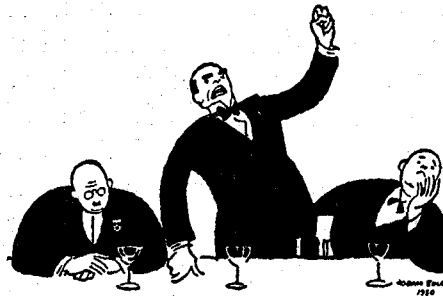


modes of expression, principally, I think, in a socialized art. There will be "Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things." There will be, as always, the need of expression; there will be the new emotions of human solidarity, the eternal emotions of human hope and human tragedy to express. More than ever there will be the need to utter those crises and crescendi of experience together. There will be poets and prophets in that society, too, and symbols and saints and legends expressive of what will then genuinely animate mankind. They will take the place of the forms and mummeries of a religion no longer believed in. Just what visions and what rituals will celebrate the aspirations of that more just, generous, and ordered society, I am not prepared even to suggest. One may undertake to play at social astrology, not at religious genius.

But there is no reason to believe that St. Francis is the last religious genius of all time, or that saints and prophets will not be born when the present capitalist economy has passed away.

I have sketched in outline the kind of world I think may be expected fifty years from now. I have not had space to go into detail, though in many cases I think one might even plausibly do that. The world I have sketched is not in all respects one I should choose to live in, for I suspect solitude and contemplation would be at a discount in it and, child of my age, I should miss its genialities and forget its cruelties. But it would be, I am convinced, a society less tragic in its incidence than the present one and the probability of its being what I have set down seems to me to lend a perspective of hope to the present troubled era.

Give Us A Demagogue



by **MILTON S. MAYER**

ONE of the features of the 1932 Presidential campaign (there aren't many) has been the futile plea of the American people for a leader. While the Republicans whisper that Roosevelt is lame at the bottom and the Democrats hint that Hoover is lame at the top, the still, small voice of the electorate cries out for a demagogue — a roaring, snorting, fighting demagogue, and in vain.

It was none of your skulking demagogues, like Juggler Jack Garner, that the people wanted. The times are crucial, the nation is disgruntled and disordered: a Jackson was needed, or a Bryan, or a Teddy Roosevelt. Where was there lurking a champion of the great, dumb

herd? Some shining knight in the glorious armor of the ancient spell-binders could have snatched the Presidency from the demoralized major parties, as Jackson snatched it in 1828 and Lincoln in 1860. And wouldn't the voters have swarmed to his standard? Who wouldn't have jumped at the opportunity to elect some rougher, tougher, some lovelier, livelier character than Faltering Franklin or Herbert ("Don't Swap Horses") Hoover? Who wouldn't have given his kingdom for a war-horse?

The present dolorous epoch will always be remembered as the first time that history failed to repeat itself. Every past depression gave us a fire-eater, a politician who, right or wrong,

was the seer and saint of millions. 1819 found sanctuary in Henry Clay, 1837 in John C. Calhoun, 1857 in Abraham Lincoln, 1873 in Samuel J. Tilden, 1893 in William Jennings Bryan. To whom were the wretched people to turn in October, 1929? To whom, three whole years later? England, France, Germany, or Italy could ship us half a dozen A-No.1 demagogues and never miss them. The dearth of leaders in the United States is almost as harrowing as the profusion of them in Europe.

Andrew Jackson, the daddy of them all, exercised his characteristic despotism when he created the political convention for the purpose of installing his yes-man Van Buren in the Vice-Presidency, and the insidious institution has persevered and with almost uniform success prevented the accession of any great leader to the White House. Lincoln was nominated because he was expected to be putty for the bosses, Bryan because the Democrats in 1896 were without a rubber-stamp candidate who could have attracted any attention at all; Roosevelt, before the assassination of McKinley put him on the throne, would never have been "trusted" by any convention, and Wilson's nomination was engineered with the same assurance as Lincoln's.

Thurlow Weed, the longest-lived and the shrewdest of all our political manipulators, brought Jackson's policy to its full flower when he contrived the great 1840 election, in which the Whig leaders — such men as Clay and Webster — were ignored for a simple-minded old soldier and an unknown member of the opposing party, who were tied together, labeled "Whig ticket," and thrown to the voters on the profound platform of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." This immortal antic was intended not only to keep the greatest men in public life out of public office but also, with the elimination of a platform, to reduce the party's obligations to the people to a point where the whole Federal Government might be manned by a crowd of stuffed shirts while the bosses ladled away the swag.

The Jackson & Weed super-suppression machine has never failed to give complete satisfaction — to discover the lowest common denominator in political timber and to elevate men who can be "trusted" with the Presidency. So Clay and Calhoun were locked out; so Webster, Seward, Sumner, Stanton, Doug-

las, Davis, Stephens, Chase, Wade, Houston, Cass, Morton, Conkling, Blaine. Every one of them a great demagogue, and therefore eminently qualified for the Presidency of a republic whose salvation has always been found in demagoguery, every one of them better fitted, in his prime, than the flunkies who got the job — Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and, more modernly, another Harrison, McKinley, Taft, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover. Only Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Andy Johnson by a hair, were men of power — great demagogues. The rest were a procession of humble, useful dummies — stage props; no worse than any procession of Caesars, Hapsburgs, Tudors, Bourbons, or Romanoffs, it is true — but no better.

THE PEEPL'S CHOICE

"GREAT demagogue" is not, as I construct it, a term of opprobrium, but, contrarily, the highest distinction that history can award any man who seeks the approval of a majority of the one hundred million or so citizens of the United States. No democratic government has been so sublimely devised, at this writing, as to place its fate in the hands of leaders whose interests are other than political. When we vaunt the people as our highest tribunal, it behooves us to recognize the caliber of that tribunal. By virtue of its application to the Snells and Garners who sprawl all over our government, the word demagogue has come to low estate. In ancient days, so the dictionary wistfully recalls, it meant "a leader of the people." To-day it inevitably designates a man who "leads the people by pandering to their passions and prejudices" (*vide*, again, the dictionary). The people being what they are, is it anything short of fair to inquire what else there is to pander to besides their passions and prejudices? As long as our system (and I do not perceive or propose a better one) guarantees one vote to each adult who is not a dynamiter or an idiot, demagoguery is essential; it is the stockbroker for democracy.

No other nation has a proletariat so various in environment and tradition. Under this condition, a suitor for leadership must be all things to all men. He must be Honest John to the farmers and Slippery Sam to the city guys. He must be the eager friend of the rich and the

poor, the employer and the employee, the lender and the borrower, the Negro and the white, the Jew and the Christian, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Teuton and the Slav, the French and the German, the German and the English, the English and the Irish — he must pander, nothing less, to a thousand inbred and ineradicable hates.

On his ability to cajole the greatest number of people the success of the political leader depends. The success of the government depends on something else — the intentions of the political leader. There is no holier creature of clay than the benign demagogue, he who deceives and dissimulates, as all vote-catchers must, only to win the power to build and repair. The malicious demagogue, who deceives and dissimulates only to win the power to plunder and wreck, alone is wicked, as is, for that matter, the malicious philanthropist, the malicious missionary, and the malicious Salvation Army captain. It is these two types of leaders — benign and malicious — that we have christened statesmen. The political hams so abundant in the present era are called demagogues erroneously; they are unworthy of the designation.

It is bad reasoning to maintain that the demagogue is necessarily a witting deceiver of the people. No baser a deceiver of the people ever lived than W. J. Bryan, yet the man himself was neither base nor deceitful. He was ignorant all his life, and wrong most of it, but he believed with his whole soul that the rich were vicious because they were rich, that the poor were wise because they were poor, that the farmer was intelligent because he was a farmer, that the laborer was honest because he was a laborer, and he believed, as fervently as he believed in his God, in silver, in government ownership of railroads, in suicidal adjustment of the tariff, in the prohibition of liquor, in the illegitimacy of the monkey. He was magnificently honorable, but he deceived six and a half million voters by roaring at the defenders of our still surviving monetary system, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" He loved his country as few men do, but he did not hesitate to strike a new low in demagoguery when he arose in the Democratic convention of 1912 and moved against the "nomination of any candidate for President who is the representative of or under obligation

to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class."

Demagoguery like Bryan's is the only hope of the nobler class of politicians against the combined forces of the chumps and the wreckers in political arenas. Thus we see Bryan saving the nation from Champ Clark and, more latterly, Al Smith saving it from the Anti-Saloon League. History would not read as it does had a Nathaniel Hawthorne led the fight for Wilson in 1912 or a James Russell Lowell replaced Al Smith in 1932. In war, too, the demagogue must save the nation. Without the phrase-mongering of Patrick Henry, Abraham Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson, it is exceedingly doubtful that the plodding, peace-loving millions would have been willing to grab a musket and run yelling into the cannon's mouth because their political sovereignty was in danger.

WHAT MAKES A DEMAGOGUE?

THE GREAT demagogue, as I see him, must be a virtuoso of showmanship. He must espouse causes violently or not at all. He may straddle issues, as Douglas did slavery, Roosevelt prohibition, and Wilson neutrality, and he may drop issues that have lost their appeal, as Jackson did the Bank, Bryan government ownership, and Roosevelt Bull Moosism — but he must not be caught straddling or dropping them. He must not evoke certain of the traditional, fanatical hatreds, like race or religion. He must have great physical strength — Wilson alone lacked it and it cost him his leadership — for the people want to see him, and they want to see him fight. He must be an evangelist, always crying a cause before the little fellows are willing to cry it, risking his political life every day, courting zealous friends and tantalizing zealous enemies, dreading only indifference and the sanctity of oblivion. He must have a nickname for the millions who lavish nicknames on those they love, like "Old Hickory," "Little Giant," "Honest Abe," "Plumed Knight," "Great Commoner," "Teddy," and "Al." He must be calculating enough to appear impulsive, and canny enough to have bold, belligerent explanations for the quick changes he is forced to make to catch the tide. When he is winning he must be able to "take it," to meet every attack — like Jefferson, Jackson, Webster, and Roosevelt — with

a laugh and a challenge. When he is licked, he must go sour, unsportsmanlike as it is in any other field, to show his followers that he will not abandon his sacred trust to have traffic with the victors, as did Clay, Conkling, Blaine, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Smith.

These are all the ingredients of a showman. All of them were apotheosized by Theodore Roosevelt. In 1904 Roosevelt said, "Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." In 1912 he was more of a mob candidate than Jackson had ever been, more of an evangelist than Bryan had ever been, crying a great, aggrieved cause, classing himself with Lincoln, falsely discrediting his opponent, roaring with laughter at the charges leveled against him, driving his audiences wild, taking to his bosom the "malefactors of great wealth" — Perkins, Munsey, Pinchot, Flynn — on whose well-barbered necks he had climbed to earlier glory.

Above all he had the courage, emotional and physical, that the current aspirants to demagoguery lack so lamentably. The epochal incident in Milwaukee, when he was shot on his way to make a speech, must serve forever as the flawless model for those who want votes. Bleeding gracefully, he cried, "I will make that speech or die," and then, behind the scenes — demagogue of demagogues — "This is my great chance."

No politician has ever scorned slogans — the demagogue's most telling weapon. Jefferson's enemies might accuse him of "dreaming of liberty in the arms of a slave," but who would remember that when the father of Democracy thundered, "All men are created equal"? "Hurrah for Jackson" refuted every accusation against the redoubtable Indian-killer. The Whigs rolled in in 1840 on the strength of their enemies' charge that General Harrison was born in a log cabin and drank hard cider. Lincoln did not hesitate to trot out Jefferson's war-cry and swear by it, although it was a fallacy that no thinker had ever, or has to this day, defended. Bryan set up a bellow of "16-to-1" that shook the nation in 1896.

Wilson was the last genius of the slogan. His "he kept us out of war," "the war to end war," and, when the Romanoffs had conveniently retired from the Allied cause, his "make the world safe for democracy" prove beyond cavil that the man whom no one ever called

"Woody" had the mind of a great demagogue, even if he lacked the luster. Roosevelt's "square deal" had all the vigor and novelty that are missing from the present Dutch master's "new deal." His "big stick" bespoke the man as clearly as "cross of gold" bespoke Bryan and "rugged individualism" belied Hoover. Franklin Roosevelt's "forgotten man" is so cloudy and inept that it is as ineffective as his opponent's gem in words of six syllables.

The phrase-makers have disappeared, a sure sign of decline of political leaders. It is not necessary here, with the qualifications for a great demagogue laid out, to discuss the degree to which our present public figures are found wanting. All we have to do is run through the list. Meditate, and shudder, on McAdoo and Mellon, on Smoot, Dickinson, Fess, Brookhart, Murray. Could the best of our political leaders drive men wild? Only Smith, and he violates, by his birth and his background, the canon against evoking the fanatical hatreds. Norris, Borah, Bingham, Walsh, Ritchie, Baker — all lack the warmth. Hiram Johnson might have been the White Hope, but he suffered an attack of Senate poisoning from which, as the nation knows, he never recovered. Just fancy Moses (Rep., N. H.) leading us out of bondage, or that genteel son of the proud old South, Colonel Huey P. Long. Hurley and Mills died, and both so young, of exhaustion superinduced by the task of fitting the entire electorate with rose-colored glasses. There is promise, but just promise, in young Senator La Follette; he springs from auspicious seed.

The United States Senate, at the present time, is about as unproductive of leaders as the House of Representatives is expected to be. The House is a collection of stumble-bums such as once mauled each other and yelled "Washington," "Jefferson," and "Lincoln," in the halls of our state legislatures. The governors are the same genial toadies as they were intended to be when the Republic was founded. The state legislatures are down to the princely level of ward-heelers. As for the two illustrious candidates for the Presidency, each with his great warm heart, each with his fiery magnetism, each idolized by ardent millions — we can best borrow Bob Ingersoll's moldering words: "Each party would gladly defeat its own man if it would not thus elect the other fellow."

The National Deficit

by MARK S. WATSON

POSSIBLY the most arresting way to describe the result of our last two years' federal deficits is to point out that together they represent slightly more than the whole amount of the sinking-fund deposits, for the reduction of our national debt, which we have been patiently setting aside since the war. The fruit of the hard toil we have put into that gallant effort for over a decade we now have thrown away in two reckless years.

The sinking-fund, to be sure, provided only a part of our post-war debt reduction program, the part which had been definitely fixed by legislative enactment. Further reduction was effected by receipts from foreign governments (while those governments were making payments), by the annual surplus of governmental receipts over governmental expenditures (a surplus which vanished two years ago), by reduction of the over-large general fund in the treasury (no longer over-large), by profits from Federal Reserve Banks, *etc.* Only a part to be sure, yet the sinking-fund alone amounted to one-third of the total reduction in our debt effected in the Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover administrations. And that third is now gone, thanks to hard times' cutting our federal income and our prodigal government's continuing to toss money out the window in hard times as well as in good.

Gross debt, August 31, 1919....	\$26,596,000,000
Gross debt, June 30, 1930.....	16,185,000,000

A reduction in one decade of...	\$10,411,000,000
---------------------------------	------------------

It was a really fine feat, possible through the prosperity of that decade and the resultant heavy inflow of governmental receipts. Of the total reduction 34 per cent came from sinking fund, 16 per cent from foreign governments, 37 per cent from annual surpluses, and 13 per cent from general fund reduction and miscellaneous sources. In a decade we had not only cut the gross debt nearly 40 per cent but by

refinancing had cut the interest charges on several of the remaining bond issues. It was an inspiring demonstration of a national desire to get rid of debt as rapidly as possible.

But at the end of that decade national industry had slowed down, and profits with it. When a nation has been counting on the individual and corporation income tax (a comparatively new source of revenue) for two-thirds of its total revenues, as was the case in this country in 1930 — and incomes are suddenly deflated, the effect upon the nation's revenues is sudden and disastrous. In that one year our receipts dropped so sharply that the old time annual surplus, which had soared above \$600,000,000 in late years and close to \$200,000,000 only the year before, vanished totally. Instead, we encountered a \$600,000,000 deficit. No more was there an annual surplus to apply to debt reduction. On the contrary, it was necessary to borrow to meet the deficit, and the debt which had been dropping steadily since the war now rose anew. In the year just ended receipts fell far more sharply, while expenditures blithely approved by a singularly reckless Congress sailed right along. The resultant deficit was instantly transferred to the national debt. The Treasury statement of June 30, 1932 put it at \$19,487,000,000. This is \$3,300,000,000 up in two years.

Moreover, only the most fatuous of politicians pretends to doubt that the present fiscal year's operations will present us next June with still another increase in that debt. Congress did not balance the budget, for all the public demand that it do so, and all the pretense that the demand had been met. It is not balanced by several hundred millions. And because the budget is not balanced the new deficit is to be added to the debt, upon which we must pay proportionately more interest, thus increasing the difficulty of balancing the budget the next year. And so on, until we stop