

effective method of marketing securities; (2) speculation regulates and determines the direction of the flow of new capital; (3) the Stock Exchange is not merely a market place, but a means of distributing securities to the public investor. Since parts one and three of Mr. Flynn's argument are substantially the same, there remain two rather flimsy advantages alleged as arguments in favor of the economic value of speculation.

A young Pioneer should be able to answer these arguments more or less effectively in an essay of 250 words. Mr. Flynn takes fifty documented pages. His performance suggests the case of the police chief who calls for tin hats, gas bombs, and light artillery to arrest a sneak thief.

The remainder of Part Two is devoted to very competent descriptions of manipulation, short-selling, marginal trading, and the work of the specialist and the floor trader in making a market for securities. The formidable collection of well-selected data employed in these chapters serves merely to explain again for the hundredth time the mechanism by which lambs are shorn in Wall Street. Part Three, entitled "Remedies," gravely discusses the usefulness of the Security Exchange Act of 1934.

The question as to what are the economic effects of stock speculation remains unanswered. Mr. Flynn hints at its class character when he analyzes the figures showing the number of speculators. He believes them to make up about one-half of one percent of the United States population. The sources of the funds used in speculation, the effects of speculation on the distribution of wealth, its results in the field of capital flow, the connection between speculation and the well-being of the working masses—these are issues which Mr. Flynn leaves practically untouched. Despite the competence with which he has collected and organized his data, the reading public remains as ignorant as heretofore regarding the economic effects of stock speculation.

SCOTT NEARING.

Dialectics of Diplomacy

THE SOVIETS AT GENEVA, by Kathryn W. Davis. Geneva: Librairie Kundig; American agent, Charles Sessler, Philadelphia. \$2.

This book is an appeal to the Soviet Government to "forget its former dogmatic attitude" (that the League of Nations is a league of imperialist powers, all enemies of the first socialist state) and join the Geneva Council, "in the interests of humanity, peace and prosperity." The author admits the deficiencies of the League, but thinks that with the Soviet Union as a member, its peace machinery, hitherto ineffectual, would be greatly strengthened.

Kathryn Davis gives a fairly accurate and detailed account of relations between the League and the Soviets. She reports the work of Soviet representatives cooperating with

those sections of the League considered useful, such as conferences of scientists, educators, control of narcotics, etc. Soviet delegates have been sent to numerous international conferences on economic problems and on disarmament. Their contributions to these conferences have won frequent praise, but have been usually rejected—for the solution of such problems is opposed by powerful interests which would lose profits. The Soviet delegates have also used Geneva as a platform from which to give the world a Marxist analysis of the policies of imperialist states, and to rally the world's workers to support of peace. To this "impolite" Bolshevik custom Miss Davis objects.

Although there have been endless and variegated lies about internal conditions in the U.S.S.R., ranging from free love to starvation, there have been relatively few attacks on the Soviet foreign policy, except for Trotskyist slanders. From Brest-Litovsk to the "Eastern Locarno," the history of Soviet diplomacy is a record unblemished by the chicanery, greed, and double-dealing characteristic of imperialist diplomacy. Few diplomats enjoy the prestige won by Litvinov and his associates, not only among all opponents of war, but even among imperialist diplomatic corps, by whom he is respected even while he is feared and hated. This is not because Litvinov is a shrewd fellow, clever at the diplomatic game, but because socialist diplomacy is the only diplomacy that can afford to be honest and above board, with a clear, unswerving line that can be subjected to "pitiless publicity"; and because Litvinov has behind him the increasing might of 170,000,000 workers and farmers in the U.S.S.R. in addition to millions in the capitalist world who are united with their Soviet brothers in the strongest bonds of sympathy and identity of interests. Only Soviet diplomacy has nothing to conceal. Only Soviet diplomats rely upon the conscious support of masses in all countries. They do not have to intrigue and maneuver behind the scenes, make secret military alliances, plot against the real interests of the workers of their own and other countries.

With the growing power of the Soviet Union and the success of socialist construction, more friendly relations with even its worst enemies have been established, a more cordial diplomatic atmosphere created. With this has naturally come closer cooperation with such phases of the League's work as were useful in contributing to the preservation of peace or the solution of economic questions affecting the Soviet Union. Miss Davis records this history honestly—even if she is a bit grudging in her praise of Soviet diplomacy.

There are people who reason that because another world war would almost surely end in revolution, therefore the logical position for a Communist is to welcome war. Such people criticize the Soviet Union for its "pacifism." They sit in overstuffed chairs, cocktail in hand, and dream of the Red Army sweeping over Europe establishing Soviets. But fortunately Communists are not such madmen, not

reckless adventurers who will gamble with the lives of the millions of workers certain to be slain in the next war. They will fight just as long and as hard to prevent war as they will to transform it into civil war when the imperialist war does come. They know that every day of peace is a definite gain for the strengthening both of the Soviet Union and of the revolutionary forces throughout the world. They will not risk war for the sake of a probable but problematic end; the price is too high, the strength of revolutionary forces not yet great enough to make victory absolutely certain. This Miss Davis cannot understand, and, like many other liberals, she ascribes the changes in Soviet diplomacy to "loss of hope for a world revolution."

Soviet diplomacy utilizes every opportunity presented by the crisis, by the weaknesses of capitalism, the contradictions and antagonisms between imperialist nations, to strengthen the forces on the side of peace. Thus also, Litvinov speaks of the fact, "highly valuable to us," that not all capitalists desire war at all times. "Any state, even the most imperialistic, may become deeply pacifist at one period or another." The Soviet Government aligns its towering strength with those states which at any moment are opposed to military conflict. But it makes military alliances with none. The nation that today is pacifist may tomorrow take the lead in the headlong plunge toward war; the state that today is "friendly" to the U.S.S.R. may tomorrow join an anti-Soviet bloc.

Soviet diplomacy is forced to take account of all the multiple, complicated, contradictory forces and factors in the international situation in which it has to act. It cannot simply dismiss the League as an instrument of imperialism. "We are not doctrinaire, and do not refuse to make use of any international confederations or associations, so long as we have ground for believing that they will serve the cause of peace," Litvinov declared. It is conceivable that a situation may arise in which for the sake of peace the Soviet Union may extend its cooperation with those countries desiring peace even into lending its power to the tottering peace machinery of the League.

Stalin has said that the attitude of the Soviets toward the League is not necessarily a negative one always and under all circumstances. "The League may well become a brake to retard or hamper military action. If that is so . . . then we are not against the League. If such be the course of historical events, it is not excluded that we shall support the League despite its colossal defects."

Germany and Japan, today the major threats to peace and the outstanding enemies of the Soviet Union, resigned from the League, regarding it as an impediment to their imperialist plans. The League in this period and without these two countries is somewhat different from the League when it tried to engineer an invasion of the U.S.S.R. The Soviet attitude toward it must change accordingly—but not for one moment do the Soviet leaders forget that it remains basically a league

of imperialist nations which are all potential enemies of the Soviet Union.

But if peace is to be "guaranteed"—in so far as that is possible in a capitalist world—the Soviet Union must gain the cooperation of bourgeois states. The U.S.S.R. cannot alone stop war; it must have, not only the support of the toiling masses in all countries, but also the support of those countries opposed temporarily to war. Compromises are necessary, but it must gain such support without sacrificing its Leninist principles, without capitulating to the stupendous difficulties pre-

sented by the necessity of living on friendly terms with a world that is unalterably hostile to all the Soviets stand for. Soviet diplomats face the all but insuperable difficulty of dealing with a pack of wolves, who, even while they sign peace pacts, contemplate with pleasure the idea of some day tearing the Soviets apart. Bearing these difficulties in mind, the diplomatic record of the Soviet Union is as amazing as the record of victories of socialist construction. Soviet workers and all friends of the Soviets can be as proud of the one as they are of the other.

Though an eventual conflict between the irreconcilables, the capitalist and the socialist worlds, is inevitable, the Soviet Union will postpone that conflict as long as possible; every day of peace makes more certain the final victory of Socialism. This is its duty to the working class. If a situation arises in which it is to the advantage of the Soviet Union to join the League it may do so. But, as Miss Davis comments, "The only League which the Soviets would wholeheartedly and enthusiastically join would be a League of Soviets."

LISTON M. OAK.

Inaugurating a Campaign

ROBERT FORSYTHE

I HAVE THOUGHT the matter over and have come to the conclusion that something drastic will have to be done about the English. Treating them with kindness is all very well but the results are not worth the effort. Being tart with them has its points but they have been petted by the fates so long that the mildest word of reproof causes them to sulk and there is nothing quite so depressing on earth as an Englishman feeling inferior. Naturally I refer to the upper class English, those monstrous people who cry "played!" in an ecstatic voice during the course of a tennis match and who depart with a "toodle-oo" and a "cheeri-o."

For a time I felt that something might be done but that was before Hollywood made *Cavalcade*. The effect of this was so profound in the Brown Derby and the Coconut Grove that actors sat through entire meals without being able to understand their companions who were speaking in a combination of Chaucer and early Okmulgee, Okla. The fact that the English themselves made *Henry the Eighth* in which the King was shown to be an uncouth gentleman was set down as a historical incident. The further fact that Henry's descendants ate at the London Kit Kat and went insane over Sophie Tucker was regarded as a complete confirmation of the fact that the British were a race of such culture they could afford to be democratic.

Several weeks ago I felt that I had done my homage toward English gentility by my presence at *One More River* but the strange fascination of these unbelievable people brought me again to the Music Hall last week to see *The Fountain*. The tabloids have been built upon this pandering to morbid curiosity. The first words of the English officers in the Dutch internment camp made me realize that I was doing myself no good by this surrender to my lower emotions but I could do nothing but sit and writhe, entranced by the amazing spectacle.

The picture as usual has to do with a noble

English lady who is caught. From what I can learn the British have a difficult time being married and a terrible time getting out of it. In this case the lady is torn between the young Englishman she formerly loved (now conveniently present in her uncle's home in Holland) and the German officer to whom she is unfortunately wed. I was anxious to see the picture because I had read the book by Charles Morgan, which was a great success in politer circles several years ago. Mr. Morgan is the dramatic reviewer of the London Times and is definitely of the opinion that there is nothing more precious than the human soul provided it is resting within an English bosom. He is considerable of a mystic, too, is Mr. Morgan and he has acquired the knack of combining a trace of lust with an abundance of spirituality in quantities calculated to provide the maximum of titillation with the minimum of self-reproach. Mr. Cecil de Mille has produced the same effects in a more vulgar manner by utilizing the naked bodies of a Broadway night club in a great biblical romance.

The clearest indication that the British Empire is coasting toward the foot of the hill is the nature of its literary product. Without reading the book it is possible to tell what it is about by the way it has impressed William Lyon Phelps and by the way it is moving in the lending libraries of this country. If it is doing well, you may set it down as an axiom that the subject matter of the volume has to do with punting on the Thames or jaunting about with a traveling circus or living in a street with the most interesting people or of traveling the highways with Robin Hood. The point is that the English are living almost entirely in the past. They hate the present which sees their decay become more evident with the months and they cannot bear the thought of the future. This is what a British critic means when he inveighs so ferociously against the prospect of collectivization and pleads so fervently for the individuality of the soul. He

means the white flanneled soul of the gentleman living in Surrey; in no possible case does he refer to the individual soul of the man living in the slums of Glasgow.

Quite recently J. B. Priestley started out on a tour of the tight little isle. At first we have nothing but the thatched roofs and the verdant green lanes and the softness of the landscape. Then Mr. Priestley begins to see another England, one which he obviously had not dreamed of before. He sees the ruined textile mills of Lancashire; he sees the mines of the Midlands; he sees the drab streets of the mill towns with their hopeless humanity on dole sitting in the doorways as if waiting for death. England, my England! Is this just something of the depression years, is this just a new blight sent by God to punish the proud Britons? For hundreds of years the slums of England have been the most hideous in the world; since the days of the Industrial Revolution there has been no misery like the misery of the English working-classes. The finest book by an American on the latter subject is *Irish Slummy* by Tim Mara, which tells of his boyhood in Liverpool. It is an amazing picture of the degradation which can come to a group of people by the conditions under which they live. I remember reading this book at the same time I read an article by the English Fascist, F. Yeats-Brown, he who wrote the *Bengal Lancer* and other books telling of the brave stand of the British against the "fanatical" tribesmen of India. (Nobody but a fanatic, of course, would think of protesting the beneficent rule of the British.) Yeats-Brown has just returned from a trip to "hideous" Russia and is coming down from London to Sussex just at that time of dusk when the smoke twines up in little spirals from the thatched cottages sitting in their verdant lanes. England, my England! cries Yeats-Brown. Yes, his England, the England of peace and quiet and comfort built upon the labor of children of ten working in the mines of Scotland, built upon the poverty of Egypt and the