part of Lulu with just the right blend of beauty, hellishness, and innocence. What is more, she looked the part. And she riveted the attention of the audience to her work, even when not engaged in daring revelations of the intimacies of feminine underwear. Heinrich Marlow acted Lulu's chief victim with power and distinction. And too much praise can hardly be given to Direktor Rudolph Christians for the fire and go of the whole production. *F. G.*

Justice:

As there is no tariff on plays that are born to cross frontiers, why were we forced to wait six whole years for a performance of Galsworthy's *Justice?* An adequate answer to this question would take us too far afield. Certainly, it would not be enough to say that when a Broadway manager considers the possibility of relating the vindictive mechanisms of society to the box office, he takes to flapdoodle like *The Ware Case,* or *Within the Law* as instinctively as a duck takes to water. Nor can we ascribe it all to the fact that the low-brows, to whom romantic nonsense and sentimental twaddle are meat and drink, hold sway in our playhouse. Perhaps, instead of looking a gift horse in the mouth, we had better content ourselves with thanking the producers who had the courage and the gumption to give us an intellectual treat at the Candler Theater.

Justice stands as the finest dramatic picture and criticism in English of the invincible fatuity, inexorable cruelty, and incurable madness of the Octopus of Law. It is an Octopus that society has created ostensibly to protect itself, but actually to take its revenge upon those who cross it and are too weak to escape it.

This legal monster, when the curtain rises, is seen manipulating one of its most highly developed tentacles, the law firm of How and Son. How's clerk, Falder, swamped by the impulse to help a woman with an undivorceable brute of a husband, has forged a check. You see the tentacles crawl out to seize him, play with him, torture him, and, in the end, destroy him. It is all done in the name of justice.

Behold Falder in a court of justice, trapped in the merciless movement of the machinery and ground by inhuman cogs and wheels like the scarlet-robed, white-haired judge. Your next glance is into the very mouth and teeth of the Octopus. These are a prison and its parasites: a doctor incapable of the idea that crimes are diseases and diseases crimes, and a chaplain who knows a lot about divinity but nothing about the divine.

Thanks to the author's X-ray insight, you pierce to the stifling cell and mangled soul of the prisoner until your sufferings almost equal his. Finally, you see him freed from the monstrous tentacles though scarred by them, only to be seized by them again and this time killed. "Falder or the Octopus?" you ask yourself. "Might I not be either, but for the grace of God?" "Perhaps I am a little of each, and therefore responsible for both," you say to yourself, as you emerge from the experience. That is the feeling with which the play leaves you saturated.—*L. B.*

Book Reviews

"The Sorrows of Belgium"

WHAT does Andreyev show us about the tragic occupation of Belgium? The answer can be obtained almost by recipe. Ask yourself how any stray anti-Teuton would picture the event, imagine his conception decorated with the niceties of a skilled writer and peppered with selected anecdotes from the report of the British Commission on Belgian atrocities, finally, brand the Prussians as Huns, monsters, and Wild Asses of the Devil; the result will not differ substantially from Andreyev's melodrama.

A famous poet (Maeterlinck, so the publishers say) is the leading character. His fortitude, sacrifices, and material ruin, are designed to reflect in epitome the fortitude, sacrifices, and material ruin of his fellow-countrymen. The poet is wounded, his son is killed in battle, his gardener is murdered, a girl is violated, another is driven insane, and so on. "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."

I. The Sorrows of Belgium, by Leonid Andreyev. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

There are six loosely connected scenes. In the fourth, King Albert comes incognito to visit the convalescent poet. The deferential monarch leaves it to his famous subject to say whether or not the dikes shall be broken and the enemy swept into the Atlantic ocean. This situation proves that Andreyev's estimate of an author's worth is sounder than his knowledge of a ruler's habits and more reliable than his insight into military strategy. Fancy King George, hat in hand, trotting to Rudyard Kipling for a final decision on the next allied step at Salonica, or (in the event of a Japanese victory at Panama) President Wilson imploring James Whitcomb Riley to decide whether or not to let a landslide into the Culebra Cut! Kings have been known to supersede a general by a favorite horse, but never a Chief-of-Staff by a poet laureate.

The conflicts of modern life are not between absolute right and wrong: one man's vice is another man's virtue, or one-half or three-fourths of another man's virtue. That is why the great dramatists like Shaw, Goethe, and Ibsen, make their villains quite as conscientious as their heroes, if not more so. But when a Belgian and a German appear in this play, the relations they assume to each other are frankly those of livid white to ebony, or of Hyperion to a satyr. The Belgians indeed have the one vice of unadulterated perfection, the Germans the one perfection of unadulterated vice. But this is not a point in the playwright's favor. For what it means is that Andreyev is hopelessly deficient in the power of dramatic sympathy, the power of seeing ourselves as we see others and of seeing others as we see ourselves.

Take the popular myth that represents the German war machine as a horrible, inhuman Juggernaut of blood and iron, no more to be resisted than an earthquake. An ignorant factory hand might be pardoned if he fell a prey to this superstition. Yet it is not a factory hand, but King Albert himself, who says:

"The Germans are real iron monsters . . . moving slowly like amphibia that have crawled out at night from the abyss."

Again, when a German opens his mouth he always talks in this strain:

"The movement of our millions of people has been elaborated into such a remarkable system that Kant himself would have been proud of it. Gentlemen, we are led forward by indomitable logic and by an iron will. We are inexorable as Fate."

Now what do these terrifying supermonsters do as soon as the Belgians open the dikes and the first lappings of water are heard in camp? Without standing on the order of their going, they scatter panic-stricken to the four winds and leave the Kaiser's Commander-in-Chief pounding a table in a

fit of helpless rage. That the Germans were, in point of fact, neither contemptible when in straits nor invincible when in luck; that they stood by their standards while the country around Antwerp was being flooded; and that Von Kluck led the retreat to the Aisne as gallantly as Sir John French led the retreat from Mons—these historical facts do not deter Andreyev from writing a climax (scene 5) that reflects rather awkwardly on King Albert's touching faith (scene 4) in the titanic demonism of Prussian arms.

But the saddest thing about *The Sorrows of Belgium* is that it never comes within hailing distance of a just perspective of the events it deals with. Rightly viewed, the great tragedy of the war is not that Belgium fell a victim to the hostile camps that split Europe, but that she fell a victim to the hostile camps that split the human race. What stirs us to the depths is not merely that Belgium has suffered, but that the sufferings of Belgium, Poland, and the other wasted countries form only a grewsome by-product, a mere interlude in a grim, protracted struggle between the forces of stand-pat Junkerism and the forces of an evolving world order.

Here is material for a human tragedy on a Promethean scale, but Andreyev smothers his chance completely. He draws our pity and our tears with the picture of a tiny country smashed by a big one. He might have wrung our hearts and aimed terrible blows at the sore spots in our consciences by showing Belgium as a sacrifice in a tremendous pan-human war.

This is the politico-economic war that involves every one of us and makes pious moral distinctions between the Junkers of Brussels and the Junkers of Buda-Pest sound like a horrible mockery. It ranges British Junkers, German Junkers, Belgian Junkers, French Junkers, and American Junkers on one side, and Tom Paines, Keir Hardies, Bebels, Jaurès, and Liebknechts on the other. It began long before the plunder of India in the Eighteenth century and will continue long after the British Denshawa atrocities in the Twentieth. It registers no preference for the infamies of the Belgian Congo over the horrors of the Whitechapel slums, or for the massacres of German Herreroland over the slaughters of Colorado. And it includes all appeals against tyranny, whether these were made by the men who died in the Berlin barricades of 1848 or by the men who perished in the Paris Commune of 1870.

Andreyev does not lay out his play on this extensive plan. He is content to set up Belgium as a Tom Thumb of Democracy ground under the heel of a military despotism. Such a conception would not be bad for a war correspondent or for the writer of a five-reel film. But it will hardly do for an author who has crossed frontiers.

Nor does novelty of treatment redeem feebleness of these. The play has not one situation beyond the commonplace, one character beyond the prosaic, one idea beyond the trite. If it were not from the same hand as *The Seven Who Were Hanged,* the author might properly be described as combining the aspiration of a Jack London with the execution of a Madame Toussaud. Even this would be a charitable description in the present case, where the glamor of a big reputation hangs vainly over scenes and figures so pathetically weak that the mind becomes "as marble to receive and as wax to retain."

FELIX GRENDON.

A Big Novel in a Bigger Bundle

ONCE in a while I get hold of a novel which is well written. Less often I find one that is worth reading. *God's Man,* by George Bronson Howard,[1] belongs distinctly to the latter group. To say that it is worth reading is to say that it is worth very, very much; for it is very, very hard to read. I read it frog-fashion—going ahead two pages and then slipping back one, to try, if I could, to get it through my head what the fellow was talking about.

I think I succeeded. At any rate I was a lot richer, intellectually and spiritually, when I had completed the task. I was fascinated, too, for it is a really great novel, with a great and gripping plot. In another sense, it is a great book. There must be 200 pages of novel. There are 475 pages of book. The padding is a composite of philosophy, woolgathering and inconsequentialities, also a habit of making two words grow where one has already grown before and has answered the purpose amply.

For instance: after a reader has had it duly explained to him why Mr. Harvey Quinn decided to call himself Harley Quinn, I do not know why the author should feel it necessary to add: "To Mr. Quinn—christened Harvey, from which the penultimate letter had been deleted and in its stead one substituted that carried out his grotesque humor in nomenclature—the countries, counties and cities of his wanderings existed only as names for various local dishes, delectable or otherwise." No, that is not an extreme example. It is a fair sample of the 275 extraneous pages.

So much for style. When it comes to story, can you imagine anything better than three young intellectual and spiritual *mousquetaires,* dominated by the benevolent idealism of one, expelled from college because of a piece of high-minded direct action, and little by little discovering the realities of modern civilization?

[1] "GOD'S MAN," by George Bronson Howard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.35.

They discover New York City, its business, its politics and its women. They discover it in the only way it is possible to *dis*-cover it—by being swept into its life, pulled down by its undercurrents, just as other human millions are. They reach the "underworld," which is not a separate world but part and parcel of the upper world: they become criminals—thieves, murderers, traffickers in human souls. They are real people, and one can not follow them without discovering that prostitutes, pimps, even politicians and business men, are made out of real humanity too. It is no one's fault. It is the overwhelming fraud of civilization.

The story tells this, tells it convincingly. The author is not satisfied with that and tells something more, equally convincing to those who are convinced. There is much about a great cosmic purpose which bends human purposes to its own. I "dunno." If a man gives me such a story as *God's Man,* I'm willing he should rave about it to his heart's content. Too bad, perhaps, that he didn't ask me to lay off a year and separate the narrative from the concordance, but probably he's just that wilful. Probably he didn't want us to get what he knew we'd all be wild to get, without taking large doses of his medicine too.

Oh, yes, one thing more. It isn't a romantic love story. Love goes wrong, just like lovers do. It gets all tangled up with lust and graft and pink kimonos and opium pills till you just can't untangle it. It is a big story about life, not as it ought to be but as it is; so big that it atones for some of the biggest faults a book ever had.

CHARLES W. WOOD.

Meteorological Magic

THE true scientist and the true poet have one significant trait in common: imagination. The difference lies in the use they make of it, in method. While giving evidence of an opulent imagination, Professor Huntington's book[1] is deficient in method. As an imaginative constructive effort, the work is fascinating, as a work of science it deserves earnest condemnation.

The problem of the relation of culture to environment is not a new one. Montesquieu dealt with it, favoring the environmental interpretation. So did Buckle. In the field of anthropology, a similar view was taken by Ratzel, whose Anthropogeography abounds in environmental determinants of culture. In recent days Miss Semple picked up the thread of Ratzel's argument where he had left it, and wove it into a brilliant and elaborate fabric of a geographic science of history.

Professor Huntington has had considerable popular success as an expounder of similar doctrines. His "Pulse of Asia," for instance, must have kindled the fever of enthusiasm in the heart of many an ardent disciple of the environmentalist creed.

In his latest contribution to this time-honored question, Professor Huntington proposes to deal with civilization, not culture; civilization being culture plus value. Nor does he deal with environment but with climate, climate being environment minus topography, flora and fauna. The professor attempts to formulate a climatic *rationale* of civilization. And this is the way he goes about it.

The evidence as to the harmful effect of tropical climate on white men is suggestive but vague. More satisfactory data are secured from the records of efficiency of students at Annapolis and West Point, and of factory hands in certain cities in Connecticut and the Southern United States. These records reveal fluctuations of efficiency which seem to follow the changes of weather and season.

Thus a formula is constructed of the proportion of heat, cold, dryness, moisture, change and stability, most favorable for a maximum production of human energy. This meteorological formula becomes the basis of a man of the world, computed from climatic data and translated in forms of energy. But how correlate the results so far attained with civilization? No statistics of civilization are available. Where statistics fail, opinion must prevail.

Fifty correspondents contribute the opinions. Of these, twenty-five are Americans, seven British, six Teutons, seven Latins, and five Asiatics. They represent anthropologists, geographers, linguists, globe-trotters. The task of each correspondent consists in classifying one hundred and eighty-five countries and districts of the world according to the degree of civilization, from zero to one hundred per cent. The conclusions are based on the figure-clad opinions thus secured.

Again a map of the world is constructed, representing degrees of civilization; and behold! there is agreement in several important particulars between the map of civilization, as attested by opinion, and that of human energy, as attested by climate. Thence the correlation between climate and civilization.

While the believer beholds and worships, the sceptic reserves judgment, for he knows of high civilizations, conceived, born and reared to glorious maturity in climes most unconforming to the maximum human energy formula. To subdue the sceptic, the theory of climatic cycles is brought to the firing line.

In glacial times climate has undergone far-reaching transformations in the form of periodic cycles of tremendous duration. Now, geological and archæological evidence from western Asia suggests that

1. Civilization and Climate, by Ellsworth Huntington. New Haven, Yale University Press, $2.25 net.

similar cycles of climatic change have occurred in more recent times. But the chronology is lacking. This is supplied by botanical data from the Western Hemisphere. Two years of arduous labor over the stumps of some few hundred of the gigantic California trees bring convincing testimony of climatic cycles revealed in the varying thickness of the rings of yearly growth. The cycles, reduced to a statistical curve, serve to chronologise the strikingly similar but temporally vague curve derived from the geological and archaeological data of western Asia.

By means of the theory of climatic cycles thus substantiated it becomes possible to demonstrate that all the great civilizations when at their height coincided with climatic conditions which conformed to the maximum energy formula. Thus, the main thesis of the book stands vindicated: what for historic conditions, great men, race, accident, climate remains the essential determinant of civilization.

Wer vieles bringt wird manchem etwas bringen. There is much to criticise, much has been criticised, in Professor Huntington's volume: his factory statistics, his California curve, the theory of climatic cycles. These we shall pass over in silence. But the bearing of the author's thesis on sociology, on the theory of culture, is one aspect of the work that may not be overlooked by the student of society, of history.

For him the center of gravity of the great hypothetical structure rests entirely in the correlation between the map of human energy, as attested by climate, and the map of civilization. Disprove the correlation, and the entire laborious structure collapses of its own weight. We have agreed to accept the map of human energy. But the map of civilization must be challenged.

Suppose one hundred and eighty-five balls of different color are placed in a jar. One by one, the balls will be produced and removed. The problem is to guess in what order the balls will appear, when produced. Under such conditions most persons will refuse to make a guess; but the bold man will take the risk.

Now, suppose fifty such bold men have made their guesses. A comparative analysis of their answers will show that balls of a certain color were repeatedly assigned to a certain place in the order of appearance. When the balls are produced, is it any more probable that the balls which were assigned to a certain place in the order of appearance by several participants will actually appear in that place, than that the true guess or guesses will occur in case of a ball or balls assigned to a particular place once only? Not a jot. Each guess being absolutely arbitrary and wholly unrelated to the actual event, the accidental agreement of several such guesses on a particular event, will not increase the probability of the event.

This illustration is not so much a caricature as an accurate characterization of that which Professor Huntington attempted to do. If a task is inherently impossible, it cannot be performed even though the world co-operate. The standard of valuation used by the several groups of correspondents, and even by the individuals in each group, must have differed greatly. While some agreement in standardization seems to appear in the result and may, indeed, have been expected, that only serves to illustrate the bias due to the selection of correspondents, which would not fail to come to light if another set of correspondents were substituted, of whom forty-five were Asiatics and only five Europeans or Americans.

Now, to the extent to which different standards of valuation were used, the results are not comparable at all, any more than would be the judgment of preference about a set of horses, some based on color, some on purity of breed, some on size, some on price, some on tractability. Thus the averaging of Professor Huntington's "judgments" is like the averaging of measures of length with measures of volume, or of the cost of apples with the weight of pears.

Nor is this all. Most of us have at some time or other experienced the difficulty of evaluating two civilizations, no matter what the standards used, unless, indeed, they belonged near the opposite ends of the scale. The task imposed by Professor Huntington involves the comparative evaluation of one hundred and eighty-five civilizations arranged in a scale from zero to one hundred. The thing is preposterous!

If one could eliminate the difference of standards, having previously excluded the civilizations obviously belonging near the bottom of the scale, one would have to recognize that the vagueness of our judgments in such matters is so pronounced that the evaluations within the limits assigned would approximate a chance distribution. If there is no evidence of this in Professor Huntington's Map of Civilization, the fact is due to the relative comparability of the standards used, a circumstance correlated with the character of the Professor's correspondents.

In other words, if the map of civilization represents anything, it represents the bias of the white race. Such being the case, Professor Huntington's demonstration of the climatic determinant of civilization must be pronounced a pathetic failure.

Meteorological magic does not seem to work. The homeopathic magic of the primitive medicine-man was vastly more effective. But then there were no sceptics in his audience.

A. A. GOLDENWEISER.

Inequality of Races

The Inequality of Human Races. By Arthur de Gobineau. Translated by Adrian Collins. M. A. Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy, editor of the authorized English version of Nietzsche's works. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York, 1915. $2.00.

COUNT GOBINEAU'S writings have had a great influence on the theories of our latter-day race theorists, and *The Inequality of Human Races,* of which the volume here presented only forms part, is accordingly a work of great historical interest, both with reference to the history of modern thought generally and as regards the development of anthropological speculation in particular. We are thus bound to feel indebted to the publishers for presenting in readily accessible and fairly inexpensive form some of Gobineau's representative thoughts.

However, it cannot be said that the average reader is likely to derive any scientific instruction from a perusal of Gobineau. The book was written in 1853, when anthropology was at best in an embryonic condition, and before Darwin's *Origin of Species.* Under these circumstances any specific strictures would be decidedly unfair to the author. On the other hand, it is at least as unfair to the lay reader to put such a book into his hands without an extensive commentary on the anthropological points raised. For the average reader cannot be expected to know that the Polynesians are *not* Negroes (p. 27) and that the Mound Builders *are* considered of the same race and type as the North American Indians of a later period (p. 55), to mention only two relatively insignificant details that might, however, be indefinitely multiplied.

Far more important, of course, are the general views advanced by Gobineau. Here an older writer is in a somewhat better position than in regard to particular facts. As to the latter, he is bound to be antiquated through the progress achieved by science since his time; but as respects basic points of view the possible number of positions that *can* be taken is small, consequently the probability of his assuming one that is approved at a later date is greater.

So we find that Gobineau rejects the influence of environment on culture, and in this he is fully supported by the consensus of modern ethnologists. On the other hand, his central thesis as to the fundamental character of racial differences is demonstrable neither by ethnological nor by psychological data and is rejected by the most competent authorities. It is true that scientists of note might be cited on the other side, but their achievements are almost uniformly in provinces different from those to which the race problem properly belongs.

To make a long story short, Gobineau, as a forceful writer presenting one of the *a priori* possible views of racial characteristics and accomplishments is a figure of historical interest to the professional anthropologist. But those who are unable to sift his evidence in the light of present knowledge are liable to secure a very one-sided and antiquated stock of anthropological data and theories.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

A Socialist Digest

The Split in the Social Democracy

THE chief causes of the split between the right and left wings of the Social-Democracy of Germany are clearly illustrated by Friedrich Adler, the well-known Austrian Socialist, in a recent issue of *Der Kampf,* published in Vienna.

As a text upon which to make his criticism he takes an article entitled "Kriegsziele" which appeared in the *Süddeutschen Monatscheft,* one of the most prominent publications of the German bourgeoisie.

It is evidently Adler's opinion that the right wing of the German Social Democratic party adheres to the opinions expressed in this article, for he says, by way of comment:

"One chief point of the conflict within the social-democracy has to do with this question, to what extent may we hold to the old democratic ideology? We have in the party an extreme right wing which openly and willingly bows to the ruling class theory that might makes right. To this belongs the greater part of the so-called majority, which like the French bourgeoisie, speaks the old language of democracy without the belief in it and without the willingness to bring the power of the social-democracy into the struggle for democratic aims."

"The bourgeoisie has definitely broken from its traditions of 1789, but these lived in the proletariat at least until the beginning of the present war."

If Adler's accusation is correct and if the right wing of the German party holds to the bourgeois conception of the aims of the war, the article used as a text may be quoted as the present position of that right wing. It reads in part as follows:

"In August, 1915, Germany declared that she was forced into this war, that for her it is a war of defence. Therefore, upon the conclusion of peace there can arise no claims of conquest. Should such claims be made she would belie herself, she would deprive her cause of justification, would rob the unity of her people of its spiritual strength. This conclusion has been heard again and again.

"It appears to us that there is a fallacy in this reasoning. It does not take into account a small circumstance

which to some of us seems quite important—the fact that between the ending of peaceful relations on August 1, 1914, and the future restoration of peace, a state of war has prevailed. Now what is war? It means that peaceful intercourse between nations has been eliminated because they have drawn the sword to decide what thereafter shall be considered the right and the just. For no nation imperils its existence as a joke, the people do not shed their blood as a pastime.

"Germany began the war of 1870 not in the spirit of conquest but as a means of defence. But did that prevent us from taking Alsace- Lorraine? Or did the fact that we took it transform that war subsequently into an unjust war? May he who believes that have the courage to say so publicly. We would then be able to know how many people adhere to that doctrine.

"Now, before the present war our intentions in regard to peace terms were also honorable; we respected the *status quo* in regard to territory; for the growth granted us by God we sought forms which infringed upon no foreign rights. But our enemies themselves have declared invalid the right to this *status quo* and have left the new decision to the sword. They have stated openly that if we are defeated they will overthrow us and destroy us upon the justification of war. They have done their best to accomplish this. But if we are the conquerors—then we must gratefully restore them to the old *status quo* because—well, why? Apparently because we have conquered.

"But is it necessary to annex territory, others ask. Shall we repeat the action of 1848, we ask in return, and discuss principles until the hour of fate has slipped away? Did Bismarck live in vain? Truly it is a great and noble work to give thought to and to prepare better forms for the state to assume in the future, for everything earthly is full of defects and must constantly change in order to stay alive. But the articles of a practical treaty of peace cannot be framed according to some possible future international law of the year 3000 A. D. The same forces will rule in the conclusion of peace as now rule in a state of war. Those who are not strong enough to hold their own in the first must keep silent in the second. The nations of the world today are states built upon power. But their power consists of land, people and possessions.

"Or is this war, perhaps, a war of principles? Are the great powers, perhaps, concerned with the question whether in the future territories shall or shall not be annexed? Whether war from now on shall mean something different from what it has meant throughout the whole of history? Or are the people themselves concerned with such questions? Just ask our soldiers if that is why they have shed their blood.

"For the protection of their homes, for the power of the state that afforded this protection they gladly, in the hour of greatest danger, took their weapons in hand. They expect to gain from peace what the Kaiser promised them at the beginning—the greatest possible security against the recurrence of the same danger, the greatest possible strengthening of the protection against this danger. They expect "real guaranties," they expect land, people and possessions.

"The questions to be decided at the coming of peace are simpler than some philosophers would have us believe. There is no necessity of bringing into this war the question of what is 'just' or 'unjust' from the point of view of a juridical or ethical world opinion. The questions which we shall have to answer, as involved as they may be, lie at least all in the same plane, the plane of the existing national reality.

"What does this offer us? What does this allow us to accomplish today? Those are the only questions with which we have to do. Let us all be clear on that point. It is a question of facts and of nothing else, of our well understood advantage, our hard material interests, not of any theory, whatever its substance. Our single aim in this war is our own self-maintenance by the means and aims which are permissible in war. We need do no worrying about the interests of foreigners. For when weapons speak, God has taken upon himself the decision between nations. He to whom He gives power must use it."

"'He to whom God gives power must use it.' That is refreshingly clear and honestly outspoken," declares Adler. "The imperialists of all nations want nothing better and could ask nothing better than to use their power, they expect land, people and possessions, and are inspired by the principle that there is no necessity of worrying over the interests of foreigners.

"This was not always the point of view of the bourgeoisie. There were times when they would rather have 'frittered away an hour of fate' than have sacrificed their democratic principles to momentary interests, times when war was to them a war of principles.

"There is an effort in the social democracy to put to one side all political questions, for, it is maintained, the proletariat has nothing to do with the aims of the war. They are interested, it is said, less in the 'subjective aims than the objective results of the war.' But however fine this separation of aim and result may be in theory, there is in reality an inseparable connection between them. The results of the war depend upon the aims of the war."

Contrasting this attitude with that of the left wing of the German party as typified by the delegation in the Prussian Landtag, a clear conception of the reasons for the split results.

On January 17, 1916, these delegates issued a declaration in which they expressly denounced the idea that the war should mean for Germany or any other nation increased territory.

"We demand that the Imperial Chancellor, who has said no word against the monstrous annexation plans of powerful economic associations and of other highly influential circles, shall not only reject these plans in a decisive manner but shall also break loose from that policy of annexation, which is a positive hindrance to any conclusion of peace and which is augmenting to the uttermost the determination of the enemy to resist.

"We do not see our possibilities of existence in the creation of an imperialistic Greater Germany or Central Europe, but in the political and economic relations of the nations such as would result from the upbuilding of the democracy, the abolition of secret diplomacy and the removal of tariff frontiers. And on the other hand, we cannot, as international Socialists, true to the principles of our program and our entire outlook on the world's affairs, ever give a hand to the subjection of other nations and to the infringement upon their political and economic independence. For we sympathize with the sufferings of the proletariat of the nations today hostile to us exactly as we sympathize with the sufferings of our own people. Our enemies, then, will be inclined to peace when they are guaranteed the same security for their national rights and interests as we socialists claim for Germany. Especially we demand that the complete independence of Belgium be restored and that complete compensation be made for the injustice done this nation as admitted by the Chancellor himself on August 4, 1914."

What hope can anyone see in reconciling these two diametrically opposed views of the extreme wings of the German Social Democracy? And which of these factions may be considered to have a claim to inclusion in the Internationale when peace makes possible its reconstruction?

Magon Brothers Arrested Again

THE past ninety days have seen so many attacks on the working class press of the country that one more will cause little surprise. The postal laws have been used to the limit to prevent free expression of opinion that is distasteful to the authorities and those that they represent. In rapid succession came the arrest of Margaret Sanger for "misuse of the mails," the arrest of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and conviction of Emma Goldman, the suppression of *The Alarm* and *Revolt*, the suppression of the last issue of *The Blast*, edited by Alexander Berkman. To this signficant list has now been added the jailing of Ricardo Flores Magon and his brother, Enrique Flores Magon, editors of *El Regeneracion*, a paper published in the Spanish language in Los Angeles in the interest of "free land and free men" in Mexico, and the indictment of their English collaborator, William C. Owen.

The charge against these men is "using the mails to incite murder, arson and treason." The utterances upon which the indictments are based are quoted as follows:

"Justice and not bullets is what ought to be meted out to the revolutionists of Texas; and from now on we should demand that the persecutions of innocent Mexicans should cease. And as to the revolutionists, we should also demand that they be not executed."

"The ones who should be shot are the 'rangers' and the band of bandits who accompany them in their depredations."

"Enough of reforms! What we hungry people want is entire liberty based on economic independence. Down with the so-called rights of private property; and, as long as this evil right continues to exist we shall remain under arms. Enough of mockery!"

In answer to this campaign of suppression a Workers' International Defense League of Los Angeles has been organized in affiliation with similar leagues in San Francisco, Chicago and New York, with headquarters at 621 American Bank Building.

The League has taken charge of the Magon case, and has set itself to put up the heavy bail of $10,000 demanded by the court for the temporary release of the prisoners, and to raise the greatly needed funds for their defense. Attorneys Ryckman and Kirk have been engaged as counsel, both of them veterans in fighting the battles of the workers—the latter, indeed, having served six months in jail for his activities in the San Diego free speech fight.

The treasurer of the League is J. D. Kaufman, 621 American Bank Building, Los Angeles, and a circular sent out from the organization intimates that contributions to the defense fund will be most welcome.

This is the third time the Magons have faced the penitentiary; for twice they have been convicted of breaking the neutrality laws and have served terms in the State prison of Arizona and the Federal penitentiary on McNeil's Island. In a revolutionary career of twenty years, ten of which have been spent in the United States, they have passed more than five years behind the bars.

German Labor Unions and the Class Struggle

IT looks as though the Executive Committee of the German Unions had decided to declare a permanent peace with capital. A letter to the New York *Journal of Commerce* from a German bourgeois hails this possibility with such delicious naiveté that it reads almost like satire. We quote all but the irrelevant opening sentences:

The relations of the working classes and the employers have hitherto in Cantinental Europe, as well as elsewhere, not always been satisfactory. Quarrels, resulting in strikes and lock-outs have been frequent, hampering the efficient running of the industrial wheels. While such industrial crises have occurred in England, even during the war, Germany has been free of them. This industrial unity of all the classes has its basis, of course, in a sound patriotism realizing that internal strife must be pernicious to the common cause. If a state of economic war among the nations is to follow the present clash of arms, such industrial unity will be of equal importance then as it is now. German workmen are apparently realizing that fact. In the February issue of the journal of the General Committee of the Trade Unions, the great socialist organization of German laborers, we find the following passage:

"At present an examination seems to be very timely as to whether the enormous expenditure of the working population in the struggle for the betterment of their standard of living is really indispensable, and whether it is really necessary every year to cause a great loss of labor and wages by strikes and lock-outs. The war has changed many views; it has also helped trade unions, their aims, their care of the needy, their discipline, their uplifting activity to be adequately recognized by all authorities. * * * Though such recognition cannot put an end to the economic differences between employers and workmen, yet it may be expected that the settlement of these differences will not necessarily take place in the same forms and with such great sacrifices as has been the case during the last 25 years.

"These words denote a remarkable change in the attitude of the trade unions and in socialist opinion. For years, the Social Democrats, and in their wake the trade unions, have clung to the theory that the working class had to lead a continual fight against the employers as representatives of capitalism. The result was industrial quarrels without end. Should this theory now be thrown overboard, it may be presumed that the employers will only be too glad to seize the proffered hand, and prove by granting all concessions apt to further the workers' interest, that they are willing to do their share in establishing peace within Germany's industry. Such an end to the "class strife" will result in close co-operation, and will constitute a factor of utmost importance in the reshaping of German industrialism.

DR. R. J. OBERFOHREN."

Of course no Socialist can agree with Herr Oberfohren that this effort is likely to succeed. But it is important to note that the unions are making the attempt.

Fooling the German Censor

THE German censorship is severe. But it is not efficient; at least not as efficient as those German revolutionists who have studied the science and art of getting around the censor for the last forty years. There are many ways of doing it—all equally effective in Germany, where not only the writers but the readers of opposition papers have had a long and strenuous training in this art.

The public opinion of Germany's little semi-democratic neighbors, Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries is vastly interested in the German Socialist opposition.

So the Kaiser's course is clear. He must prove that there is no Socialist opposition. He must prove that there is no repression. This he can achieve only by repressing the Socialist opposition in such a thorough yet artistic manner that no sign of repression escapes to foreign parts.

When Edward Bernstein wanted to attack the Kaiser and monarchism recently, he wrote a lengthy article against George III. The article was no mere parody of history. It was accurate, but out of the long reign of the British despot, it selected only those features that fit the German despot of to-day.

But the world's leading opportunist Socialist is a formidable opponent. And he has delivered the Government another serious blow, which has just been translated from the *Neue Zeit* and published in English by the American Association for International Conciliation (Pamphlet No. 99).

Bernstein quotes at length and adopts for his own the views of leading American critics of Germany in the present war. He presents this as a scientific study of hostile opinion. He does not endorse every word he quotes. Yet his sole motive in picking and choosing from numerous American expressions is to select those that he considers most worthy of attention. Moreover, while he is not free to approve any part of these opinions, he is free to disapprove. He has taken advantage of this opportunity to point out where he disagrees with the American critics. And we cannot question that he has indicated each and every point of disagreement *where it is important.*

The American opinions that remain unanswered are thus—broadly speaking—Bernstein's.

It gives the position of one of the most able German opponents of the Kaiser—a position verified at many points by other successful efforts of Bernstein to get around the censor in which he expresses opinions identical with those of the Americans quoted below.

Of the various Americans he mentions Bernstein seems to have the highest opinion of Professor Carlton Hayes of Columbia. He agrees with Hayes that Treitschke and Bernhardi represent the views of the ruling classes of Germany—in spite of all denials. On this point Bernstein quotes Hayes (approvingly) as follows:

"At the end of his article Hayes, in turning over towards the discussion of political history and philosophy, states that both in English and German books there is an inadmissible application of the biological theories of evolution to sociological problems, which in Germany is supplemented by that extraordinary cult of the State as taught by historians like Treitschke. When one sees how Bernhardi constantly quotes Treitschke, how Buelow starts out with a quotation from Treitschke, and Munsterberg also holds fast to the faith of Treitschke, one understands how it is that the British and Americans should consider the German mind controlled by the doctrines of Treitschke; and so far as the middle classes are concerned it is true that Treitschke's influence has not been small.

"German-Americans defending the German cause have repeatedly assured the American public that Bernhardi's writings were 'not taken seriously in Germany.' The frank statements of this General, of course, were not suitable to their purpose of winning over the anti-militaristic Americans, and which had been worked out according to the principle of denying even the most self-evident if it seemed unfavorable. But Prince von Buelow's book equally does not harmonize with that kind of whitewashing.

"Too frequently the predecessor of Bethmann-Hollweg had conducted foreign politics according to the taste of Bernhardi, and he was experienced enough to know what could be presented to people capable of judging for themselves without making one's self ridiculous.

"He does not therefore attempt to depict Germany as the innocent being which would avoid any friction under any circumstances. Mr. Hayes, therefore, continues: 'A sincere and logical apostle of Buelow would normally be a Bernhardi. And it might be added —this is now the main point—a Bernhardi would normally produce a whole crop of Buelows. If Bernhardi is not taken seriously in Germany, it must be for some personal reason that escapes his American reader.'

"The American historian does not overlook the actual facts involved. His essay shows that he is at home in German history and historical literature, and capable of treating history intelligently."

If there were any doubt of Bernstein's approval of the above view of the Bernhardi-Treitschke question, the last two sentences remove it.

Bernstein takes pains to make many quotations—without denial or protest —pointing to the exceptionally militaristic character of the present regime in Germany. Of Hayes' view on this point he says:

"In the main Mr. Hayes declares that the character of French militarism was strictly defensive against the threat of German militarism, which was inconsistent with a truly liberal form of government—a remark which is quite natural for a citizen of the United States."

Bernstein does not accept all of Charles W. Eliot's views—but he does quote without criticism Eliot's statement of the American feeling on this point:

"American sympathies are with the German people in their sufferings and losses, but not with their rulers, with the military class or with the professors and men of letters who have been teaching for more than a generation that might makes right. 'That short phrase,' according to Eliot, outlines 'the fundamental fallacy which for fifty years has been poisoning the springs of German thought and German policy on public affairs.'"

American pacifists want us to forget and forgive German atrocities, even when systematically ordered from Berlin. Bernstein holds the opposite view, and reminds us of them—as he has done in the German press—as far as the censor allowed. He quotes Eliot on this point, and adds his explicit approval of Eliot's standpoint, as follows:

"American public opinion, however, has been greatly shocked in other ways by the German conduct of the war. Eliot mentions a number of methods of warfare, as the dropping of bombs in cities and towns chiefly inhabited by non-combatants, the strewing of floating mines, etc. His list closes with the enacting of ransoms from cities and towns under the threat of destroying them, and the holding of unarmed citizens as hostage for the peaceable behavior of a large population, under threat of summary execution of the hostages in the case of any disorder.

"To Americans all these methods of warfare seem unnecessary, sure to breed hatred and contempt toward the nation that uses them and, therefore, to make it difficult for future generations to maintain peace and order in Europe. They cannot help imagining the losses civilization would suffer if the Prussians should ever carry into Western Europe the kind of war which the Germans are now waging in Belgium and France. They have supposed that war was to be waged in this country only against public armed forces and their supplies and shelters."

In many places Bernstein condemns the arguments used by pro-Germans and pacifists who want peace even at the Kaiser's price. He repudiates Munsterburg and others specifically, by

means of the following quotation from Hayes:

"Munsterburg had proceeded in a way similar to that of the ninety-three intellectuals and, therefore, the American refutes courteously but not less definitely this question dealt with in such a manner by calling the essay:

" 'So impressionistic and so replete with errors and misrepresentations—of which, by actual count there are at least twenty-nine—that it is likely to do the German cause more harm than good.' "

Bernstein criticizes not only the government, the professors and the ruling classes, but also the majority of the population which, he expects, will continue to support them. He quotes the prediction of James M. Beck, that there will be a revolution in Germany after the war, only expressly to say that the present-day Germany can *not* be expected to revolt.

The world-famous Socialist wishes to leave no doubt that present-day Germany is and will long remain a thoroughly militarist nation. He therefore criticizes the optimism of President Butler as well as Mr. Beck, as follows:

"We fear that among the average Germans there are but few who would subscribe to the following sentences of President Butler: 'The nation whose frontier bristles with bayonets and with forts is like the individual with a magazine pistol in his pocket. Both make for murder. Both in their hearts really mean murder. The world will be better when the nations invite the judgment of their neighbors and are influenced by it. . . .

" 'One of the controlling principles of a democratic State is that its military and naval establishments must be completely subservient to the civil power.' "

Even Sir Edward Grey expressed this hope long before the war, in very polite form, by saying he believed that *all* the peoples would revolt against the growing burdens and menace of militarism. What he meant was that he *hoped* the people of rival countries would revolt.

But they will probably do nothing of the kind—at least for another quarter century. There is only one hope of revolution. If Germany is thoroughly defeated (but not "crushed") or if the war lasts several years longer even the militaristic Germany Bernstein describes may be led to revolt.

On the other hand if Germany's defeat is not conclusive (Germany, Austria and Turkey losing all the subject races they have so oppressed for so many years), or if the war ends this year, there will be no trace of revolt.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.,

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the NEW REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York. }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bernard A. Milner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NEW REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit.:

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Business Manager.

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JACOB P. LEVINSON,
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[Seal.]

(My commission expires February 2, 1917.