The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday September 21, 1932

The Rise to Power of Samuel Insull

by MARQUIS W. CHILDS

SIR NORMAN ANGELL *on What Causes War?*

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. LXXII. NO. 929

Entered as Second Class matter, November 6, 1914 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1932 NUMBER 929

Contents

The Week

WHEN Maine goes Republican, the Republicans may or may not win the national election. Conjectures about this are based on the size of the Republican majority, which is normally large. In 1920 it was 64,000, in 1924 (when La Follette was running) it shrank to 37,000, but in 1928 it was 84,000. Before 1920 the figures are not comparable because women did not vote. Nevertheless, the state went Republican by a small majority in the presidential campaign of 1916, when Wilson was elected. Wilson had a slight edge on Roosevelt in the three-cornered contest of 1912, though no one commanded a majority, and the combined Taft-Roosevelt vote in Maine was a larger percentage of the electorate than in the nation as a whole. Therefore, when Maine goes Democratic, the national Democratic candidate is entitled to a large measure of hope. This is particularly true when, as in Maine this year, the local result seems to hinge on issues that are national in incidence—economic discontent and prohibition. Of additional significance is the marked increase in the total vote. Apparently the stock-market boom and the prosperity ballyhoo have not convinced people out of earshot of the tickers that the Hoover brand of relief is working. Perhaps, after prevailing for fifty years, the myth that the Republicans alone know the secret of prosperity has at last evaporated.

THE most dramatic development in the whole history of the Anglo-Indian struggle comes with Mahatma Gandhi's announcement that he proposes to starve himself to death unless the British government alters its position in regard to the electoral representation of the "Untouchables." Mr. Gandhi has long been the protagonist of the depressed classes, whose 40,000,000 members are in general treated by higher-caste Hindus as though they were some sort of unclean wild animal. He fought in the Round Table Conference to have them included in the general Hindu electoral poll. The Moslems and certain other groups, however, were opposed to this, and so were some representatives of the Untouchables themselves who feared that they would be outvoted by the higher castes. The government therefore produced a compromise, which includes the Untouchables in the general Hindu poll in some places, and in others gives them a "second vote" in separate constituencies for the next twenty years. The whole plan for the restoration of separate communal electorates, as H. N. Brailsford said in last week's New Republic, "makes democracy in India unworkable and the ideal of nationality unrealizable." But for that matter, the entire effort to obtain a peaceable settlement in India has now broken down. To Western eyes it seems odd that Mr. Gandhi should have elected to make his hunger strike on one bad detail of a settlement which is so thoroughly bad; but just as his action is one which the East will understand far better than the West, so it must be taken for granted that he knows what he is doing when he undertakes to lay down his life, if necessary, in support of the principle of equality for the Untouchables. When the British government let Terence MacSwiney starve to death in prison, they did more than by any other single act to set Ireland free. If they permit Gandhi, the ven-

erated religious leader of millions of Hindus, to starve in or out of prison, they will let loose a whirlwind which is likely to blow them out of India once and for all.

IF THE administration is looking for a place to lend money in order to aid employment, it might turn its attention to the presidential campaign headquarters. Though these have been, in other years, flourishing offices crowded with temporary employees and signers of expense-account slips, now they are dolefully understaffed, pay low wages and, according to recent reports, are even in arrears in passing out the pay envelopes of those whom they have engaged. Politics is one of the greatest of American industries, which should not be allowed to languish for lack of ready money. Could not the R.F.C. be convinced that electing a President is a self-liquidating public work? Since both major candidates are hot for federal economy, it might be argued that the election of either would save the government enough money to repay the loan. The R.F.C., as a bipartisan board, could of course show no favoritism, though it might reasonably grant the Republicans a little more than the Democrats on account of the addiction of the party in power to a high standard of living. The Republicans have always paid more for elections than their opponents—largely, of course, because they could get the money. And this year they need it more than ever.

JIMMIE WALKER, New York's recently resigned mayor, has gone on a sudden trip to Italy "for his health." Politicians one and all assume that this is only a device by which to cover the fact that Tammany has turned thumbs down on him; and that there is no likelihood he will return and run again, even if Mayor McKee fails in his present attempt to prevent an election for the office this year. It had been increasingly evident for some days that Tammany was not prepared to commit hara-kiri for Jimmie. However much it hates Governor Roosevelt, it hates something else still more: defeat. Whether there is or isn't a mayoralty election this fall, Tammany will at least go through the motions of supporting Roosevelt in his presidential aspirations, and his chances of victory are substantially increased thereby.

ALMOST anybody would seem like a good mayor of New York after Jimmie Walker; but even with allowance for this fact, the rise to fame of Joseph V. McKee is the most astonishing success story since the Alger books. In his first few days in office, among other things Mr. McKee did the following:

> Reduced his own salary from $40,000 to $25,000.
>
> Reduced every other salary he legally could to a limit of $12,000 each.
>
> Inaugurated a survey of the winter's need for unemployment relief.
>
> Borrowed $10,000,000 for the city at one-half percent less interest than Jimmie Walker had recently been able to obtain.
>
> Agreed to meet a Communist committee and hear their demands—and did so.
>
> Brought suit to prevent an election this fall.
>
> Dismissed the Commissioner of Public Markets, who refused to make economies requested by Mr. McKee.

Not all Mr. McKee has done is commendable, nor, in general, has he shown signs of conspicuous intelligence. But coming after New York had suffered for fifteen years under the grotesqueries of Hylan and the nonchalant incompetence of Walker, the prospect of a literate and active individual in the City Hall seems too good to be true. McKee in ten days' time has made himself by far the strongest contender for election to the office which he now more or less accidentally holds.

CALIFORNIA appears to enjoy the dubious honor of being the most stupidly reactionary state in the country. It will be remembered that during the recent Olympic Games in Los Angeles, a group of young people suddenly appeared in the stadium wearing placards which asked justice for Tom Mooney. These youngsters have just been sentenced to nine months in prison, an outrageously severe punishment for what they did. Their attorney, Dr. Leo Gallagher, has also been punished for his presumption in daring to defend radicals; he has been dismissed from his post as a member of the faculty of the Southwestern Law School, in Los Angeles, where he has taught corporation law for a long time and, according to the testimony of the president, in an acceptable manner. The embattled conservatives of California are evidently trying to create a situation where no radical will have even the faint hope of obtaining fair treatment in court which is implied in his being represented by counsel. Has the California Bar Association no interest in this sort of terrorism?

THE "Flying Hutchinsons," a family of father and mother and two small girls, have been rescued after a forced landing on the coast of Greenland. Their attempt to fly the Atlantic at this time of year and with a party of eight was a foolhardy enterprise at best; and to take along two small children seems in retrospect absolutely outrageous. It has often been pointed out in the past that there should be some sort of legal bar to prevent the suicide which so many attempts to fly the Atlantic turn out to be; and how much more is this the case when children are virtually kidnaped—even though by their own parents—as passengers, and escape with their lives by the barest miracle. The United States, at least, ought to clear up this situation by preventing such attempts in the future unless there is at least a fighting chance of success.

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of the exaggerated hopes which may be aroused by any upward movement of prices or trade was furnished recently by Mr. C. F. Abbott of the steel industry, who predicted that before the end of the year steel production in the United States might be doubled. An increase of 100 percent in so important a field, if it could be attained, would seem to indicate a prompt return to prosperity, until we remember that the present output is only 13 percent of capacity, and that doubling it would leave production at 26 percent, a figure which a few months ago alarmed everyone because it was so low. And of course steel production has not yet begun to increase at all. We must be on our guard against misinterpretation of all records of improvement stated in percentage terms, because the bases on which these percentages are reckoned are so low. According to the Fisher indices, prices of stocks have increased 76 percent in New York, 26 percent in London, 40 percent in Paris and 14 percent in Berlin. They are still, however, below the figures prevailing during most of the months of depression. And the increases of commodity prices are proved moderate indeed when we see that the general indices have advanced only 4.4 percent in New York, 6.1 percent in London, 3 percent in Paris and one-tenth of one percent in Berlin. Even with the best of luck, if a general industrial revival should begin now and continue uninterruptedly, the unemployment problem will be more severe next winter than it ever has been before.

AN INVESTIGATOR for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People who has been visiting the flood-control camps along the Mississippi has returned with a report of alarming conditions among the Negro laborers there. The work is being done under United States contracts, but evidently little attention is being paid to the usual government stipulations concerning working conditions and wages. The investigator reported that wages, though low, were comparatively high for Negro labor (in some of the camps he visited Negroes were being paid more than shopgirls in New York City). Hours, however, are excessively long, running from twelve as the standard up to fourteen; brutality, such as whippings and physical punishment, is being practised in many of the camps visited (the investigator interviewed two Negroes who had been whipped for refusing to work at night); a seven-day week is universal; the Negroes are being mulcted in the usual approved manner at the company stores, sanitary conditions are ignored and the payment of wages is irregular (in several camps the investigator found men who had received no wages for more than a month). As the flood-control work is from six weeks to six months ahead of schedule, the only reason for driving the men is the obvious one that the contractors can make more money by doing so. Protests against the exploitation of the Negroes have been lodged with the War Department in charge of the work. The Department, through Major General Lytle Brown, Chief of Engineers, denies that there is any law by which the federal government can control working conditions under government contracts, and denies that the conditions pictured in the report exist. The report calls, first, for a fuller investigation of conditions in the camps and, second, adequate laws to protect Negroes from exploitation by government contractors.

EDUCATION, except in the sense of special training, culture in fifteen minutes a day or just plain indoctrination, not only is not understood, but is feared by large sections of the American people. Academic freedom is an alien conception which has never crossed their minds, and so must be continually fought for. This fear crops out repeatedly in the official action of the boards of state universities and colleges. The most recent example is the summary dismissal of Professor John C. Granbery, head of the department of History at Texas Technological College. According to the petition signed by 185 students, no charges were brought against Dr. Granbery, who has been connected with the college since its foundation and was its foremost scholar. The best reason which the board could muster was that their action was a nonrenewal of contract for the sake of economy. The student petition alleges that the real reason was that Dr. Granbery is a religious and economic liberal and a pacifist. It goes on to say that although he had been accused of socialism by members of the American Legion and holds opinions differing from those of the D.A.R., his liberalism is of the same shade as Franklin D. Roosevelt's. If this is true, academic freedom is indeed a very precarious institution.

What Can the Farmers Gain?

ALMOST everyone admits that the farmers' holiday cannot directly bring agriculture permanent relief. Its value will consist in its indirect results. It dramatizes the farmers' plight as nothing before has done. But what is to follow? Assuming that public and authorities are stirred to action in the farmers' behalf, what can they do? The situation is a challenge to both major presidential candidates, one of whom, after rejecting every remedy the farmers themselves have suggested, tried a remedy of his own which probably did more harm than good, and the other of whom has yet to declare his agricultural policy.

The Governors of the states chiefly concerned have just tried their hand at a program. Their first recommendation is the same old bunkum handed the farmers by President Hoover himself —tariff revision to give equality of protection to agriculture. Of course this is not of the slightest use to growers of crops of which there is an export

surplus. And the farmers concerned do raise these crops, in the main.

The second point in the Governors' program is a "sound expansion of currency" which would "do justice between creditors and debtors and enhance commodity prices." This overlooks a number of important considerations. The great majority of business transactions involve, not the use of currency, but of bank credit, and a real reflationary program must find some way to increase that. In the second place, it is credit in *use* which counts, not merely credit resources awaiting use. There must be a sufficient demand for loans from solvent borrowers; there must be someone to spend the money borrowed. This suggests that the one sure way to achieve the result desired is a sufficiently large program of public expenditures. And in the last place, the whole process, if it could be carried through, would merely be alleviatory; it would provide no assurance against the repetition of disaster.

The third proposal is to reorganize the agricultural credit system so as to refinance the farmer at a lower rate of interest. This would be helpful, but after all it would not go far. Much agricultural land cannot earn even the lowest conceivable rate of interest on the valuation at which it was mortgaged, and still leave enough for taxes, current expenses and the family's living. The same observation attaches to the fourth point, which is to make R.F.C. funds available to the farmer. The last point—that surplus-control legislation should elevate the domestic price level of American products—deserves further attention. For if something cannot be done to raise farm prices and keep them up to a level at which farmers can make a decent living, we might as well stop talking about measures of relief and face frankly the revolutionary implications of the existing situation.

In previous years farm organizations have themselves proposed two devices for this purpose, both of which have been opposed by Republican administrations and business interests. One was the McNary-Haugen bill with its equalization fee. Governmental agencies were to buy the surpluses of crops in excess of the domestic demand, thus allowing the tariff to become effective. These surpluses were to be sold abroad at the world price. Since they were to be bought at the protected price and sold at a lower one, there would be a loss to the controlling agency. This loss was to be met by a fee levied on the growers themselves, in accordance with the amount they raised. The other plan, the debenture, sought the same end by a different route. It was thought preferable by many because it did not involve the difficulties connected with the equalization fee. The government was to give, to exporters of crops, debentures with a value equal to the tariff on the products in question. This would tend to raise the price received by the farmers. The debentures would be received by the government in payment of import duties. They would therefore be bought from the exporters, at a slight discount, by importers. In effect, the scheme was a government subsidy to agriculture, paid out of tariff receipts. The major fault of both these plans, considered as long-term policies, was that they contained no device for restricting output. If they increased prices enough to encourage crop raising, the exportable surpluses might keep on growing until dumping abroad was no longer possible.

The Hoover plan of stabilization corporations under the Farm Board embodied the worst fault of these two plans without any of their virtues. Governmentally formed and financed institutions were created to buy crops, but no plans were made for the sale of the purchases except in the unlikely event of a crop shortage in the near future. There was no advance provision to cover any losses which the stabilization agencies might incur. They were foreordained to failure, therefore, under the conditions obtaining.

A new scheme is now being pushed by certain able agricultural economists which is basically more sound than anything previously suggested. It is commonly called the "domestic allotment plan." Governmentally created agencies would offer to make contracts with individual farmers. The wheat-grower, let us say, would be asked to agree that he would plant no more wheat acreage than he had averaged to plant in a certain previous period. He would also agree even to reduce his acreage by as much as 10 percent, on demand of the controlling authorities. In return for this, he would receive a subsidy on that proportion of his harvest which corresponded to the domestic consumption of the total national crop. That is, if we normally exported 25 percent of our wheat, the individual grower would receive the subsidy on 75 percent of his wheat crop. The subsidy would be sufficient, when added to the world price, to restore the pre-war purchasing power of wheat in terms of other commodities, but would in no instance be more than the tariff on the crop in question. For wheat, that is, it would be, at the maximum, forty-two cents a bushel. This plan would go into effect only when 60 percent or more of the national crop was covered by the contracts, or 60 percent of the growers were willing to sign.

The money to pay for the subsidy would be raised by an excise tax on the crops in question, levied at the markets or mills. The tax would be remitted on exported products. Thus the domestic consumer of bread might pay a cent a loaf more —if on account of market conditions the tax were not absorbed by distributors and manufacturers. The theory is that he would suffer no net loss in doing so, because the farmer would have enough income to enable him to buy the bread-eater's product and, thus, to make the bread-eater more sure of a job and of fair wages.

This plan, if successfully administered, would not only provide emergency relief, but would have the

great merit of not encouraging excess output when prices rose.

The administration of the scheme, admittedly a difficult task, would be in the hands of state, county and local committees on which the farmers would be represented. It is argued that a local committee could keep close tab on the acreage of individual farmers—since plantings cannot be readily concealed. In this administrative organization, indeed, certain proponents of the plan see its chief merit. For the first time, agriculture would be organized to control output. Its experts would have to study, apply and explain trends of consumption and production. The dirt farmer would realize that he had a stake in intelligent management of his industry as a whole. You would have, in embryo, a machinery for economic planning from the grass-roots up. It might go on from its elementary task to a realization of the importance of a proper land policy, more efficient methods of commodity distribution, a larger consumers' market with sufficient purchasing power, and hence of social-economic planning in broader fields, both national and international. Eventually some less clumsy way of controlling prices and effecting the distribution of income might be devised.

In itself, the domestic-allotment plan of course looks like just another mustard plaster for the aches and pains of a hopelessly sick capitalist system. It might in fact turn out to be just that. Indeed, there seems to be little likelihood of its adoption; President Hoover has already indicated his opposition to it, and it would undoubtedly arouse the same type of hostility which has killed farm-relief measures in the past. It does have importance, however, as the most reasonable of all the schemes to deal with the agricultural emergency which do not contemplate revolution in ownership of property. Those who, on the one hand, do not want collapse into primitive and inefficient farming and, on the other, do not desire or do not expect revolutionary change, are under an obligation either to accept this plan or suggest a better one. For if something of this sort is not done, and a violent change does not occur, all that the leaders of our institutions can do is to acknowledge hopeless incompetency and trust to luck—which, on the record of past performances, will probably be bad.

Political Gesture

BY MANY observers, the eviction of the Bonus Army was interpreted as a political gesture, the firing of the first gun in Mr. Hoover's election campaign. The scheme, so they assert, was put forward by Republican political leaders. Its purpose was to present the Republican candidate in the role of a stern crusader against anarchy: people would vote for him to save the country from bloody revolution. But the first gun missed fire. There were too many eye-witnesses to what happened on Pennsylvania Avenue and Anacostia Flats, and few of them remained friendly to Mr. Hoover. The picture they spread abroad was that of troops in full battle equipment marching down on defenseless veterans, burning their poor possessions, tear-gassing their children and driving their wives up a steep bank at the point of a bayonet, while their homes blazed behind them against the night sky. It wasn't a picture calculated to win votes. Explanations became necessary in order to "correct the many misstatements of fact as to this incident with which the country has been flooded."

It is quite likely that the observers are wrong, that Mr. Hoover had no political motives, but merely misjudged the situation and ordered out the troops in a blue funk. There is no doubt, however, that Attorney General Mitchell's recent justification of his action is a campaign document pure and simple.

It is a more effective document than the one issued last month by Secretary Hurley. That statement was full of outrageous errors which could be, and were, corrected by newspaper correspondents and government officials. Mr. Mitchell writes in a more lawyerly fashion, presents his arguments more coherently, makes a wider use of source material. His report on the Bonus Army proves that he would be thoroughly at home in one of the large New York financial law offices, which for some time has been angling for him. About the Bonus Army itself, the report proves next to nothing.

Essentially it repeats Pat Hurley's story. Part of what it says—the part relating to the proportion of non-veterans among the bonus forces—was disproved in advance. Everything in it that concerns the Washington police has been denied in detail by General Glassford. The preposterous statement that, apart from a few stone bruises inflicted on the soldiers and a veteran's sliced ear, "no other casualties were suffered after the troops came," will be exploded next winter by a congressional investigation—though the investigation cannot begin till after the national elections.

But Mr. Mitchell's report tries to add a new detail to the picture. By the use of statistics, it tries to prove that "the Bonus Army brought into the city of Washington the largest aggregation of criminals that had ever been assembled in the city at any one time." It explains that the 4,723 men who applied to the Veterans' Bureau for transportation to their homes were finger-printed before receiving their fares. By the most careful sort of research—by spending enough of the government's money and enough time of its employees to have provided all these hungry men with a few square meals—it was discovered that no less than 1,069 of them, or 22.6 percent, had criminal records.

More than a thousand known criminals among fewer than five thousand of the bonus marchers!

The figures look impressive till we begin to analyze them more closely; then they crumble away. In the first place, all these men were unemployed and most of them had lost their homes. To be jobless and homeless, under the enlightened laws of many American cities, is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment—so that in this sense all the bonus marchers were criminals. But, in the second place, only 829 of the men whose records were examined had ever been convicted; Mr. Mitchell's statistics manage to confuse the innocent with the guilty. In the third place, most of the 829 offenses were minor ones—disorderly conduct, vagrancy, drunkenness, gambling, "military offenses" (like being absent without leave), "suspicion and investigation," violating the traffic laws, etc. And, in the fourth place, more serious-sounding offenses are stated in such a way as to confuse petty misdemeanors with felonies. Out of the whole list of 1,069 men "with criminal records," it is doubtful that two hundred could really be called criminals —and this, considering the police records of the country as a whole, is a low percentage.

Throughout the report, Mr. Mitchell brackets together "criminals and radicals," as if the two words were synonyms. He furthermore tries to show that a virtual reign of terror existed in Washington during June and July. He says of the bonus marchers, "Many reports have been received that they practically levied tribute on small merchants, and intimidated housewives when their demands were refused." But it is significant that the great majority of Washington citizens, especially those living near the camps, took the side of the veterans on the day of the eviction. Mr. Mitchell emphasizes that 362 of the marchers were arrested. He does not add that twenty-five or thirty thousand veterans passed through the camps from first to last, and that many of them brought their wives and children. For a city of thirty-five or forty thousand people, during two months, 362 arrests is a very low figure. But General Glassford tells us that only twelve of these arrests were made for offenses of a criminal nature. He adds that there was less crime in Washington during the two months of the "bonus invasion" than there was in the month that followed.

The political effect of Mr. Mitchell's statement may be different from what he desired. But its human effect is more important. Here we have the spectacle of a high government official, at the order of the President, submitting an attack on the personal character of United States army veterans who are now homeless and unemployed. Doubtless the result of his statement, in human terms, will be to make it more difficult for these men to obtain food, shelter and a job.

Let us look at the matter from the standpoint of a typical bonus marcher. For ten years he was a railroad fireman running out of Youngstown, Ohio. He had a wife, three children, owned his house . . . but he lost his job in the spring of 1930, and the next year he couldn't pay his mortgage. He had served in France during the War, and the government still owed him part of his bonus: that was his last hope. He went to Washington, leaving his wife in Cleveland with relatives as poor as himself. A little later he sent for her; at least there was food in the bonus camp, and the kids could gain a little weight. But on the night of July 28, the soldiers burned down his shack, with all his bedding and kitchen gear; they teargassed his kids and drove them out of the city. And now comes a statement from the Attorney General saying that he was part of the largest aggregation of criminals that had ever been assembled in Washington, and accusing his buddies of rape, forgery, burglary, felonious homicide and all other sorts of crimes. He can't go back to Youngstown because he's lost his residence. Anywhere else he goes, people will be looking at him suspiciously and locking their doors against him. During the last three years, he has learned to be philosophic: he knows that it's all a political game and that a gentleman in Washington wants to hold a fat job for another four years, but all the same . . . all the same he'd like to have some milk for his kids.

Another German Election

WHEN THE German Reichstag, by 513 to 32, voted lack of confidence in the von Papen government, it gave concrete expression to the opposition of the overwhelming majority of the people to the present regime. Dr. Julius Curtius, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, who arrived in this country on Monday for a lecture tour, therefore merely adds to the hilarity of nations when he tells the American press that "the German government is now a government of all the people and not a government of one group."

New elections are scheduled for the early part of November. Meanwhile the present government will carry on an active campaign for a complaisant parliament. We fail to see, however, how any important change in the composition of the Reichstag can be brought about, and it is safe to predict that the Schleicher-Papen combination will have to succumb to its second election defeat. Not even in Germany can a government opposed by all important parties maintain the fiction that it represents a sort of super-party sentiment of the people.

Action on the non-confidence motion, made by the Communists, might have been prevented by the objection of a single deputy. It was generally expected that the Hugenberg Nationalists would use this means to give von Papen an opportunity to lay his program before the Reichstag. When no objection came, a vote was taken without discussion, depriving the Chancellor of the possibility of reading the dissolution order.

Though the Nazis have already announced their intention of appealing from the dissolution order to the Reichsgericht, this is a useless step, since the Constitution, in Section 23, provides that government representatives must be heard "even outside the regular order of business." The chairman was therefore out of order when he prevented von Papen from taking the floor.

In its effort to rule with emergency decrees during the next two months, the government will face the vigorous opposition of almost the entire nation. The National Socialists, the Social Democrats and the Centrists, all of them supporters of extra-parliamentary methods in the past, are crying out against the dictatorial measures of the present regime. Not without justification Dr. Meissner, political secretary of President Hindenburg and, next to von Schleicher, his most influential adviser, recently pointed out that emergency decrees have governed the Reich ever since the establishment of the German Republic. He showed that Friedrich Ebert, the first President—under whom Dr. Meissner served in the same capacity and was generally accepted as a Social Democrat—issued not less than one hundred and thirty-four such decrees between 1919 and 1924, whereas von Hindenburg has employed this means of government in seventy-five cases only. "The great majority of these orders," says Dr. Meissner, "referred to financial and economic legal enactments of very considerable range. Even a brief glance at the Reich legislation will show the extent to which the legislative powers normally in the hands of the Reichstag have passed into the hands of the extraordinary legislator—the Reich President—through the agency of Article 48."

The Social Democratic party has already announced that it will initiate a referendum of the people against certain sections of the presidential decree issued on September 4, which embodies the economic policies known as the one-year-plan of the von Papen government. The sections against which it intends to appeal to the nation are contained in an enactment decree not yet officially published but already adopted in the Cabinet. They authorize the government "in view of the present need of the German people, to relieve business and finance, to simplify and reduce the cost of social services and to preserve and increase employment opportunities," and furthermore to:

1. Alter the existing provisions governing public insurance in cases of sickness or accident, unemployment, incapacity or invalidity.
2. Change the provisions governing organization and functions of public relief authorities.
3. Alter the coördinate provisions governing relations between employer and employee, trade agreements, labor courts, arbitration agreements and industrial protective measures.
4. Provide for those measures which, in the opinion of the Reich government, are necessary to regulate unemployment insurance and public welfare, the labor market, state employment agencies, the creation of employment opportunities and the initiation of a public labor service, and to change the laws governing these activities.

The coming campaign will be of the greatest interest, since the parties opposing the von Papen government can under no circumstances find a common ground. The National Socialists, who are fundamentally in sympathy with the conceptions of the present regime, are fighting for power. In the final analysis, there is as little basic difference between these two parties as between our own Republicans and Democrats. Indeed, the von Papen government was eager, as everybody knows, to share responsibility with its Fascist opponents, and only the aspiration of Adolf Hitler for the Chancellorship prevented the consummation of such a bargain. For the working class of Germany, on the other hand, the outcome of the election will be determined by the degree of coöperation between the labor parties. If the process of mutual toleration between Socialists and Communists so auspiciously begun during the last campaign progresses during the next two months, it should be possible to confront the combined Fascist and Junker attack with a more powerful opposition than it has ever met before.

A manifesto issued by the National Socialist and Centrist parties, about ten days ago, proved that these parties had arrived at a working agreement for the Reichstag session, an understanding that is not likely to weather the vicissitudes of the coming compaign. The Nazis will outdo von Schleicher in his aggressive military demands and are insisting on the immediate restoration to Germany of her pre-war colonies. They have furthermore established a strategic intelligence service independent of the Sturm Abteilungen and have taken other measures that cannot possibly be sanctioned by the Centrist party. The new-born political alliance breathed its last when its excuse for being disappeared. The kaleidoscope of German politics will inevitably bring forth new combinations.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1932, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

Samuel Insull

I: *The Rise to Power*

ON THE day that Samuel Insull fled secretly to Europe, the newspaper in Chicago that calls itself "the world's greatest newspaper" carried on the front page a two-column editorial demanding a return to the era of untrammeled individual initiative in American economic life. There is a curious humor in this, for Insull's collapse symbolizes the end of the last phase of a long period of unrestrained individual exploitation of America, resources and people. The system which produced Insull may achieve again a kind of stability but for various reasons there will almost certainly never be the same crude exhibition of the will to power in the economic field.

Insull's methods were crude. They were so crude that when they came flagrantly into the open for the first time in 1926, the higher powers in New York decided that Insull must go. A long battle on the electric-power front followed, raging hardest in New England. But for the depression Insull might have hung on.

In a striking way his career illustrates the danger involved in the concentration of such enormous power in a single individual. It paralyzes the wills and the minds of those who come in contact with it. And finally it destroys the judgment, the intellect, the sensibilities, of the individual himself and leads him into the trap that will destroy him. If the eye-gouging game indulged in by those at the top of the financial heap concerned only themselves, it would make no difference whatsoever. But it happens to involve a commodity vital to modern life. It involves directly the fate of an army of employees and another army of small investors. It involves the stability of essential financial institutions.

Insull was born in London in 1859, but not long afterward his parents removed to Reading, England, where he attended school until he was fourteen years old. There was no more money for tuition and Insull took up the study of shorthand and typewriting and obtained a position in London. Fired from this job, he answered a "blind" advertisement and obtained a post as secretary to E. H. Johnson, then the London agent of Thomas A. Edison. Johnson once wrote to Edison: "If you are ever in need of a secretary, the young man to whom I am dictating will make an excellent one." And later when Johnson was in America, Edison saw the weekly reports which Insull forwarded from London and was impressed by their conciseness. The inventor sent for Insull.

The association of Edison and Insull was to have far-reaching effects upon the development of the electrical industry in the United States. Edison above all a shrewd business man, was an ideal tuto for Insull. But as the former soon discovered, hi young secretary, only twenty years old at the begin ning of their association, needed little tutoring. T an increasing degree Edison trusted his financia affairs to Insull. Very much later, when Insull wa at the height of his power, Edison was to say "Insull is one of the greatest business men in th United States and as tireless as the tides." During the decade that he worked for Edison, Insull had a prominent part in the formation of the early Edison companies: the Electric Tubing Company, the Edison Machine Works and, later, the Edison General Electric Company, which was subsequently to become the present General Electric Company.

Insull appears at this time to have been the ideal servant of big business. He was discreet, cautious, a decent-looking young chap with mutton-chop whiskers, whose zeal for work matched Edison's own. He seems to have known from the beginning where he wanted to go, but his ambition was held in careful check. With the formation of the General Electric Company, Edison had, in effect, transferred his basic patents to a corporation in which he held a large interest, a corporation controlled by capable and efficient business executives. He no longer had an acute need for a financial secretary such as Insull. By way of a reward for past services, Insull was made a vice-president, in charge of manufacturing, in the new company.

It was the kind of job in which a young and willing servant of business might expect to find himself. It required tireless attention to detail, patience and a capacity for a great deal of hard work. It was not the kind of job that Samuel Insull wanted to hold for very long. In 1892 he appealed to Edison for a better position, one that would give more scope to his abilities. Edison went with Insull to Chicago and persuaded a group of bankers there to make the latter head of the Commonwealth Electric Company, then one of five struggling companies that supplied Chicago with light and power.

Here was an ideal field. It is plain that Insull already held the concept of concentration and consolidation in the electrical industry. And, moreover, such early public-utility pirates as Charles T. Yerkes had left in Chicago a useful tradition. It took Insull fifteen years to concentrate the five electric-light companies into the Commonwealth Edison Company. Five years later, in 1912, he formed the Middle West Utilities Company around a group of power units in Illinois and neighboring states. All this was accomplished by the most ruthless,

driving attack. Small plants were junked, power lines were concentrated. Competing companies were merged. His technique as a utility operator was perfected during these years.

Even those who have fought Insull most bitterly have never questioned his self-righteousness. He was no Machiavellian cynic, laughing as he pulled the strings of government to serve his own ends. He was the ultimate pragmatist, bent on getting things done as he wanted them done. It is possible, as has been said, that great wealth was of secondary consideration; possible, even, that a sense of personal power was secondary to this thirst for tangible achievement; for creating one monopolistic electric company where five weak ones had competed with each other. Holding the mass in contempt as he did, it was not difficult for him to confuse the welfare of Samuel Insull with the welfare of the public—that tragic American confusion which is supported by a latent Calvinism, serving as such an admirable quietus to any last, faint squirmings of conscience; more dangerous, perhaps, than the candid piracy of the Goulds and Vanderbilts of an earlier generation. Armored with self-righteousness, Insull was prepared to beat down all obstacles. His methods in the People's Gas Light and Coke Company valuation case illustrate his ruthless tactics in the face of opposition.

The gas company in Chicago was a relatively weak property. It awaited the magic Insull touch. What was required above everything else was an increase in valuation for rate-making purposes of $20,000,000 to $30,000,000. In the path of Goliath Insull stood what appeared at the outset to be a very insignificant David. The appointment of Donald Richberg as a special counsel for the city in the gas case was one of Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson's blundering mistakes, a mistake which he never repeated. "Big Bill," already on Insull's books for a hundred-thousand-dollar campaign contribution, had been careless in naming the aldermanic committee to choose a special counsel. The committee, after lengthy internal dissension, named the young progressive lawyer, Richberg. The fight was on.

Richberg had to fight not only Insull but the city administration itself. For Samuel Ettelson, corporation counsel for Chicago, was the real power at the City Hall and Ettelson was Insull's man. He had been attorney for Insull and through all the years that he served as corporation counsel, his law partner, Dan Schuyler, remained on Insull's pay roll, but that interrelation is seen to be more significant later in the narrative. In an early victory Richberg gained access to the dark obscurities which lay behind the balance sheets of the gas company. The Insull forces were obviously worried. They put detectives on Richberg's trail with orders to get something on him that could be used for blackmail. Ettelson tried repeatedly to remove Richberg. Nothing worked. Strategy was called for.

Insull himself telephoned to Richberg. "I want peace, young man," he said. "But I don't want peace at any price." It appeared to be a genuine confession of defeat. Insull offered a fair settlement—a fair rate based upon a fair valuation. It seemed to Richberg open and aboveboard. A contract was signed by the city and by the gas company and the case appeared to be settled. As Insull very well knew, it had just begun. Within a short time, the gas company went before the Illinois Public Service Commission with a request for the rate which Richberg had so stoutly opposed. The contract with the city was disregarded as casually as those other scraps of paper that democracy was then at war about. There was added irony in the fact that Insull was head of the Illinois State Council of Defense.

From the Public Service Commission Insull has nearly always got what he wanted. Its history is the history of such men as Frank L. Smith. But in this instance Insull had a tough opponent. Richberg did not know when he was beaten. The fight was twice as bitter as it had been before. In open hearings Richberg denounced Ettelson as the tool of Insull, working in direct opposition to the best interests of the city. And that was a dangerous thing to do. There were more detectives. For a period of several years Richberg was never for long without a shadow. They tried to pry into every secret of his life, tried to involve the young lawyer's wife and friends, stopped at nothing. There were whispers that Richberg was to be "rubbed out." Newspaper reporters brought this rumor to him. It was common talk around the City Hall, so common that at one time city detectives, as well as the Insull detectives, "tailed" Richberg in order to make sure, if he were murdered, that no suspicion should fall upon Ettelson and others who were known to be at war with him. At the climax of the fight Insull called in person upon an attorney known to be a friend of Richberg. He threatened in violent terms to denounce Richberg and Richberg's father, recently dead, for crimes which he did not trouble to name, unless Richberg called quits. Although it happened to be a particularly trying time in his life, in more ways than one, Richberg stuck it out and won the case, thereby saving the gas consumers of Chicago about $2,000,000 a year. It was one of the few checks in Insull's career.

He had early discovered how to get things done in the most expedite fashion: pay the right man. That was the Insull formula. It worked perfectly in solving the labor troubles that broke out at this time. The Chicago gas plant had never been modernized. There was required a great deal of heavy, back-breaking common labor. The hours were long, the pay was low and there gradually accumulated an active discontent. Tim Murphy, gangster and labor racketeer, discovered this discontent and soon capitalized it. He formed the Gas Workers' Union. It is interesting to record

that at a hearing held at this time Richberg went into the labor question. He asked Insull on the stand if he did not believe that a more humane labor policy would result in greater efficiency. "My experience," said the great Samuel Insull, in a dry, sharp voice, "is that the greatest aid to efficiency of labor is a long line of men waiting at the gate."

However, he soon had to face angry and rebellious workers. Tim Murphy's union made certain demands which the gas company declined to meet. Thereupon a strike was called for a certain date, threatening for the first time in American history to shut off the supply of an essential utility in a major city. There was a great furore. Insull executives were frightened. But before the date set for the walkout, the strike was called off and the terms of a brief settlement announced. It was one of those mysterious settlements, with apparently little rhyme or reason, so common in American labor history. A short time afterward Richberg discovered what had actually happened. In going over accounting records of the gas company he found a marked increase in the item of general office expense. He asked some pointed questions about this item in the course of a valuation hearing and got a distress signal from the company's attorneys. In private they explained to him that this was the cost of settling with Murphy.

When Murphy some time afterward was convicted of a federal mail robbery and sent to Leavenworth penitentiary, there were rumors in Chicago that he had been railroaded to prison to get him out of Insull's way. But this can be discounted by the fact that all the time Murphy was in the penitentiary his wife was paid Murphy's price for running Murphy's union. At the same time the company set up a nice little company union of its own, and the two, the gangster's union and the company union, ran for several years side by side in peace and happiness. At other times companies under Insull's control have not hesitated to employ gangsters in labor disputes. Insull's Black Mountain Coal Company was the first to bring strike-breaking gunmen into Harlan, Kentucky. And how Boss Insull ruled gangridden Chicago is a chapter in itself.

As the interweaving lines of his power system spread out across the entire continent, so did the sure but subtle roots of his personal domination thrust down into every department of life. He was a great man for lawyers. You could never tell when you were going to come up against an Insull attorney. Retainers were dropped as casually as the rain of spring. Details did not escape him; he was quick to see the canker in the rose. Professor Charles E. Merriam was soon suspect; here was a rank idealist on the board of aldermen. In typical fashion Insull summoned Democratic boss Roger Sullivan, who decided that the best approach to Professor Merriam would be through Harold L. Ickes, an attorney who had been in the Roosevelt progressive movement and identified with civic reform. Ickes consented to meet Insull. The latter proposed a meeting with Professor Merriam. "I don't believe that you two would have much to say to each other," said Ickes. "Well, possibly not. But then . . . you never can tell about those things in advance. By the way, Mr. Ickes, I wonder if you would be interested in associating yourself with us—say a retainer of a thousand dollars." "I'm afraid I couldn't do that, Mr. Insull, as you see I'm Richberg's partner." "Oh yes, yes, of course, I'd forgotten that." And Ickes did not even smile. Insull was to help in defeating Professor Merriam, as later he was to contribute to the defeat of William Dever, the only man who has honestly tried to govern the city of Chicago in fifteen years.

In small things, as in large, Insull permitted no swerving from the narrow course. The head of a philanthropic institution in Chicago decided after careful consideration that in the new building to house his institution it would be more advantageous to generate electric power from a steam plant within the building. The structure was virtually completed before Insull heard of this plant. His first move was to order a change that would have necessitated a radical shift in plans at considerable expense. The head of the institution, who still clings to the cautious cloak of anonymity, refused to make the change and persisted in his refusal despite all the pressure that Insull could bring to bear. For ten years Insull tried to get this man's job. He never saw a member of the board, a Field or a McCormick, socially or in business that he did not urge that the director of this institution be dismissed. For years that man lived in fear of Insull's power. It was a fear that was to dominate increasingly a whole city, a vast industry: the boss, the big shot, the voice from on high echoing down in awesome tones to the small, crawling figures at the bottom of the pyramid.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

This is the first of three articles dealing with the rise and fall of Samuel Insull.—THE EDITORS.

Suggestion to the Heart

Instead of yielding to the ways of hell
To gain bread, half of cinder and half bone,
Turn, Heart, and see three heifers in a field
Who stare down through the ice's crystal shell
At last year's cornstalks. See the snow-streaked stone
Where crows sit waiting for the ground to yield
And frosted branches drip a silver seed;
See where the smoke is patient in its plume
Between the day thaw and the evening chill.
Turn, Heart and Hand, from anguish and from need
To these, which hell contrives not to consume.
Who stands with them no demon quite can kill.
Earth is half hell, the other half is here
Where the mind walks without its frame of fear.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

The Khaki Shirts—American Fascists

A COLONEL in the newly formed Khaki Shirt movement has just told me that there isn't going to be any election in November. Between November 1 and Election Day, he says, several hundred thousand Khaki Shirts intend to march on Washington, demand Hoover's resignation and seize power. There will also be marches on state capitals with a comprehensive series of demands for inflationary consumer credit and unemployment relief. "The Khaki Shirts are going to kick every goddam crook out of Washington. They are going to restore the government to the people."

These statements are perhaps too silly to deserve repetition. But there are sections in the Middle West where they are taken seriously, and where large portions of the people would welcome a revolutionary march on Washington. If you go to the great rail center of Burlington, Iowa, and stand by the Mississippi Bridge about dusk, you will see streams of freight cars converging from all points West. On the westbound trains, the "Hoover Pullmans" are practically empty. Eastbound, however, an occasional box car will fly the American flag, and inside the doors will be dozens of young men in brown shirts. Standing on the car tops, you can sometimes see soldiers of the advancing Khaki Shirt army. Perhaps a hundred pass through every day.

In Burlington, a frequent commentary is: "If they start something in Washington, we'll carry it through here." If you spend a few days in Burlington and watch the volume of this eastbound trek, you may revise your opinions as to the stability of our democratic institutions.

What is the nature of this mushroom fascist organization?

The nucleus for the Khaki Shirts appears to have been formed in Reno several months ago by Walter Waters and the present commander in chief, Art J. Smith. When the government dispersed the hungry remnants of the Bonus Army, Smith got the jump on Waters, and capitalized on the discontent by immediate organization of the Western Division of the Khaki Shirts. At present, Smith and Waters appear to be bargaining with each other for national leadership.

The organization of the Khaki Shirts is definitely military. There is a full general staff, the usual obnoxious assortment of petty officers, and a military police responsible to the command. The rank and file is to include all citizens, whether they have had military experience or not, but at present the main part of the organization has been recruited from the Bonus Army ranks. It is significant that no post above that of lieutenant is open to civilians who have not had army service.

The present plan of the Khaki Shirts appears to be the formation of reserve encampments in each state. They are to serve as recruiting centers, and focal points for possible demonstrations on state capitals. There is another and more important function of these reserve encampments, that of preserving an unbroken line of communications. The B. E. F. marched through the country, but failed to leave organizational centers behind it. The result was that there was no local machinery to back up the bonus demand by nationwide demonstrations. The potential power of the Khaki Shirts hinges in part on its ability to form local organizations in every state, which should be able to call up big movements of the unemployed and the disgruntled middle class, if things happen to break in Washington.

These are, however, plans, not concrete realities. The number of Khaki Shirts is difficult to estimate. Commander Smith placed it at two millions; Major Paul Copeland was nearer the truth when he said that he doubted they would be able to get a hundred thousand men to march on Washington before Election Day and demand Hoover's resignation. While I was at Kansas City National Headquarters, the fact that a certain organizer had failed to keep in touch with the command was discussed. It was feared that he had "gone off on his own." This is typical of the disorganization and individual careerism of the army.

Art Smith is a man eminently incapable of fusing these discontented elements. He is a soft-spoken mercenary who has served successively China's "Christian" general, Feng Yu-hsiang, the Russian Cossacks, the Riffians, and a certain General Ma (probably of Shantung). His subordinates are likewise mainly soldiers of fortune. In true Chinese style they obtain members by exaggerating the strength which they possess; they give out commissions as a means of getting recruits under their leadership; and they view their economic and political demands primarily as a means of obtaining either power or bargaining strength. The result is a complete lack of clarity or agreement on the nature of the demands which they intend to make and the exact steps by which they intend to obtain power. A Khaki Shirt colonel, for example, told the writer that there was no need to worry about the government's sending the army against them a second time, because "the people are with us, and the government can't stand against the people for long."

The Khaki Shirts boast that they are the only

one of *similar organizations* which has the coöperation of the police and local governments in the towns through which they travel. Whether this be true or not, it is significant that the army's main method of support is an organized system of chiseling. The day I was at Des Moines Headquarters, they had just procured a cow and a calf through the Farmers' Union. Two or three truckloads of food which had been panhandled from the local grocery stores came into camp. It is plain that a large section of the population must be in sympathy with the Khaki Shirts. At least, they have found little difficulty in living off an impoverished population.

The Khaki Shirt program is half-nationalist, half-populist. The movement has decided to support one of the two rival Liberty parties, the Webb-Nordskog sect; and it bases its economic program firmly on the quicksand of Coin Harvey's financial school. The Harvey theory is briefly that "money should be made by the government, and the next step for the government is to get it into general circulation among all the people; and when this is wisely done the government, business, society and civilization *automatically function.*" The Liberty parties believe that under our present system the banks have drawn all the good money (currency) out of circulation, and that thus having obtained a monopoly, they are able to issue sham money (bank credit) to ten times the amount which they have hoarded, and charge usury on it as well. (These confusions between capital and money, and active deposits and currency, are prevalent in the Middle West.) The solution proposed is that the banks be nationalized in order to pave the way for the issue of virtually unlimited quantities of currency to consumers. At the same time, statutory limitation of interest is demanded.

The other half of the Khaki Shirt program is chauvinism of the most unenlightened kind. Restriction of immigration, further strengthening of the army, legislation making a more thorough policy of deporting radicals possible, are advanced side by side with the thirty-hour week, unemployment insurance and a demand for complete freedom of speech. "Radical talk" is barred at the camps. The bias of the movement is spread-eagle and America first. It is careful to distinguish itself from all types of Reds; and it demands support of the Constitution as one of its planks.

The class basis of this appeal is obviously reactionary. It appeals to the small traders and manufacturers who have seen the origin of their troubles in the rapid deflation of the post-crisis years, and the general tightening of credit which accompanied it. They have felt the pinch in their dealings with the banks, and their radicalism extends to a denunciation of the banking system and no farther. For this class, inflation is the ideal solution, a solution in which social and class divisions flourish, a period of prosperity in which the small trader is making money hand over fist out of the lag between wages and the cost of living. It is no accident that fascism in America as well as in Germany transfers the war of labor against capital into a war against money capital and interest. NATHANIEL WEYL.

Lytton Strachey

IT IS often the case with first-rate people that their lives seem to come to an end just when they have finished performing their functions: they put all their energy and passion into accomplishing their particular work and then when the work is done they—sometimes very suddenly—take leave.

In nothing else, it seems to me, did Lytton Strachey prove his first-rate quality more clearly than in departing when he had said what he had to say. Strachey's chief role was of course to blast once for all the pretensions to moral superiority of the Victorian Age. His declaration in the preface to "Eminent Victorians"—*"Je n' impose rien; je ne propose rien: j' expose"*—was certainly not justified by his book. His irony here was so acid that it partly dehumanized his subjects. The essays on Manning and Dr. Arnold, though the technique gives an effect of detachment, have a force of suppressed invective. And the essays on Florence Nightingale and Gordon, written with the same biting metallic accent, make the subjects less sympathetic than we feel they deserve to be. In attempting to destroy, for example, the sentimental reputation which had been created for Florence Nightingale, he emphasized her hardness to such a degree as to slight her moral seriousness and the deep feeling behind the force that drove her. Only occasionally does he let these appear: "O Father," he quotes her as writing, "Thou knowest that through all these horrible twenty years, I have been supported by the belief that I was working with Thee who wast bringing everyone, even our poor nurses, to perfection"; and "How inefficient I was in the Crimea, yet He has raised up from it trained nursing." Such a woman must have been more than the mere demon of energy which Strachey made her.

But from "Eminent Victorians" on, Strachey's ferocity steadily abates. "Queen Victoria" is already a different matter. Both Victoria and Albert in Strachey become human and sympathetic figures. He is said to have approached them originally in the mood of "Eminent Victorians" and then found

himself relenting. Victoria is not caricatured like Florence Nightingale: she is presented simply as a woman living, for all her great position and her public responsibility, a woman's limited life. To Strachey's Victoria, being Queen is a woman's personal experience, a matter of likes and dislikes, of living up to social obligations. This is the force of the famous deathbed scene, perhaps the highest achievement of Strachey's irony, though so often stupidly imitated since by people who have appropriated the cadences without appreciating the point:

> Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, Albert's first stay at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

Victoria has lived through the Victorian Age, has stood at the center of its forces, without knowing what it was all about.

But in his next biography, "Elizabeth and Essex," Strachey produces a somewhat similar effect without the same ironic intention. "Elizabeth and Essex" seems to me the least satisfactory of Strachey's books. His art, tight, calculated, French, was ill suited to the Elizabethan Age. His Elizabeth, though a fine piece of workmanship like everything he did, is worse than metallic, it is wooden. It concentrates so narrowly on the personal relation between Elizabeth and her favorite that we wonder, glancing back to "Queen Victoria," whether it was really altogether Victoria who lacked interest in the politics and thought of her time, whether it was not perhaps Strachey himself. Certainly Elizabeth lived in a larger intellectual world than Victoria, yet we get almost none of it in Strachey: in general we do not feel that the fates of the characters are involved with the larger affairs of history. The personal story is told with insight, but then, after all, Michelet tells a thousand such stories, taking them in his stride. And we are aware for the first time disagreeably of the high-voiced old Bloomsbury gossip gloating over the scandals of the past as he has ferreted them out in his library. Strachey's curious catty malice, his enjoyment of the discomfiture of his characters, is most unpleasantly in evidence in "Elizabeth and Essex." His attitude toward women—Florence Nightingale, Mme. Duffand, Queen Victoria or Queen Elizabeth—was peculiar in this, that he was fascinated by their psychology without feeling any of their attraction and rather took pleasure in seeing them humiliated. He almost invariably picked unappetizing feminine subjects and seemed to make them more unappetizing still. His study of Elizabeth in the light of modern psychology brings her character into clearer focus, but the effect of it is slightly disgusting: it marks so definitely the final surrender of Elizabethan to Bloomsbury England.

Lytton Strachey was changing with the tendency of his time. The fury of "Eminent Victorians" evaporates: there is hardly an accent of protest left in him. The revolt against Victorian pretensions ends in emptiness and faintly scabrous psychology. Strachey now recapitulates his view of history, and this view is simply that which I have already mentioned in connection with Anatole France—that view which has played so important a part in bourgeois thought in its later phases, in Anatole France and in Flaubert, in Henry Adams and T. S. Eliot—the idea that modern society represents some sort of absolute degradation in relation to the past.

In "Portraits in Miniature," which seems to me one of the most remarkably executed of Strachey's books, he traces, through a series of thumb-nail sketches of for the most part minor historical and literary personages, the evolution of modern society from the Elizabethan to the Victorian Age. These personages, by very reason of their special interest or small capacity, supply cultures particularly clear of the social and intellectual bacteria at work during the periods in which they lived. Strachey begins with Sir John Harington, who in Elizabeth's reign invented the water-closet, and goes on through seventeenth-century types: an amateur scientist, a truculent classical scholar, an ambitious university don, the leader of an uncouth Protestant sect; eighteenth-century types: a French abbé who consorted with the philosophers, a French magistrate and country gentleman who insisted on his rights, a lady of sensibility—and ends with Mme. de Lieven, whose surrender to the middle-class Guizot marks for Strachey the final capitulation of the magnificent aristocratic qualities which he had admired in Queen Elizabeth. And a second series of miniatures, which reviews the British historians from the eighteenth-century Hume to the Victorian Bishop Creighton, the historian of the Papacy, points a similar moral.

The industrial, democratic, Protestant, middle-class world is a come-down, says Strachey, from Queen Elizabeth, from Racine, even from Voltaire (both these last great favorites of Strachey's, to whom he devoted admirable essays.) When one considers the great souls of the past, the present seems dreary and vulgar—the Victorian Age in particular, for all its extraordinary energy, was an insult to the human spirit. This is the whole of

Strachey; and when he had said it as pointedly as possible in the fewest possible words, he died.

But not only did Strachey in his writings point a historical moral: he illustrated one himself. In his gallery of English historians, he himself should come last. Certainly one of the best English writers of his time—one of the best English writers in English—he makes us feel sharply the contrast between the England of Shakespeare and the England of after the War. Shakespeare is English and expansive and close to the spoken language. Lytton Strachey, whose first published book was a history of French literature, is so far from being any of these things that his merit actually consists in having written like the French in English. His biographical method, though novel in English literature, was already an old story in French: Sainte-Beuve was the great master of it, and Strachey's tone resembles his. And the weaknesses as well as the virtues of Strachey's style are the result of his imitation of French models. He is pointed, economical and precise, but he is terribly given to clichés. The penalty of trying to reproduce in English the chaste and abstract vocabulary of French is finding one's language become pale and banal. No wonder the age of Shakespeare turned wooden and dry in Strachey's hand. And by the time he had reached "Portraits in Miniature," he was merely repeating belatedly in England a kind of thing which Frenchmen like Anatole France had been doing for fifty years. He was not only imitating the French, he was imitating their bourgeois culture in its decadent stage.

Strachey's real originality and force are seen best at the beginning of his career—in "Eminent Victorians." There, just at the end of the War, he stripped forever of their solemn upholstery the religion, the education, the statesmanship and the philanthropy of the society which had brought it about. The effect on the English-speaking countries was immediate and drastic. Biographers set themselves to seeing through and ironically exposing celebrities until they became a nuisance and a bore. The harshness of "Eminent Victorians" without Strachey's learning and bitter feeling, the intimate method of "Queen Victoria" without his insight into character, had the effect of cheapening history, something which Strachey never did: for though he was venomous about the Victorians, he did not make them any the less formidable. He had none of the modern vice of cockiness, but maintained a rare attitude of humility and admiration and awe before the spectacle of life. But the Americans and the English have never been able to feel the same again about the legends which had dominated their past. Something had been punctured for good.

EDMUND WILSON.

In his next article, the seventh in the series, Mr. Wilson deals with Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

Whom Are You Against?—A Sectional Campaign —Calvin Comes Across—The Dog Fight in New York

THE DELIGHTFUL uncertainties of this campaign are the things that make it interesting—not the candidates, because a more unexciting set, it seems to me, has not been before the people in many a year. Smugness and self-righteousness appear to be their principal characteristics, and these qualities are reflected by their respective spokesmen and publicity departments. Each claims all the known virtues and wisdom, neither concedes a trace of decency or sense to the other, both pose as the embodiment of patriotism and unselfishness. These things, of course, are typical of candidates and campaigns at all times. My point is that in this campaign the degree to which they are developed makes the speeches and statements more than usually tiresome. It is quite true, as has been often said, that scarcely anyone is for either of the candidates. It is largely a question of whom you are against.

The really interesting thing is the conflicting reports, ideas, guesses and judgments about the result. For example, there is the Democratic view that the West and South, aflame with anti-Hoover sentiment, will elect Roosevelt and Garner without a single vote from the New England states, where the big business interests are entrenched. Against this belief is the Republican conviction that all Mr. Hoover has to do is carry the New York group to ensure his reëlection, since the influences that sway these states can be counted upon to keep Ohio, Illinois and Indiana in the Republican fold. The electoral-college mathematicians on both sides are extremely busy figuring an electoral majority for their respective tickets, but it is significant, I think, that neither side can count the necessary 266 votes without including some states on both sides of the Mississippi River. At the present moment there is no real conviction among any of the so-called managers about the safety of the so-called pivotal states. Nevertheless, it does seem true that the Democratic hopes are concentrated upon the West and the Republican upon the East.

By the time these lines are printed, Governor Roosevelt will be on his Western trip, which will take him clear to the California coast. It is no secret that he is making this tour against the counsel of some of his most intimate advisers. They did all they could to dissuade him, but he was determined to go and go he will. The arguments concerning the possibilities of stirring up trouble in the East, through his necessary personal meetings with Hearst and McAdoo in California, he just laughed off, as he did the rather ridiculous contention that he would have to speak in every state west of the Mississippi or risk losing it. The truth is that Governor Roosevelt is convinced that his personal trip to the Coast is the best thing he can do to promote his chances in California, Oregon and Washington, and no amount of argument could shake this conviction.

My own feeling is that his judgment will prove to be correct—particularly so far as California is concerned. He may not carry that state, with its 450,000 registered Re-

publican majority, but the personal compliment he pays it by his visit will make him votes, particularly when it is coupled with the fact that Mr. Hoover could not be induced either to go to the Olympic games or to consider invitations extended since. They are a sensitive people, these Californians, who appreciate attention.

As for the Roosevelt speeches, I am informed that his most serious utterance will be upon the railroads. It is interesting to know that this speech was really written by him before his nomination. It was originally intended for publication in some magazine and has been but slightly amended and revised. Its tone, I am told, is not radical. There is in it not the slightest national-ownership note. On the contrary, railroad presidents who have seen the speech consider it "sound." It will not, I think, appeal very strongly to the progressives of the Wheeler, Brookhart, La Follette type, but it will scotch the idea that Roosevelt is not a "safe" man, so industriously promulgated by Republicans in the East. At least such is the belief among those who have been privileged to see the speech in advance. When I am told that Mr. Baruch, now regarded as one of the Roosevelt advisers, considers it a sound speech, no further evidence that Mr. Brookhart will not be pleased with it need be asked.

On the matter of farm relief, the idea here is that Roosevelt will follow the Baruch-Young lead and declare for the equalization-fee plan, though I rather expect some more or less original thoughts on the farm subject from the candidate. Farm relief is a subject dear to Roosevelt's heart and he is disposed rather to lead than to follow in matters concerned with agriculture. So far as can be learned here, it is not the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt to make another speech on prohibition, nor, I gather, is he going to be pushed into any open declaration against the bonus. The fact is that, to a very large extent, the Roosevelt campaign is being run by Roosevelt; the advisers are not in command. Incidentally, there has been some slight interest here in the news that Colonel House has dropped or been dropped as one of the advisory council. The reason I have heard advanced was that the profound Texan was unable patiently to put up with some of his co-advisers.

In the meantime the Republicans are concentrating upon the East so far as their managerial activities are concerned, although their presidential candidate has about made up his mind to go as far west as Iowa—the state of his birth—for his second speech. The present plan is that he will make the Iowa speech and one other. In these he will ignore Roosevelt, ignore Roosevelt's attacks upon the administration, ignore Roosevelt's proposals. The Republican idea is that there is nothing he need answer and that his best hope is to impress himself upon the country as a serious man grappling with the great problems of economic recovery, slowly but surely winning the fight against the depression. And this is a good idea, if it can be put through.

The pronouncement in favor of Hoover by the good Calvin, which I must confess was vastly more gracious than I had expected and much more than those in the inner White House circle had hoped, has greatly cheered the administration forces. Personally, I think that Coolidge's article, while it has stiffened the morale and lightened the atmosphere, has had no great effect on the public. It helps keep Republicans regular and that is about all. However, when you consider that this is a normally Republican country and that, if Hoover gets the normal Republican vote, he will be elected, it is quite a lot.

In New York State, Hoover's hopes have been built largely around two things. One is that the Walker mess would greatly damage Roosevelt by making Tammany hostile, underneath or openly. The other is the nomination of a state Republican ticket that will swing strength to the national candidates.

So far as the first is concerned, the more acute among the Hoover politicians do not now believe the Walker business will seriously affect the Democratic candidate. As a matter of fact, they had quite a scare for a few days when it seemed that Walker would run and Tammany would support him in a general anti-Roosevelt fight. On the surface, and so far as New York City was concerned, that unquestionably would have helped the Republican cause, but when they looked at it from a national point of view, the real Republican managers shuddered in apprehension. The spectacle of the evil-smelling Tammany organization supporting the completely discredited Walker in an attempt to keep a Democrat out of the White House was one they did not care about having presented to the rest of the country. It could so easily have been capitalized by the Democrats in a way to arouse the people outside of New York. It might easily have swept Roosevelt in, instead of keeping him out. Hence, those closest to Hoover are considerably relieved at the present prospect that Walker will not run and Tammany will not give the Governor the chance to pose as the champion of decency against the powers of corruption. They—the Hoover managers—were actually delighted over the announcement that John McCooey would have a desk in Democratic national headquarters. In brief, the Republicans infinitely prefer under-cover Tammany hostility to Roosevelt to open fight, and I don't blame them.

As for the state Republican ticket, the Hoover administration is quite convinced that the nomination of Colonel Donovan would help Hoover's candidacy in New York more than anything else. The main trouble is that the ebullient Mr. Macy and the gallant Colonel, between them, have created a situation whereby the Colonel cannot be nominated without making Mr. Macy take a licking. Moreover, the licking would be of a kind that would pretty well sidetrack Mr. Macy as a leader in the event of Republican victory. It likewise would weaken the hold on party leadership of the leechlike Mr. Hilles. Naturally the Messrs. Macy and Hilles are strongly opposed to such an eventuality and are at this writing determined to hold out to the end against Donovan's nomination.

The candidacy of Trubee Davison further complicates the situation and the Hoover leaders appear more or less powerless to straighten it out. In the end I rather think Donovan will win—though not without some concessions to the opposition, and not before a bitterness has been engendered that will carry over after the convention. It is the custom to talk about the factional feeling and friction of Democrats as a Democratic characteristic. But, if Democrats can hold the hate in their hearts toward each other that some of these New York Republicans do, they are larger-hearted than I have believed.

Washington. T. R. B.

Note: Moving Picture Acting

LAST WEEK I spoke of the plays we see in the films, none of which, I said, not even theatre plays already so, had turned out to be significant. There remained then, I said, two things: the photography and the acting. The photography divides into two sorts: that which is interesting artistically or at least experimentally, and that which is interesting because of what it shows us, fashions, public people, landscapes, movie personality persons whether real or created by publicity methods, Olympics, animals and foreign lands.

As for the actors shown us in films, they more or less divide into two types. One of these consists of persons whose quality one way or another is interesting in the interpretation of a role, or can be made thus interesting. They begin with people who are no better than could be picked from any subway train or department store, no more good-looking, no more talented, and who are concocted into acting figures. These consist either of young ladies who can be trimmed, dressed and dyed to the right degree and coached and written into personalities of a sort, if nothing more than platinum blonde, and young men who can be pushed into boyish movement, current notions of romance, comicality, good clothes or pathos, or of persons of any age and wanted for any screen purpose. The moving pictures are full of such, all the way to a national sweetheart, either sex; everyone of us has something of a favorite among them, and nothing more needs to be said. This type includes many of the vehicular means for gags, such people—Mr. Harold Lloyd, for example, or the fat member of the Laurel and Hardy pair, whichever one of the names he may bear—who are without talent but who carry out with likable go and energy a progress of funny gags and situations. From these talentless and widely available kinds of players the grade rises into players of genuine personal quality and sometimes even glamor. Such actors remain in every way themselves, but can bring much to a play. The other type consists of actors such as really perform and portray. They have both the will and the technique to create roles. The role will be in terms of the actor himself, but will be a genuine role as well. Obviously this division among types of actors is exactly the same as in the theatre, with the sole exception that the nature of the screen medium provides more chance and range for the gag-comic.

At the start I should note also that the moving pictures provide for certain actors a medium far more suited to their ends and the fortunes possible to them than the theatre could, at least the present-day theatre of the Western world. Of these actors the immediate and chief instance is Charlie Chaplin. In the films he has had a freedom, a chance to cut and revise or repeat, a privacy and singleness, that have led him, in his particular case, to a perfection that could not be repeated night after night on a stage. It is quite as true that he is out of class with everyone else in our cinema and our theatre as to miming and as to acting, just as his work is the most nearly free of any impinging reality, and closest to the flow, music and abstraction of the acting art.

The absence of the audience and what that absence does to diverse types of players in moving pictures is something to be considered. Exhibitionism we have always with us, as everybody knows these days, from the spiritual show of a flaunted conscience, or the omnipresent publicity hunger, to the sheer raw pleasure in attracting the attention of other people or being looked at. One of the basic instincts of the born actor is showing himself. He would rather walk across the stage hungry, if there is no better chance for him in the play, than sit at home on a full stomach; he would rather be a seen ass than the invisible ghost of the Great Khan, unless that ghost were one of some list of *dramatis personae* on a stage. Even a great actor is never so happy, or never so happy and tortured at the same time—which means never so fully alive—as when he is acting on a stage. Among actors performing before the movie camera, but not before an audience, the effect would be widely different. Your mere, raw, born exhibitionist actor will rise, audience or no audience, to any chance of showing himself. A great player like Bernhardt, with her childish vanity, her technical medium securely practised to almost a mechanism, her power to overcome herself with her own magnetism, as it were, her half-objective intensity and passion, could have turned it all on to the beating of a drum or the sound of armies and clapping hands in a phonograph record. Duse's acting was the echo of something withheld, a technique that came from vast labor and thought, but yet was delicately dependent on the audience she played to at the moment. As regards the audience, Duse had a curious and, so far as I know among actors, unique combination of resentment and communion; in combination with the audience she was a great actress, otherwise her character was that of a great artist, not the same thing at all. Mei Lan-fang, who has the most complete technical equipment of any actor I have ever seen in the theatre, possesses an amazing sense of the audience. You will see him pick up the rapport from any part of the house, sensing infallibly the lessening of response; and some of the most subtle shading in his acting is the result of this intention and super-sense. A portion of the high degree of perfection in him is due to his complete inclusion of all the elements that make up the theatre art, of which, of course, the audience is one. The extent, therefore, to which diverse players diminish or increase their excellence with only the camera as audience will vary according to the person. Habit, objectivity or practice will affect each player differently. And there are cases where the emotional or technical qualities of an actor make him capable of a remarkable performance that he could not be sure of repeating.

There is, also, a particular kind of actor that the moving picture can help or make more effective. Very often in a play you will see in some short part, sometimes in only one scene, an actor that seems to you capital. He will get good notices from the reviewers; people will be asking why some manager does not give this actor a real part to play. Sometimes a manager does so, sometimes the actor is jumped almost to the position of a star. The result may be a success, but this is not then the sort of actor I mean. In his case people will be asking why nothing better came out of it all; they are disappointed. The prime reason for such cases is some personal effectiveness, some vivid something, that the player brought into

his scene or his brief appearance on the stage; to which may also have been added a certain amount of luck in the casting for that particular role. But when a long role is assigned this actor, a role sometimes on which the life of the play, even, may hang, he cannot hold it up. At the start he may engage us, and then, scene by scene, he grows less interesting. Perhaps technically he does not know how to study a part, how to vary the touch, distribute the emphasis, create right qualities for the various scenes. Or his personal presence as a stage medium or his vividness may not last out so long a presence before our eyes. At any rate we have a failure; sometimes, especially if we have no eyes for study of such matters, we have a surprise. Mr. Claude Cooper, an example of English character acting, when you saw him in that short role of the sailor in "S. S. Tenacity," might have led you to think he would carry off a long and pivotal role as well as David Warfield. Miss Ann Harding, seen briefly in some scene, early in her career, might have convinced you that she would be a remarkable star, though when this star chance did come she was never interesting for more than a tenth of the performance. For such stage persons the moving picture is a more favorable medium than the stage can ever be. Dividing them up into bits as it were, shining them up here and there for moments only, is much better than to let them try holding up a whole act in a play, plus other acts or scenes to follow.

Two actors, great successes in the films, I should like to discuss more at length. One of them is Mr. Lionel Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore, to some extent at least, belongs to the type of actor I have just spoken of; in certain talking-picture scenes he appears to have surpassed the work he has done on the stage. But he is interesting for much broader reasons. After a career not without its success in the theatre, and not without its seasons of real uncertainty, he has come into a very wide popularity. You will hear him spoken of everywhere among moving-picture-goers, very often as a fine actor. At any rate they like him and generously. Mr. Lionel Barrymore on the stage was one of our most technically careful actors: on the stage he worked hard, in fact one of his greatest setbacks was that he worked too hard; it was an artistic defect. His greatest defect, however, was monotony, especially in pathetic scenes. I have seen him practically blubber through a whole scene, a spectacle at first rather touching, then restive and unpleasant and finally, before he got through with it, merely boring. There was no sense of regulation, where to put the main stress, where to relieve the pressure, to give the underscoring and comment that the mind contributes to the acting moment. In short, he did not know how to raise the acting from a sort of emotional realism and technical abandon and to make it into a work of art. In his short film scenes he can stand out from the actors around him by his best qualities, such as stage technique, genuine feeling and some degree of personal magnetism. In his longer scenes he is at the old game; you may see him in a recent production, "Washington Masquerade," blubbering through the long speech that the disgraced Senator makes to the investigating committee; the whole speech goes through as if every section of it weighed and felt the same. And yet there must be two or three points in it more important, closer to the character and dramatic moment, than the rest; there must be something to be led up to or down from. In sum, as Mr. Barrymore does it, where is the design, the dramatic line of this crucial speech?

And yet many of his audience will like it. In the first place they can see that, compared with most of the moving-picture mechanical performing, this is at least acting; something is being acted, being heightened, projected, created. The mere detection of the technique in operation, for one thing, gives them a pleasant experience, even though they may tell themselves that good acting is when you can't tell it from life. And for another thing, they sense and appreciate the fact that he is putting into it real feeling, a generous giving of himself, a capacity to suffer the emotion of the dramatic moment.

The other actor I want to discuss is Miss Greta Garbo, who is a comment both satiric and poetic on our American public.

STARK YOUNG.

We publish below the prize-winning article in The New Republic's college writing contest. The author is a senior at Muhlenberg College, specializing in Education.—THE EDITORS.

America and Russia

IN HIS fable "Micromégas," Voltaire portrays the astonishment of a visitor from another planet at the startling inconsistencies prevalent in the government and society on the earth at that time. It is unfortunate that this, the most chaotic of eras, has no Voltaire to enlighten the people, no crusader to arouse public opinion against certain ridiculous conditions and practices in contemporary society and statesmanship. In this age of many paradoxes there is one which most certainly would have been assailed with all the power of the philosopher's fiery pen.

That paradox is: That a nation born of revolution and delivered after the travail of Valley Forge should look upon with scorn and refuse recognition to another nation which has had a similar birth and is only now emerging from its own Valley Forge. Behind all conditions, however, there is a basic cause. What then is the basic cause lying behind the policy of non-recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States?

An impartial observer, one, let us assume, from another planet, would consider it inconceivable that such a condition should exist. Careful investigation nevertheless reveals the fact that there is a fundamental reason for this state of affairs. On final analysis the situation is that the American revolution, paving the way for a government based upon the most radical of the political and social ideals of the period, has grown cold and set, so as to form an unbending, undeviating, glorified, conservative social and political system. The Russian revolution, on the other hand, has continued like white-hot steel to flow quickly into new channels and to change as conditions demand, thereby remaining permanently revolutionary. There is no basis for mutual understanding. Americans, moved by the eloquent propaganda of vested interests, persist in the idea that by ignoring Russia they can banish the fact of its continued existence.

Of course the real facts of the case are never stated or recognized by the ardent proponents of our non-recognition

policy. Camouflage and rationalization are necessary in order to make it possible to present plausible reasons to the uninformed and unthinking public. Let us examine, then, the most persistent of the arguments advanced in support of our present absence of relations with Soviet Russia and learn how ridiculous, how shallow they become when exposed to the bright light of truth.

It would be insulting to the reader's intelligence to suppose that it is necessary to show the folly of the assertion often made that to recognize is to imply approval of the existing government of Russia. All well informed people know that despite the guillotine and the Red terror after the French revolution we were prompt to recognize France in 1793. We gave recognition to Germany when that government supposedly emerged from the war "bloody from the chopping off of children's hands and endless barbarities." We had the customary diplomatic relations with the Tsarist government in spite of its centuries of tyranny and terror. Why then should Soviet Russia prove to be the exception to the principle laid down by Washington and Jefferson: "To acknowledge any government to be rightful which is formed by the will of the nation, substantially declared"? Surely a government that has existed for thirteen years, and is now one of the most stable in Europe, is formed and backed by the will of the people.

An argument often advanced, and overwhelmingly impressive to the uninformed, is that the Soviet government has confiscated property belonging to American citizens, repudiated the debt owed by the Russian government to America and made no effort to settle for the losses incurred in this manner. On the surface this seems to be ample reason to refuse recognition to any nation. The facts behind this situation, however, do not aid in creating a very high respect for the honesty and character of our statesmen.

Continuing for fifteen months after the Armistice, with no formal declaration of war, financed by American capital and urged on in their work by the idealistic President Wilson, an armed force of 89,000 Allied soldiers, reënforced by numerous battalions of White Russians, waged a war of unparalleled ferocity, laying waste to whole towns and villages in an effort to overthrow the "Red regime." Even the Czechoslovaks, on whose behalf intervention was supposedly undertaken, protested to the Americans against "criminal actions that will stagger the world, the burning of villages, the murder of masses of peaceful inhabitants and the shooting of hundreds of persons of democratic convictions." This protest was without effect; it was only the ignominious defeat of the armies of intervention and the irritating tendency of the Allied soldiers to assimilate radical ideas that at last brought to an end this shameful campaign—much to the chagrin of our idealistic President.

All this is stated with the purpose of better understanding the following diplomatic incident. President Coolidge in his first message to Congress, on December 6, 1923, said:

> We have every desire to see that great people, who are our traditional friends, restored to their position among the nations of the earth . . . Whenever there appears any disposition to compensate our citizens who were despoiled and to recognize those debts contracted, not by the Tsar, but by the newly formed Republic of Russia [the Kerensky government]; whenever the active spirit of enmity to our institutions is abated, our government ought to be the first to go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia.

Foreign Minister Chicherin addressed a cablegram to President Coolidge informing him of the complete readiness of the Soviet government

> . . . to discuss with your government all problems mentioned in your message, these negotiations being based on the principle of mutual non-intervention in internal affairs. The Soviet government will continue whole-heartedly to adhere to this principle, expecting the same attitude from the American government. As to the question of claims mentioned in your message, the Soviet government is fully prepared to negotiate with a view towards its satisfactory settlement on the assumption that the principle of reciprocity will be recognized all around.

The small phrase concerning claims is very important. The total debt of Russia to the United States is $663,000,000, while the Soviets compute the total damage caused by the interruption of agriculture and industry, and the property destroyed during the period of intervention, at six billions. Naturally this cost is distributed among all the Allies, and the share which the United States would be obliged to pay would not nearly total this sum. However, whatever amount arbitration would fix as the sum America would be asked to pay would materially reduce the total to be received from Russia. Add to this the adverse criticism which would be aroused at home when the people fully realized America's inelegant part in a dirty page of history, and you will readily understand why Secretary Hughes replied with a curt note absolutely renouncing any American obligations to Russia, and declining to take part in any negotiations or conferences. The fact that Lenin lay dying at this time perhaps gave the Secretary and those who influenced the tone of his note renewed faith in the collapse of the Soviet government. It was a deep-seated conviction among Americans at the time that the Soviets would last only as long as Lenin remained.

To conclude this matter of financial obligations let us examine these facts: Even before the Bolsheviks came into power they made proclamations and gave direct warnings to the nations of the world that they would not assume responsibility for the debts of the provisional government, which spent the money thus loaned in carrying on a war that did not meet with the approval of the Russian people. Let us remember that President Wilson had been repeatedly warned by Raymond Robins of the American Red Cross Mission that the Soviets were backed by the will of the people, and that the provisional government under the leadership of Kerensky, "the petty braggart," would soon fall. In addition we can note that the Soviet government has not failed to meet any of its obligations incurred since its rise to power, and that among the American corporations that have not feared to transact business with Russia are the General Electric Company, which signed a twenty-six-million-dollar contract in spite of the efforts of our State Department to prevent it, and the Ford Motor Company, which built an automobile plant capable of producing 100,000 automobiles a year, as well as selling all patent rights to Russia and training thirty Soviet citizens in the

Detroit plant. Included also in the ranks are DuPont, the Radio Corporation of America and many other well known industrial and engineering firms.

The laissez-faire economists and politicians attempt to use the volume of Russo-American trade in an argument that has as its keynote this idea: since we are getting all this trade without recognition and with our hostile policy, why should we change? This is answered by the statement made not long ago by a prominent Russian official: "If the United States does not change its policy, we will." No attention was paid to this warning and the Fish Investigating Committee played its game of Red-baiting. This became the favorite sport for politicians and 100-percent Americans all over the country; it was continued with such fervor and unsuccessful business men complained so loudly about "Soviet dumping" that one of our august congressmen wanted to ban all Russian imports. The State Department gently reminded him that this amounted to a declaration of war and that we were not quite ready for that. The Red-baiting campaign reached its ridiculous climax when Mayor Walker of New York blared forth the charge that the investigation into his conduct in office "was inspired by Communists."

Recently, however, a different tone has been manifesting itself. The Red-baiting has assumed a more temperate nature. It is really more pink than red. There are numerous reasons for this, among them being the present disordered condition of our own economic house, making it awkward to find fault with another's, the complicated condition in the Far East that makes it important to pause and attempt to discover which nations will be friends and which foes in the event of a future war, and the fact that the campaign so far has resulted in nothing more tangible than to furnish material for humorous magazines.

The most vital reason for the let-down is discovered in the report published in the periodical, the Economic Review of the Soviet Union, declaring that Russian imports from America have declined over 80 percent from the total of last year at the same time. To prove that this decline is not the result of Russia's buying less in the world market, we note with interest that Russia's imports from Germany and France began to rise in inverse proportion to the decline in imports from America. Is it possible that we will change our policy as the Soviets change theirs?

An interesting sidelight on our business relations with Russia is a remark made by Louis Fischer in his volume, "The Soviets in World Affairs." His statement is that the majority of the propaganda against American trade with the Soviets comes from large German and French interests that wish to keep all of it they can. The rest comes from disgruntled American firms that have discovered it is not so easy to obtain a contract with the Soviets as they have been led to believe.

In conclusion let us state this: There are only two things we can do: we can either give recognition to Russia or we can continue our present policy. If we believe that we can isolate one-sixth of the world, if we believe that we can overthrow the Soviets by refusing to admit that they exist, if we think that we can overthrow the Russian government by force now that it is strong, though we could not complete this task when it was weak, and if we have so little faith in our institutions that we are afraid a handful of Communist agitators can overthrow them, then, if we believe all those things, the logical policy is to continue to refuse recognition to the Soviet Union. If, however, we are in sympathy with the attempt of a nation to rise from the conditions of the dark ages to a modern industrial civilization, if we wish to have our full share of business with one of the greatest potential purchasers of American goods in the world, and if we are earnest in our desire for world peace and the brotherhood of nations, then we will follow the example of every other great nation in the world and give our recognition to Soviet Russia.

It is, after all, the great comedy of history that we should be the last great nation to give recognition to Russia, since we know that the Tsarist government was the last important power to recognize our own revolutionary government. Are we now in the same class as the old Tsarist government?

CHARLES H. PRESTON.

A COMMUNICATION

What Causes War?

SIR: In The New Republic of June 15, 1932, Mr. Jonathan Mitchell challenged the proposition that wars, in the final analysis, are due to certain political ideas (like those associated with nationalism), the erroneous thinking of peoples as a whole, and suggests instead that they are due to "Cabinet officers, diplomaticos, admirals and generals, egged on by capitalist market hunters and munition makers." The point is, he very rightly declares, an important one. It is evident that until we know what or who is the chief enemy in this matter of war we cannot fight it or them effectively.

Having lived the greater part of my active life in daily contact with radical and socialist political colleagues, the proposition that "war is caused by capitalism" is one that I have had to examine many times, from many angles. I will try to indicate why thirty years of discussion of this point has left me more firmly convinced than ever that the proposition is not only inadequate and superficial, but one the acceptance of which may well defeat our efforts to deal effectively with the biggest danger that faces us.

I can put my case by an illustration. Suppose the original thirteen colonies had failed in their efforts at federation and after their separation from Britain had followed more the line that the American colonies of Spain followed, breaking into separate nations, so that what is now the United States made half a dozen different nations: a French-speaking one perhaps in Louisiana, a Spanish-speaking one on the West Coast, a Dutch in the Hudson Valley, an English in New England. (And after all, it does not require much imagination to conceive happening north of the Mexican border what actually did happen south of it.) If during this last hundred and fifty years Pennsylvania or Ohio had been one nation, Louisiana another, each with its separate army and navy, tariff, currency, quarrels about rights on the rivers and lakes, we know what would have happened: There would have been war between Ohio and Louisiana, just as there has been war between Chile and Peru; there would exist between the independent American states what exists between the independent European states, such as France

and Germany—historical grievances, bitter national feuds, lying school history books.

What would have been the cause? Capitalism? But does not capitalism exist in Ohio, Pennsylvania or Louisiana now? Yet they have not fought each other, because they are not independent nations. They would have fought if they had been. Put the same suggestion in another form: Suppose that the central authority, which once united most of Europe, had been maintained in one form or another, through the Church or through the Empire, so that today France and Germany occupied in the European system much the position that Pennsylvania holds to Louisiana (or as the German cantons of Switzerland do to the French). The European Pennsylvania and Louisiana would no more fight than the American states do, though capitalism might flourish as abundantly in the United States of Europe as it does in the United States of America. We have war between the states of Europe and peace between the states of North America, not because there is capitalism in Europe and no capitalism in America, but because, though there is capitalism in both continents there is a federal bond in North America and not in Europe. The cause of war is, not separate nationality, but anarchic nationalism. Now the separatist tendency, the movements toward the political independence of nationalities, are not "capitalist movements"; they are popular movements. Nationalism, whether in South America or Ireland, or in the Balkans, or Poland, is essentially popular. It is not that the peoples want war, they want independence, "ourselves alone"; and do not realize that "independence" means anarchy and that anarchy means war. Anarchy in the international field means in practice the attempt of dense traffic to travel the highways of the world without traffic rules or traffic cops. The inevitable collisions are always of course attributed to the wickedness of the other fellow.

Let us examine another order of facts touching the proposition that capitalists cause our wars. It implies that capitalism, particularly international finance, profits greatly by war. Does it? Has it profited by the last war? *Circumspice!* Capitalism lies in ruins almost everywhere and a large part of that ruin is directly traceable to the War. Though some of this economic chaos may have come, war or no war, it would not have come to this degree but for the War. And we are told that financiers, bankers, investors, traders, not only deliberately planned it or mistakenly encouraged it (which doubtless a good many did); but that from their point of view they were right in planning it, because their system "benefits by war."

"War for markets." Well, Britain was victor over Germany. Where are the resultant markets? An American author has suggested, quite seriously, that Britain having been so successful in fighting Germany for markets will now proceed to fight America for the same reason. Why do not the British capitalist victors of the last war apply to Germany the methods they would propose to apply to America?

"But *some* interests profit by war." Certainly. *Some* interests, particularly in the East, profit by cholera or plague. It does not make cholera and plague capitalistic interests, nor alter the fact that those diseases will never be abolished in the East until the ordinary folk learn the importance of keeping sewage out of drinking water, a sanitary detail to which most of the East is completely indifferent, with the result that sanitation is a rich field of profit for swindling sewage contractors, patent-medicine vendors, magicians, devil chasers and other vested interests.

"But the people don't want war." The people in the East don't want cholera. But they don't see the relation between medieval sanitary conditions and the disease which kills them, as the people in the West don't see the relation between war and "complete national independence," that is to say, the right of each to be his own judge of what his rights are (which means the right to be the judge of others' rights as well), so that each is always asking others to occupy a position which he refuses to occupy when others ask him.

Anarchy involves war, not because anybody is particularly wicked, or wants it or plots it, but for the same reason that there would be death at every passing on the automobile road if each driver were free to choose whether he would drive to the left as in England or to the right as elsewhere; and if it were regarded as a dereliction of dignity to discuss how he would drive his own car. War arises because the people do not see the relevance of that analogy; do not believe its validity; or do not know how it should be applied and disagree as to the means by which we are to progress from international anarchy to international order. We find on examination that the fundamental cause of war is this failure of general wisdom, not the influence of special interests, which really is the view of Mr. Mitchell himself and of The New Republic. Let us see in what way.

When Japan invaded Manchuria the question arose: Should Article XVI embodying the sanctions of the League Covenant be applied in any form to the situation? There was immediately in Europe, particularly in England, a very sharp and decisive cleavage of opinion. One side said: No sanctions of any kind, by the League or anyone else. The other side was in favor of energetic action by the League to the extent at least of diplomatic sanctions, and the hint of economic.

Who opposed any League action, any sanction of any kind? The opposition to sanctions in Europe came overwhelmingly from the capitalist, imperialist press, the military, the generals, the naval people. It has been my business of late to explore the evidence, thoroughly and carefully, and there can be no doubt whatever that the "interests" were opposed to any sanctions at all. Were they then doing their best to promote war? But they were taking the precise line so urgently advocated by Mr. Jonathan Mitchell and The New Republic these months past. The policy urged in Britain by The Daily Mail, The Daily Express, The Daily Telegraph, The Evening Standard, The Evening News, the conservative provincial press and hosts of generals and admirals, Sir Austen Chamberlain and his Tory colleagues is precisely the policy urged by The New Republic as necessary for the preservation of peace. (Incidentally, how does that quite undeniable and palpable fact accord with the thesis that capitalist influence promotes war?)

But that is not all.

Who were their opponents, those who urged the policy which The New Republic has condemned? They were

mainly those who have given a special and intensive study to war prevention—men like Robert Cecil, Arthur Salter, Alfred Zimmern, Gilbert Murray, Philip Noel-Baker, Arnold Forster, H. N. Brailsford.

If these were to carry the day (as the small states carried the day in the Assembly on behalf of this policy as against the great states) the result, in the view of The New Republic (and the Tory press of Britain) would be general war. If such war did come, The New Republic would say quite truly that it had been caused by the mistake of unwise men, who, though they had given much of their lives to the intensive study of war and had lived daily for years with international problems, had failed to grasp the essence of the difficulty.

It would certainly not say that these men had been hobbled in some way by capitalist influence, because in this particular case the whole weight of capitalist and conservative influence had been thrown against them.

But note where this leaves us. Robert Cecil, Arthur Salter, Noel-Baker, H. N. Brailsford—*they* make honest but disastrous mistakes of policy; *their* will to peace may be defeated by their defective understanding of the problem. But "the people" do not make mistakes leading to war, for it is caused by the interests. We need not worry about the people's liability to error. All we need do is to warn them against the capitalist or the diplomatico, though in this particular case, if the people had taken the line of opposing capitalist policy, they would have sided with the Cecils and the Salters and opposed the Mitchells.

For ten years in Europe all realist discussion of the causes of war was rendered impossible by "the guilty nation" theory. The cause of war was Germans. It was easy, simple, provided a scapegoat; kept agreeable passions awake and sent the public mind completely to sleep. There was no problem—nothing for the virtuous non-Germans to do about war except suppress Teutonic wickedness. We are now in danger of substituting for the guilty nation, the guilty class—the Virtuous People vs. the Wicked Capitalist. With a very great many among the political Left it is impossible to get any serious attention paid to problems of nationalism or the political anarchy which arise therefrom: there is an implied flat denial that in grappling with this ancient evil which antedates not only capitalism but history itself, "the People" need do anything at all in the way of revising old ideas or disciplining old passions.

War, more ancient than history, is the outcome of defective institutions and of follies, fallacies, misconceptions, common to the great mass of men. They are not incurable misconceptions, not incurable follies. But they may well become so if we persist in assuming that they don't exist; that we need not trouble ourselves about them because war is due to a little clique of evil "interests." So long as we take the line that "the People" (*i. e.*, we ourselves) are innocent of error, then we might hang every war-profiteer in existence, and find, on the morrow, human society as helplessly as ever in the grip of some new folly, stimulated by a new group interested in exploiting it.

London. NORMAN ANGELL.

SIR: The pacifist movement in the United States and Europe is well organized and has millions of men and women among its adherents. Pacifists now possess great potential political strength; I believe that they should begin actively and aggressively to force their demands upon their governments. These demands are certain to be opposed by foreign ministers, generals and admirals and capitalist concessionnaires—by those, in other words, who have a vested interest in the present system of anarchic, sovereign states. In my opinion, the pacifist movement will never make progress until it meets and attacks this opposition. I agree with Sir Norman Angell that all of us are to blame for the present international chaos; in my review of his "The Unseen Assassins" I was discussing tactics, not principles.

In regard to economic sanctions, the position of The New Republic, as I understand it, is that these sanctions would necessarily be applied not by the League, but by the Great Powers. None of the Great Powers is able to come into court with clean hands. The proponents of sanctions assume that the Great Powers are pacifistic; but in fact they are not. With the exception of Russia, there is not a government in the world today which really cares anything about preventing war, if the test be the abandonment of policies which lead towards war. Under such circumstances, sanctions mean, not giving a club to a policeman, but giving two or three revolvers to six or eight bandits. With this position of The New Republic, I heartily agree. In addition, I do not believe an economic boycott of Japan could possibly be effective without a naval blockade, which would inevitably lead to a long, exhausting and inconclusive war.

Washington, D. C. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Insurance Policies as Hoardings

SIR: In the editorial, "Selling Life Insurance Short" [New Republic, July 27], it is evident that you were guided by someone who gave the insurance side of the story. It occurs to very few that life insurance may have some influence on our economic difficulty. Because life insurance once in a lifetime may help a family, we jump to the conclusion that the thing for everyone to do is to take out all the life insurance he can carry—never thinking of its effect on society as a whole.

When we dig down to the primary causes of our terrible depression, we find among them the false belief that we could save a large portion of our income and put it in insurance and investments rather than in goods and services. From the data I have, it appears that we are carrying about one hundred and twenty billion dollars' worth of life insurance and are paying annually more than seven billions in premiums. This premium money has been taken from our annual income and so far as payers are concerned, it might as well be hoarded. Assuming that we have twenty-five million families, this amounts to a withdrawal of three hundred dollars per family.

You will counter by saying that the insurance companies loaned this money to others to spend. This is true, but it does not shield the policy holder from his personal responsibility to society for his share in upholding it. He personally took $300 from industry and hoarded it. He should have spent it if he wished to avoid depression. Then you will say that the companies pay back this premium money in losses and maturities. This is also true in the long run; but if insurance grows too fast, premiums are taken in much faster than benefits are paid out. Last year, for instance, the companies paid out about a third of what they took in. A great many large policies have been taken out in recent years and many of the largest companies have more than doubled the amount of insurance sold. Another thing to remember is that when these larger policies are paid they are often reinvested.

I believe you will have to admit that what I have said is substantially correct. If we must have a market before our people can get work, too much life insurance is not a good thing for prosperity.

A. W. WOLFE.

Escanaba, Mich.

Not Writ Sarkastick

SIR: In your issue of August 17, Allen Tate, reviewing "Edmund Ruffin, Southerner," says (italics mine):

> There is too much pointless *sarcasm* about "Virginia gentlemen"—pointless because the author sets it forth from no well defined point of view that opposes coherent values to those which he *attacks*. . . .

This is an absolute misrepresentation of fact. There is not a single sarcastic remark in the entire book on this subject. Instead, there is, at every point, both direct and implied, the expression of a deep and genuine admiration for both the ideal and the attainment of the "Virginia gentlemen." The author believes that the rural-agricultural civilization of the Old South did better in the production of men of quality than our more complex age has done, and his book is written in this spirit. It is in praise, not in attack, of that ideal. Mr. Tate's statement is directly the opposite of the truth.

Such an astonishing distortion of fact could only arise from that unfamiliarity with Southern history which makes any statement of fact into *sarcasm*, or from that "professional Southerner" attitude which considers any statement from the outside as an *attack*. But whatever the cause, Mr. Tate has supplied both the sarcasm and the attack from the outside. They are not in the book.

The University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. AVERY CRAVEN.

P. S. I will offer historical proof for every statement which Mr. Tate may cite as an example of sarcasm. A. C.

Engineering the Revolution

SIR: Mr. Stuart Chase, in his article of July 27, advances the interesting possibility that the revolution in our economic system will be led by the small group of technical experts whose skill controls American industry. It seems to me somewhat overoptimistic to hope for leadership in a fundamental social change from a group of men who have been so badly conditioned by their industrial associations and their inadequate education. Engineers as a profession do not stand apart from the business end of industry, but, as a rule, aspire to the executive positions which pay much more handsomely than "straight engineering." Thus, engineering graduates can be found by scores in the large department stores using their technical ingenuity in predicting the optimum skirt length for the next season. Many large industries number engineering-school graduates as their presidents, sales managers or even owners. It is hard to see how people of this type will be in sympathy with a drastic change in the present status.

Even should the great bulk of technical experts be exempt from the above category, it is still difficult to visualize leadership from men without education in fundamental economics and social problems. Certain facts about the "college years" of the engineer may help us understand his peculiar unfitness to lead an experiment requiring social-mindedness rather than facility with a slide-rule. Engineering is one of the few professions which does not require college training as a prerequisite to the specialized studies. As a result, the engineer, in contrast to the physician, lawyer or dentist, starts his professional training at the early age of seventeen or eighteen fresh from secondary school. The engineering curriculum imposes four years of long and difficult study. The best of the technical schools give but a smattering of history and economics, both of course being given little attention by the youthful engineer at grips with applied mechanics, calculus and thermodynamics. Besides this highly concentrated course of study, which makes it physically impossible for the engineering student to read emancipated literature and periodicals, there is the added exposure to industrial propaganda due to the degrading control of our engineering schools by large corporations.

It may be of interest that in four years at Massachusetts Institute of Technology never once did I see a copy of The New Republic or The Nation at any of the school newsstands or in any of the dormitories or fraternity houses.

Proper education, no doubt, could show the engineer how to mobilize his technical skill in evaluating and solving present social and economic problems. But for the present I believe that leadership by American engineers would be no different from that by the mining engineer now in office.

Boston, Mass. BENJAMIN F. MILLER.

The Farmers' Holiday

SIR: The farmers' holiday is treated superciliously by even the liberal press of the country. "Unintelligent, purposeless, unsound economic motivation" might be the summary granted. But what revolution ever flamed up otherwise? Who can justify even today the savages who spilled the tea in Boston Harbor? What dumb impulse directed the French mobs on that memorable July 14, 1789, at the almost unused and innocuous Bastille? Who wept for Lovejoy when the mob swung him to a tree? Surely not the intelligentsia. Where did William Lloyd Garrison get aid and comfort for his Liberator?

Revolutions are after all merely social explosives catching fire. They simply blow things all to hell. When the debris rearranges itself, finds a new center of gravity, the "glorious revolution" is complete.

So the farmers' holiday may be a firecracker or it may be anything else in the revolutionary line. If we ever have a revolution, it will probably begin in some way quite as dumb and fortuitous. The day the Bastille surrendered, Louis XIV wrote in his journal "Nothing."

At any rate, the farmers temporarily are taking the advice of Mary Ellen Lease "to raise less corn and more hell." As a minimum, consider the advertising the woes of the farmer receive in the metropolitan press. One class is always crowded as hard by the other classes as it will permit. At least the farmers' holiday is discontent in action. Perhaps it is the raising of the rattlesnake flag "Don't tread on me." From a standpoint of both intelligence and dignity, these infuriated farmers stand far above such hungry hordes as the one that stormed the gates and dared the guns of Henry Ford.

Lincoln, Neb. W. T. DAVIS.

The Anti-Labor Campaign in Mexico

SIR: We should like to call attention through your columns to some examples of the growing terror against the militant trade unions of Mexico.

On June 24, the Mexican government sent federal troops to invade the headquarters of the Mexican Unitary Trade Union Confederation, on the pretext that it was a center for Communist propaganda in the military barracks. This action by the government took place one day before the street-car men's strike, and was aimed to prevent the strike. The leading members were arrested and sent to the Islas Marias (the Mexican Devil's Island); there they went on a hunger strike, some of them becoming seriously ill. The Mexican government is carrying on an active deportation campaign of workers active in the trade-union movement.

On June 27, federal troops raided the San Bruno textile factory in Jalapa, Vera Cruz, and took many militant workers into custody; the executive committee of the union was sent to the Islas Marias.

On May 23, the police attacked the striking metal workers at the Asarco metal plant in Monterrey, owned by American capital, injuring many and arresting five, who after being held a month, were released but refused transportation to their homes, 1,000 kilometers away.

The Anti-Imperialist League of the United States, 799 Broadway, Room 536, calls on all who believe in the right to organize trade unions and carry on a militant struggle, to help carry on a campaign in the United States.

WILLIAM SIMONS, National Secretary,

New York City. Anti-Imperialist League of the United States.

Proust: The Final Chapter

The Past Recaptured, by Marcel Proust. Translated by Dr. Frederick Blossom. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

WHEN HIS readers complained that his long novel, which began to appear in 1913, was formless and discursive, Marcel Proust begged them to delay their judgment till the publication of the last volume (which came only in 1927), when it would appear that the whole was "rigorously constructed," and "the last page of 'The Past Recaptured' would close exactly on the first of 'Swann.'" I am among those who upon the reading of this last volume remain unconvinced.

A great part of the volume is concerned with the author's recurring meditations upon his art. From the first page there is established the mood of half-conscious reverie which is Proust's special domain, in which events, characters, places and ideas flow into each other, losing their sharp outlines without losing their identity, and images have the peculiar elasticity of objects seen through stirred water. A careful reading fails to reveal more than a feeble thread of association linking these together, save at long intervals when, as with a jolt, the author seems to remember that he must get on with his subject. The subject is, as the title announces, the recapture of the past—or more exactly, how the narrator stumbles upon the secret which enables him to write a book in which his past will live again, more richly than it did in actuality, so that all his life will seem to have been merely a necessary prelude to the writing of this work.

In the first short chapter the narrator, beset by his growing illness, spends an indefinite period of several years, up to 1916, in the sanitarium at Tansonville. Characteristically, the passage of these years takes up only half of the chapter, the last half being given over to an incident occupying but a few hours, in which the reading of a fragment of the Journal of the Goncourt brothers leads to important meditations upon the relations of literature to life.

The next chapter gives a brilliant picture of wartime Paris. The author evokes admirably the feverish, abnormal atmosphere, the curious modifications of character which patriotism induces, the extraordinary distortions of fact as recorded in the press, the elasticity of minds that can continue for four years confidently to believe that the War will be over within a week. The War breaks down social barriers. The slow process of infiltration which Proust has described as wearing away the protective layers separating the social strata over the fifty-year period covered by the novel is tremendously accelerated. The widowed Odette Swann has married the Comte de Forcheville. Mme. Verdurin becomes a social dictator. Saint-Loup, in a sense regenerated by the War, enters the service and is killed in action. The Baron de Charlus, Proust's most remarkable creation, holds the center of the stage in this chapter. His vices, his opinions, are discussed at great length, and the progress of the War is reflected through his eyes. With the same scrupulous detachment, without any modification of tone, Proust describes on the one hand his rapid progress in his increasingly sordid vices and the consequent disintegration of his whole personality and, on the other, the fine workings of his sensitive intellect, the delicacy and courage of his judgment of people and situations, the admirable sanity of his attitude towards the War.

The third and last chapter, "The Princesse de Guermantes Receives," brilliantly caps the whole novel. Here, as in the last act of an eighteenth-century play, all the surviving actors reappear for the last time. And here all the forces set into motion in the course of the preceding volumes reach their climax. For the fusion of the various social classes that has been in progress is now complete, and a new distribution of ranks has completely superseded that which obtained when the narrator, as a boy, first dreamed of the Guermantes, "that mysterious race with piercing eyes and birdlike beaks, that pink, golden, unapproachable race."

The time is long after the War. The scene is the drawing-room of the Princesse de Guermantes. The people are, most of them, grotesquely old; indeed, by strict chronology, both the Princesse and Odette—now the mistress of the Duc de Guermantes—would be in their nineties. The narrator observes the ravages of Time upon the faces that he sees. All these people, who have lived empty or vicious lives, are sinking into tragedy, and their old age is hideous. The low have been raised to high position, but they derive no pleasure from their success. Those who were at the top have lost their inviolability. Some, like Charlus, have sunk to the lowest depths. The Duchesse de Guermantes—the "purest" of the Guermantes—is "thought to be a *déclassée*." Every life is a failure. Upon each of them Time has exercised its destructive hand. And in this last chapter, which fills more than half the entire book, the author achieves a grandiose sense of eternal flux, of an inexorable movement that carries with it not only people but places, systems and civilizations, that constantly alters the aspects and relationships of things. And the individuals themselves also change: at no two moments of their lives are they the same.

Time, then, the author concludes, from all he has observed over a period that seems to him immeasurably long, is the great enemy of human happiness. Is there no way to escape its tyranny? Is there no way to preserve human values? This poignant question forms one of the basic themes of the entire novel. During the Princesse de Guermantes' reception, the narrator makes his great discovery: art can rescue what is best in human experience. On that day, a series of sensations, like the sound of a spoon against a teacup, the feeling of starchy stiffness of a napkin, cause certain moments of his past, now liberated from Time, to live again for him with greater vividness than in their original actuality and to arouse in him a kind of felicity with which nothing else in his life can compare. The scenes thus recreated are just the ones he has vainly attempted in the past to describe in writing, the ones which have caused him so much discouragement that on this very morning he had definitely abandoned the prospect of a literary career. From the discovery of this psychological phenomenon he elaborates his whole esthetic. The artist, he concludes, must proceed in this same manner. It is useless for him to try consciously to achieve an effect. The result will be a lifeless presentation of facts which do not correspond to any reality perceptible to the imagination. He must wait upon these accidental sensations that shall revive for him the totality of an experience.

There is, of course, more to this "credo" than I am here able to expound; and it is impossible adequately to discuss its merits. The essential, if not revolutionary, truth which it embodies is that the artist must not copy what he sees but record what he feels. He himself—not his subject matter, not his reader—is the measure of his art. This is the essential difference between "realistic" art and that which Proust proposes to practise. The realist attempts to reproduce as accurately as possible that which he

sees. Proust attempts to make the reader *participate* in his own experience. What this means is that the reader must enter into the processes of the writer in order to have the experience. Since Proust's processes are highly exceptional, this is difficult, if not impossible, for most readers.

The ideal reader of Proust's novel is Proust. And the only way to read him is to keep one's eye, not on the characters and incidents and scenes which he projects, but on the processes of his mind. It is this mind, its extraordinary activity, its lapses, its hallucinations, its uncanny insights, the strange creatures given forth by it, which forms the principal interest of the book. It is useless, for instance, to try to picture a face that he describes. He will not draw it for you, he will give you practically nothing to go by. He will tell you that it looks like an aquarium, or a garden, or a fruit. His descriptive technique consists almost entirely of metaphor. These creatures do, amazingly, live for the reader; but they live as monsters. They are vivid, but fantastic, like creatures in a dream. Everything is improbable, strained. The characters are exaggerated, distorted; many of them lack any unity of personality. The events have no sequence or coherence. There is no distinction drawn between what is important and what is trivial. Yet in that extraordinary fluid atmosphere which inundates Proust's world, which distorts, magnifies or minimizes objects at the author's will, disbelief is completely suspended: the triumph of art is complete. But the reader must remain completely docile in order to preserve the spell. He must follow the image as it slowly winds through the intricate convolutions of the author's brain, as it becomes modified, as it stumbles against an obstacle which in turn sets a whole new process into motion.

Convinced that he was obeying eternal laws in the composition of his work, he was in fact obeying only the laws of his own extraordinary but afflicted temperament. As his work grew, its structure assumed for him a kind of mystic inevitability. It was "The Work" for which he was made. He was invested with a sacred responsibility. "I felt myself pregnant with the work which I was carrying within me, like some precious and fragile object which had been entrusted to me and which I desired to transmit intact to the other persons for whom it was destined." And so the monster grew. And as it grew it came to assume that rightness and that "obscure necessity" which religions have for their believers.

What strikes us as we read is that Proust is not master of his subject. He is its slave. That long, formless, yet in many ways so superb novel, is in a poignant sense a defeat. It betrays, in the large, a complete absence of will power before the work of art considered as a whole. Proust is powerless to conceive, to create, a structure. He cannot control, except as it flows through his hands, the mass of material that covers his pages like a lava. His esthetic is a rationalization of his weakness, of his inability to control his material, to select and reject.

Yet all these reservations—which I feel to be valid—completely fall in the presence of the work itself. For in spite of them (or because of them, if you will) the book, in its voluminous, disconcerting, afflicted entirety, has a strength, a wholeness, a vital richness with which no other literary production of our century can compare. It has the strength of seemingly inexhaustible resources of imagination utilized in the creation of its fictive world. It has the wholeness of a life's experience deeply lived and assimilated, so that all the reality of the author's inner self could be poured into his work. And the complex picture of society which it projects has a richness of ideas and images which, even though they are those of a sick man, are sufficient to illuminate what seems to us, in our limited sense of things permanent, the whole experience of a generation.

The translation is in the main adequate, though it is only fair to say that it makes us regret keenly that C. K. Scott Moncrieff did not live to finish his task. This volume has been translated once before—in 1931, by Stephen Hudson, in an English edition. I am puzzled to know why the American edition should have adopted the somewhat disturbing English spelling of so many words—shew, connexion, traveller, marvellous—and why it employs quaint expressions like "I fain would." There are occasional inaccuracies, particularly to be deplored since the translator takes the trouble to distract the attention of the reader from the text to footnotes in which he mentions corrections of trivial slips made by the author. As a whole, however, the American edition is a vast improvement over the bad one published in England.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER.

Social Science in the Schools

A Charter for the Social Sciences in the Schools, by Charles A. Beard. (Part I: Report of the Commission on the Social Studies, American Historical Association.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 134 pages. $1.25.

THIS "Charter" is an attempt to state the objectives of instruction in the social sciences in the schools. Its conclusions have emerged from the discussions of a commission appointed by the Historical Association and have been given eloquent, if sometimes elaborate, expression by Professor Beard; and its function is that of a preliminary manifesto to be followed by a number of monographic studies and finally, in December, 1933, by a volume of "Recommendations" which "will contain a complete program . . . for the social-studies courses in public schools throughout the United States."

The planning of this course of study is conditioned by the nature of scholarship in the social fields, by the needs of the changing world into which the students must go, and by "the limitations of the teaching and learning process at the various grade levels." Nor is this all. Those who draft it must also take account of present programs as prescribed by legislative and other authorities, and they must do their work under the conditions imposed by "the climate of American ideas." "Such," as Mr. Beard says, "is the unity of all things"; and the two chief merits of the volume are this breadth of field from which relevant considerations are drawn and the frank recognition of the danger of conflicts among such diverse criteria.

One such difficulty is the "reconciliation between ever exploring social science and the immediate demands of the social order. . . . In so far as social science is truly scientific it is neutral; as taught in the schools it is and must be ethical." Perhaps this antithesis is too sharply drawn. Even the most admirably impersonal instruction is likely to be indoctrinating in fact, and on the other hand there seems to be no reason why the experimental attitude and the sense of unfinished conclusions should not be virtues in grade-school as well as graduate-school teaching. But a major problem remains, and it is the suspicion that their subject matter will be used for cherry-tree moralizing that makes many "university scholars" shrink from all consideration of school curricula. Such men, moreover, will not find their fears entirely allayed by the present volume. However

vigorous its disavowal of "dogmatic medicine," it nevertheless appears before the book is finished that the teaching of social science in the schools should spread the spirit of the Kellogg Pact, stimulate "will power and courage" (by "the citation of notable examples") and—most remarkable of all—inculcate "personal cleanliness . . . courtesy [and] promptness."

The test of these doubts, and the proof that a program for the schools can meet the requirements of serious scholarship, must of course lie not in this preamble, but in the later substantive "Recommendations." No more than a Scotch verdict, therefore, can yet be rendered; but the present book serves admirably to direct attention to the importance of careful judgment on the volumes to come. "Those who teach and write in the domain of social science in universities and colleges, even when they disclaim all didactic motives . . . aid in determining the forms and subject matter of instruction in the schools. . . . Although their intent may be formless and shadowy, it has its outcome." This the most skeptical scholar cannot deny, and it is a genuine service to have that outcome and its significance thrown into such clear relief.

CARTER GOODRICH.

That Way Lies Madness

Behind the Door of Delusion, by "Inmate—Ward 8." New York: The Macmillan Company. 341 pages. $2.

THE CASE of the sane person confined in the madhouse by order of commissioners in lunacy, while his estate and wife were enjoyed by designing relatives, used to furnish a favorite plot of sensational fiction as practised by Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins. Readers of the present volume will miss this thrill. The author was committed to a "state hospital" with his own consent, in order to cure a recurrent craving for alcohol. Other sane inmates he finds of two classes: one composed of volunteers who have conspired to have themselves declared insane in order to escape punishment for crime; the other consisting of old people sinking into dotage, who in the present depression are turned over to the state hospital in increasing numbers owing to the exhaustion of local funds.

Another source of excitement, dear to romantic reformers of institutions, the author denies us. The cruelty often asserted to be inevitable in the relation of the insane and their keepers is almost wholly absent from his experience. The "state hospital" in which he is confined seems to be a model institution. Only such physical force is used as is necessary to maintain order. "Inmate—Ward 8" defends as humane the use of the straitjacket, abolished by legislative reformers in some states, and condemns as unscientific the practice of sterilization advocated by others. Indeed, the tendency of the book is to leave the reader with increased contempt for the political and judicial treatment of insanity by legislatures, courts and judges, and increased respect for its institutional treatment, for physicians and attendants, their science and their discipline.

Finally, the writer handles with extreme reserve the literary values of humor and pathos of the madhouse as usually conceived. The insane are not such rich food for laughter as in the days of Elizabeth, nor for tears as in those of Victoria. Of the actual insanity under his observation the principal causes were religion and syphilis. Among the individual cases presented, several, such as that of Joe and his mother, are moving, but here the pathos is that of life itself, to which the institution comes as an alleviation. Another is that of Ted, who is cured, but whose mother refuses to ask for his release because she does not wish to confess his misfortune to her new husband.

One element in the tragedy of the insane is the attitude of the public, illustrated by the callous behavior of curious visitors, and confirmed by the prejudice maintained against those who are discharged as cured. Another element is fundamental in the practice of confinement. The free association among the inmates, except for the segregation of sexes, is natural and necessary in an establishment devoted to their cure. It relieves the tedium of confinement and results in the development of social virtues and a certain *esprit de corps*. The author speaks of the kindness of the insane to one another, of their scrupulous reciprocity in doing favors and, in some instances, of their fantastic generosity. In this institution at least, they take upon themselves a large measure of responsibility for order and discipline of the unruly. It is impossible for an attendant to control his ward without a good understanding with his patients. But, on the other hand, constant intercourse with the mentally deranged is itself a cause of madness. "This constant drumming of distorted ideas against a person's brain," writes the author, "is the most insidiously appalling thing I have found about life in an insane asylum." The dilemma is unsolvable. The patients meet it in their own way. "In the relentless grading of the insane hospital, you find yourself judged by 'how much you have the matter with you.' Soon you are associating, most of the time, with those who have about as 'much the matter' with them as you have."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Cutthroats or Martyrs?

The Molly Maguires, by Anthony Bimba. New York: International Publishers. 144 pages, illustrated. $1.50.

ANTHONY BIMBA, in his "Molly Maguires," sets out to perform a much needed service for labor history. The Molly Maguires have never been adequately treated. Bimba himself fell victim to the distorted accounts that have come down to us when, in his Communist version of the "History of the American Working Class," published in 1927, he spoke of the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania uniting after "the great defeat of 1874-1875 . . . in a secret organization known as the 'Molly Maguires'" and admitted "that the provocateurs may have succeeded in drawing some members into criminal acts." Now, in his new study, he boldly declares that there was no such organization as the Molly Maguires and roundly condemns those who have seen criminality in any of the Mollies' deeds—excluding himself. As his story unfolds, his thesis becomes clearer. The name "Molly Maguire" was invented by the coal operators and their supporters and attached to those members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Irish Catholic fraternal society, who were most active in the miners' union. The criminal acts were not criminal at all; they were merely cases of "individual terrorism" at an immature stage of the class struggle.

There are excellent points in this book. Bimba has helped to dispel the common impression that the Mollies were cutthroats and has managed to give them some of the glory of labor martyrs. He has striven to present the economic background of the anthracite miners' battles of sixty years ago. He has analyzed some of the flimsy testimony which brought at least nineteen men to the gallows, with the aid of the Pinkertons and the "frame-up." But his volume is far from satisfactory. He has discovered little

that the labor historian does not know, and his main contributions are but hearty assertions. He gives no evidence that the name "Molly Maguires" was fixed upon militant miners by the employers' side in order to discredit them, that the Mollies never engaged in violence for merely personal reasons, that in the "killings . . . there were more victims among the workers than among the mine owners' entourage." These are important claims which should be backed up solidly.

To the author the hard-coal territory is a single undifferentiated unit. He does not seem to realize that Maguirism was practically confined to one portion only, the lower region. There he might interview contemporaries and descendants of the Mollies, and learn, as did the reviewer, that the consensus of opinion is that the Molly Maguires finally overreached themselves. There he might also consult records which have not yet been used. He does not seem to have pushed his investigation far enough. His book ends with the inevitable last-page plea for the Communist party, the Soviet Union and the Scottsboro boys.

LOUIS STANLEY.

Digging Beyond History

Seventy Years in Archeology, by Sir Flinders Petrie. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 307 pages, illustrated. $4.

EVEN THE most diurnal of us have some respect for antiquity—when it is antique enough. We spread that respect over the science that deals with relics, although archeology in its scientific aspects happens to be scarcely older than psychoanalysis, which it further resembles in having so far wrecked more specimens than it has preserved.

It is impossible to preserve any grave and reverent feeling toward the science after a reading of Petrie's book. Archeology has but recently passed from the pickaxe age. Some of the great fathers of that science—Mariette, Maspero and Brugsch among them—destroyed, by uncalculated vandalism, infinitely more than they saved. Some of the respected archeologists hammered into fragments the statues they could not carry away; and Petrie spent one profitable season picking over a vast rubbish heap left behind by a learned but careless predecessor. Many "priceless" finds have been ruined by clumsy digging, many more by bad packing; others after surviving transportation to museums, have been ruined by the destructive chemical action of a new environment. Archeology has had to learn, by costly errors, how to mount, how to resurface, how to case antiques taken from the natural preservatives in which they lay.

Even assuming that archeology perfects its technique, there is evident in Petrie's account, as in the accounts of all archeologists, a certain unreal standard of values. Archeology has accomplished one immensely important task: by its recovery of Egyptian, Mesopotamian and Minoan civilizations, to say nothing of the ancient civilizations in the Americas and remote Asia, it has ended the idolatry of Greece which presupposed an unevolved, rootless, classical civilization falling like a capricious act of God upon a small and not very deserving people. We now value above the featureless Greek sculpture the powerfully individualized sculpture of Egypt and the Far East. We have got over our adoration of Greek colonnades. But the archeologists would have us replace these awes with a perhaps even less important awe of mere antiquity. Their finds are rated according to age and state of preservation; and sensitive amateurs must afterwards labor to revaluate these relics according to their beauty and their meaning to humanity.

Petrie himself was a careful and orderly archeologist; but he is a careless and disorderly writer. Beyond the straight line of chronology he follows no system in his writing. His book is interesting, in spite of itself, because it violates the "ethics" of the profession by cheerfully showing up its howlers. The brief personal part of the book is garrulous and vain, but easily forgotten. The remarks about other archeologists, especially those of France who had at least the gift of graceful writing, are uncharitable and frequently petty. Yet in spite of these defects, perhaps because of them, the book serves a useful purpose in drawing an overromanticized science from the distant and too much revered horizons of antiquity into plain sight.

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