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IT was rather a rollicking speech that Mr. Lloyd George made at the Lord Mayor of London's banquet the other day. Even its solemn periods were pronounced in a tone of persistent cheer that could not be kept out of the newspaper reports. The Prime Minister was obviously impressed with the fact that Mr. Lloyd George was securely fixed in his heaven and all was right with the world—except, Mr. Lloyd George was forced to admit, for a general orgy of hate that seemed to pervade the international atmosphere, and too many guns on too many Germans, and the existence of that “ludicrous,” “impossible,” “crazy” creed of bolshevism, and war—he called it war—in Ireland, and labor troubles in England. These things are as clouds on the vast horizon that Mr. Lloyd George cheerfully surveys from his celestial position. And while he shakes a finger at the Germans, and a gun at the Irish, and holds dignified conversations with persons of the bolshevist persuasion who, he realizes, are hardly nice, he keeps his vision untroubled and his soul sweet by contemplating the spectacle of “the greatest empire in the world . . . that empire in the height of its power . . . that empire in the greatest day of its glory.” No wonder there were “loud and prolonged cheers” as Mr. Lloyd George sat down.

FORTY-ONE nations have sent their representatives to Geneva to attend the opening session of the Assembly of the League of Nations. It is an imposing gathering. The Hague conferences never brought together so many nations. But there are two profound differences between this assemblage and the meetings at The Hague. Two great nations, Germany and Soviet Russia, are ostracized, uninvited to the meeting; and the little nations enter this con-

ference not with equal rights but as lesser partners in an enterprise bound to the chariot-wheel of the Entente victors. It is this stringent domination of the so-called great Powers which infects the very basis of the League; this, the difficulty of amendment of the covenant, and the unanimity required for important decisions which render the Council of the League as helpless as the old Polish diet in which any one member could veto the decisions of all the others. Article Ten and the six-to-one provisions are harmless compared to this essential fault; and even though the League, to secure the adherence of the United States, should modify those provisions, the chronic disease would not be reached. Meanwhile the League, born as a splendid dream of international peace, is settling down to a task of international clerking which it can do well and which it is well that some such organization should do. But success at settling the Aland Islands question or at regulating cable control, should deceive no one into believing that this is the league to end war for a vision of which men died.

AND so, now after all the tumult and all the shouting have died, and the captains and kings, premiers and presidents have departed, Italy quietly falls heir to Zara, nearly all of Istria, the islands in the Gulf of Quarnero, a strip of land connecting Fiume with Italian territory, a strategic frontier along the north, and a small slice of Dalmatia. D'Annunzio wins his fight—for Fiume will be an “independent state” with boundaries carefully drawn to insure its Italian character and provision made for its possible future annexation to Italy. From the point of view of “self-determination” and “the rights of small nations” the settlement is indefensible; by its terms millions of Slavs will fall under Italian rule. From the point of view of peace it is probably the best settlement that could have been secured; and for better or worse the people of the world are now in a state of mind to welcome peace even at the expense of pure justice. Whether lasting peace can result from the present arrangements is doubtful. The best that can be said is that the Yugoslav delegates accepted them with a good grace, while the Italians displayed skilful diplomacy in emphasizing not their triumph but their “generous sacrifices” and in proposing “minimum terms” which were later modified. Of course, Italy's sacrifices consist only in modifications of the terms of the Treaty of London which still leave Italy great areas of alien territory; while the “minimum terms” proposed during the present conferences at Santa Margherita would have provided the Yugoslav state with an enormous “Slavia Irredenta.”

VENIZELOS'S amazing defeat in the Greek elections—amazing because of his complete control of the political machinery, the strict censorship he maintained, and the persecution of his opponents as seditious traitors—closes a stirring chapter in Greek history, and, following close on the heels of the Wrangel debacle, may mean a turning-point in Near Eastern politics. It is too early to give adequate judgment on Venizelos: a fervid Greek patriot,

imperialist, expansionist, dictatorial, often identifying his country with himself and his own ideas, he has achieved an enormous extension of Greek frontiers at the expense of wars abroad and civil strife at home. Many observers called him the ablest statesman at the Paris Peace Conference. He alone among the spokesmen of the lesser Powers was feared by France and England. If his defeat does indeed mean the return of King Constantine—we hope not—it is a terrific blow to both French and British prestige in the East, for it was Senator Jonnart of France who, with the aid of French marines, engineered the final coup which deposed Constantine and set up Venizelos as virtual dictator of Greece in 1917, while England profited by his campaigns in Asiatic Turkey. If it means abandonment of the footless war in Asia Minor and consolidation of the truly Greek territories which have been returned to their motherland, if it leads to a policy of reconciliation with Greece's northern neighbors, Bulgaria and Albania, the election day will be a red letter day in Balkan and Near Eastern history.

NOW that the sovereign state of South Russia with its leader, Baron Wrangel, has retired in rather bad order to the deck of the French warship Waldeck-Rousseau, it is time to analyze this last ill-fated adventure of French imperialism. The French continental policy received a serious blow when the Russian-Polish peace was signed at Riga and the Russian army was set free to turn on Wrangel. But Poland and France were publicly so busy gloating over the terms of the treaty, that attention was distracted from the almost certain fate of the last White hope. It takes the final success of bolshevik arms to prove how dead the hopes of France must be. With Wrangel gone she will have to seek far for armies to fight her insane battles in the East. Rumania will certainly look askance at the job; even Hungary may think twice. Poland, to be sure, is complacently in possession of her leagues of alien territory, but even the childish imagination of the Polish patriot class can hardly lead it to think that she can keep them. Russia is wholly victorious on the field; her diplomatic defeat at Riga was turned to immediate account. Poland remains to be reckoned with, but the blow to France involved in the defeat of Wrangel means that Poland can no longer count on a bloc of anti-Bolshevik states marshaled under French prestige to support its impossible ambitions. The delegates of the Soviet Government at Riga ought to use their recent victory to force a bloodless revision of the terms of that "Punic peace" with Poland which hands over millions of Russian peasants to a handful of Polish landlords, and attempts, as the *London Nation* has pointed out, to "re-build the eighteenth century on the ruins of the nineteenth."

SUDRE DARTIGUENAVE, President of the Republic of Haiti, tells the American correspondents in Haiti that the Haiti-American treaty "has been violated and not carried out, because Haiti has been under the oppression of the American Minister and his financial adviser." M. Dartiguenave took office supported by the guns of American marines, and has always been regarded as the most pro-American of Haitians. "Responsible American business men long resident in Haiti," the *Chicago Tribune* tells us, agree that President Dartiguenave has been "constantly hampered by lack of cooperation and by high-handed measures. The island has been governed by a clique of which Minister Bailly-Blanchard is one." Between October, 1919, and October, 1920, United States Marines killed, on an

average, three Haitians a day, according to the testimony of Major Turner, brigade adjutant, before the naval board of inquiry, and prior to October, 1919, there are no records sufficiently trustworthy to give any adequate estimate of the number killed. Yet within the same week in which these damning facts appear, Secretary Colby makes public the report of his special investigator, Admiral Knapp, who found the Haitians contented and "grateful." The facts which, when *The Nation* first exposed them, were termed "sensational lies," are being confirmed in sober court testimony almost every day. President Dartiguenave, dissatisfied with the naval board of inquiry, has asked for a full Congressional inquiry; there can no longer be any question that it is needed.

THE Irish sympathizers in this country who tear down and burn British flags and manhandle supposed British subjects, do not serve the cause for which Terence Mac-Swiney died. They are hoodlums, and their case is one for the police. But the policemen are often conveniently absent or looking the other way. If these episodes recur it should be the earnest endeavor of all true friends of Ireland to hold their misrepresentatives in check; it is the duty of local authorities to grasp the grave issues involved and to lend every effort to protect possible innocent victims and to apprehend the guilty; and it is the part of the British public to understand clearly that these acts of wanton violence have the unqualified condemnation of all right-thinking Americans. As a manifestation, however, of deeper currents of feeling, these recent outbursts are not without ominous significance. The dragon's teeth of violence so long sown in Ireland are growing to strange crops. Unless some speedy adjustment of the Irish question is reached and a return to peace effected, Anglo-American relations will be subjected to increasingly severe strain. It is precisely with the hope of preventing such development, and the extension of what Lloyd George has just termed "war," that *The Nation's* Committee of One Hundred was formed.

THE first skirmish over the constitutionality of the rent laws enacted by the recent special session of the New York Legislature has been won by the tenant, Justice Edward R. Finch of the State Supreme Court having upheld the legislation as a legitimate exercise of the police power in the existing emergency. We have already commented on these laws, which substitute the State for the landlord as the rent-fixing power in the case of apartments, leaving it to the courts to determine the rental in disputed cases. An appeal will be taken, of course, from Justice Finch's decision but, apart from the question involved, it is noteworthy for its recognition that the Legislature is the proper body to determine the facts at issue. In overruling argument that the emergency does not justify the legislation enacted, Justice Finch says, "the court will not substitute his judgment for that of the Legislature." This is good sense and sound law, especially to be commended at a time when our courts are under just criticism for their tendency to usurp legislative and executive functions.

A MAN named Ballin has been indicted in New York City for violating the postal regulations by writing scare letters warning of imaginary bomb plots. The incident adds to the widespread suspicion that many of the so-called plots have been "framed." The Department of Justice has given wide publicity to violent anonymous circulars signed "Amer-



ican Anarchist Fighters" or with other fire-eating names, suggesting that radical groups were plotting the destruction of society. But violence in action has not been proved against any of the radical groups which Mr. Palmer's agents have been persecuting. The Communists who now stand convicted have been found guilty only of writing manifestos which can be interpreted as mild or violent, as judge and jury may see fit, but which were public expressions of opinion, and which have never been connected with the spectacular "bomb plots." The Department of Justice has yet to show any connection between bomb outrages and the radical groups. The sensational stories in the New York *Evening World* have fallen flat; they have produced not a scintilla of real evidence, but only a vague chain of circumstances to suggest a possible motive in the row among the housewreckers' unions. Many radicals are firmly convinced that the outrages have been deliberate "frame-ups" intended to incite the public against the Reds. This is difficult to believe; but later evidence at least casts grave doubt upon the advertised assumption that the Wall Street explosion was due to a bomb. The Government expert who analyzed the street sweepings reported that the explosion was due to blasting gelatine.

**C**HILDREN throughout Central and Southeastern Europe have learned a new and beautiful, but pitifully half-true meaning for the word America as a result of the Hoover child-feeding work which alone has kept thousands of them alive this past year. Now Herbert Hoover writes that money is in hand to carry on only until January, and that "three and a half million children call to the heart and resources of America for these daily supplies, not available in their own countries, that are vital to their survival and to the rebuilding of their physical well-being. . . . Twenty-three million dollars must be raised without delay." The *Literary Digest*, with an immense circulation, sets itself the task of raising the fund. It will be difficult, with hard times imminent, to raise so large a sum; it will be tragic if it is not raised. Readers of *The Nation* do not need to be told of the misery in Central Europe; we hope they will be generous in response to the appeal. Checks should be sent to The Literary Digest Child-Feeding Fund, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York. We only wish that the children of Soviet Russia were not excluded.

**T**HE Red Cross is appealing for more money. But the American Red Cross is no longer the generous open-hearted organization of pre-war days which asked only where help was most needed, and gave in proportion to the need. If it be "the greatest mother of them all" in size, it is a queer kind of mother: a cold, calculating mother, who inquires, not whether her children be hungry and ragged, but what are their politics. The Red Cross has become a propaganda tool of the State Department. It has given no aid in Ireland; it says it is waiting to be asked. By whom? By Mr. Lloyd George, forsooth? Its publicity advertises no help to Haiti or to India. Newspaper reports indicate that it has concentrated its attention upon the foes of Soviet Russia. We read of warehouses groaning with food held in the Baltic provinces to be rushed into Russia—not when or where starving people need it, but when and where the Soviet Government is overthrown. It is revealed that Red Cross supplies were one of Wrangel's best forms of propaganda, and one of the last acts of that adventurous

baron prior to his hasty flight to a French battleship was to award to high officials of the American Red Cross decorations which must have something of the same value as an officer's commission in the Swiss navy. The Red Cross threw away in the war its fine old motto, "Neutrality—Humanity," and a different spirit now masquerades under the name which has such glorious traditions. Money given to it today is, among other things, money given for a peculiarly mean form of political propaganda—propaganda by starvation.

**D**UDLEY FIELD MALONE, Collector of the Port of New York when the *Lusitania* started on her final voyage, revealed, in the course of his campaign as Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor of New York State, the fact that the *Lusitania* carried large quantities of ammunition consigned to the British Government, including 4,200 cases of Springfield cartridges containing some eleven tons of black powder. The revelation is not so important in its bearing upon the *Lusitania* case—for it does not lessen the cruelty of the sinking nor legally alter the status of the outrage—as in its bearing upon the methods of the Wilson Administration. The Wilson Administration refused to permit publication of the fact. One of the principal charges upon which the attempt to expel Robert M. La Follette from the Senate was based was that he had falsely declared that the *Lusitania* carried ammunition; the State Department refused to grant the Senator access to the official records to verify his statement; and the persecution of the Senator was dropped only when Mr. Malone offered to testify in his behalf. Upon such sands of hypocrisy was the structure of war-time "Americanism" built. Gradually the truth is leaking out and honest foundations are being laid for a truer patriotism; but there is more to come.

**A**T the health meeting of the annual convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs last June the five hundred delegates unanimously passed a resolution demanding "the speedy removal of all barriers due to legal restrictions, tradition, prejudice or ignorance, which now prevent parents from access to such scientific knowledge on this subject [voluntary parenthood] as is possessed by the medical profession." The New York State Federation last month voiced the same demand. Let those who occasionally despair of progress lift up their hearts. The action of these representative women, all voters now, signifies the revolt of intelligence and enlightened citizenship against utterly senseless and archaic taboo, which years ago inscribed into our federal and State anti-*obscenity* laws the scientific facts about one of the subjects most vital to the human race. An amendment to the existing law, which will legalize the dissemination of information now obtainable by practically all women of means, will come before Congress at its next session. It is likely to pass—there is no valid argument against it—for it will have the backing of the Senate Committee on Public Health, seven of whose eleven members, including the chairman, Senator Joseph I. France, himself a physician, are known to be favorable. Elsewhere in this issue a distinguished scientist discusses a few of the many phases of birth regulation, the full realization of which will go further toward promoting human happiness—by eliminating needless death, disease, poverty, mental anguish, and physical pain—than any other single reform readily achievable by present-day society.

## Should the Democratic Party Die?

IT was a Wilsonian Senator from the South, not even a mild reservationist, who prophesied last spring that after the election there would "not be enough left of the Democratic Party to make a funeral worth while." It was his belief that an amalgamation with the conservative Republican forces would be all that would be left to the party which Mr. Wilson's policies had even then condemned to overwhelming defeat. Today post mortems without number are on, as well as efforts to galvanize the remains into life. The job of reviving the Democracy is being offered to various statesmen and also to some successful financiers of Wall Street experience in reorganizing defunct corporations. But there are many who actually believe with the Southern Senator that hope for a resurrection does not exist.

We must confess that glad as we should be to lay flowers on the Democracy's bier there are still too many signs of life to make us feel sure that it is time to send for the priest. Parties do not die so easily. Theodore Roosevelt was sure that the Republican Party was as dead as a door-nail after it "stole" the nomination from him in 1912. He said in so many words that the party which he had led was so rotten as to be beyond the last rites, so dead as to be beyond concern. Its managers he declared to be "second-story burglars," and equal to "porch-climbers" in their lack of morality. Mr. Taft was "a receiver of stolen goods"; anybody who voted for him was "on a level with a receiver of stolen goods"; "he is a dishonest man and unfit to associate with honest men." The election of 1912 settled the matter in Mr. Roosevelt's mind. The Republican Party was beyond hope done for; in 1916 the Progressive Party would walk off with the prize. But 1916 saw the Progressives tricked and betrayed by Mr. Roosevelt himself, as it saw the election of Mr. Wilson on the peace issue. More than that, the year 1920 has witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of every member of the Colonel's immediate family working hard for the same Republican Party which he had declared to be "carrion," fit only for vultures—working for it although it was still engineered by the very same "second-story men," "burglars," "crooked bosses," and "rotten politicians" whom Colonel Roosevelt denounced so vehemently. It takes more than words or wishes to kill a political party.

So we are not ready to assert that the Democracy is dead, much as we should like to record its demise. Grave its plight is, for it is not only defeated, but morally bankrupt, and not for a long while can it possibly live down the taint of its Burlesons and its Palmers and the rest. It is at this hour practically without leaders who have the confidence of the nation, and it is without first-rate leadership of any kind; for this the Wilsonian policy of refusing to tolerate men of independent judgment and outspoken faith in the neighborhood of the White House is largely responsible. But miracles do happen in politics and new issues and new men spring up suddenly. The enormous and unwieldy Republican majorities in House and Senate carry within them by their very numbers the seeds of disaffection. So overwhelming a party representation breeds dissension and gives rise to splits within the party between conservatives and liberals precisely as was the case after the great Republican victory in 1908. If, for instance, a foreign issue should arise, like the question of Irish independence, and should be exploited by the Democrats, or if another tariff

law of such flagrant immorality as the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law of 1910 should offend the consciences of the people a year hence, the Republicans might have their work cut out for them within four years. Indeed, it would be contrary to all our political precedents if there were not a reaction from Republicanism in the next Congressional elections.

As every one knows, the election of Mr. Harding was not a vote of confidence in the Republicans but merely the registering of a remarkably unanimous vote of disapproval upon Wilson's record—one not to be glossed over by our successful participation in the greatest of wars. There was no pledge in that vote of November 2 that the American people are ready indefinitely to endure further misgovernment at the hands of the Republicans. If they are disappointed again they will take a similar revenge, and the only question will be through what means. If the Democracy can re-win as much popular faith and enthusiasm as it did in 1912 by its pretense that it was bent on freeing us from our "invisible government" and bestowing upon us the priceless boon of that freedom from privilege and exploitation which most Americans crave, then it may come back into power. If it cannot obtain that confidence, then some new weapon will be forged; we shall see that line-up between conservatives and progressives foretold by the Southern Senator quoted, an alignment that would clarify the real issues before the people and give us a choice not between two reactionary parties, but one reactionary and one truly progressive. No man can prophesy how long it will take to bring about this inevitable division; that will depend upon the economic forces at work far more than upon politics and politicians.

That the day is not far off and that a beginning has really been made in the Northwest, *The Nation* devoutly hopes. We cannot believe that the Democracy will once more fool people into thinking that it points the way to freedom. For one thing, we cannot feel that today it has within it even a germ of the new liberalism the country needs and craves, just as it has no one to voice that liberalism did it exist. Its bosses, the Taggarts, the Murphys, the Nugents, the Roger Sullivans, and all the rest accepted Mr. Wilson's brand of "New Freedom" when compelled to in 1912, not because they had the slightest sympathy with it, but because after his nomination there was nothing else to do, and then they soon felt that his eloquence and personality spelled success. His political end finds them more than ever in control, without having even to fear Mr. Bryan's ill will as they did at the Baltimore convention. No one is in revolt against them in their bailiwicks. More than that, the Democracy cannot be a liberal party and remain the party of the white South as it is today. From the beginning, Mr. Wilson's liberalism limped because he opposed woman suffrage and never lifted his voice in protest against the disfranchisement of the Negroes, whose representatives in the departments at Washington he was the first President to segregate, thus establishing by an act of the Federal Executive two distinct classes of American citizens. To woman suffrage he later turned when it was expedient to do so. But not in a single utterance of his in eight years is there any reference to the Negro or his problems, though Mr. Wilson is ruler over ten millions of them. He is quite content that they should be taxed without representation and denied a voice at the Capitol. Just so long as Mr. Wilson's