

July
15th

New Review

Ten
Cents

A CRITICAL SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

VOL. III. 10c a copy Published on the first and fifteenth of the month. \$1.50 a Year No. 10

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
MEXICO AND FOREIGN CAPITAL.....	121	LOVE AMONG THE THEORISTS.....	134
Louis C. Fraina.		Floyd Dell.	
CURRENT AFFAIRS	123	ONE MAN	136
L. B. Boudin.		Anthony Crone.	
SOLIDARITY—MERELY A WORD?.....	125	THE TRUTH ABOUT JUSTICE.....	137
Austin Lewis.		Felix Grendon.	
THE PROTOCOL "ON AGAIN".....	130	THE WILD GOOSE CHASE.....	139
Isaac A. Hourwich.		Louis Berman.	
FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND THE WAR.....	131	BOOK REVIEWS	140
Paul Louis.		GERMAN IMPERIALISM; RUSSIA; NATURE OF IMPERIALISM; FOUR NEW	
ALTERNATIVES TO WAR.....	132	AMERICAN POETS; ANDREYEFF; BAEDEKER OF SOCIAL WORK; PRO-	
Maurice Blumlein.		LETARIAN LIFE; A STUDY OF THE NEGRO; PRISON LITERATURE.	
PROPHECY AND H. G. WELLS.....	133	A SOCIALIST DIGEST.....	148
Simeon Strunsky.		ITALIAN SOCIALIST MANIFESTO; NOT A DEFENSIVE WAR; AFTER THE	
		WAR; TAXATION; SOCIALIST PEACE CONFERENCE.	

Copyright, 1915, by the New Review Publishing Ass'n. Reprint permitted if credit is given.

Mexico and Foreign Capital

By Louis C. Fraina

AMERICAN interests in Mexico, having miserably failed to compel armed intervention by the United States, are now trying a new tack to cheat the Revolution. They are seeking to force a compromise in Mexico and the election of a neuter as president,—a situation which would provide ample opportunity for intrigues to restore the old regime.

As if at the command of a conjurer, the American press recently began to teem with the news of "dreadful conditions in Mexico," "mass starvation," and "the helplessness and hopelessness of the civilian population in the clutch of organized outlawry." Sorrow and pity were the universal notes. The *N. Y. Times* wept over "the saddest hour of Mexico's history"; while the *N. Y. Evening Post*, hitherto largely sound on the Mexican situation, urged the administration to adopt strong measures. General Huerta tried to cross into Mexico and was arrested by the American authorities. Rumors of a counter-revolution assumed a threatening aspect.

The change in the attitude of President Wilson was interpreted ominously. His proclamation of June 2nd was mandatory and incisive, a command to the warring factions to make peace "within a very short time." His new position was a complete reversal of his former one, admirably expressed in his Indianapolis speech six months ago:

"It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how long the Mexicans take in choosing their gov-

ernment. It is none of my business, and it is none of yours, how they go about it. The country is theirs. The government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it, is theirs. And, so far as my influence goes, while I am president nobody shall interfere with them."

The president was urged to compel a compromise and to recognize as provisional president of Mexico a man affiliated with neither faction—a demand of the American interests identical with that of the *emigres* itching to secure power again. At one moment it appeared as if the president would yield; but that danger seems past.

What was at the bottom of the attitude of American interests? Conditions in Mexico are not materially worse to-day than they were six months ago. The military situation steadily favors the government of Carranza. There is a movement toward the only sort of settlement which can bring beneficial peace to Mexico—the settlement of arms giving victory to the strongest, most democratic and national of the contending groups. At first sight, this should strengthen, not weaken, the policy of non-intervention. Considered more closely, the impending triumph of Carranza is a menace to American interests, which fear Carranza and his programme of national sovereignty in politics and industry for the Mexican people.

Those who demand a compromise in Mexico assume that the Civil War is purely factional. Not at

all; the issue between Carranza and Villa is in its way as fundamental as the issue between Huerta and the Revolution. These are the two salient facts:

1. The Villa-Zapata group represents the interests of the peons, is solely and exclusively interested in the solution of the land question. Its programme would mean the development of an independent class of small farmers—the indispensable historical basis of Capitalism. At previous epochs and in other countries this was sufficient to develop national independence and insure normal economic growth. In Mexico to-day this is insufficient because of the clutch of foreign capital upon its industrial resources. *An independent farmers' class cannot maintain political and industrial sovereignty while international finance controls the capitalistic forces.* In previous revolutions against Feudalism, the destruction of the old regime and the creation of a farmers' class were the dominant factors. In Mexico to-day the Revolution cannot accomplish its historic mission unless it simultaneously secures national control of the capitalistic forces. Just as the Diaz regime combined the worst evils of Feudalism and Capitalism, so the Mexican Revolution combines in its task two epochs of the historic process.

2. Carranza recognizes the indispensable character of the division of the land, but simultaneously recognizes the tremendous, decisive importance of the new requirements. His economic programme includes the destruction or at least control of foreign capital in Mexico. The fundamental problem is the creation of an economic class strong enough not alone to rule and maintain order, *but to protect the industrial and political sovereignty of the Mexican people.* This means the development of national Capitalism, a national bourgeois class which shall establish industrial and political autonomy, bourgeois institutions and bourgeois democracy. Carranza's programme admirably meets these requirements. That part dealing with the general historical requirements is summarized as follows:

"Laws establishing an equitable system of land taxes.

"Laws that will better the condition of the people, of wage workers, of miners and of the proletarian class in general.

"Laws providing for municipal autonomy (already promulgated).

"Laws attacking our land problem which will tend toward the formation of small farms; measures legalizing divorce (already promulgated).

"Laws establishing the true independence of the judicial power and by strict responsibility of public functionaries.

"Laws reforming the existing electoral system in order to procure effective suffrage for all.

"Laws reorganizing the army upon a new basis and all such other laws of a political character that may insure a proper observance of the constitution,

as the government under my charge has already decreed under date of December 12 last."

That part of Carranza's programme which strikes at the power of foreign capital is as follows:

"Laws regarding the exploitation of mines, waters, forests, oil and other natural resources in such a manner as to destroy the monopolies created by the old regime and to prevent the formation of others.

"Laws guaranteeing the liberty of trade in agriculture and industrial centers (already promulgated)."

In a country capitalistically developed, the investments of foreign capital are beneficial, not dangerous; in a country like Mexico, in transition from Feudalism to Capitalism, without an organic national Capitalism of its own, the investments of foreign capital are a menace to economic autonomy and ultimately leads to foreign political domination.

Foreign capital in Mexico owns 86% of railway capital, 70% of banking capital, 96% of the mines, and 90% of government loans. The country is mortgaged to the foreigner, who is not at all interested in steady, normal development, but in get-rich-quick investments.

When Carranza initiated his revolution against Huerta, he refused the offers of foreign capital to finance his movement, depending instead solely upon the resources of Mexico itself. This was his first blow at the power of foreign capital. And Carranza's action developed the industrial and financial initiative of the Mexican people, created a civil administration, organized the nation and its new government in the midst of revolution itself.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Frank Bohn
William E. Bohn
Louis B. Boudin
Floyd Dell
W. E. B. Du Bois
Max Eastman
Louis C. Fraina.
Felix Grendon
Isaac A. Hourwich

Paul Kennaday
Robert Rives La Monte
Arthur Livingston
Robert H. Lowie
Helen Marot
Joseph Michael
Moses Oppenheimer
Herman Simpson
Wm. English Walling

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Arthur Bullard
George Allan England
Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Arturo Giovanitti
Reginald W. Kaufmann
Harry W. Laidler
Austin Lewis
John Macy

Gustavus Myers
Mary White Ovington
William J. Robinson
Charles P. Steinmetz
J. G. Phelps Stokes
Horace Traubel
John Kenneth Turner
Albert Sonnichsen

Published by the New Review Publishing Association
256 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

ALEXANDER FRASER JULIUS HEIMAN LOUIS C. FRAINA
President Treasurer Secretary

Subscription \$1.50 a year in United States and Mexico; six months, \$0.75. \$1.75 in Canada and \$2.00 in foreign countries. Single copies, 10 cents.

Entered at the New York post-office as second-class mail matter.

Current Affairs

By L. B. Boudin

Arms and the Working Class.

ALL questions arising out of the great European conflict are at this moment overshadowed for us by the question whether or not the war is to corrupt the working class of this country or its leadership. Strange things have been happening of late in some labor-union circles, and current reports, apparently well-founded, cast serious suspicions upon the origin and meaning of these events. These reports demand most careful investigation, a thorough and searching public discussion. The Labor Movement, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion, if it is to attain its great purposes. Those who have the welfare of the Labor Movement at heart must therefore be ever on the alert to protect it against corrupting influences and entangling alliances.

For nearly three-quarters of a year the great conflict raged in Europe without the organized working class of this country evincing any interest therein. The apathy was disheartening to all friends of the Labor Movement. But there it was, and nothing could be done about it. Here and there someone would move a resolution against war, and it would be passed unanimously and without discussion, as there was not sufficient general interest to arouse a discussion. Suddenly all this changed, and great activity has begun to manifest itself in some labor circles. Conferences are called, public meetings arranged, fiery speeches made, petitions circulated.

This change should, and would, of course, be welcome, if it were not for the fact that it is attended by some peculiar circumstances. The change coincided in point of time with Germany's raising a hue and cry against the exportation of arms from this country; and the form which this new-born interest in the European conflict has assumed is that of an agitation for the stoppage of such exportation, either by government action or strikes in ammunition factories. The suspicion of the corrupting influence of German money was natural. Unfortunately there is more than mere suspicion. There are facts which have a sinister look; at least when unexplained.

For eight months the Central Federated Union of New York cared little or nothing about the war. But at this juncture it held a great meeting at Cooper Union. Speeches were made, a delegation to Europe provided for, and—a strong resolution against the exportation of arms passed. In the arrangements for the meeting money was spent lavishly. *This money did not come from the treasury of the C. F. U., or any union affiliated with it. Nor was it raised by public subscription.*

Then the calling of strikes in factories producing ammunition for the Allies began to be seriously talked of. At the same time it was publicly stated by responsible persons that there were large funds—apparently from German sources—ready to back up such strikes. The *N. Y. Volkszeitung*, an unusually well informed and thoroughly reliable newspaper, stated editorially on June 11, that "it is a fact that unlimited sums of money are ready for the financing of strikes to be inaugurated in ammunition factories."

Peace and Its Friends.

THE great peace agitation reached its point of culmination on June 24th, when thirty thousand peace-lovers gathered in and around Madison Square Garden in an imposing peace-demonstration. This demonstration was organized by a conference of organizations styling itself "Friends of Peace," among the constituent members of which are such well-known peace-organizations as the German-American Alliance of Greater New York, the German-Catholic Federation of New York, the American Truth Society, and the Star Spangled Banner Association. Among its patrons were such well-known peace-lovers as Dr. Konstantin Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador; Captain Boy-Ed, the German naval attache (who figured so prominently in the German passport frauds), and other representatives of those "peace at any price" gentlemen—William Hohenzollern and Francis Joseph Hapsburg. It was therefore natural that the chairman of the meeting should refer to "this German atmosphere."

Ordinarily such an event would have no more interest for us than, say, Mr. Viereck's "peace-propaganda" in the *Fatherland*. Unfortunately, the Socialist organization of this city saw fit to come into "this German atmosphere" and help this fraud along by boosting it in its official organ and sending its speakers there. That makes it a matter of gravest concern to Socialists. The cause of Socialism profits not at all by participating in such frauds and hitching up with such a crew. But what is worse: by participating in this fraudulent peace-propaganda we make a real peace-propaganda by the Socialists quite impossible. For how can we now make people believe that we are sincere friends of international peace and brotherhood, when our speakers are known to speak under the auspices of the German military and diplomatic machine? It is bad enough if we have to answer the questions, "Why did you wait with your peace agitation until the German-American Alliance, etc., became Peace Societies?" But our position becomes utterly impossible if, in addition, we have to answer the query: "How comes it that your peace-orators speak under the patronage of Konstantin Dumba and Captain Boy-Ed?"

This is not all. The Chairman and moving spirit of that "peace-demonstration" was one Henry Weismann. Now it so happens that Mr. Weismann is notorious not only as a Friend of Peace, but in some other ways. In fact, he is a man with a "record" in the Labor Movement of this country, a record that no Socialist can afford to forget. Starting out as a Friend of Labor, Mr. Weismann, who posed as a great radical, soon achieved great popularity in the Labor Movement and became International Secretary of the Baker's Union. But the Socialists were "on to" him, and unmercifully exposed his true character. Twenty-two years ago this fall the Socialists and radical trade-unionists of this city drove him off the same Madison Square Garden platform, on which some Socialists now saw fit to help him preside. Mr. Weismann thereupon threw off his mask, became the lawyer for the Boss Bakers' Association, and henceforth waged relentless war on the union whose chief officer he had been for many years, and on organized labor generally. His services to organized capital as a warrior upon the hosts of Labor have been invaluable. To mention only one: It was Mr. Weismann who secured from the U. S. Supreme Court the annulment of the Eight Hour Law for Bakery Workers, which put an end to all legislation limiting the hours of labor for men.

We must have fallen upon sad times, indeed, when Socialists can be reconciled not only to Konstantin Dumba and Captain Boy-Ed, but even to Henry Weismann. And it may be sadder yet when the working class call us to account for our misdeeds. It may overlook the diplomats and militarists, but it surely wouldn't overlook the *traitors*.

German Socialists' "Peace Manifesto."

THE "Peace Manifesto" issued by the national executive committee of the German Socialist Party and the circumstances attending its issuance form one of the most perplexing episodes in a war replete with perplexing situations. Issued with the *éclat* of a revolutionary pronunciamento the document itself is anything but revolutionary. Leaving out the introductory remarks about the Socialist "I told you so," its contents may be divided into three parts: Part one: the manifestants pat themselves on the back for the good patriots that they are in having supported the war, or, as they themselves phrase it, "put themselves at the service of the Fatherland when the Tsar's Cossacks came across the border, pillaging and burning." Part two: the manifestants show how peace-loving they are and how hard they always worked for peace, including a declaration against annexations; Part Three: the manifestants show that "all efforts at an international agreement were thwarted by the attitude of the French Socialists," and that "the majority of

Socialists both in England and France favor continuing the war until Germany is completely conquered."

Passing over the different items of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* contained in the statement, and the unbecoming language of the reference to the "Tsar's Cossacks," as comparatively unimportant at this moment, we would like to know what actuated the leaders of the German Socialists to tell the German people in a "Peace Manifesto" that the French and English Socialists were opposed to peace and bent upon the destruction of Germany, even if that were true? Could anybody be stupid enough to imagine that that would help the peace propaganda among the German people? And the statement was utterly unnecessary. There can be no doubt but that it was put in there for a purpose,—the purpose of nullifying whatever effect the declaration for peace might otherwise have had. A careful reading of the document will show that it is in fact a miserable patchwork, the result of a compromise-bargain between those who favor the peace-propaganda and the adherents of the Bethman-Hollweg-Scheidemann "Durchhalten" policy. And, as is usual in such cases, the militarists got the better end of the bargain, so that instead of a Peace Manifesto, we have in reality a justification of the war and an *in-citement to its further continuance*.

Nailing a Shameless Lie

THE day after the full text of the Manifesto became known in this country, the N. Y. *Volkszeitung* published an editorial in which it hauled the *Vossische Zeitung*,—a well-known liberal paper,—over the coals for lying about the French and English Socialists' attitude towards peace. It seems that the *Vossische* accused the German Socialists of being "illogical" in their demand for peace, "since the English and French Socialists expressed themselves repeatedly in favor of continuing the war until Germany is completely overthrown." This statement the *Volkszeitung* brands as "a shameless lie," and it furnishes a superabundance of proof to back up its assertion.

Unfortunately the *Volkszeitung* has seemingly forgotten that the *Vossische* was merely quoting or paraphrasing the German Socialists' Manifesto itself, which contains this very "shameless lie." But we needn't be hard on the *Volkszeitung*. It has done noble work since the outbreak of the war, under peculiarly difficult conditions. And if its editors think that they can better achieve their purpose by saying *Vossische Zeitung* when they mean *Partei-Vorstand*, we can forgive it the diplomatic twist. But we must warn it that there is danger in these methods, and it may impair its own usefulness by resorting to them.

Solidarity—Merely a Word?

By Austin Lewis

DURING the trial of the Wheatland hoppers at Marysville in Yuba County, California, in January, 1914, the word "solidarity" forced itself into notice almost against the will of counsel for both sides. The accused were undergoing trial for the murder of the district attorney of Yuba County. The official had been shot in a fracas attending the breaking up of a public meeting of hoppers, who were protesting against conditions of employment which were subsequently held by the state investigating committee and public opinion to have been intolerable. Richard Ford who was credited with the leadership of the strike movement had made use of the word "solidarity" in one of his speeches. The special prosecutor, an able, though narrow, country lawyer, and presumably of fair education, stoutly asserted that the word "solidarity" was unknown to him. It cannot be known whether as a matter of fact his ignorance was real or assumed, for though he may have known the word himself he was clever enough to have been well aware that the jury did not know it. Later indeed he asked the jurors to view with suspicion those who used other than ordinary words. This brought a definition of "solidarity" from the counsel for the defense which evidently did not help his clients much for they were convicted. We may safely assume therefore that the word "solidarity" was unknown or regarded with hostility in Yuba County prior to the trial of the hoppers.

About three weeks after the trial a great meeting of four thousand people or more was held in the Dreamland Rink in San Francisco. The audience had assembled to protest against the conviction and imprisonment of several active labor men, including the two convicted in the trial just mentioned. Among the speakers was a Unitarian minister who had come to the meeting from his evening service. His name was unfortunately a long way down on the list, he had come late, and the audience was anxious to hear a certain speaker. Moreover, it being Sunday, he had dressed carefully and in clerical attire. His long frock coat, polished shoes and air of ministerial precision were all too plainly not approved by the audience, which greeted him with cries for the name of the person to whom they preferred to listen.

It was quite a difficult moment for the minister. He conciliated the crowd by a few well chosen words and most of all by his statement that he would speak briefly. Then developing his thought in a few direct sentences he led up to the word "solidarity."

The response was immediate, enthusiastic, indeed.

All hostility was forgotten and the audience gave itself up to rapturous applause at the mere sound of the word and under cover of this applause the speaker cleverly retired.

Here was at once evident a striking difference between San Francisco and Yuba County. The difference explained at once how a laboring man of San Francisco charged with an offense in the course of a labor fight could not have a fair trial in Yuba County. It was at once clear that the actions of men who organized and struggled in the name of that unknown and hated word would be both incomprehensible and terrific to those who did not grasp its significance and the moral notions which lay behind it. Not to know the word "solidarity" was to be ignorant of the compelling notion which animated that crowd in the Dreamland Rink. Not to know and not to comprehend meant of necessity to be unfair. Affidavits of lack of prejudice would of necessity fail to convince any man that saw the trial and was present at the San Francisco meeting of the fairness of the Yuba County jury.

Still, the class from which the Yuba County jury was drawn was not essentially different from that of which the San Francisco audience consisted. The two sets of men were probably in the main educated under very similar conditions. Each had received practically the same training in civic and social ethics and they were not far apart in their respective stations in life. The local newspaper in Marysville had made somewhat of a grievance indeed of the fact that the prisoners and other "hoboes" who were in the courtroom made a better appearance than the majority of the small farmers and others summoned on the panel as prospective jurymen. There would probably be about the same percentage of foreign born in the audience at Dreamland Rink as in the jury. As regards general intelligence and alertness, both physical and mental, the "hoboes" had beyond all comparison the best of it. External differences between the groups were but slight as compared with the resemblances and a foreigner would have had great difficulty in making any rational or satisfactory differentiation.

All the jury had at one time or other belonged to the class of wage-workers. The small farmers had acquired their farms after a period of labor as employees and the dredger man, the gardener, and the union carpenter were actually engaged in manual work at the time of the trial.

But solidarity made no appeal even to the union carpenter, to the surprise of his fellow craftsmen in the city, who found after investigation that he

was an organization member from compulsion and not from choice. The city radicals also pointed out with some emphasis that he had at one time been an employer and hence could not be expected to appreciate the significance of solidarity.

These explanations were, however, tempered if not destroyed by the knowledge that the trade organizations of Marysville had gone on record against the men on trial although the organizations in the rest of the state had generally taken steps in defense of the accused and had raised funds on their behalf. Moreover the Yuba County trade organizations had declared that the men would have a fair trial in their city, the possibility of which was scouted by the working class outside that locality. However the statement of the Yuba and Sutter County Building Trades Council was modified by a careful qualification. Their resolution ran as follows:

"Further, as far as the trials of the Wheatland suspects are concerned, whether they be members of organized labor affiliated with the A. F. of L., or I. W. W., or with no affiliation whatsoever, we have every confidence that they will have a fair and impartial trial, as the constitution guarantees in so far as lies within the power of the superior judge of the court."

This may possibly be interpreted as merely a personal testimonial to the judge who was to try the case and perhaps was due to the fact that sons of the judge were members of the organization. But it does not alter the fact that the organization in Yuba and Sutter Counties refused to give either moral or financial support to the men on trial.

As an isolated instance of the lack of that solidarity which is so vehemently proclaimed as the necessary result of the trend of economic development the above might be interesting but not convincing. But it is really typical rather than exceptional and raises a question as to the actual existence of the desired solidarity.

Why did the Dreamland Rink audience applaud the word "Solidarity?" A few years ago it would have fallen idly and uncomprehended. Only lately has it become a commonplace of the platform.

In the nineties a San Francisco audience would have had the same difficulty in comprehending its significance as did the Yuba County unions and the Yuba County jury last January.

But of late the street corner orators of the I. W. W. and a multitude of radical writers and speakers have familiarized the working class public with the new term. Just as the Socialist agitators made the word "proletariat" "understood of the multitude" so have the industrialist agitators made the word "solidarity" one of the phrases of the day in labor circles. So general has the word become and so familiar has its sound grown that its mere repetition is enough to provoke that applause with which

the use of a well known and popular expression is always rewarded.

The Socialist theory of the class struggle with its final conflict between the two hostile classes of capitalists and workers involved necessarily the concept of the solidarity of the working class. The phrase has been bandied about until it has become almost sacro-sanct by mere repetition.

In the early days of the Socialist movement a speaker was almost sure of applause when he used the expression "collective ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange" or the term "cooperative commonwealth." Today the word "solidarity" is almost as effective. William English Walling in his *Progressivism and After* says:

"Working class solidarity has become an ideal not to be analyzed, a mystical dogma to be preached, but not to be explained. . . . In a word working class solidarity is a perfect example of that very 'ideological' habit of thought against which the economic and class conflict interpretation was directed."

The very expression itself does not mean what it would seem to imply. It all depends on the circumstances under which it is used.

If the term is employed during a strike in which the American Federation of Labor is engaged and which has created much local interest and the Central Labor Council of the locality has become actually identified with it, the significance is, that all the unions of the locality affiliated with the Central Labor Council are expected to show their "solidarity" by actually and actively supporting the strike. This is the most that it could mean under those conditions and, as a matter of fact, it might mean a great deal less. It certainly would not include the great masses of unskilled and unorganized labor. It might not even include the entire strength of organized labor in the locality, for the orators would not hesitate to use the expression, even though the jurisdiction and other intervening impediments might practically render it meaningless.

This is really the case in the majority of labor disputes. Owing to the form of organization the various elements on the labor side in the struggle are not brought into line and do not act coherently and simultaneously. Subsidiary and even cooperative branches of the same industry are not sufficiently cohesive to stand together and to maintain an organized common action against what would seem to the common enemy and, the attack falling upon the forces of labor piecemeal, they succumb piecemeal.

As a matter of fact the unions are frequently quite anxious to show that there is no solidarity and to avoid even the appearance of united action. The *Union Labor Journal* of Stockton, in an editorial written on the eve of the greatest labor conflict in the history of that city, says in its issue of

July 11th, 1914: "As a matter of fact union labor never indulges in the sympathetic strike. The sympathetic strike as a practice of union labor is wholly a fiction. To be sure an allied trade may go on strike with another trade as the result of a difference existing between a common employer and the other allied trade but *such strike is by reason of an agreement existing between the allied unions which makes a strike of both unions imperative.* The existence of such an alliance between unions is always a matter well known to the employer." (Italics ours).

It is clear that the term "solidarity of labor" can possess no significance for those who take this line of thought. The very expression "allied unions" implies organizations which find an advantage in united action, but this united action is by the very nature of the expression temporary and for merely practical purposes. An alliance is not solidarity. In fact, the term is in itself a negation of solidarity.

If the special prosecutor of Yuba County therefore did not grasp the significance of the term "solidarity" he did not differ from many of the organized members of the trades even in the cities. For where the speakers of the latter use the expression, it is, as we have seen, with little comprehension of its meaning, and with practically no understanding of its ultimate and real significance. Indeed, the special prosecutor, with a sort of instinctive grasp of the facts, highly creditable to his perceptive faculties, set to work to accentuate the differences between the prisoners and the American Federation of Labor unions which had supported them financially and sympathetically. He pointed to the I. W. W. song-book and particularly to the song called "Mr. Block" to prove that the prisoners were members of an organization which ridiculed the American Federation of Labor and even spoke disrespectfully of Mr. Gompers. Here, indeed, he was in accord with many of the leaders, even in the unions which had come to the assistance of the accused.

The members of organized labor who had been trained in the old conceptions of trade unionism had really but little sympathy for these migratory hoppers as workers, but the inhuman and detestable conditions under which they labored shocked them and appealed to their human sympathies. The State investigation and the testimony of respectable and unimpeachable witnesses had shown that women and children were wallowing in filth and misery, were deprived of water, subjected to the risk of disease and to penalties and discriminations against which even the conscience of the middle class revolted.

The agitation of the middle class in the Wheatland affair will compare well with that of the unions except in the very necessary matter of raising funds. Civic centres, churches, women's clubs and other organizations of a social or civic character, took an

active interest in the case. A group of university students under Dr. Parker, the executive secretary of the State Immigration and Housing Committee, gave careful and enthusiastic attention to all the circumstances surrounding it. Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore, a famous writer of fiction, published an excellent article in *Harper's Weekly* (April 4, 1914). Women interested in public affairs, like Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin and Mrs. George Sperry, went to Marysville to watch the trial in the interest of humanity and fair play, just as did Miss Maud Younger, whose efforts have always been put at the disposal of the working class, and Miss Theodora Pollok, who worked indefatigably. Other women, even at Los Angeles, five hundred miles from the occurrences at Wheatland, busied themselves in preparing and circulating petitions and did all in their power to create an agitation in favor of the accused.

So that it could not be said that the agitation on behalf of the hoppers was essentially an example of the "solidarity of labor" of which we hear so much and see so little.

The fact remains, however, that in spite of all misunderstanding and ignorance the word "solidarity" is a term of increasing potency. Apart from its effectiveness as a rhetorical expression the labor fight is sometimes actually carried on in terms of solidarity when otherwise no basis for united action could be found. Thus to refer again to the particular case which we have under consideration.

During the agitation on the Durst hop-ranch the Japanese workers voluntarily threw in their lot with the rest of the workers. The spokesman for the Japanese stated, rather astutely, that it would probably not be for the advantage of the white workers for the Japanese openly to espouse their cause and strike with them. By this he meant that the feeling of the working class against the Japanese was so general throughout the State that the association of the Japanese with the strikers would in all probability be detrimental to the latter. He said that in order not to embarrass the situation for the projectors of the strike the Japanese would withdraw from the field in a body, which, as a matter of fact, they did.

The same spirit pervaded the entire mass of the employees on the Durst ranch, and according to the testimony of a gang-boss employed in superintending labor during the hoppers' season, no less than twenty-seven languages were spoken by the workers. Syrians, Porto Ricans, Mexicans, and a heterogeneous collection of races and breeds left work simultaneously, and were a unit in support of the demands of the strikers.

This was no slight matter, for the majority of them were practically penniless; they were far from the centres of population, and to leave work meant, in many cases, to go hungry. To them solidarity was an essential fact of life.

Being unskilled workers and not having any special craft, trade, or property on which they could depend, they were driven to rely upon mass action for life and for protection against the aggression of the employer. To them, therefore, "solidarity" expressed not an ideal, not a distant goal, not a political achievement, as to the Socialist, but that mass-action to which they were necessarily driven and upon which they could alone rely.

Shall we say then that "solidarity" is incomprehensible except to those workers to whom mass-action is imperative?

Such an answer would be close to the facts, for the meaning of "solidarity" can only be learned by experience.

The Protocol "On Again"

By Isaac A. Hourwich

AS was to be expected, the brief suspension of the Protocol in the cloak industry was but a lovers' quarrel. The union addressed a letter to the Manufacturers' Association, offering to arbitrate all differences. A committee of leading financiers and business men interceded between the contending parties, and the Association gracefully yielded to the mediators' plea for industrial peace.

The letter of the Union reads in part as follows:

"A considerable time ago the cutters requested an increase in wages. An investigation instituted by the Board of Arbitration showed that these most skilled workers in our industry are earning at an average of about \$418 per year; *i. e.*, about \$8 per week. No action was taken following their investigation.

"At the same time, the other week workers in our trade. . . whose earnings are even smaller than those of the cutters, likewise asked that the minimum rate of their wages be raised. In the case of the pressers, the Board of Arbitration granted a partial increase and promised to take up their grievances for a further and final disposition by the 1st of July, 1914, but nothing was done about it at the time or at any other time.

"Upon the request of the other week workers, no action of any kind has so far been taken."

This is clearly a complaint against no one but the Board of Arbitration. The Manufacturers' Association was represented on the Board by Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor of *The Independent*; it is no more than fair to say that he would not have opposed what "the public" might regard as a "reasonable" demand of the workers. Yet even if he did, his vote could have been offset by the vote of the Union representative, or else the Union should have exercised its right to recall the latter and to replace him by a more suitable person. The deciding vote

was with the chairman of the Board, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis. Consequently, if the Union claims to have a just ground to complain because no action has been taken upon its demands, the responsibility must rest with no one but Mr. Brandeis.

The results of the statistical investigation ordered by the Board of Arbitration were published by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics under date of June 13, 1914, with a "foreword" by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, chairman, which concludes with the following promise:

"The Board of Arbitration will present later its conclusions and recommendations on this subject."

The failure of Mr. Brandeis to present the conclusions of the Board was tantamount to a denial of the demands of the Union, at least for the year following the publication of the report. Yet to whom does the Union now appeal from Mr. Brandeis? Why, to Mr. Brandeis himself.

"In order to secure a complete and speedy adjustment of all disputes and to avoid any prolonged and fruitless discussions and negotiations, we propose," says the Union in its letter, "that our respective contentions be forthwith submitted to a committee or board of unbiased persons *under the presidency of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis*, or Mayor Mitchel, or any other person of recognized standing in the community, upon the express understanding, however, that such board render its decision within no longer than two weeks from the date of its selection."

If, notwithstanding the failure of Mr. Brandeis to grant the demands of the Union, it still declares itself willing to submit to him again the same demands, it admits in effect that he must have had good and sufficient reasons for postponing action upon them, in which case its complaint that "no action has been taken" is unjustified.

If, on the contrary, the Union leaders believe that the workers have a just grievance because their demands have been ignored by Mr. Brandeis, is it good judgment to submit the same demands to him once more? Still Mr. Morris Hillquit, the counsel for the Union, is reported to have expressed great satisfaction over the wise statesmanship exhibited in the letter of the Union to the Manufacturers' Association.

There are other grievances enumerated in that letter, all of which could have been submitted, as fast as they arose, to the Board of Arbitration presided over by Mr. Brandeis. If no redress was secured through that channel for the past year or more, what reason is there to expect more satisfactory results within two weeks from a new Board of Arbitration ruled by the same Mr. Brandeis?

So long as the Protocol was in operation, it might have been embarrassing to recall him. Since the termination of the Protocol, however, the Union diplomats were no longer bound by etiquette to retain an arbitrator whose interpretation of the Protocol had made it an "instrument that kept them [the

Union] in subjection" as President Elmer Rosenberg of the Union characterized it in a recent editorial of the official organ of the Cutters' Union.

So unsophisticated, however, seems to be the faith of the Socialist leaders of the Union in "social justice" that they would readily accept "any other person of recognized standing in the community" as arbitrator, including Mayor Mitchel, who has exhibited his capitalistic bias against labor in the dispute between the school teachers and the city

administration. It is worth noting, on the other hand, that conservative labor leaders are outspoken in their distrust of the common type of arbitrator in labor disputes. In a recent dispatch to the *N. Y. Call*, a high official of one of the railwaymen's organizations is quoted to have said:

"The principles of arbitration are just and equitable, but labor has found it impossible to get that kind. And the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

French Socialists and the War

By Paul Louis (Pars)

A GOOD many articles have appeared about the attitude of French Socialists before the European crisis of 1914-1915. I shall try to present and explain this attitude very briefly, in order that American Socialists may have a clear understanding of the forces which we yielded to in the past and of the hopes which we are keeping for the future. They will see that we have remained faithful to the traditions of French Socialism and to the injunctions of the International.

First it should be recalled that the thought of the possibility of a war was never absent from one of our Congresses. No Socialist organization was ever more concerned about the fight to be made against a universal war than the French Socialists, and this is equally true of our great syndicalist organization, the *Confédération Générale du Travail* which had come out in the most emphatic terms for the "War against War." This should surprise no one. France has suffered more than any other country from expeditions of conquest and has experienced three invasions in the course of a century, an interval of only fifty-five years elapsing between the historic disasters of Waterloo and Sedan. Besides, in opposing imperialistic and chauvinistic propaganda, and ideas of aggressive revenge and colonial expansion, Socialism and Syndicalism expressed a widespread sentiment of the Nation, as the rural masses were perhaps even more devoted to peace than the wage-earning masses of the cities.

Before the crisis of 1914-1915, French Socialism gave imperialism two strong blows. In 1913 it made an energetic stand against the reestablishment of the three-year term of military service, advocating instead a militia which, ineffective as a reliable weapon of aggression, was the best of all possible weapons of frontier defence. As a result of this propaganda, to which the party owed its great electoral victory of 1914, hopes ran high of a speedy return to a shorter term of military service. The Socialist congress of July, 1914, which adjourned about a fortnight before the declaration of war, voted for the most pronounced resistance to all bel-

ligerent activity and unanimously denounced imperialism.

No one can therefore reproach French Socialists for neglecting their duties to the other members of the International. They went so far in their campaign for peace and for the limitation of armaments that they laid themselves open to the charge of anti-patriotism more than any of the other European Socialist organizations.

If the French government had been the aggressor in July, 1914, if it had willfully provoked the war, it would have run up against a formidable internal resistance. The working class would probably have refused to bow complacently to the ambitions of the governing classes and would have shown them the strength of its pacifist convictions and its hatred of militarist enterprises. Its previous opposition to imperialist ambitions in Morocco was a measure of what it could achieve, in the way of fearless loyalty to its own ideals, should some minister dare to let loose the forces of war. Besides, the working class was sure to be reinforced in its opposition to the established authorities by the small peasant proprietors and the middle class shop-keepers, who were by no means suspected of any liking for militarism, and who could be counted on to exert material and moral pressure against war. The rulers of France, unable to shut their eyes to this profound and deep-rooted feeling of the masses, dared not risk adopting an aggressive policy. For many reasons, therefore, which it is unnecessary to go into further, no European people was more anxious to preserve peace than the French.

The crisis of 1914-1915 was wholly the outcome of the quarrel between Austria and Servia. The Socialist International had long been aware of the danger latent in this perpetually recurring dispute. For Vienna aimed to exercise a more or less official control over Belgrade, so as to facilitate Austrian descent upon Salonica. The Congress of European Socialists held at Basle towards the end of 1912 had definitely specified that it was the duty of all Socialists and especially of Austro-Hungarian and

German Socialists to safeguard the independence of Serbia, itself guaranteed by international agreement and the continental balance of Power. I believe that the Austro-Hungarian and the German Socialists committed a grave wrong when, towards the end of July, 1914, they forgot this fundamental fact. If they had exerted pressure upon their respective governments they might have been able to either to prevent Count Berchtold from sending his ultimatum to Serbia, or to force Austria to be satisfied with Serbia's eminently, nay astonishingly, conciliatory reply.

To us, the sending of this ultimatum demonstrated the aggressive designs of the two Central European Empires which certainly concocted it together. We, however, did not fail completely in the task assigned to us. If we dreaded the ambitions of Pan-Germanism, we also dreaded the schemes of Pan-Slavism. We had no reason to admire Tsarism and, although the Petrograd Government, perhaps at the suggestion of France and England, may have been advising Serbia to act with moderation and prudence, we were nevertheless afraid that Russia would throw the fat into the fire. That is why those of us who were in touch with the men in power at Paris urged them to bridle the Pan-Slavist aspirations of Russia; and that is why we heartily supported Sir Edward Grey's proposals which had the merit of putting forward a peaceable course of procedure in place of a resort to arms. For seven days—that is, throughout the entire crisis in which the swift, almost vertiginous march of events occurred—we did not cease hammering in our conviction that the desire of the nation was for peace. We obtained these assurances:

1. That the Government of the Republic would not take the initiative in any rupture.

2. That up to the very last moment it would urge Russia not to act highhandedly, nor to take any irretrievable step.

Diplomatic documents prove (unless falsifications have been made) that Russia accepted every plan advanced to stop the conflict without bloodshed. Nor can we overlook the well-known fact that Berlin (like Vienna) replied to all the good offices of France and England with dilatory and arrogant messages. We know, therefore, exactly where the responsibility lies. We cannot find fault with French diplomacy inasmuch as the declaration of war came from Germany, although nothing done by the French gave this action even the shadow of a justification.

At all the numerous and well-attended public meetings held before this declaration of war, we recalled to our audiences that the strict duty of French Socialism to itself was to stick at nothing to prevent hostilities. Up to the moment when the tension reached a climax, we supposed that an adjustment of all difficulties could be effected. But then it became clear that an attack on France was

being planned, the Servian Crisis serving only as an ingeniously exploited pretext. The invasion of Luxembourg and Belgium, neutral countries, confirmed the brutality of the attack. None of us ever dreamed that we had been helping to expose our frontiers to invasion. To be sure, we had always anticipated war from the collision of two exasperated imperialisms and the intrigues of two hostile governments. But we had expected that, on both sides of the frontier, in all the countries involved, the Socialist organizations would work heroically to paralyze an armed conflict. Neither of these expectations was fulfilled. The Austro-Hungarian Socialists, in particular, calmly tolerated the attack of Francis Joseph's troops on Serbia, and the German Social Democracy were seemingly stupefied by this event. The International had never said that national lines might be wiped out; on the contrary, it built itself upon them, respected them, and backed them as indispensable to the equilibrium of civilization. It had never implicitly ignored or explicitly denied them; on the contrary, it had made much of them. French Socialists concluded that they had to defend the French nation against the aggressions of the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers, and that they were bound to protect the liberty of the peoples of Europe against the claims of world dominion. It mattered little that Tsarism was engaged in the war as the companion of the French Republic: Germany had provoked the struggle by issuing a double declaration of war. It mattered little that French governmental policies had incurred responsibilities in the past: they were almost nothing compared with the crimes committed by the Berlin Government. French Socialism told the working class (without meeting any protest) that it would join with might and main in the national defense. It was no imperialist or chauvinist impulse which carried the masses of urban and rural proletarians, so little inclined to glorify militarism, to the eastern and northern frontiers. It was, in truth, a revolutionary impulse. They were convinced that it was their mission to destroy militarism, to abolish imperialism, and to save the rights of the peoples of Europe. The future will show whether these sentiments were based on illusions.

A momentous event which may bear decisively on the evolution of the French proletariat occurred during the first days of the war. This was the establishment of friendly relations between the Socialist Party and the Confédération Générale du Travail. During the pacifist demonstrations of 1911, after the Agadir incident, and in 1912-1913, after the Balkan crisis, speakers of both organizations had made addresses from the same platform. But the memory of past clashes and former conflicts had as yet hindered an agreement which, on this side and that, many men desired. While a number of moderate Socialists reproached the C. G. T. for its

flirtation with insurrectionism, as many syndicalists reproached Socialism for its unbounded faith in parliamentary action. The war brought the need of an understanding sharply before the two organizations. As their strength was being reduced through the mobilization of a part of their membership, it was plain that unless they reached some understanding, proletarian influence on the course of events was likely to be very small. A Committee on Action, with delegates from the Party and from the C. G. T., was given full power to act in all contingencies, under the general guidance and with the full approval of the regular organs of the two groups. From a moral as well as from a political standpoint, this Committee on Action rendered signal services. The organized proletariat had seemingly been cut in two; both fragments were now reunited.

Two members of the Socialist Party, Sembat and Guesde, had joined the so-called Administration for the National Defence, at the time of the German invasion. Since a congress could not be called together under the circumstances, they accepted office with the consent of the Party's permanent administrative board. It would be an exaggeration to say that all Socialists subscribed, gladly and unreservedly, to this extraordinary departure. Everybody realized the awkward consequences that might ensue, but, at any rate, it was understood that both the Socialist ministers were to leave the Cabinet as soon as peace was assured, or even before, if the Party judged it wise.

That the two deputies in question entered into an extraordinary union, a union created to meet extraordinary happenings, did not strike us as a downright breach of the policy adopted by the French Socialist Party after its unification. These rules allowed us Socialists neither to take office in the Government, nor to vote for the budget. If we accepted places in a Government under a capitalist régime, we should have to support this régime, dupe the workers, and, with our own hands, turn the anti-proletarian legal system against our own class; and when Millerand, Viviani and Briand became ministers in flat defiance of the Party protest, they were put out of the Party and branded as renegades. For the same reason we regularly voted against the budget which we regarded as a prime instrument of capitalist society. Excellent as these principles were for normal times, what value did they retain when we had to counter an invasion by calling a nation to arms?

We had to vote the war credits unless we wanted to paralyze the national defence. The question of joining the ministry was more delicate. It could have been answered yes or no, and both answers backed by arguments of equal strength. A refusal to join could have been justified by our desire to keep at full strength our unyielding opposition to the present social and economic régime. However,

acceptance seemingly gave us a guarantee, sufficient if not complete, that no injurious measures would be taken against the working class during the war, and that liberties which had already been won would not be trampled under foot. To tell the truth, these liberties were by no means respected as fully as we could have wished. Nevertheless, the Party has not yet had any ground for rescinding its decision to support the war ministry. But it has in no way pledged its future behavior. And, despite the statements of certain persons whose pens have run away with them, we shall take up the social struggle to-morrow precisely where we left it yesterday. There will be no cooperation of classes nor backdown in principles.

The war should not be, for any combatant, a war of annexation or of conquest. It should be a war of liberation, and, to that end, we Socialists must untiringly oppose the nationalists and imperialists who would like to push the French frontier to the Rhine, and annex several million Germans to our country. Naturally, we believe that the provinces formerly seized by Prussian militarism, Alsace, Lorraine, and Schleswig, and the countries unwillingly subjected to Austria, should be restored to national lines according to the desire of their inhabitants. But no outrage upon nationality will be sanctioned. We are not of those who demand the dismemberment of Germany. We shall be satisfied if Germany, confined to its national boundaries, ceases to be an arsenal menacing the peace of Europe. By crushing German militarism and imperialism, we expect to destroy all the militarisms and all the imperialisms.

We look forward to a Europe established, as far as may be, in letter and spirit, upon the principle of nations. But we mean to feed on no illusions. As long as the capitalist régime continues, the possibility of war will not be done away with. Nor will a more firmly fixed practice of arbitration, nor yet a limitation of armaments preclude all chances of another conflagration.

This danger gives us an additional motive for restoring the International, as soon as we get peace, a peace, we hope, that will prove speedy, just and permanent.

Like the class struggle, the International is bound to reappear the moment hostilities cease. True, it has suffered a serious check, it has undergone an eclipse. But the idea and the causes that brought it to life are immortal. It lies with us to improve its soundness and prestige: its soundness, by eliminating, after mature reflection, the men and groups whose guilty conduct would have betrayed it; its prestige, by making the reorganization so effective that, in future, the revolutionary forces will promptly check any warlike move. The French Socialist Party will not be the last to aid in re-establishing the International upon this new basis.

Alternatives to War

By Maurice Blumlein

THE aggressive expansion or expansive aggression of modern nations is the outgrowth of a two-fold difficulty confronting each nation:

1. It must find an outlet both for its products and for its accumulated capital—exports and investments.

2. It must avoid or prevent excessive unemployment; for every ruling class knows or is promptly forced to perceive that more than a certain amount of economic pressure and social misery means revolution.

These two problems, accordingly, are directly related as cause and effect. If new markets are secured, unemployment is avoided or reduced. Should a government refuse to deal with unemployment at the source or internally, then foreign markets must be acquired.

To enlarge markets for products and to secure fields for the investment of capital involving the necessity of extending political control over additional territory, nowadays means war; for there is no longer any unoccupied territory available and a nation can only expand by committing aggression on another.

In this process it is up to each nation to make sufficient internal changes to avoid external aggression if it wishes to avert war.

The fault of many a Socialist diagnosis is not that it considers war "a logical consequence" of Capitalism, but that it sees no alternative to war. The implied reasoning is something like this: you either get Capitalism and war, or Socialism and peace.

But it is not hard to show historically that there is an alternative.

Many minor nations, Belgium or Switzerland, for example, have not gone to war "as a logical consequence" because they are not or were not strong enough to take anything away from anyone else. Accordingly, small countries highly developed industrially are forced to deal *at home* with the high economic pressure created. Portugal is an example of this tendency, revolution and counter-revolution recently taking the place of what would be Portuguese imperialism if she were a great power.

Moreover, even the Great Powers have learned that it is one thing to decide upon war and quite another to wage it under conditions necessary to success. A great power often goes through periods of "watchful waiting" without being able to make war unless or until circumstances permit.

This point is significant in that it exposes the underlying principle of expansive policies—aggressive acquisitions are only then necessary when they

are possible; otherwise a great power as well as any other can waive its Imperialism.

If Germany, instead of figuring that England would not or could not fight, had concluded that the opposition of Russia, France, England, Servia and Belgium, to Germany and Austria *minus* Italy was too great to make German Imperialism pay—then Germany would have been forced to deal with the situation at home under the same limitations confronting Portugal.

In the political field democratic representation in Prussia, including reapportionment of the Reichstag *plus* a ministry responsible to the people instead of the Emperor, could no longer have been put off.

A democratic non-aggressive government would have to face the problems of unemployment and poverty fairly and squarely. To prevent unemployment you must distribute the work to be done among all those available. There is no assignable limit to the number of unemployed that can be absorbed by a sufficiently reduced workday.

The initial step to serve as an internal change replacing the need for outside aggression would be the ownership and operation of basic industry by the government. Partial measures of this character have been instituted in Germany and elsewhere not to relieve social evils, but to increase the funds available for political and military requirements.

Basic industry governmentally operated is prepared to install changes that are now impossible under the system of competitive private ownership, most important of which is the reduction of the work-day without the accompaniment of a ruinous depression in wages.

And it is only by development in this direction that Capitalism can preserve itself for the time being on a peaceful footing. The interruption of this process would produce a situation provocative of war. At the same time, a continuation of this process, progressively, could end only in the disappearance of Capitalism. So that such a process would itself be a gradual abolition of Capitalism. The interests of Capitalist society, as a system, are therefore on the side of war.

Socialists must demand of Capitalist society that it shall waive the logic of its interests by making sufficient internal changes in the distribution of wealth, thereby dealing with social evils at their source, in lieu of the logic that means wholesale murder. He must firmly and unequivocally oppose a nation devoted to uncompromising expansion.

Socialists cannot take the stand that nations must either adhere absolutely to the logic of Capitalism or adopt Socialism. A nation can waive its Capitalist interests on one issue without waiving them on *all* issues. The change from Capitalism to Socialism is a transition involving not one act, but a series of acts and issues.

Prophecy and H. G. Wells

By Simeon Strunsky

THE title-page of H. G. Wells's *The New Machiavelli* shows the year 1910. A review at this time of the day may seem somewhat belated, but the book came into my hands only the other night, and if it contains the essence of the Wellsian doctrine, so much the better. For the war in Europe very frequently presents itself to my mind as a conflict between the Teutonic Allies on one side and H. G. Wells on the other, Wells who was among the first of English men of letters to declare war on the Kaiser, who lost no time in issuing a flaming manifesto against the drill—sergeanting of the human spirit by people who write "von" before their names, who has been dividing his time between parcelling out the German Empire, exiling the Hohenzollern to St. Helena, neutralizing the Kiel Canal and dispatching air fleets for the destruction of the gun factories at Essen. Of the tragedies of the war other than those of the battlefield the undermining of Wells is the most poignant to me, not even excepting Sir James Barrie's war-play *Der Tag*, which may have caused me more acute suffering but suffering not so prolonged. For constantly I keep asking myself why Wells should be fighting the Kaiser instead of fighting with the Kaiser, why the arch-foe of muddle in science, in thinking, in social arrangements and in municipal sanitation, should be in the field against the one nation that has done away with muddle and reduced life and thought to the splendid mechanism of which the author of *The New Machiavelli* has been dreaming and writing these many years. The well-drilled German Landsturm man, the well-drilled German professor, the well-drilled German editorial writer, why should Wells hate them so ardently and so copiously, why should he be on the side of that low organism we call England, its prattling House of Commons, its pheasant shooting Lords, its patchwork Education Laws,—but that is not the point.

When you come to think of it, a review of *The New Machiavelli* five years old is not as antiquated as appears at first sight. The book itself is written as of the year 1922 and an advance notice seventeen years before the date of composition should satisfy any publisher. The last twelve years of Wells's story is prophecy, cautious, scientific prophecy, no doubt, based on the rigorous data of the year 1909 when the publisher accepted the Wells manuscript, but prophecy nevertheless. Yet prophetic authorship is a perilous business. It is not so bad if you set your version forward to about the year 2000; it gives the writer several generations of immunity from destructive criticism. It grows more hazardous when you project yourself to about the year 1940

as Jack London has done. That is almost within touch and while you cannot actually give London the lie, the doubt is there. It is fatal to prophecy in the year 1909 about the year 1915, for that is about the time when leisurely readers like myself get at the book, and the result is disillusion. To be sure there is rather a spice of interest in noting how badly Wells in 1909 failed to anticipate the Parliamentary situation of 1912, and I am not much put out by his mistakes up to the first half of 1914, but when I get to June, 1915, and find the future-piercing eye of the new Machiavelli discerning strikes, women's riots, radical magazines, and mothers' pensions, but failing to descry Galicia, Flanders, von Mackensen, the *Vorwaerts'* manifesto, and the Minister of Munitions, I lose all interest. Yet that is not the point.

My real point arises out of page 113 when the young Wellsian superman comes to London and begins to feel:

"The massive effect of that multitudinous majority of people who toil continually, who are for ever anxious about ways and means, who are restricted, ill clothed, ill fed and ill housed, who have limited outlooks and continually suffer misadventures, hardships and distresses through want of money."

Only slowly does Mr. Wells's hero join up to his general outlook upon life:

"The dingier people one saw in the back streets and lower quarters of Bromstead and Penge, the drift of dirty children, ragged old women, street loafers, grimy workers that made the social background of London."

Why is it that the life of the masses always appears dingy and futile precisely to those whose interests lie with the future of those masses? I suppose Mr. Wells cannot be called a Socialist, but social-minded, forward-looking, constructive, democratic, I imagine you cannot help calling him. Why does Wells, why do other forward-looking, social-minded people like him, invariably visualize the people as a slum proletariat, devoid of aim, devoid of beauty and dignity, devoid, by implication, of capacity for improvement? For this thing is true neither by the comparative standards of life nor as an absolute fact. If the life of the poor is aimless what about the muddle which Mr. Wells finds in the schools, the universities, Parliament, church, army, society and wherever else the well-to-do congregate? If it is limited outlook of the poor, what of the drear outlook of the middle-classes? If it is the purposelessness of the poor what of the mean ambitions and the elaborate futilities of the rich? Why speak with conviction of the dirty children of the poor and only, as an after thought, of the ill-trained, worldly-wise

children of the rich? And why not for a change insist that the ragged old women of the slums are on the whole not more disconcerting than the old women of the plutocracy in excessive décolleté?

And if you look at facts as they are, if you can forget the platform manner, you might recall that among the poor, that is the people, there is energy, ambition, purpose, a fair measure of joy, a strong bond of fraternity, play, love, children, brass bands, moving pictures, and—yes, I will take the chance and say it—the dignity of labor.

Sometimes I cannot help thinking that the old-style orators who spoke of the dignity of labor—we know, of course, that it was intended as pap and paregoric for the discontented poor—were better Socialists than the Socialists to whom the life of the masses presents itself as a grimy pattern of meanness, want, cowardice, and animal indifference. From the mere tactical point of view is it strengthening the army of revolution to describe it to itself as a brute mob, or to—call it hypnotize if you want—hypnotic—into the belief that it has power, dignity, purpose, and the joy of life? Merely as a Sorelian myth it seems to me the latter should be the more effective of the two. If I were a proletarian I believe I would rather be cajoled into believing myself a fairly developed human being than degraded, for agitational purposes, into a smudgy, drifting, purposeless atom.

At any rate, H. G. Wells in 1915 must be of a different mind about the real degree of human value in the slum masses of London. To whom is he now appealing for the defence of civilization against the Germans but to the street loafers, the drift of dirty children—they were children in 1909 who are now men in the trenches—the restricted, the ill clothed and ill fed, the men of limited outlook? Among the three million who have answered Kitchener's call there must have been even before the call came, certain energies, dignities, purposes, dreams; now directed, if you will, to the wrong aim, but on the whole not more misdirected than the intellectuals, the emancipated spirits who left ideas, ideals, convictions, consistencies behind them when they marched off at the behest of Kaiser and Czar. And the people, the three million, have brought with them into the Flanders trenches qualities which Wells has denied them—courage, good-humor, discipline, strong bodies, supple limbs, clear eyes, and a vast unselfishness. They do not spend themselves upon futile jealousies like the Kitcheners and the Frenches, they do not strive to coin national peril into personal advantages like the Churchills and the Bonar Laws; human, healthy, the joy of life in their veins—Greek almost you might say.

Some day I hope to come across a book by a forward-looking, social-minded person, to whom the life of the people, even under present conditions, is not all chaos and grime.

Love Among the Theorists

By Floyd Dell

LOVE is one of the most talked about things in the world. It is probable that human speech was invented in the desire to discuss it. The first conversation was undoubtedly about love. One Troglodyte said to the other Troglodyte:

"What is this curious feeling that I have about Them?—about All of Them a little, about Some of Them more, and about One of Them now and then very much indeed! It makes me behave in a way I cannot understand at all. Sometimes after a while it vanishes, and sometimes it gets worse—I mean better. . . . Let us not speak ill of it, for it is probably a God! . . . But why does it happen, and when did it begin?" And the other Troglodyte said: "Undoubtedly it is a God. But I think—"

And the discussion thus auspiciously begun has continued without intermission ever since. Every generation propounds the same questions, and answers them in various and amusing ways. It will probably continue until the earth turns to ice or falls into the sun. The Last Men will be in the midst of that unfinished discussion when they are overtaken by the Final Night.

Meanwhile a Viennese poet-philosopher named Emil Lucka has been asking himself these questions, and has made a book¹ out of his answers. They are perhaps the most curious answers that have yet been returned to the questions. They may be summarized as follows:

Personal love between sexes is a recent achievement, having developed within historical times, and reaching its present form not earlier than 1750. In the beginning there was no such thing as Personal Love. The sexual impulse was impersonal and indiscriminate. In Classical times, "conjugal love as we understand it did not exist; it is a feeling which was entirely unknown to the ancients." Marriage was a political and social, and not an erotic institution; and love was a matter of purely physical enjoyment. In the the Middle Ages, personal love for an individual appeared *for the first time*, but in a spiritual, non-sexual form; love was hostile to sex, and sex was hostile to love. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, it was predicted by some daring prophets that love and sex could be united. One of the discoverers of this new kind of love was Goethe. In the Nineteenth Century, the evolution toward a unity of spiritual affection and physical desire had reached a high, if incomplete, development.

¹ *Eros: The Development of the Sex Relation Through the Ages*, by Emil Lucka. Translated, with an Introduction, by Elia Schlessner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Its best expression is the *Tristan und Isolde* of Wagner. In the Future, this complete unity, the perfection of Personal Love, may be attained: and if so, "doubtless it will be the privilege of the Germanic races to achieve it"! Finally, it is to be understood that this evolution has only taken place in the love of *man for woman*. The love of woman for man has *always* been that synthesis of spiritual affection and sexual desire toward which man has slowly groped through the centuries.

These answers, given at length in a poetic style and with many quaint excerpts chiefly illustrative of the Second or Medieval Stages of Love, compose a book that is as charming as it is absurd. This analysis of the subject has of course no scientific support, and scarcely any in historical scholarship. It needs but the slightest acquaintance with folk-lore, or with classical literature, to recognize the superficiality of Herr Lucka's description of the erotic life of those epochs. The fantastic excesses of romantic devotion supposed to be characteristic of the Medieval period can be matched easily in the supposedly unsentimental life of Greece and Rome. The Middle Ages give us incidents which reflect exactly what is supposed to have been the Pagan attitude toward sex; and others which take for granted the synthesis of spiritual affection and sexual desire which was not supposed to have been even thought of until centuries later. In fact, since this "synthesis" is to be found in the lives of many of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, it is not going very far to assume that Primitive Man had it to begin with. Let us be fair to Primitive Man, the poor fellow: he was in any case a sexual animal, and as such subject to the impulses of erotic display, erotic combativeness, erotic jealousy, erotic fixity of interest (as well as erotic instability of interest) and erotic grief. What more had Tristan and Isolde?

Nothing in social history is more striking than the apparent ability of mankind to confine his instincts within the boundaries of an institution, unless it is the actual refusal of his instincts to be so confined. This is particularly true of the apparently plastic but actually ungovernable instinct of love. It has been confined in a hundred different mating-customs; and underneath those apparent differences it has been pretty much the same all along. It has been the error of this poet-philosopher to take the current theory for the actual fact, and see a change in the nature of love when there was only a change in the popular ideas concerning it.

It is not hard to see the origin of some of these ideas in purely external circumstances. Thus we are told of more or less primitive peoples that they were much struck by the differences between men and women; we find the males standing in some awe of the phenomena of childbirth and menstruation, and inclined to regard them as the signs of a peculiar magic; we find men on the one hand ab-

staining from associating with women during seasons of hunting, fishing or fighting, for fear they may lose their own masculine strength or luck; and on the other hand, associating with them sexually in religious ceremonials, on the theory that the magic of sexual intercourse has something to do with the magic of crops sprouting from the ground—a theory which leads to temple prostitution in the service of the goddesses of spring and fruitfulness, just as the other theory leads to youths and maidens dedicating themselves to chastity in the service of the goddesses of hunting and of wisdom.

These things are so exactly what happen in contemporary life that it is easy to believe them true. The athletic or ambitious youth who obeys the injunction "Give not thy strength to women" is not unknown among us; and some current stories of anti-sexual hocus-pocus in connection with the training of college youths for athletic events, quite match the wildest superstitious practices of the Basuto. The traditional man-shyness of the Intellectual Young Woman has an element of the same natural superstition in it. Both of these forms of the chastity-impulse spring, as in savage life, from a belief that the other sex is "different," and is founded on the separation of the sexes and a practical ignorance of each other; and both of them tend to disappear when the sexes intermingle freely. The institution of prostitution is partly maintained, now as in antiquity, by the fear which men have for women (a fear taking the ethical form of respect for their virtue, the danger having been ju-ju'd away by previous seduction or what-not in the case of the prostitute). And in the devout idea of the ordinary business man that the existence of a "red-light district" is necessary to the town's prosperity, do we not find something of the old idea that sexual orgies or temple prostitution brought good crops?

It would appear that we are not greatly different from the savages in our sexual superstitions and the customs founded on them. Nor from the Greeks, who were too busy with war and politics to pay much attention to love, and let marriage slide into a social and economic or political arrangement, so that the home, with a woman in it who knew nothing about anything except clothes, babies and her neighbor's affairs, became a very dull place indeed; but who in spite of their professional contempt for women began to flock to the houses of hetairae, who could talk, between kisses, about things men were interested in. Only in our case, our more fluid customs are permitting the wives to escape from the home into industry and business and politics and art, and are merging the functions of wife and hetaira respectably together.

And the Middle Ages, with its superstitious idea that spiritual love and sexual passion are two different and hostile things—an ethical intensification of the old savage fear of sex—surely that is with

us still! The current use of the words "chastity" and "unchastity" denote the liveliness among us of the dualistic concept of sex. And so long as our customs make it possible for men to live in a practical ignorance of women all their lives, we may expect women to remain "angels and devils" in popular masculine superstition.

But as for personal love, the synthesized product which Herr Lucka imagines to have been so recent an achievement, we may well imagine that to have existed all along, breaking out occasionally in spite of whatever customs or institutions existed to discourage it. It must have been just about as hard to persuade a Primitive Man that this particular girl (no different, so far as anyone else could tell, from any other female of her age in that section of the country) upon whom he had involuntarily but violently set his desire—it would have been as difficult to convince him that the Medicine Man's theory of sex was correct, as it would be to persuade some jolly automobile salesman, the heir of all the ages, out for a good time, that sex without spiritual affection is an Empty Mockery.

The poets and story tellers after all have been the true historians of love. With an unflinching insight, they have habitually represented it as in its most characteristic manifestation a force inimical to whatever institutions it famed itself among, clashing, with every established custom and idea, and bringing with it danger and pain and grief. That has been the history of love in the past, and we may confidently expect it to be the same in the future.

It may be inquired, what new opportunity will love find to make trouble when all bonds are loosed for it in the Golden Age? That is easy to answer, for love is not only a bond-breaker, it is above all a bond-maker. Love will be in rebellion against freedom just as much as it was in rebellion against bondage. It comes with arms laden with chains of its own making—delicate, inescapable, tragic chains. It was an Athenian poet who prayed the prayer of all ages:

Loose not on me, O Holder of Man's Heart
Thy golden quiver,
Nor steep in poison of desire the dart
That heals not ever!
The pent hate of the word that cavilleth,
The strife that hath no fill,
Where once was longing, and the mad heart's breath
For strange love panting still—
O Cyprian, cast me not on these, but sift
Of love the good and evil gift:
Make Innocence my friend, God's fairest star,
Yea, and abate not
The rae sweet beat of bosoms without war
That love and hate not.

One Man

By Anthony Crone

THIS book is the frankest autobiography ever written. It is the work of a man who is not a writer, but an ordinary man; and as such it casts a light into the depths of the inexpressive heart of ordinary mankind. It is a revelation. It shows what the human male is really like.

And it is in fact an astonishing document. Without any great understanding of his own psychology, and with an abundance of sentimental misconceptions of himself, "Robert Steele" has nevertheless revealed himself as he is. And if he is not the Ordinary Man, he is at least, as his title says, One Man; and to know all about one man is something. This confession sticks at nothing; it recounts a career of inveterate theft and fraud extending from early youth up to the critical point of a term in prison, after which he sobered down into a successful traveling salesman. It tells the whole story of his successive relationships with women, sometimes with a sense of remorse at his having "yielded to temptation," but almost always with a complete unconsciousness of the depths of his treachery and brutality to them. Some of these incidents are sordid and commonplace; others surpass, as only fact can, the most lurid inventions of romantic fiction; and the whole series is brought to an end—so far at least as the book is concerned—by what appears to have been the *first* real love-affair in his erotic career; the first, at least, where his love had any generosity, courage, understanding or hope of permanence.

His weakness, his selfishness, his dishonesty, his brutality are naturally enough, intermingled with piety, sentimentality and self-pity. But this does not make him out a hypocrite. He is too fond of himself for that. The devout admiration with which he views himself at the end of the book as a new man, made over by the power of love, is only an extension of the feeling he has had all along, that he was really a pretty fine fellow. He is not a hypocrite, but only stupid.

The final and most preposterous mark of his stupidity is the painfulness of his decision to marry the girl he is in love with. She is a sweet and beautiful girl, but she has not been conventionally "good." And this deboshed hero has to go through a spiritual crisis before he can make up his mind that she is worthy of *his* respect. When he does offer to marry her, it is for him a moral triumph.

Nevertheless, ridiculous as all this is, one rejoices with him in that triumph. For he is too human not to sympathize with. And one hopes that his happiness may last, as he confidently expects it to, for ever and a day.

The Truth About Justice

By Felix Grendon

MR. Galsworthy pays human beings the compliment of taking them seriously. He is an artist who is not afraid of his materials, a scientist who can divine as well as grope. With this unusual equipment, he undertakes to diagnose the soul of man as expressed in the persons and institutions of modern life. And in his plays, essays, and novels, he has practiced social diagnosis to such advantage that he can put his finger deftly on the prevailing afflictions of society, those touching sex, money, and religion. His analysis is submitted to us without shilly-shallying. What is the matter with love is marriage; what is the matter with the commonwealth is a degenerate sense of spiritual values; what is the matter with human relations is the monstrous egotism of the individual.

*The Little Man and Other Satires*¹ shows that the author's expertness is all the better for wear. Here is a collection of satirical sketches, a score or so in number, and not only do all of them make capital reading, but four or five are works of art of a very distinguished order. Now Mr. Galsworthy's powers of penetration have already met with so much just applause that we may as well build a silver bridge for our curiosity and look beyond his diagnosis to his cure. What remedy does he prescribe when society brings before him its ignoble people, its savage oppressions, its trumpery hatreds, and its stupid institutions? Let us see.

One of the sketches, *The Dead Man*, is the story of a skilled mechanic who (through no fault of his own) is unemployed and starving. It chances that the resources of private Charity are exhausted and that the public Poor House is full. There is nothing left for him to do but to steal, or to wander aimlessly through the streets, or to sell his trousers as he has previously sold his coat. No matter which course he chooses, the result will be his arrest, either for theft, for vagrancy, or for disorderly conduct. In short, he might as well be dead, for society has no use for him and does not recognize his existence unless, indeed, he tries to "live, or move, or have his being," in which event it will promptly thrust him into prison.

As the sequel is left in the air, we can discover Galsworthy's judgment only by reading between the lines. What is his remedy for these villainous anomalies that creep all through our social structure? To put the matter briefly, he holds that if we would purge the community of the laws and customs that torture or brutalize its members, we must first let

our hearts be swept by a merciful justice and an all-pervading love. Justice and brotherly love! What couldn't we heal by their exercise, says Mr. Galsworthy, if we but willed them into our daily lives? And the curative virtues of these lofty passions obsess him not merely in *The Dead Man*, but in nearly all his other works.

It is an obsession that does greater credit to his good will than to his common sense. We need hardly agree with Dr. Watts that the earth is a place "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," in order to discredit the efficacy of Mr. Galsworthy's panaceas. If we train our eyes to look at reality, we shall presently see that the rewards which society, by way of love, heaps upon a few favorites, are as monstrous and debasing to it as the punishments which, by way of hatred, it inflicts upon its Ishmaels. This perception alone should be enough to convince anybody of two things: that something more is the matter with the world than man's reluctance to give full swing to his diviner nature, and that offering to cure social ills with fair play and fraternity is about as useful as telling a consumptive Subway guard that all he needs is plenty of sunshine and lots of mountain air. In the hygienic ritual of the Mazdazans of Chicago, this dietary prescription occurs: "For breakfast, drink one glass of water, bow three times towards the rising sun, and take nine deep breaths." An excellent diet—for gluttons, and for corpulent people like H. G. Wells' Mr. Pyecraft. But would Mr. Galsworthy recommend it to a starving man?

The fact is that with our present illogical and unscientific distribution of wealth, justice and brotherly love simply cannot exist. Brotherly love may exist between two friends at school or in college. Suppose, however, that one becomes an East Side physician at two thousand a year and the other a Wall Street attorney at one hundred thousand a year. Depend upon it, the ninety-eight thousand will either thrust these friends as the poles asunder, or fan their affection cold. As for justice, in the literal sense of getting one's due, who wants it? Not the thief, the parasite, the rough-neck, the slave-driver, or the routineer—and these are the divisions into which our commercial system obliges most of us to fall. Besides, if anyone were foolish enough to ask for justice, who would be wise or disinterested enough to dispense it? Galsworthy faces the perplexing problem in *Sekhet—A Dream*.

In this allegory, five judges, arrogant specimens of an arrogant ruling class, impose an extreme penalty on five men of humble rank, whose offenses against the established law have injured nobody but themselves. Dead to all considerations of fairness and sympathy, the Bench displays such flagrant bias and cynical indifferences that Sekhet, the demon of punishment, devours the judges instead of the judged. It is a poetic solution. But it proves noth-

¹ *The Little Man, and Other Satires*, by John Galsworthy. New York: Chas. Scribners' Sons. \$1.30 net.

ing except that Mr. Galsworthy has approached no nearer to the central truth about justice than Bunyan did when he described the famous trial in *Vanity Fair* at which the Lord High Judge Hate-Good sentenced Faith to be burned alive.

It is a matter of common observation that rich men never ask for justice, and poor men never get it. Yet our sloth and our fear will not let us act upon the inferences to which this startling contrast leads. Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie don't ask for justice, for the obvious reason that they are as much above it as the unskilled workman, whose labor value is the cost of feeding him, is below it. Let no one hastily conclude from this that the Rockefellers and Carnegies are wholly devoid of sympathy with the under dog or even of a sense of fair play. Quite the reverse is often the case, your multi-millionaire having ample leisure to cultivate the artistic sensitiveness from which sympathy with the victims of squalor, overwork, and ugly housing invariably springs. But what can he do in a world which, too stupid to make money the servant of the community, actually leaves men no choice except to become masters of money and life, or slaves of money and death? When we accuse our governing classes of withholding or corrupting justice, they do not contradict us; they laugh at us. They know quite well that in all the transactions between the rich and the poor (that is, in the vast majority of modern social and industrial transactions), the rich, no matter how full of the milk of human kindness, hold the whip hand, and can only resign their advantage at the quixotic price of changing places with the poor. Such is the law of every civilization in which wealth is distributed unequally. Fair play (and fair work) can exist only where all the players or workers are disinterested, and where the giving-and-taking is conducted on the level—that is, between people of equal financial power, without hope of pecuniary gain. In short, justice means fair play or fair work, fair play or fair work means disinterestedness, and disinterestedness means equality of income.

To many a man of spirit, however, the money mania of the day is so repulsive, that he transfers his disgust from the mania to the money. Yet it is not the money itself, but its wrong apportionment, that is the root of all evil. Galsworthy will not have it so. He thinks that psychological difficulties are the only real difficulties, and probably indorses a belief that Wells has lately come to hold, namely, that "labor problems are problems merely by the way." No doubt it is natural for idealistic minds to sicken at sordid discussions of money and its distribution, and to feel that dignified discussions of psychologic problems or psychic frustrations, and of justice or fraternity will lift us above the vulgar realities of dollars and cents to the rarefied atmosphere of spiritual concerns. Still, you can't fill an empty belly with divine grace, even Christ and Zara-

thustra having declined to live indefinitely on this highly ethereal diet. Yet this is precisely the fare that high-souled reformers urge upon the poor and the needy, forgetting that fine feelings butter no parsnips. What the poor immediately want is an income. Galsworthy offers them justice and brotherly love.

Nevertheless, when Mr. Galsworthy strikes the vein he commands, the quality of his thought is very high. Lovers of the subtle criticism of life will find a rare intellectual treat in *The Competitor*, *Abra-cadabra*, and *Hey-Day*, three uncompromising exposures of competitive greed, of the self-narcosis of Christian Science, and of man's vainglorious boast of progress. As an analyst of men and women in *Studies of Extravagance*, his courage and dramatic sympathy give royal support to a keen observational gift. In view of these advantages, it is unfortunate that a sentimental tenderness for the weak and the downtrodden, coupled with a poetic recoil from the material basis of life, should persuade him that social evils will yield to the touch of sentiments, of no matter how exalted a character. I am all for justice and universal brotherhood myself, but admirable as these abstractions are, it seems clear to me that their human serviceableness depends on their being rooted in the ground. "It is the treasure that feeds the spirit," said Meister Eckhart, before a Papal bull disposed of him as a heretic. There is no use objecting (as the Papal bull did) that a man can't serve both Mammon and God. For the obvious answer is that every sensible man will make both God and Mammon serve *him*. From this irreverent conclusion, Galsworthy shrinks with all the horror of a sensitive artist to whom the role of irreverence in the production of a finer race is odious. What a pity! For he is great enough to be among the thinkers who put God at the End of the world and not at the Beginning, and an income at the Beginning of the world and not at the End.

By the Way—

Our book reviews are not simply reviews—they are a guide to the new books.

Any of the excellent books reviewed in this issue will be sent you at the price quoted *plus* ten cents for postage.

We do not bother to review bad books—or to sell them.

New Review Book Service

256 Broadway

New York City

The Wild Goose Chase

By Louis Berman

THANKS are due to Mr. Arnold Daly for reviving "*Candida*." It was a real public service to re-preach one of Shaw's most delightful and fascinating sermons, a sermon on the text of happiness versus life. In a day when the lust for happiness rots the heart of the Man in the Street, and the general refusal to consider anyone or anything besides "enlightened self-interest" rots the heart of the community he lives in, the moral example of a conversion from the religion of happiness to the religion of life should be of value as serving to help undermine his superstition.

Ten years ago or so, when Daly first produced the play in America, critics ready to be mystified by anything G. B. S. wrote, made a great deal of fuss over its meaning and the "secret in the poet's heart." The mystery of the secret was probably the effect of auto-suggestion. When one hears *Candida* say: "He has learned to live without happiness," and the poet replies: "I no longer desire happiness; life is nobler than that," the famous secret becomes a secret that is shouted from the housetops. The mystery of *Candida* is not the poet's secret, but *Candida's* secret. For we are left to glean from *Candida's* actions alone that it is her vitality which has enabled her to live her life without joining in the universal wild goose chase. But the confession comes straight from the poet's lips that his own experiences have led him to conclude that the pursuit of life and liberty can hardly be carried to success if the pursuit of happiness goes before.

In its quaint Montesquieu-Rousseau vocabulary, the constitution of the United States guarantees to every American protection and encouragement in the "pursuit of life, liberty and happiness." The ordinary American—that curious person whom you may think obsolete, but whom you may meet any day in a college classroom or at a revival meeting—is not interested in the pursuit of life and liberty. But Happiness! Happiness is his line almost as much as pinochle or auction bridge. Happiness, or having a good time, he will confide to you, is what he is eternally after.

Well, you may be tempted to call his attention to the fact that the Revolutionary Fathers do not seem to have agreed with his notions at all. They clearly held to the obvious Eighteenth Century rationalist consideration that without liberty there can never be happiness. And not only did they put the pursuit of liberty before the pursuit of happiness, but they put the pursuit of life before

both. Now our average citizen, always innocently cynical and incorrigibly romantic, may raise his hat to this sentiment in public as highly patriotic, but he despises it in private as extremely idiotic. He would sell his birthright of life and liberty for a pottage of life-long happiness without a prick of conscience, and consider himself lucky into the bargain. As for giving up some of his precious happiness for the sake of a fuller, freer, life for himself and his fellow human beings (something he does every day without knowing it), he would see the constitution torn into a thousand fragments, rather than face even the theoretical possibility of such a sacrifice.

Society will have to be immunized against many accepted beliefs and fetishes before we can hope for any fundamental change in the individual's attitude towards the all-obsessing *ignis fatuus* of modern times. This immunization has already begun, and Bernard Shaw is its pioneer and leader. Nor has *Candida* been his only shot in the modern attack on the illusions of happiness. Witness his dramatic gallery where Caesar, the Devil's Disciple, Lady Cicely Wayneffete, Napoleon, to mention only a few, stand as figures so wrapped up in life that they laugh at happiness as a childish bauble they have long outgrown.

Caesar tries in vain to teach little Cleopatra the lesson that men and rulers are great only by virtue of their freedom from the self-imprisonment that the pursuit of happiness involves. As Caesar says: "I do what must be done and have no time to tend to myself. That is not happiness but greatness."

The Devil's Disciple is ready to give up his life to save his friend Anderson and yet scornfully rebukes Anderson's wife when she suggests that the happiness of sacrificing himself for love of her was his real motive. In *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, Lady Cicely wins the Captain to her faith, a faith in which happiness and unhappiness are as much superstitions to her as witch-burning to a Presbyterian minister.

The *Man of Destiny* underscores the same idea. When the heroine attempts to change Napoleon's course of conduct, and points to the possible destruction of his happiness in order to induce him to comply, he sweeps her warning aside with the remark: "Happiness is the most tedious thing in the world. Should I be what I am if I cared for happiness?" All the characters referred to adopt a similar view. Happiness is not renounced as a matter of self-denial, but spurned as too trivial an aspiration for a noble life. On this ground, Twentieth Century revolutionists stand firm. They believe that the chase after happiness is a thoroughly played-out game, and they are proving as much by putting their conviction to the conclusive test of practice.

Book Reviews

German Imperialism From Within

IN studying German imperialism we should follow, first, a governmental spokesman like Von Büelow, and then a liberal and democratic representative of the idea. The Germans themselves, as well as the radical Socialists, are agreed that Rohrbach—a professor and a colonial administrator—has become the leading liberal writer on the subject. *Die Neue Zeit*, while disagreeing of course with nearly all of Rohrbach's fundamental principles, admits that he is more or less democratic, that he takes a consistently economic point of view, and that he is the most liberal of all imperialistic writers. In Rohrbach's two latest books, now translated into English,¹ we have *German imperialism at its best*. The first of these books was published in Germany in 1912 and translated into English late in 1914. The second, which appeared in Germany shortly after the outbreak of the war (one chapter having been written in the last week in July and another in the first part of August), it was published in this country only late in April.

The fundamental principle of German imperialism in its liberal and democratic form is the same as that of the reactionary imperialists, like Von Büelow, or the capitalist imperialist Dernburg. Because Germany is growing from within she has a right to expansion without, even at the expense of other countries and especially at the expense of backward peoples or smaller nations. In this matter Rohrbach, like all the other apologists for German territorial expansion, speaks of the struggle for "self-preservation" or for "existence," and the struggle for expansion as if they were one and the same thing. Yet when he writes of Germany's policy as being a struggle for existence, he himself will show, in the same paragraph or even in the same sentence, that in reality the struggle has an entirely different foundation. This is extremely important as the same confusion is the foundation of nearly every defense of the German government hitherto issued—especially those written by the German professors and high intellectual authorities. Germany's right to grow and Germany's right to exist are considered as one and the same thing. Rohrbach says:

"We can be *nationally healthy* only so long as our share in the business of the world continues to grow."

Again we read on the next page that if Germany's growth is checked this will not be "voluntary" or "natural," so that Germany's desire to absorb a larger and larger proportion of the surface of the world and of the world's business is calmly assumed as being the same thing as the right to self-preservation.

But we soon find, as we do in examining every imperialistic pro-German argument, that its real foundation is even more aggressive. Rohrbach challenges England's right "to remain sole mistress of the world," and in frequent passages makes a demand that England, or the Anglo-Saxons (which includes Americans), should admit Germany to an equal share in their growing domination of the world. "Shall it be true in future that the world is growing more and more English, or shall it be true, after today or tomorrow, that the world is growing more and more English and also more and more German?" he asks.

Of course the Anglo-Saxons deny, first, that England is the mistress of the world—or is ever likely to be—and, second, that the creation of any new empire, whether German or any other, can be tolerated. From the point of view of every democrat in the world the British Empire is already as much as the world can stand. While waiting for its disintegration or overthrow no new empire is desired either by the world's democrats or by the world's capitalists, which is more important practically.

Imperialism is not only invidious; it is also combative, even in its liberal and democratic form. We read:

"Only simple-minded people can think of the expansion of our interests without at once realizing the opposition which it arouses.

"This expansion stops only where it is met by other and contending national political tendencies. We know that nature herself compels us, *with or without our volition*, to push the roots and fibres of our economic life ever deeper *into the world abroad*. In doing this we are met by the suspicion, jealousy, hostility, and the special policies of other mighty people. If until now an outbreak of hostilities has been prevented, and often at the last moment, it is nowhere written that this will always be so." (Our italics.)

The foregoing paragraphs were written two years before the present war. In a chapter in Rohrbach's new book, written—for the most part—immediately before the present war, we find the aggressive character of imperialism more cynically avowed:

"If, therefore, Germany is eager to maintain its place among world powers, she must necessarily, in one way or another, seek to enlarge the foundations of her national existence."

The diplomatic term Germany has invented for this right to expand is the word "compensation." For example, if the United States should take Mexico, then Germany might claim a right to a slice of South America. The basis of this claim is really that no nation has a right to grow faster than Germany, whether by natural processes or by military aggression. Rohrbach expresses this in a pseudo-defensive form:

"It has become a principle for the political conduct of any nation to acquiesce in the growth of over-sea power of a rival only if such nation acquires corresponding interests which remove all danger of *supremacy*."

It is interesting to note that in developing this idea Rohrbach, like the other imperialists, denies the right of emigrants to expatriate themselves and to lose their nationality. This principle would have prohibited the creation of the American nation. The Germans living in Germany, it seems, have a certain right of ownership in all Germans. In a word, the imperialist is not thinking of the prosperity of all German individuals but of the prosperity of those Germans within a certain geographical boundary. The bulk of the Germans have a right to stay home and yet to enjoy a large part of the benefit of the progress of Germans all over the earth. Of course this is also the idea of the British Empire, but in the case of the self-governing dominions of Canada, Australasia, and South Africa, Great Britain—always ready to compromise—has accepted a relationship which is only partially imperialistic. This no German imperialist has ever declared himself ready to do.

While Rohrbach discusses everything from the economic point of view, he tends to create confusion by repeated advocacy of "the German national idea." This "idea" has a right to a larger place in the world. The German national idea we find is the same thing as "the German-national life."

"An increase in population, industry, and prosperity is not of itself what we

¹ German World Policies, by Paul Rohrbach. New York: Macmillan. \$1.25.
Germany's Isolation, by Paul Rohrbach. Chicago: A. E. McClurg. 75 cents.

desire, but we see in it what the Germans may be capable of doing along the line of permeating the world with their *German-national life*."

Here enters the most valuable phase of Rohrbach's book. For he is an honest liberal and a democrat—as to white people, and along national lines. And, though he demands a very large place in the world for the German-national life, he tells us very clearly what this German-national life is—so clearly that after reading his book probably no intelligent non-German in the world would ever consent to its spread over one foot of new territory if it could be prevented.

Let us summarize Rohrbach's confessions as to the German "national idea" or "national life." We read:

"The feeling of caste of the upper classes has brought to bear on the struggle for freedom of the lower classes that element of deadly hatred which elsewhere is confined to the wild, really lawless and unpatriotic anarchists who are the dregs of society. . . .

"The social divisions with us were growing stronger. If anyone feels inclined to deny this, let him enquire whether the upper classes are growing to understand better or to understand less the modes of thought, the needs, and the general condition of the masses. . . .

"No one can deny that an exceptionally large number of important offices are filled with representatives of that class [our estate-holding nobility] and it would be both improbable and unnatural if this did not result in practical benefits for the great landed proprietors. . . .

"Nothing in the world will prevent the masses from believing that the government is working in the interest of this special class. The government has then forfeited its moral authority and all resulting dissatisfaction, and passion and class hatred are laid at its door. . . .

But now we come to a still more serious part of Rohrbach's indictment. Not only is the German ruling class a feudal caste, incapable of making any concession to democracy, but the middle class has become contaminated with subserviency to this caste. The middle class, we read, is composed more and more of "people who struggle to reach ever higher rounds of the social ladder and dream of breaking into more and more exclusive sets," and finally we reach the climax when Rohrbach shows that the whole of German society is characterized through and through by this subserviency to a small group of ruling despots. In all

official positions, Rohrbach tells us, "there takes place a progressive pruning of independent personalities," since in such positions "*submission to predetermined forms of thought and action is necessary for success.*"

Rohrbach's conclusion as to the character of German civilization is nothing less than crushing, for he says:

"The free communion of work done by people who voluntarily organize for this purpose is not characteristic of the Germans."

If this is the case, the spread of German civilization means the spread of coercive organization, in other words, a form of despotism. Of course Rohrbach expresses this in different words, and his way of putting it deserves consideration. He says that the Germans are unable to resist the temptation to yield to individual and class interests except when forced to relinquish them by the state. This way of looking at it is extremely important, for undoubtedly we see in Germany at once the strongest possible individualism and the strongest form of State Socialism. According to Rohrbach the second is made necessary by the first, and we need not doubt that he is right. The ultra individualistic, in other words, can function effectively only under a despotic state. This is unquestionably the sense of Rohrbach's interpretation.

Rohrbach fearlessly applies his characterization of present-day Germany to its tasks as an empire. What is lacking in the German colonies, according to him, is merely this trifle: "independent thinking and independent acting."

Yet Rohrbach wants to see this German-national life spread over the world and says that this expansion corresponds "to the vital necessities of the people." Without entering into this very difficult question—for we must consider the vital necessities also of the Chinese, Hindoos, and Negroes, who are to be taken into the empire—we may admit that a plausible case (though not a convincing one) may be made out for the popular need of expansion—*under present conditions*, that is, as long as one-tenth of the people absorb the larger part of the income of the nation, as in Germany and other modern countries. No doubt the German people do not yet have the minimum requirements: "sufficiency and security of income." But perhaps the war will teach them that they can gain these more easily by a struggle against their ruling classes than by fighting with the British over the right to plunder the Chinese, Turks, and other peoples.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

Russia As She Is Not

THIS book¹ might serve as an excellent illustration to the text "How not to write a book." It would indeed be difficult to find an author who knew less of his subject, whose ideas were more perverse, and his manner more pretentious.

The author's knowledge of the ethnic conditions of Russia can be seen from the following passage on page 37 of the book:

"It is because of their *national individuality* and of their vast population of *like faith, like language, and like point of view* that the Russians go to the front in confidence."

His knowledge of Russian history is well illustrated in the following description of the present-day Cossacks and their forbears, which occurs on page 122 of the book:

"They are descendants of robber tribes and mercenary bands. To realize what the Cossacks have been you must read Gogol's *Tarass Bulba*, and when you have realized what they were you have a notion of what they are."

This has about as much aptness and displays about as much knowledge of the historic conditions of the development of the country of which the author is writing, as if, in writing of the character of the American people, one were to say:

"To get a notion of what the Chicagoans of to-day are you must realize what they were, and that you can best learn by studying the manners of the early Puritans as described by Nathaniel Hawthorne in the *Scarlet Letter*."

The author's acquaintance with present-day Russia is shown by his statement in the Introduction that Russia was "the great religious force of Europe: the sanctuary from Westernism." This statement can only be explained on one of two theories: Either the author is a Rip Van Winkle who has slept during the past three-quarters of a century or thereabouts, after having obtained his information about Russia from the first Slavophiles. Or else, he obtained his information from those ultra-modern philosophers known in Russia as Bogoiskateli ("Seekers after God"), without knowing that these gentlemen were merely a Russian variant of a well-known Western-European species. The truth is that religion is much less of a "force" in Russian life than in the life of any "Western" country, for its influence is steadily decreasing. Russia is in this respect very much like the Latin countries, in which "religion"

¹ *Russia and the World*. By Stephen Graham. New York: Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

belongs almost exclusively to the ignorant masses, while the upper strata of society are almost wholly irreligious.

Graham's appreciation of Russian institutions and their influence on Russian life, past, present and future, is summed up in one sentence: "All is well, and if success crowns the Russian arms, the empire will become bound in *happy allegiance* to the Tsar as never before."

But Graham does not confine himself to Russia and things Russian. This being a book about "Russia and the World," "the World" at large, or at least certain *portions* of it, come in for their share of Graham's attention. First of all, naturally, comes war. War, generally is to him—"one of the *human liturgies of beauty*." The present war, particularly, "is a matter of life and death for Russian Civilization, as it is for all the other states engaged." But it seems to be even more than that for Russia. For in another place Graham assures us that Russia is *fighting to preserve her religion*. But Russia is not fighting merely to *preserve* certain things, she is also fighting to get rid of other things. One of these is the influence of the Germans, "with their brutal materialism and their cruelty," "which is most foreign to the Russian heart," and consequently "most abhorred by all the people." German influence on Russian life is so pernicious that it seems to account for everything bad in Russia. Or, rather, for everything that *was* bad in Russia. For now everything is lovely, according to our author:

"Prince Trubetskoy in a recent article is even ready to say that there lies a German hidden under many Russian breasts. If that is so, it may account for many a brutal act and much of the feeling of oppression in Russia. When war was declared Russia suddenly grew lighter, as if an evil spirit had jumped off her back. German subjects were put under arrest and sent to remote places. . . . But not only that. A little German devil of harshness and iron-heeledness jumped out and disappeared, and the Grand Duke Commander-in-Chief proclaimed reconciliation to the Poles, and every one became kinder to one another."

Our author treats of many more things, but the reader will have to read the book itself if he is interested to know whether or not the other topics are treated as adequately as Russia. For the present reviewer must confess that after he read those portions dealing with Russia he thought he had enough for the time being, and left the reading of Graham's discussion of "The World" for some future occasion.

L. B. B.

The Nature of Imperialism

AN analysis of German Imperialism coming from the pen of Prof. Veblen¹ would be valuable at any time. At the present moment it is especially welcome as a help to clear thinking. According to the Orthodox Socialist view, or "the" Socialist view, as my colleague on our editorial board, Mr. Boudin, would put it,—Imperialism is the inevitable political manifestation of Capitalism at a certain stage of its development. It is not uncommon, however, to hear the exponents of that view fulminate particularly against "Prussian militarism," as if Capitalism were not as dominant in the "democracies" of Great Britain and France, as in Prussia: if Capitalism must beget Imperialism, the conclusion would logically follow, that the choice in the present conflict is merely between Prussian Imperialism and British and French Imperialism.

Prof. Veblen's analysis of the economic history of the new era in Germany shows, on the contrary, that the dominant power in the Empire is not the capitalist class, but the professional military caste and allied social groups which form what he calls "the Prussian State and the Prussianized Empire." In Imperial Germany the material fortunes of a great industrial and commercial nation, its industrial and commercial concerns, have been subordinated to an interest centering on other than industrial and commercial ends.

The policy of the Imperial State has been, consciously or unconsciously, directed toward retarding the new capitalistic order and conserving the old feudal order. In the following lines I have endeavored to give as far as practicable, a verbatim condensation of the author's theses.

The Imperial State had ready to hand a large and serviceable body of men, useless for industrial purposes by force of conventional and temperamental disabilities, who have eagerly entered the career of prowess opened to them by the warlike enterprise of the Empire and have zealously fallen in with the spirit of that policy—such being the run of traditions out of which they have come in the recent past. Indeed, so large, so strangely biased, and so well entrenched in the use and wont of the Fatherland have this contingent of specialists in prowess been, that their organization into a specialized corps of war-leaders was bound to follow as a matter of course.

But for all and several that stand

together in support of this enterprise, it should be kept in mind, its ulterior purpose is not pecuniary or other material gain.

The feudalistic spirit of the population has yet suffered little, if any, abatement from their brief experience as a modern industrial community. And borne up by its ancient tradition of prowess and dynastic aggression, the Prussian-Imperial State has faithfully fostered this militant spirit and cultivated in the people the animus of a solidarity of prowess.

Universal military service has proved the most effectual corrective yet brought to bear on the socialistic propaganda and similar movements of discontent and insubordination; and the discipline of servility, or of servitude, enforced in the service, is probably to be accounted the chief agency in bringing about the definitive collapse of socialism in Germany—definitive, that is, for the present and the calculable future, and in all respects but the name, the ritual and the offices. Except for the positive training in subjection to personal authority given by universal military service it is at least very doubtful if the German socialist movement could by this date have fallen into its present state of "innocuous desuetude."

The Imperial establishment, in the pursuit of the self-aggrandizement of the dynasty, and of the ruling military caste, engaged modern technology and applied science in the service of the art of war. Since the modern technology fell into the hands of the Germans they have taken the lead in the application of this technological knowledge to what may be called the industrial arts of war.

In the long run, however, in point of the long-term habituation enforced by its discipline, the system of Imperialism is necessarily inimical to modern science and technology. The material success of the German people during the Imperial era has been achieved not by furtherance of the Imperial state, but in spite of it. The most striking item in the reform wrought by the Imperial State is the removal of tariff frontiers and similar interstitial obstacles to trade and communication. This furtherance of trade and industry by the statesmen was almost wholly of a negative or permissive sort, in that it consisted in the removal of restrictions previously enforced; and the like continues to be true of the Imperial policy in trade and industry down to a late date in Bismarck's administration. The good effects are traceable to the removal of obstacles. Which suggests that a farther pursuit of the same pol-

¹ *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*. By Thorstein Veblen. 324 pp. Macmillan Co. New York. \$2.00.

icy should have had similarly good effects in increasing the efficiency of German industry, such, e.g., as the total abolition of the frontier, in respect to economic regulations of all kinds. The retention of the frontier and the return to more of a mercantilist policy of tariffs and the like that presently followed, was a political expedient, an expedient for the good of the State rather than of the industrial community. The Imperial frontier, as a means of obstructing trade, was the chief means of making the Empire a self-sufficing economic community, and therefore a self-balanced whole to be employed in the strategy of international politics.

A side issue of this trade policy, fortified also by visions of imperialistic magnitude, has been the colonial policy of the Empire since Bismarck's retirement. By the acquisition of colonies it has been hoped the raw materials of industry could in great part, perhaps in the end exclusively, be drawn from these dependencies; so making the Empire independent of foreign nations for its supply of the material of its industry, at the same time that the same colonies would afford a market for wrought goods. The aim has been to achieve an industrially self-contained imperial state.

To be sure, there is the plea, made in good faith and commonly allowed in good faith, that the increasing German population needs ground on which to house their increase, that the German population multiplies on the face of the earth and so needs its share of the earth's face on which to multiply. But the earth's face is, notoriously, as accessible for any such multiplication outside the German frontiers as it would be in case these frontiers were extended to include any outlying territory. In the material respect it is a question of transportation, and of the conditions of life offered in the new territories aimed at; and transportation would be in no degree facilitated by an extension of the German frontiers, while the conditions of life in the new settlements would be no easier under German rule than those now offered in the same localities. As a matter of fact, the German colonies have hitherto attracted substantially no German immigrants, settlers, apart from officials and business men engaged in enterprise of the nature of exploitation; nor indeed have they attracted immigrants of any other nationality seeking a place in the sun under German auspices.

This quest of a place in the sun is a need on the part of the Imperial State. The population of Germany—the inhabitants, individually or collectively—have absolutely nothing to gain

in the material respect from the success of the Imperial State.

It lies in the nature of a dynastic State to seek dominion, that being the whole of its nature. But it is a need of sportsmanlike patriotism; and the material fortunes of the common man could not conceivably be benefited in the slightest degree by a successful pursuit of this quest for a place in the sun.

The Prussian-Imperial system may be taken as the type-form and embodiment of the reaction against the current of modern civilization; although that State is not thereby to be accounted the sole advocate of mediaevalism among the nations. War and dynastic politics is an emulative enterprise, and in competitive enterprises strength is a relative, not an absolute, magnitude. The industrial community at the disposal of the Imperial State has been gaining in efficiency, and therefore in

point of serviceability as a material basis for the Imperial policy; but this gain, or at least the rate of acceleration of this gain, has slightly slackened off in the later years. While the Fatherland has been gaining in material powers, its competitors in world politics have also been gaining; and latterly these competitors have been on the whole gaining at a cumulatively accelerating rate. This correlation of the forces of Imperialism in Germany and among "the Allies" precipitated the conflict at the present moment.

If Imperialism is not the natural effect of Capitalism, but on the contrary a survival of the pre-capitalistic era¹, then the aims of the pacifists are not an "illusion," and their efforts have a solid foundation in the realities of modern capitalism.

ISAAC A. HOURWICH.

⁽¹⁾ I for one have given expression to the same view in my article on "Socialism and the War," in the NEW REVIEW, October, 1914.

Four New American Poets

POETRY is more interesting even than war. Each bends to its ends the finer and deeper things of life. But the one is transitory, the other permanent. War will one day cease: poetry begins and ends with man.

The technique and spirit of war and poetry change continually, although their material remains essentially unaltered. Four volumes of poetry recently published¹ embody significant changes technically and spiritually. The technical changes are the least important and the most obvious; and they are making critics ask, Is all this poetry? One of these four poets in his next volume should include a preface as crushingly conclusive as that of Maupassant's preface to *Pierre et Jean* answering critics who claimed his novels were not novels. Poetry expresses a certain life and attitude toward life; and as these change the form and spirit of poetry change, should change. Life to-day is vivid, democratic, topsy-turvy, rapidly, perpetually changing—a characteristic of the new poetry.

James Oppenheim uses the "poly-rhythmic" form of *vers libre*. His lines are free and sonorous in their sweep, expressing moods, thoughts and feelings in a finely subtle harmony. Oppenheim's technique would appear to be the most radical of all, until closer acquaintance shows that it is monorhythmic and has as much form as conventional poetry, although it is more pli-

able. The technical departures of Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters are deeper. Masters seems to disregard form entirely, while Frost uses a loose form of blank verse. But they go beyond changes in versification: their poems are stories, sketches, very short and very vivid: the story-form in verse. They are the sort of very short story you find in Maupassant, Tchekoff, Gorky. Vachel Lindsay revives the chant, and the peculiar quality of his poetry-form lies in achieving harmonies and a unity of feeling and expression impossible in any other form. His chants are not solemn and sonorous; they possess a nervous force and rushing power remarkably expressive of American life. His technical experiments are revolutionary, seeking to combine the ancient Greek chant with American vaudeville, an idea as audacious and promising as the New Dances, Negro Minstrelsy and Indian Music. Lindsay has described his purpose in *Poetry*. After reminding us that the Greek chant was a fusion of poem and song, he says:

"Here is pictured a type of Greek work which survives in American vaudeville, where every line may be two-thirds spoken and one-third sung, the entire rendering, musical and elocutionary, depending upon the improvising power and sure instinct of the performer.

"I endeavor to carry this vaudeville form back towards the old Greek precedent of the half-chanted lyric. In this case the one-third of music must be added by the instinct of the reader."

Vachel Lindsay is brilliantly successful in his task, the achievement meas-

¹ *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Macmillan. \$1.25.

Songs for the New Age, by James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Co. \$1.35.

The Congo, and Other Poems, by Vachel Lindsay. New York: Macmillan. \$1.35.

urably great. His poems are songs, and you find no great difficulty improvising the music: for they are instinct with music. Terrible visions and crude Americanisms jostle the most delicate and delightful fantasy. This is the great single merit of his poetry, and particularly of "The Congo" and the "Santa Fé Trail." Four short lines in "The Congo" visualize a terrific and terrifying picture:

"Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed
host.
Hear how the demons chuckle and yell
Cutting his hands off, down in Hell."

And a few lines further on you are whirled away to the realms of fantasy:

"Then I saw the Congo, creeping
through the black,
Cutting through the jungle with a
golden track.
A negro fairyland swung into view,
A minstrel river where dreams come
true.
The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the
evening sky.
The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant bone.
And the black crowd laughed till their
sides were sore
At the baboon butler in the agate door,
And the well-known tunes of the par-
rot band
That trilled on the bushes of that magic
land."

James Oppenheim's book is perhaps the least vital of the four, and that because it is so definitely radical, so overtly revolutionary. It loses itself in theories and attitudes, in criticism and affirmation. The essential touch of life, in all its simplicity and sincerity, eludes him. His poems are very fine in their lyrical and exultant quality. But they are wordy and literary. Oppenheim talks too much, and rebels too much. The philosophy of his poetry is an intense *selfness*, not at all Brahmanic but seeking to express itself through contact with the stars, trees, man, woman, the crowd. But it is a philosophy which does not realize itself, which in spite of all its efforts remains aloof as if in suspended animation. Oppenheim's poems are the best of their *genre*. But they do not grip you. Contrast his lines—

"Go a little aside from the noise of the
world:
Go near to yourself . . .
Listen . . .

"Ah, music, pulse-beats of Life, whis-
pers of Death!

They were there all the time like a
brook that is under the ground"

—with these two lines from Robert
Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man":

"And nothing to look backward to with
pride,
And nothing to look forward to with
hope."

It is this simplicity of phrase, this starkly vivid expression of the tragedy of life, which is the power and the beauty of Robert Frost. Tragedy, and sympathy with tragic things, are the animating traits of his poetry, a sympathy and tragedy which flow out of the humanness of his material. His poems deal with the men and women of a phase of American life—rural New England—which is fast disappearing, and he seems to have caught the fleeting spirit of its harsh living cut through as it is with gleams of sympathy all the more beautiful because of their rarity. "The Death of the Hired Man," "Home Burial," and "The Black Cottage" are like *The Masses* art in their nudity of expression and portrayal of the drabness of life which is yet instinct with sympathy and beauty.

There is this in common between Frost and Masters, that both deal with humanity locally and in the raw. But where Frost restricts himself largely to the feelings of sympathy and tragedy, Masters flashes life in all its varying aspects. Frost sees life poignantly, Masters ironically. And the irony is the irony of life itself, not the irony of his outlook upon life. Life is ironical.

In *Spoon River Anthology*, Lee Masters has created a world in literature, local yet universal. These dead who speak—the scene is the cemetery of Spoon River—speak clearly, vividly and without illusions. The truth of the narratives, their probing analysis and artistry—one must go back to the *Human Comedy* of Balzac for a parallel. There is not attitudinizing, no moralizing, no fine phrasing: the poems are as rough and plain, as strong and turbulent as the life they depict. Masters sees the difference in things similar, the similarity in things different. His contrasts are piercingly clear, showing the real feelings and motives of the dead actors in the human drama. These three poems are typical:

TOM MERRITT

"At first I suspected something—
She acted so calm and absent-minded.
And one day I heard the back door
shut,
As I entered the front, and I saw him
slink
Back of the smokehouse into the lot,
And run across the field.

And I meant to kill him on sight.
But that day, walking near Fourth
Bridge,
Without a stick or a stone at hand,
All of a sudden I saw him standing,
Scared to death, holding his rabbits,
And all I could say was, 'Don't, Don't,
Don't,'
As he aimed and fired at my heart."

MRS. MERRITT

"Silent before the jury,
Returning no word to the judge when
he asked me
If I had aught to say against the sen-
tence,
Only shaking my head.
What could I say to people who thought
That a woman of thirty-five was at
fault
When her lover of nineteen killed her
husband?
Even though she had said to him over
and over,
'Go away, Elmer, go far away,
I have maddened your brain with the
gift of my body:
You will do some terrible thing.'
And just as I feared, he killed my
husband;
With which I had nothing to do, before
God!
Silent for thirty years in prison!
And the iron gates of Joliet
Swung as the gray and silent trustees
Carried me out in a coffin."

ELMER KARR

"What but the love of God could have
softened
And made forgiving the people of Spoon
River
Toward me who wronged the bed of
Thomas Merritt
And murdered him beside?
Oh, loving hearts that took me in again
When I returned from fourteen years
in prison!
Oh, helping hands that in the church
received me,
And heard with tears my penitent con-
fession,
Who took the sacrament of bread and
wine!
Repent, ye living ones, and rest with
Jesus."

These four books have a quality in common—a rugged democracy, an effort to get to the reality and beauty of crude American life. They are symptomatic of a general tendency to change life by accepting its embrace. These poets are not afraid of life—they do not shrink away from drunkards and prostitutes, "niggers" and "hired help," automobiles and advertising, "movies" and vaudeville—all the crudity, hysteria and apparently disgustingly meaningless characteristics of American life. All these things contain a new art and a new world. LOUIS C. FRAINA.

Andreyeff as Revealed in Three New Plays

ANDREYEFF, in "The Red Laugh," the greatest attack on war to be found anywhere, "The Seven That Were Hanged," "Silence," and a large number of other short stories, is, as an artist, not second to Turgenieff, and has all the moral passion of Tolstoy, and the feeling of Gorky. Andreyeff is more of an individualist than a Socialist. He has long been under the Nietzschean influence and that is perhaps why the war to-day is to him primarily a question for the individual. He calls upon valor, redress by force of arms. Byron had done so before him. His great colleague, Maeterlinck, is doing so now. Before the social ideal and the passionate faith in the people rose in the spirit's horizon that was all that was left for a man to do.

His three symbolic dramas¹ remind one of Maeterlinck but he is stronger and more thoughtful. There are psychological Titans on his stage, personalities through whom universal forces speak, personalities who have fought hard, and who have been vanquished by fate or life. Andreyeff calls his idea of the drama the dramapanpsyche (all feeling, all thought). To him the real drama of a man's life often begins when he withdraws into silence and inactivity. He takes the life of the lonely Nietzsche, the transvaluer of all values, as an illustration of what he means, the man who suffered so intensely when he lost a friend and who felt Odyssean joys when he came upon a philosophic truth. There is as much event and action about the life of to-day as there has ever been; it is we that have become different. We are not external like Cellini—we are subjective like Nietzsche. Thought is of the very essence of drama and tragedy, and everybody, from the simplest to the wisest, plays it. He is Russian in the passion which he feels for his theories and concepts. His canvasses are large—everything upon them is life-size. He is at once simple and subtle, grand, intense, full of love.

The idea of *The Black Maskers*, given in his own words in *My Diary*, is as follows:

"Every man, as I afterward came to see and understand, was like that rich and distinguished gentleman who arranged a gorgeous masquerade in his castle and illuminated his castle with lights; and thither came from far and wide strange masks, whom he wel-

comed with courteous greetings, though ever with the vain inquiry: 'Who are you?' And new masks arrived ever stranger and more horrible. The castle is the soul; the lord of the castle is man, the master of the soul; the strange, black maskers are the powers whose field of action is the soul of man, and whose mysterious nature he can never fathom."

Duke Lorenzo who is thus assailed by the Black Maskers looks upon his own soul, goes mad, and then dies. He attains perfection and his death brings him a vision of God. Andreyeff, throughout this drama of the soul, has considered not the environment of Lorenzo but has seen him as an individual and has analyzed the manifestations of his nature as if he were a free and responsible agent. He sees something tortured, thwarted, false, and he reacts against it with all the passion of his idealism and portrays it with an inexorable art. Andreyeff preaches nothing, explains little, he reveals. Lorenzo, dying, asserts his faith in himself, greets God, and exclaims, "I aver, oh Lord, it is known to all people in the world, Lorenzo has no serpent in his heart!" There is here a reconciliation between the victim and life.

In *The Life of Man*, the whole cycle of human existence is unrolled before one and always on the stage is the figure of a Being in Gray, called He, who stands with a burning candle in his hand. "The swiftly flowing life of man will pass before you with its sorrows and joys like a far-off, thin reflection." Andreyeff has himself known love and poverty, and death. One hears in this drama the throbbing heart of its author, his scalding tears seem to rest on the pages.

Here there is no reconciliation. Man does not resign himself nor does he forgive. When his son dies and his wife falls at his knees heart-broken, and the Being in Gray with the candle in his hand, whose flame flutters as if blown by the wind, stands by and looks on in silence, Man, in a strong voice, with one hand held over his wife as if to defend her, the other threateningly extended toward the unknown, utters the following curse:

"I curse all that you have given me! I curse the day on which I was born! I curse the day on which I shall die! I curse my whole life, my joys, and my grief! I curse myself! I curse my eyes, my ears, my tongue! I curse my heart, my head! And I hurl all back into your cruel face, senseless Fate! Be accursed, be accursed forever! Through

my curse I rise victorious above you. What more can you do to me? Hurl me upon the ground, yes, hurl me down! I shall only laugh and cry out, 'Be accursed!' Fetter my lips with the clamps of death, and my last thought shall be a cry into your ass's ears, 'Be accursed, be accursed!' Seize upon my corpse, gnaw it like a dog, worry it in the darkness—I am not within it. I have vanished and, vanishing, I repeat the curse, 'Be accursed, be accursed!' Over the head of the woman whom you have offended, over the body of the boy whom you have killed, I hurl upon you the curse of Man!"

The power to curse the inexplicable forces of disaster and death is left to him. Out of the immensity of his love, out of the profundity of his genius, there rises the one weapon left to him on the battle-field of life, the curse which is the assertion that he, his love, his life, are beyond death and beyond ruin. There is tragedy, but there is not surrender. Man curses "God, fate, the devil, life," and man loves with undying devotion his wife and child and all mankind, man whose highest aim it is to build so that his work might be remembered a little while by those who followed him, man so marvelously social! So does a great faith illumine everything that Andreyeff writes.

The Sabine Women, the third drama in the book, is a brilliant satire on the Constitutional Democratic Party of Russia, and might well apply to all reform movements. The Sabine husbands are the cadets whose policy, at the time of the Russian Revolution and immediately after, was two steps forward and one step backward. "Attention! Trumpeteers to the rear! Professors to the front!" And the professors read the law from heavy tomes to the Roman abductors of their wives (the rights of the people), and then marching two steps forward, one step backward, they return, *wivesless!* Their weapons were the justice of their own cause and a clear conscience. They had proved to the base kidnappers that they were kidnappers, and to their wives that they had been kidnapped, and Heaven had shuddered.

Every Socialist who struggled in the cause of Russian freedom will understand the bitterness that underlies this comedy. The humor is Shavian. We are no "dandies from the Nevsky" says a Roman abductor to a Sabine captive. But the art of Andreyeff is such that almost despite himself his characters live, and the wit is humor, the thought is as deep as it is clear, the satirical power nothing less than inspired.

ANNA STRUNSKY WALLING.

¹ Plays. By Leonid Andreyeff. Translated by C. L. Meader and F. N. Scott. New York: Scribner's. \$1.25.

A Baedeker of Social Work—By One Who Knows

EDWARD T. DEVINE has given us a Baedeker of Social Work, *The Reformer's Vade Mecum*. Merely to mention the numerous problems that are "covered" in these 200 small pages would embarrass the capacity of these columns. All the seven ages of man in all classes of society with all their problems, medical, pedagogical, sexual, religious, economic, familial, parental, educational, recreational, immigrational, and many others are herein contained and expounded. The vast scope of the subjects is in marked contrast with the slight discussion accorded them. Such a list is guaranteed to supply women's clubs with "curo" subjects for years to come, and to provide "social workers" with "constructive" outlets for superfluous energy. Rocks like these are needed in the rising tide of socialism.

We search for an organizing Idea, some root thought to bring unity out of this chaos. Are there 57 times 57 different varieties of social evil? Can we not find some especially vulnerable point in the enemy? *Enfin!* Is there not an enemy? No enemy, only an ideal! Nothing to attack, something to work for—constructively. "The strong man, socialized" under the guidance of the social worker is to move ahead toward—what? The normal life? But what is the normal life? The infant born "without congenital defects" is tended "carefully if not scientifically," and may be allowed "various minor ailments or 'children's diseases.'" A happy period made up of school, play, home life, religion, travel, is conducted "in the midst of a family circle including the child's father and mother, one or two or three brothers and sisters, a grandmother, at least, to represent the older generation, and some uncles and aunts and cousins." This halcyon period past, "whether at fourteen or sixteen or twelve or ten," some normal livers will go to Europe for further education, others less fortunate but no less normal will go to high school or take a normal (teachers') course. Others will go from high school into business, and others into the skilled trades." Others will be able to secure "only a brief and superficial commercial or industrial training at the end of grammar school." Arrived at maturity, they see their children established in homes of their own and their grandchildren growing up. The normal life as presented to us in this book reflects the social ideals of the lower middle class of America, and

the means of achieving it, the social politics of the same class the world over. Family solidarity, thrift and religion are the ethical trinity which supplies the motive—and the cultural result, "a full day of work and wholesome pleasure and friendly intercourse." A small middle class Utopia from which we should flee to wickeder parts!

Among the numerous questions which are "being aired" and must therefore be considered, we find Industrial Relations. "Some dissatisfied workmen use dynamite," we learn, "and society properly visits upon them its severe condemnation. Other dissatisfied workmen, justly dissatisfied workmen, refuse to use violence, and have the greatest difficulty in getting any hearing whatever or any redress for their grievances." What's to be done? "Realizing these things and realizing them very keenly, a group of social workers and economists secured the appointment of a Federal Commission to investigate industrial relations. . . . That commission is still in existence and it would be premature to offer any comments on its work. Whoever solves the problems entrusted to it by the government of the United States will make a most important contribution to the normal life of man in America." From which it appears that with sufficient tact one may extricate oneself from the most embarrassing discussions.

With regard to unemployment we learn that "we have about as much mobility of labor as is desirable." "Labor seems to find a way to flow around very freely." In the last instance "industry should shoulder the burden. That is why Mayor Mitchel appointed Judge Gary and other men of large responsibilities in industry on his unemployment committee." Is that also why, may we humbly inquire, they so nobly shouldered the burden?

Ample quotations from De Senectute and Rabbi Ben Ezra in a long section on old age conclude a book which the historian of contemporary American culture will cherish as a valuable social document. We too have our *Katherder Sozialisten*. But while the reforms they advocate resemble superficially those of the real Socialists of the chair, their social philosophy is smaller, more timid, more individualistic, and their scientific attainments—frail.

JULIET STUART POYNTZ.

Proletarian Life

THE life of *Pelle the Conqueror*¹ reflects the life of the working class. The author has penetrated that life and focused for us its conflicting currents. He is not of those who hold that the workers are all virtue. He has projected their vices too. And we can see whence they spring; there is no need for tears. Here is the superiority of Martin Anderson Nexo over Charles Dickens. Dickens' poor leave us weeping with pity; in Nexo's poor there is a virility that makes for thought and hope. It shines through Pelle's undaunted determination to conquer, as the workers must.

Pelle and his father have come to Denmark from Sweden to better their conditions in life. Father Lasse, bleary-eyed, drooping, with hard and crooked fingers, is holding Pelle by the hand. Lasse is looking for work. "Do you see that one there"—indicating a fat little farmer. 'I should think he would be kind to children. Shall we try him, laddie?'"

Throughout the first volume flows this gentle love and concern of this meek old man for his boy.

They are installed on a farm, Lasse as cowherd, Pelle to help for his keep. And with the farm and its laborers as a background Pelle's boyhood, struggles, joys and illusions are unfolded.

Pelle is a hardy boy of the open, alert, eager, imaginative. The prop of his world is father Lasse. And Pelle's grief is very real when he realizes that father Lasse has no power—cannot avenge—dare not even threaten. It becomes the delight of his dreams to some day himself administer the thrashings.

Life on the farm is hard. They are always planning to leave,—in quest of better things. Finally they steal away. But the burden, the uncertainty of it, causes first one, then the other to lose heart. Where will they find it better? So they return.

When Pelle is confirmed he wrenches himself away and goes to town. The town must surrender to him. But he finds life as a handicraft worker no haven. The work is tiresome, the food bad, and it's all a restless seething hurrying. In town there is more pride, brutalities a bit more refined; ignorance and superstitions of a slightly different order; yet essentially, life is the same as on the farm. Here, too, it is repressive. But Pelle is not crushed by it. Only for a brief spell does he let go of himself. He soon bounces up again. Pelle is not bitter. Not even

¹ *Pelle the Conqueror: Boyhood*. By Martin Anderson Nexo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Pelle the Conqueror: Apprenticeship. By Martin Anderson Nexo. Holt & Co. \$1.50.

¹ *The Normal Life*, by Edward T. Devine. New York: Survey Associates, Inc. \$1.

when his former playmate yields to him and then regrets and spurns him because she is a shipowner's daughter and he only an apprentice. Pelle has set no value on social prestige. He wants to achieve—for himself and father Lasse. He starts out for the city. He has heard the resonant word "strike" and is acquainted with the derisive term Social Democrat. This knowledge he takes with him to Copenhagen.

Pelle The Conqueror portrays work-

ing people at work. It is a literary photograph of proletarian life in motion, done with delicate sympathy and keen understanding. There is no attempt at fine writing. The work is done simply, vigorously, with intense concentration. And it is not labored. The people are real, so are their sacrifices, pleasure and brawls. The author has caught and flashed with masterly craftsmanship the pathos and humor of the people he portrays.

JEANNETTE D. PEARL.

A Study of the Negro

WITHIN 250 small pages, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois in his new book,¹ traces the origins of a sixth of the human race, recounts the achievements of their hidden past, and sets forth the economic basis for their present plight. It is an astonishing recital and without question it should be followed by the larger, documented account of which the preface holds out the promise.

As the story is rapidly told of the African people, of the rise and fall of their five main centres of activity and culture from earliest times down through the era of expropriation of their continent by the capitalists of Europe, the reader needs to keep well in mind the author's plea that he is writing "of a normal human stock and that whatever it is fair to predicate of the mass of human beings may be predicated of the negro." The negro we here see stretching back to a remote antiquity, with customs and arts developed along the lines worked out by other primitive peoples. Like others, they have had their pottery and weaving, their implements of agriculture and war, their family and political groups and their well-regulated villages and extensive cities. And then came "the trade in men." At first not differing in kind or extent from the slavery which all conquered tribes have experienced, it slowly grew, helped in no small degree by the very physical conformation of the African continent. With the entry upon the scene of the white man, the hunting down of men for the slave markets of the Indies and of the Americas became an organized, ruthless and highly profitable business. It grew into a business of stupendous proportions, justified by Christianity and Mohammedanism alike. Du Bois estimates that the slave trade cost Negro Africa 100,000,000 souls. It revolutionized the African continent. "Whole regions were depopulated, whole villages disappeared.

¹*The Negro*, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. New York: Henry Holt & Co. The Home University Library. 50 cents, by mail 56 cents.

Further advance toward civilization became impossible. It was the rape of a continent to an extent never paralleled in ancient or modern times." As Du Bois continues, "We may excuse and palliate and write history so as to let men forget it; it remains, however, the most inexcusable and despicable blot on modern human history." For this terrible crime Christian England and Free America have been chiefly responsible. The present division of Africa among the nations of Europe and the deliberate policies on all hands adopted to keep "the natives" in ignorance and subjection, is but the latest expression of that greed and cruelty which stretching down through the centuries has disgraced the white man and left the negro separated and an outcast.

In spite of racial prejudice finding expression in segregation ordinances, anti-marriage laws, franchise discrimination and the like, in spite of their own people preaching thrift without honor and peace, where there can be no peace, Du Bois sees hope for his people in America, led and defended no longer by others, as in the past, but "gaining their own leaders, their own voices, their own ideals." Another of the world's great races "are to-day girding themselves to fight in the van of progress, not simply for their own rights as men, but for the ideals of the greater world in which they live; the emancipation of women, universal peace, democratic government, the socialization of wealth, and human brotherhood." Not only in America, but in Africa a few there are who see that "the modern white laborer of Europe and America has the key to the serfdom of black folk, in his support of militarism and colonial expansion. So long as black laborers are slaves, white laborers cannot be free."

"Most men in this world are colored. A belief in humanity means a belief in colored men. The future of the world will, in all reasonable probability, be what colored men make it," is the last and striking message of this study.

PAUL KENNADAY.

Prison Literature

DONALD LOWRIE has written two books describing his prison experience. The first book, *My Life in Prison*, tells the story of his ten years of prison life. He describes the horrors of a prison, the evil influence of confinement where the State seems to do all in its power to degrade and pervert men.

The second volume, *My Life Out of Prison*,¹ is more interesting and of greater value as a revelation of the man behind the book. Lowrie sees a new and wonderful world after ten years in prison, and his reactions are beautiful with the simplicity of the child.

In his early morning wanderings he finds an old man completing a grave, "so intent on his work that he would not talk with me, but finally when he had completed the six geometrical feet and had clambered up, he broke silence: 'Isn't she a beauty?' he asked, nodding toward the gaping earth wound. 'She certainly is,' I replied; 'not a rough spot, just like the walls of a room, and the corners as straight as a die. Who is it for?' 'For you if you are ready,' he said, pleasantly; 'all comers look alike to me, only I'm wondering who will dig mine.'"

Everything he sees interests him, and reveals the deeper things of life. The world appears as the manifestation of something beyond. The book is human, sympathetic, and reveals a keen brain and sensitive heart. He sees crime and criminals, prisons and penitentiaries as symptoms of a greater evil, and that the second will never be solved until the first has been attended to. He realizes the curse of wage slavery, and sees in it as great an injustice as the prison. He visits a silk mill.

"I remember one girl in particular, a frail little thing with dark hair down her back—the girl's hair was wet at the temples and over the ears, and her face was damp and drawn. She scarcely looked at us—just one swift glance, so intent was she on the work before her, darting from place to place in order to keep all of the threads running without a break. As I watched her I thought of the stories I had heard about the terrible jute mill at San Quentin. During the time I worked in the jute mill I had never seen a man work anywhere near as hard as this slip of a girl was working. I had never seen a man who looked so worn and tired as she looked."

The book leaves one with a new confidence in life and hope in the ideals others strengthened and developed.

FRANK TANNENBAUM.

¹*My Life Out of Prison*, by Donald Lowrie. New York: Mitchell Kennerly. \$1.50.

A Socialist Digest

Italian Socialist Party's Manifesto Against the War

THE Socialist party of Italy opposed their country's going to war up to the last moment; and when the government, in spite of this opposition, declared war upon Austria, the Italian party reaffirmed their courageous attitude with the following manifesto:

"Proletarians of Italy:

"The participation of Italy in the monstrous international conflict is decided.

"War begins with the forcible suppression of liberty of every kind. While the sons of the bourgeoisie and the hired inciters to war demonstrate, unmolested, for war in the streets of the larger cities, the Socialist Party, the laboring masses and all those who are opposed to the imperialist adventure are by force prevented from the expression of their opinion. In Turin, where the agitation against war culminated in an imposing strike, the soldiery, which occupied the labor exchange and arrested the most active comrades, suppressed it. In Milan the hired war inciters, protected by the police, established a reign of terror, while hundreds of our comrades were thrown into prison. Force and threats are used against the Deputies; "in the name of the Fatherland" they are prevented from fulfilling their mandates. In those sections where the will of the people might have been expressed, universal excitement, rude force, have gradually gained the upper hand. A few thousand youthful, elements inspired by passion have taken it upon themselves—with the open endorsement and assistance of the political authorities—to express the "will of the people." The press assumed, nigh unanimously, the shabby mission of supporting, by adroitly falsifying the truth, this great crime against the genuine national interests and against the aspirations of the proletariat.

"Workers of Italy!

"Now, when after such moral preparation war has been decided upon, and when the ruling classes, after ten months of secret diplomatic bargaining, sacrifice thousands of proletarians in the prime of life in order to destroy in an hour of insanity the results of

the labor and struggle of many years; now "national unity" is proclaimed and the Italian Socialist proletariat is appealed to in the name of social peace to support the war.

"The Socialist Party, which has at all times been the well-tryed and recognized representative of the proletarian masses, in this tragic hour points again to the principal reasons which have guided it from the first moment of the European conflict. In the face of the nationalistic delusion the Socialist Party feels it today its duty to underscore especially its faith in the unshakable fundamentals of International Socialism.

"Italy's Socialist Party has for ten long months fought single-handedly against the deception and the terror of the war inciters. In thousands of meetings and lectures, in the course of uninterrupted agitation, in complete agreement with all party sections, the party has through the activity of its executive and parliamentary representatives, with the co-operation of the economic organizations of the proletariat, in spite of an inimical press, the government and its helpmates, impressed upon the conscience of the people a sense of the ever deeper growing contradiction between the international politics of the proletariat which strives for brotherhood and solidarity among nations, and the policies of the ruling classes which incite to hatred between nations.

"The Italian Socialist Party has raised its protest against and expressed disgust at the terrors and cruelties perpetrated in this terrible war upon the weaker. It has mourned with the defeated, it has expressed the sincere wish that a just peace would enable the emigrants to return to their homes and save mankind new sorrows and new pains. But the Socialist Party did not allow itself to regard this great conflict as an unavoidable clash of nationalities, as an encounter of nations which a higher culture would not be able to unite. The Socialist Party has refused to agree with those who see on one side only all the right and all the idealism, and on the other all tyranny and all depravity. The Socialist Party regards the international wrestling of nations as the result of capitalist competition of the various bourgeois states, guided by no true idealism of any kind.

"Italy's entry into the war, irrespective of what pretext it may have, is not determined by any ideal reasons any more than by an intention to bring help to the weaker, to stimulate brotherhood and democracy and to defend national interests. No! Italy's entrance is determined by dynastic considerations, and the Socialist proletariat never could and cannot now lend its support to any action based on such motives.

"Workingmen! For these reasons the Italian Socialist Party has refused and still refuses any and all approval of the war, in the conviction that Italy could and should have acted as a just evangel of peace, and as an unselfish mediator between the warring nations. The Socialist Party therefore condemned the 'cow-trading' of the various sections of the bourgeoisie; it demanded that Italy intercede morally in favor of the peace for which all nations long.

"But inasmuch as the voice of the Socialist Party was suppressed, the party declares again today, in anticipation of the verdict of the future, that it does not share any responsibility with those who betray the interests of the people and the proletariat.

"Our opponents, the opponents of the proletariat, may assert that they have defeated us, but never will they be able to assert that we embraced their lying ideology, or that they compelled us to participate in any sense in the bloody deeds promoted by it.

"But our preventive efforts are exhausted.

"While our opponents will foster the war through hatred and ingratious lying we will lend our convictions and our enthusiasm to the service of peace. We shall rally the proletariat around the class institutions spared by the war; we shall defend and spread our press—before all our *Avanti*, the object of care and love of all the Socialists of Italy. On all fields we shall protect the conquests of the proletariat.

"Proletarians of Italy! Even though the sublime ideal of realizing the unity of nations through the proletarian International seems to be endangered in this fearful hour; even though the voice of justice and reason is drowned by the roar of cannons—despite it all we shall not lose faith.

"This war will inspire imperishable hatred against the system which wanted and realized it; it also will some time come to an end. The sons of the people spared by death will

bring home from the blood-drenched battlefields the horrible memories of the perpetrated barbarities. The curse of the defeated and the victors, the curse of the mothers, the wives; the woes of the victims of the unavoidable economic crisis will give new and stronger impulses to the class struggle. It is for the conflicts of that struggle for which we prepare the sentiment. The Socialist proletariat does not disarm, it but waits.

"Long live Socialism!

"Long live the International!

"THE PARTY EXECUTIVE.

"Rome, May 22, 1915."

Not a Defensive War

ALL Socialist are agreed that the motive behind every government was Imperialism, but those Socialists in every country who are now supporting their governments claim that the war afterward became defensive. Karl Liebknecht denies this for all countries but especially for Germany—and now the party organization at Charlottenburg, an important suburb of Berlin, has accepted his view by a vote of more than ten to one. Liebknecht's resolution, which was adopted, describes the war as follows:

"It is Imperialistic because of its historical character. It is Imperialistic in the way it arose. It is Imperialistic in its objects; that is, it follows the capitalistic objects of expansion and conquest."

"All this is in the highest degree true of Germany whose war party, united with the Austrian war party, brought about the war. Because of hostile invasion into one of the countries waging an Imperialistic war of conquest the war does not change into a war of defense of national integrity. *Such invasions are the risks of every war of conquest.*

"An Imperialistic war is being waged by an Imperialistic government which is ruled by Imperialistic powers. It is nonsense to suppose that an essentially Imperialistic war will be waged by such a government as a war of national defense. Therefore, the war credits serve Imperialistic objects."

It will be seen that this resolution takes a stand both against the granting of the war loans and against Kautsky's defense of this action. It will be recalled that while Kautsky did not approve of Socialists' support of the government, he nevertheless offered as an apology the fact that there was danger of invasion.

After the War: The War Bill and Radical Taxation of Incomes

THE British Independent Labor Party is circulating an important leaflet on the question, "Who Is to Pay the Bill?" It presents two policies as being Socialistic, the extension of state monopolies and graduated taxation, laying chief weight upon the former. The leading I. L. P. ideas on this momentous subject are in the following paragraphs:

"The bills are to be enormous. War is an expensive business. Who is to pay? The coin is to be varied. The working class is to pay in excessive sickness and premature collapse owing to the physical strain of the war; in high prices, low wages, irregular employment. That is to mount up to millions of pounds a year for a long time to come.

"Others are to pay with their lives, and their widows and orphans with their tears and poverty; others with the pain of wounds and the disabilities of maiming. No pension can ever compensate them.

"Others must pay in the shape of taxes. A Parliament which does its duty will not add a farthing to the taxation of wages. THE WAR WILL LEAVE THE COUNTRY MUCH POORER THAN IT FOUND IT, but the rich will still be rich, and unearned incomes will still be large. The economic machinery of exploitation—private ownership of land, monopoly, and so on—will still exist. There the extra taxation ought to be placed. The valley depths should be raised by taking the tops off the too high mountains—tops so high that they shut out the sun. THE NATIONAL POLICY MUST BE TO GET HOLD OF GREAT UNEARNED INCOMES BY THE STATE CONTROL OF THE INDUSTRIES AND MONOPOLIES THAT PRODUCE THEM, and to impose upon the rich a graded burden which will be equal to the national charges.

"For a long time to come the incomes of the working classes will be equal only to a very low standard of life. That not only warns us against depressing this standard further by imposing taxes upon it, but it *compels us to demand a greater national expenditure on social objects.*

"When the war broke out we were on the verge of a greatly increased national expenditure to improve health, housing, physique, education, and gen-

erally to raise human levels.

"Is that to be set aside owing to the costs of the war and the heavy permanent expenditure it will bring in its train? Certainly not! There is to be more poverty among the workers after the war than before it. The downward pressure upon our population is to be greater. Therefore, if our people are not to deteriorate, the State must do more than ever to improve their conditions of life."

All Socialists agree with a part of this. But the Germans, instead of placing nationalization or state monopolies first, regard it as reactionary on the ground that it will be used for indirect taxation of the people and as an *alternative* to graduated taxation of the rich. Kautsky, Bernstein, and Vorwaerts hold this opinion. Still more important is the fact that Philip Snowden, M.P., one of the most influential leaders of the I. L. P., in a speech enthusiastically endorsed by that body, also gives a graduated taxation of the rich and well-to-do, the first place on the programme. Snowden, speaking for his Party in Parliament, said:

"The first thing we have to consider, and the thing we must bear constantly in mind, is the fact that the income of the country from which the national revenue must be derived depends mainly upon maintaining the productive capacity of the nation, *and that the productive capacity of the nation depends, in the main, upon leaving unimpaired the standard of life of the great body of the workers.* No part of the additional revenue *ought to be raised by an additional impost or taxation upon the wage-earning classes of the country.*

"I noticed in the *Economist* this week that the figures which are published regularly dealing with the prices of commodities—taking practically every article which enters into the economy of a working-class family—show an average increase since August last of 30 per cent; 30 per cent. increase upon that means not less than £180,000,000 a year. That brings us to one of two conclusions. Of course, if there had been an increase of £180,000,000 in the total wages bill of the working people, then we should be financially in the same position that we were in before the war; but we know that no such increase of wages has taken place. There has been in some industries an increase of wages, but last month the total increase of wages amounted only to £70,000. That is less than £1,000,000 a year. Therefore there has been a reduction in the spending power of the working people since last August of not

less than £180,000,000. That is part of the working classes' contribution to the cost of this war.

"We have to consider by what means this enormous sum can be raised, and we have a choice of three courses—taxation, loans, or a combination of additional taxes and loans. The Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out, I think, that the practice adopted at the time of the French wars and the Crimean war was to raise the sum needed in about equal proportions by revenue and loan, and he pointed out that at the time of the Napoleonic wars taxation rose to a figure which took two-sevenths of the national income. Two-sevenths of the national income at that time was a far graver impost than it would be now. Two-sevenths from an income of £140 a year would be £40. That would be a very heavy tax indeed upon such a comparatively small income, but to take, say, three-quarters of an income of £50,000 a year would leave an income of £12,500 a year, and surely £12,500 a year is as much as any individual could expect to have to spend according to his own sweet will in such a time of national crisis as this. I see no insuperable obstacle to raising perhaps the whole of the deficit which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to meet by means of taxation. If he were as courageous as the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the time of the Napoleonic wars and took two-sevenths of the present national income, which he himself stated last week to be £2,400,000,000, that would give him just about the sum that he would want, say £800,000,000 a year. That is one of the suggestions I would make for the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Then how can the tax be raised? I think it could be raised, or at any rate, a considerable portion of it could be raised, by an increase in the Income Tax on high incomes. If the tax were raised to 15s. in the £ on very large incomes, not one of these persons would be reduced to a condition of starvation. I think that this national necessity will compel the Chancellor of the Exchequer to adopt the course which in times of peace I have often tried to impress upon him, namely, that we must reverse our ideas of imposing taxation. In the past we have looked at what we were taking from a man, to a great extent regardless of what was left. Now we shall have to say that no man shall be left with more than a certain amount, and that we are going to take all the rest."

In many respects this is the most important constructive program offered by any Socialist statesman since the beginning of the war—proposing, as it does, to confiscate three-fourths of all incomes over \$250,000 a year.

The Socialist Peace Conference Again

THE Socialist Peace Conference to be held this month in Sweden is opposed by the French and Belgian Socialists. Nor does it have the support of all the British. The *New Statesman* says:

"We believe that such meetings, in the words of the French Socialist Party, are calculated to 'defeat the very objects of their best-intentioned supporters,' but that the intentions are usually admirable we do not doubt. Before individuals in one nation can make substantial overtures of friendship to the people of another nation they must earn the right to speak in the name of at least a considerable section of their own countrymen. But for whom can the I. L. P. speak? For no one outside its own strictly limited membership. It does not now represent even the British Socialist movement, still less any appreciable section of the British working class. It has lost authority and respect not only at home, but amongst its friends abroad. Its internationalism has been tried in the fire and found wanting."

Not only does this Fabian publication, in which Sidney Webb is the leading editor, oppose the conference, but also a large part—almost half of the British Labor Party. Webb explains in an interview that Socialists cannot want to stop the war until a basis for a sure and lasting peace has been obtained:

"A large number of Socialists are under a misapprehension. It is out of the question to think of stopping the war on the status quo. It must go on until all the nations are compelled to accept terms that will make it impossible for any of them to go to war again."

But when we examine the position of the Independent Labor Party "stop the war" Socialists we find it at the bottom similar. They want peace on terms the German government will not grant, which means a war prolonged until the decisive defeat of Germany. The *Labour Leader* says:

"If Germany agreed, for instance, to evacuate Belgium and France, to make what reparation she could for the devastation her invading armies have caused, if she accepted a federation of European States, and consented to a reduction of armaments and the principle of compulsory arbitration, would we be justified in sacrificing thousands of further lives and of aggravating the suffering of Belgium and Northern France?"

This Speaks for Itself

Enclosed please find some names to send the REVIEW to, and four cards and the balance in money to cover same. I am now all out of cards. What is your best price on cards in lots of 25, 50 and 100? You are getting out a peach of a magazine. I can sell the NEW REVIEW when I fall down on all others.

J. D. WILLIAMS.
Malden, Mass.

SPECIAL CUT RATES

	Regular Rate	Club Rate
New Review, (1 year)	1.50	} 2.00
The Masses, "	1.00	
	2.50	
New Review, "	1.50	} 1.90
The Inter. Socialist Review, "	1.00	
	2.50	
The American Magazine, . "	1.50	} 2.40
New Review, "	1.50	
	3.00	
New Review, "	1.50	} 1.90
Critic and Guide, "	1.00	
(Wm. J. Robinson, M.D., Editor)	2.50	
New Review, "	1.50	} 3.90
Current Opinion, "	3.00	
	4.50	
New Review, "	1.50	} 3.10
The Survey, "	3.00	
	4.50	
New Review, "	1.50	} 1.70
"Songs of Labor" "	.75	
	2.25	
New Review, "	1.50	} 2.00
"Theoretical System of Karl Marx, "	1.00	
(by L. B. Boudin)	2.50	

Ask us for Combinations on any Magazine

Send all subscriptions to

NEW REVIEW

"The Indispensable Socialist Magazine"

256 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Co-operative Book Buying

Our NEW REVIEW BOOK SERVICE is being enthusiastically commended.

One reader gibes us for not having thought sooner of the plan. All are unreservedly convinced its a fine thing.

The purpose is to bring the publisher, seller and buyer of books closer together.

Our friends like the idea for two reasons:

1.—It concentrates their book buying, eliminates mistakes and wastage.

2.—The profit which would go elsewhere goes to the NEW REVIEW, and helps us become self-supporting.

We shall have a page of book advertisements in our next issue.

Behind the books advertised will be our recommendation and guarantee.

We accept no advertisement of a book we cannot conscientiously recommend. We advise the publisher what books to advertise.

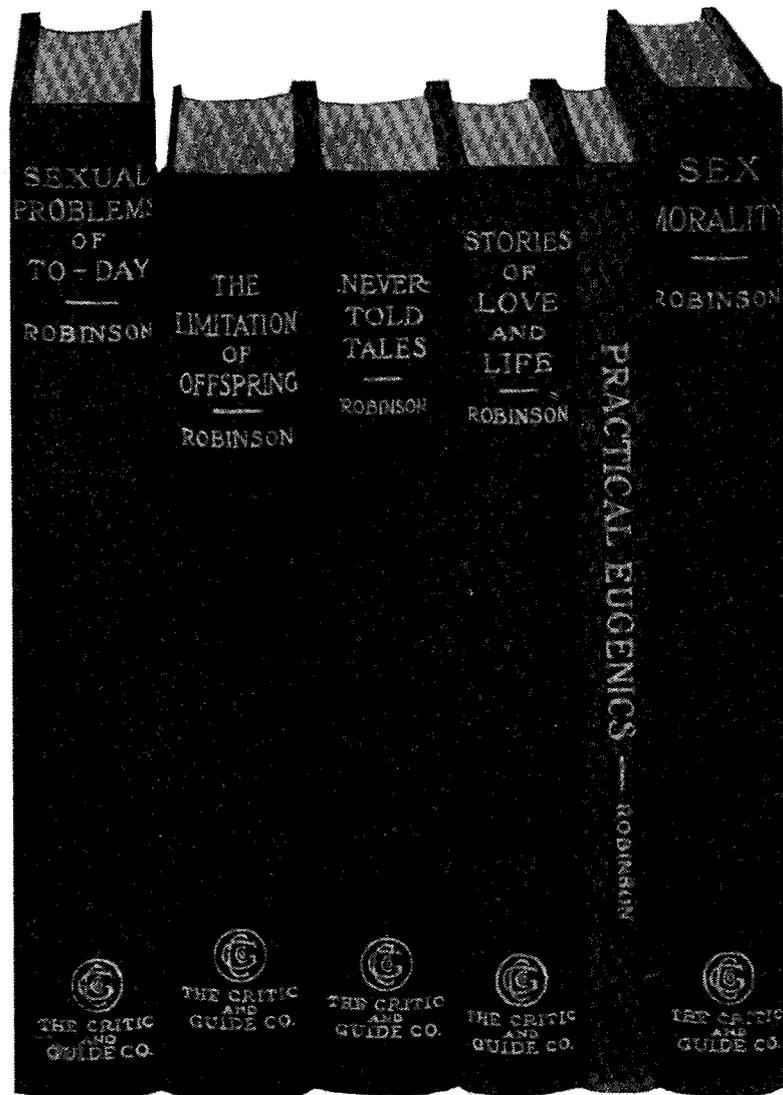
The publisher, in buying our advertising space, buys our guarantee and recommendation—a great asset.

You, in buying the books advertised, buy our guarantee and advice—a greater asset.

NEW REVIEW BOOK SERVICE

256 Broadway, New York City

"The appearance of a new book by Dr. Robinson is always an event of interest to those who consider the removal of sex problems from the domain of theological superstition to that of science and common sense an important social process." — Sunday Call.



"Especially valuable to the laity because Dr. Robinson is not one of those who know nothing but their own trade, and cannot write of it except in trade-lingo. He knows life and understands people, writes of life and people sympathetically, and he writes in plainly-to-be-understood English." — The New Review.

WHAT EVERY RADICAL SHOULD KNOW

Most books on Sex tell only "What every boy and girl should know" (and usually very little of that). Dr. William J. Robinson's books on these questions are for adults and are intended for thinking human beings of both sexes. They are totally different from the mass of trash now being put forth on these subjects. Their author's professional experience as a sex specialist enables him to speak with authority and his nature constrains him to speak with frankness. The result is "something different."

Sexual Problems of To-Day

Cloth, 285 pp., \$2.00 postpaid.

Dr. Robinson's most comprehensive work for the lay reader.

A few of the subjects which the author discusses in trenchant fashion are: The Influence of Abstinence on Man's Sexual Health and Sexual Power.—The Double Standard of Morality and the Effect of Continence on Each Sex.—The Limitation of Offspring.—What to Do with the Prostitute and How to Abolish Venereal Disease.—The Question of Abortion Considered in Its Ethical and Social Aspects.—Torturing of the Wife When the Husband is at Fault.—Influence of the Prostate on Man's Mental Condition.—The Most Efficient Venereal Prophylactics, etc., etc. To say nothing of ideas and arguments, *Sexual Problems of Today* will give most of its readers information, knowledge of physiological facts, which they never possessed before.

The Limitation of Offspring

Cloth, 245 pp., \$1.00, postpaid.

All the arguments for and against the voluntary limitation of offspring, or birth control by the prevention of conception, concentrated in one readable and convincing volume.

"Dr. Robinson's book is the only popular work published in this country that deals with this subject in a simple, thorough and authoritative manner, and in the campaign to legalize the limitation of offspring it should be widely circulated, and will no doubt be so, with excellent results."—N. Y. Call.

Sex Morality—Past, Present and Future

A Symposium by Dr. William J. Robinson and Others.

One of the most thoughtful and outspoken discussions of this kind in the English language. *Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.*

Never Told Tales

Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

The pioneer book in the propaganda of sex enlightenment. Now in its tenth edition. Tells vital truths of sex in story form. Information invaluable to those who do not know, conveyed in vivid and touching stories of interest to all. No man or woman contemplating marriage should fail to read this book.

Jack London says: "I wish that every person in the United States, man and woman, young and old, could have a copy of your 'Never Told Tales.'"

Practical Eugenics

Four Means of Improving the Human Race. Cloth, 50 cents, postpaid.

Stories of Love and Life

A companion volume to "Never-Told Tales." *Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.*

Everyone interested in Sex Questions and Medico-Social Problems should read THE CRITIC AND GUIDE. It is unique among medical journals. The social aspects of medicine and physiology discussed in a fearless and radical manner, from the standpoint of modern science. \$1.00 a year.

THE CRITIC & GUIDE CO.,

12 Mt. Morris Park West, New York City