

Mr. Flood's Party

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Old Eben Flood, climbing alone one night
Over the hill between the town below
And the forsaken upland hermitage
That held as much as he should ever know
On earth again of home, paused and observed.
The road was his with not a native near;
And Eben, having leisure, said aloud,
For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have the harvest moon
Again, and we may not have many more;
The bird is on the wing, the poet says,
And you and I have said it here before.
Drink to the bird." He raised up to the light
The jug that he had gone so far to fill,
And answered huskily: "Well, Mr. Flood,
Since you propose it, I believe I will."

Alone, as if enduring to the end
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn,
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.
Below him, in the town among the trees,
Where friends of other days had honored him,
A phantom salutation of the dead
Rang thinly till old Eben's eyes were dim.

Then, as a mother lays her sleeping child
Down tenderly, fearing it may awake,
He set the jug down slowly at his feet
With trembling care, knowing that most things break;
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men
Assuredly did not, he paced away,
And with his hand extended paused again:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this
In a long time; and many a change has come
To both of us, I fear, since last it was
We had a drop together. Welcome home!"
Convivially returning with himself,
Again he raised the jug up to the light;
And with an acquiescent quaver said:
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might."

"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."
So, for the time, apparently it did,
And Eben evidently thought so too;
For soon amid the silver loneliness
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,
Secure, with only two moons listening,
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,
The last word wavered; and the song being done,
He raised again the jug regretfully
And shook his head, and was again alone.
There was not much that was ahead of him,
And there was nothing in the town below—
Where strangers would have shut the many doors
That many friends had opened long ago.

Books

The Latest Horrors of War

Secrets of Crewe House. By Sir Campbell Stuart. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE secrets of Crewe House are out: the doings of British war propaganda are retailed, as the "story of a famous campaign," by Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E., who was Northcliffe's deputy in running the Department of Propaganda in Enemy Countries. This volume with its maps, Foreign Office memoranda, and secret intelligence papers sets forth how, at the Allies' darkest hour, on the eve of the March (1918) offensive, 10,000,000 soldiers, generals, and field marshals being stumped, Viscount Northcliffe, and experts, strode upon the field, pointed out that beyond the Alps lies Austria-Hungary, and with paper-balloon, leaflet-scattering airplane, leaflet-shooting rocket, long-range cinematograph, and thrilling gramophone so deluged the cohorts of the Dual Monarchy that Hapsburgs and subject nationalities blew up and crashed down; even "the Piave rose and converted the attack into disaster"; and in July when the German tide was at flood and poor soldiers still knew not whether to fight or run, Viscount Northcliffe, and experts, turned on Germany and sent over 2,172,794 leaflets in July, 3,958,116 in August, 3,175,000 in September, 5,360,000 in October, with results contemporaneously noted in the newspapers. The book also tells how, a month before the armistice, Viscount Northcliffe, *et al.*, turned to "peace propaganda."

The achievement of the British propagandists is not to be sneezed at. No propaganda can be sneezed at. What is the terror of the times? For example, what is the war-horror par excellence which keeps the Allies from recognizing Russia? Propaganda. "We would make peace with you," say the victorious nations, "we would quit starving you, but we are afraid you won't drop your horrible propaganda. We don't fear your guns or your bombing planes or even your typhus—but for God's sake shut your mouth." Future historians may well marvel and chew their quills. If they will read this record, envied by Ludendorff, they will grasp more clearly the sort of thing Lloyd George and Millerand mean when they knit their brows at Moscow.

Sir Campbell Stuart celebrates that juggernaut, efficiency. What Lenin longs for when he prescribes the Taylor System for Russian factories, Northcliffe's experts put into British propaganda. They unscrambled the Allies' case, de-muddled the argument so that even Huns could see. Here are the rules:

"Propaganda subject-matter must not be self-evidently propagandist. Except in special circumstances its origin should be completely concealed. As a general rule, too, it is desirable to hide the channels of communication.

"Creation of a 'favorable atmosphere' is the first object of propaganda.

"First of all axioms of propaganda is that only truthful statements be made. Secondly, there must be no conflicting arguments."

That is, you do not have to begin by answering Pilate's question; you must simply be sure that your truth is not knocked out by a friendly Ally's truth; and having agreed on truth you organize to put it over. Northcliffe coordinated. Experts like Wickham Steed, H. G. Wells, Sir Sidney Low, etc., had the good sense to trail a good coordinator. Then you are referred for verdict to that Napoleon of organization, the Chief Quartermaster General of the German Army, one Ludendorff, his "War Memories." You learn that on propaganda Ludendorff "was right in his theories; for they coincided in large degree with the principles upon which Viscount Northcliffe based his famous intensive campaign from Crewe House. His verdict is an unqualified tribute, as the extracts from his writings show."

You believed during the war that the change in Allied policy toward Austria, turning from seduction to dismemberment, was

the slow cumulative result of the failure of the first policy, Wilson's predilection for self-determination, the Russian upheaval, the agitations of Czech, Serb, and Polish national committees? Read how Wickham Steed got Northcliffe to get Balfour to get the War Cabinet to make up their minds at last as to what they were really fighting the war about, as regards Austria, and to say it. The word cleared the way for the juggernaut. Through congresses at London and Rome, chancelleries' pronouncements (despite a hitch by Lansing and a balk by Sonnino), through the polyglot press at Reggio, the efficient machine functioned, and the reward of well-oiled translators and picked talking-machine records bloomed in desertion, riot, and mutiny in the enemy's land.

You believed the League of Nations was the spontaneous fair flower of war-hating idealism? Read how H. G. Wells, Director of the German Department, took the free-floating idea of the League of Free Nations and put it in a strait-jacket for propaganda purposes, codified it, and got it sanctioned by the Government as that vitally-needed but long-missing joint Allied statement of peace terms. The kind of German for whom this League was dished up was clear in mind. Wells's memorandum on "how to change Germany," prepared for the Foreign Office, is quoted:

"The word *Revolution* is, perhaps, to be deprecated. We do not, for instance, desire a Bolshevik breakdown in Germany, which would make her economically useless to mankind. We look, therefore, not so much to the German peasant and laborer as to the ordinary, fairly well educated mediocre German for cooperation in the reinstatement of civilization."

There is hinted a thing not openly confessed in propaganda histories, that one reason for putting efficiency into propaganda was to keep the result from being Bolshevism. The British took thought that any revolution in Germany should be the right kind. So, with the rest of the grist, the League was got into Germany, smuggled in by railway porters and postal clerks, eased in "through the book trade," or whispered in through enemy correspondents "who were carefully nursed." The "pill was sugar coated" to suit; "clandestine" was the word; a triumph to chuckle over was a thing which from the outside looked like an edition of standard German authors, but within was Lichnowski or Muehlon.

Now as the officer at G. H. Q. having immediate responsibility for the American Army's propaganda against the enemy, I must assert, with whatever authority or bias the experience afforded, that American propaganda was different. Sir Campbell concedes that in the Inter-Allied propaganda conferences the Americans sat only "as observers, as pupils"; he omits the reason, which was that President Wilson wisely would not authorize any closer participation. The British lessons were very enlightening, rousing sincere respect for Crewe House expertness and making quite plain that their principles and practice in some phases could not be ours. We can be sanctimonious about that now; we were then. We were in no such fix as the British, French, and Italians; we had much less to "explain." Our moral position was grand. We couldn't be anything else but straightforward and aboveboard, honestly telling the enemy how our soldiers were fighting and what Wilson was saying on Leagues of Nations and how the A. E. F. took Germans prisoner and fattened them.

Perhaps this will illustrate our difference from those principles of "concealing the origin," etc., of "sound propaganda." We were planning—the armistice ruined it—*The International Bulletin: Distributed on both sides of the lines by the American Army*, a bilingual newspaper, with precisely that heading, to be our main vehicle of "prop." The point of difference was that we meant really to distribute it to the A. E. F. as well as to the Germans, printed in parallel columns of English and German, designed to be as much quoted an authority in Paris and Washington as in Berlin. Some at G. H. Q. were suspicious of it; they feared for the war if two armies got to arguing the same points; they seemed to think that we had in mind having the armies fight all day, then cross lines and argue all evening;

and they wondered if the war would stand the fearful strain.

Another example will point the difference. When the armies of occupation moved up into the Rhineland the British propaganda liaison officer came asking if we would cooperate in a new propaganda drive; and learning that our organization was demobilized he asked if I would use my "influence" (bless his innocence) to have America "take part in the propaganda for a separatist Rhine Republic"! Sir Campbell's last chapter describes how the British Department in October set to work to "explain" what Wilson meant by the Fourteen Points and to lay out the peace treaty.

This complacent book is ludicrous, not because it takes for granted that all it aimed to achieve was achieved; nor because it omits due credit to French propaganda (more extensive than British) and Russian (not even mentioned); but because it tries to get glory out of war. War has become such difficult material for glorification! Sincere and able Englishmen were enmeshed in the propaganda business, and the abler they were the less they bragged. While the real soldiers died in unparalleled numbers in ending the fighting, bright and breezy officers were having a wonderful time at Crewe House, winning the war. These unspeakable words end the book:

"Crewe House will always be remembered for its propaganda politics for which, as has truly been said, it became as well known in the Chancelleries of Europe as it had been in Great Britain for so long as a social center for national politics."

HEBER BLANKENHORN

Morale as Morality

Morale: The Supreme Standard of Life and Conduct. By G. Stanley Hall. D. Appleton and Company.

WHEN he had long been engaged in studying with pedagogical eyeglasses the condition of the American drafted army, it came to the President of Clark University, as an afterthought probably, that the quality most desired and cultivated in the soldier was the highest of ethical qualities, the *summum bonum* of the new, naturalistic dispensation. The gospel he preaches "is simply this—to keep ourselves, body and soul, and our environment, physical, industrial, social, etc., always at the very tip-top of condition." The chief end of man is always "to be in the pink"; and the new teacher will say: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own good condition; or what will a man give in exchange for his good condition?" If we are not "in business for our health" we ought to be.

Before inquiring into the fundamental consistency of Mr. Hall's thesis, it is pleasant to recognize that in details he has made many a shrewd, homely, and wholesome criticism of current ideas and practices. There is a Whitman-like exuberance about the man that floods and cleanses some of the dirty streets of our civilization like the water from a hydrant. He sees nothing but ghosts and bugbears in what he calls "the rebulations of Sir Oliver Lodge," nothing but a "genteel invalidism" in American liberal Protestant religion, and nothing but outworn supernaturalism in the Catholic church. He is nothing if not thorough in applying his system to all branches of life. There must be a new economy of religion in which God is completely "subjectified." Sexual standards should be referred entirely to health; the modern lover, apparently will say: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not my own soundness of body more." In social matters the present regime is identified with morale, and bolshevism and socialism with diseases to be eradicated by a proper course of diet, rest, recreation, and domestic life for the workman.

The test of an ethical, as of any philosophical, system lies largely in its own intrinsic consistency. Can morale be made an end in itself? Mr. Hall seems to concede that it cannot by his very elaborate directions as to how to produce it artificially.