

Contemplating a fellow creature like this, is our word one of compensation? In this case it was the duty of citizenship to effect compensation, a duty in which it blindly failed. There is something too human in such blindness to justify contempt; but it makes us feel that the jury as well as the homicide need to be educated, need some searing application to themselves of the suffering they so cheerfully condone.

Wanted—An Immigration Policy

A FRIEND of ours, a comfortable otiose philosopher, languidly expatiates upon the folly of answering letters. "Lay them away in the drawer," he advises, "and after a month or perhaps six months they will all have answered themselves."

In much the same spirit our Congressmen now assembled at Washington are advised that no immigration policy is necessary, that if they will but leave the pending Immigration Bill alone, they will not have abjured labor in vain. The immigration question, left to itself, will answer itself. The alien will become an American, the capables absorbed into our national organism, the incapables rejected or excreted. Moreover, the countries from which our migrants come will gradually lose their surplus of men, and immigration will cease without legislation as our own westward migration to an ever receding frontier ceased of itself when our free lands became exhausted.

This theory of an automatic drying up of the sources of immigration has been emphasized more strongly than ever since the outbreak of the war. Already the westward tide ebbs, and in October only 30,000 immigrant aliens arrived as compared with 134,000 in October of last year. If the war lasts a year or more, millions will be killed by wounds, famine and disease, and other millions will be permanently incapacitated.

But even though population does decline, it does not follow that the emigrating impulse will be lessened. The rapid decrease in the Irish population during the half century after the famine did not retard but actually accelerated the emigration. It is not from countries with lessened populations but from countries with lessened economic opportunities that emigration proceeds. And it is exactly this lessening of economic opportunities that we have to fear as a result of the war. The delicate, intricate industrial system by which we all live will be deranged. Capital will be dissipated, credit shattered, and whole trades, the learning of which

later the sudden replacement of millions of wage-earners.

If then, as is to be feared, new armies of ragged and unemployed men are to be enrolled as soon as the armies in uniform are disbanded, if wages fall and life becomes insecure, the outward pressure upon the huge wage-earning populations of Europe will be overwhelming, and those who have the means will seek to emigrate. There will be restless millions of former wage-earners in whom the fierce emotions of war have made an end to all those industrial ambitions and acquiescences so habitually ignored or disesteemed, and yet vitally essential to the mere existence of society. Others, having lost their farms or their little shops and houses, or their wives and families, and still others who have had their country and their patriotism swept away from under their feet, in fact all who have had the thin thread of custom snapped, will be discontented and mobile. The world will be full of foot-loose adventurers, good and bad, filled with romantic illusions or else utterly disenchanted, and to these broken lives America will appeal with a freshness of attraction such as she has not possessed since the days of '48, when the defeated revolutionists of Germany turned westward to a land which to them embodied the liberal principles for which they had struggled, the land of freedom, the refuge of the oppressed and the defeated of all the world.

And recalling, as we must, this high reverence for the America of that day, and this ideal picture of her which may still be found in the hearts of boys risking their lives in the cold trenches—recalling this, does it seem sinister to close the doors upon this misery, to make the wretchedness of the European our excuse for debarring him? It may be sinister. Yet what else has been or can be the justification of that policy of self-defense which we seek to express in some adequate restriction or regulation of a swelling immigration? Wretchedness is infectious, and no contagion is more deadly than that of poverty. It is the poverty and the resourcelessness of the immigrant, which, handing him over to the exploiter, renders him so dangerous to himself and others. We need not enter upon the enumeration of that long calendar of social diseases—ignorance, congestion, low wages, long hours, political corruption, divided counsels and so many, many others, to the propagation of which the alien, especially when impoverished, so innocently contributes. To justify a policy of regulation we need only oppose the wisdom of facing problems concretely and courageously to the folly of leaving things as they are. If we are to protect ourselves and the immigrant from exploitation, impoverishment and a fierceness and

the victim crushed and demoralized, if not actually dead, we must work out a statesmanlike policy of immigration, and end our listless method of sitting grandiloquently at the gate and letting all enter, irrespective of their needs or ours, provided only they have thirty dollars and ungranulated eyelids.

All of which does not mean that we favor the bill at present before Congress or even the principle of the literacy test. The value or valuelessness of such a test is a matter of proof, and the burden of such proof rests squarely upon its advocates. Is this test really a test? Is it truly selective of the best? Or is it merely repressive, like decimation, a cutting down of the number of immigrants without regard to merit or capacity, as a law excluding blonds or red-headed immigrants would cut down the number? Is illiteracy a real disqualification to an immigrant, and is it the fault of the immigrant, or is it a part of the very conditions from which he has the courage to flee?

We ask these questions without too definitely suggesting our answer. We do not, however, conceal our preference for some form of immigration policy larger, more constructive, more educative and human, and less rigidly restrictive than that which is now proposed. Such a policy as we have in mind would enable highly trained and highly paid government experts, resident in Europe, to meet the aspirant for immigration months or even years before he started on his travels, and it would keep the government in touch with him during a period not less than five years after his immigration, and perhaps during the entire course of his alienship. In other words, the plan which we should like to see elaborated is a Federal system of supervision of the alien, of advice, of protection, of education, based upon his special needs and his peculiar legal status, a system for his benefit, and incidentally for the benefit of the rest of us, a system supported by special taxes paid by aliens, and also, if desirable, by contributions out of the general treasury. Such a system could be rendered workable by lengthening to five years the period during which the government has the right to deport, though in our opinion this right should in each case be subject to an appeal by the alien to the courts. Given this right, however, the Federal government might exercise over the immigrant the same sort of benevolent guardianship that the state now exercises over the legal infant. Not only could it provide special facilities for his education, but it could make the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge necessary for success in America a condition of his continued stay in the country. It might advise the alien in every stage of his career, establish interstate employment bureaus, and constitute itself a clearing house for in-

tempted to go. It could do much to prevent the extortion and exploitation of the immigrant, and it could diminish that unequal distribution of aliens which leads to congestion, unemployment, and the aggravation of many social evils. It would enable the nation to be a friend and adviser to the man or woman who above all other men and women in the world most needs friendship and advice.

We do not pretend that such an immigration policy, establishing a more permanent and definite relation between the alien and the government, could be established on the spur of the moment, nor without careful study. But the plan here sketched is at least in harmony with our present tendency towards an increase in Federal responsibility, and whether or not we apply tests of eligibility to the arriving immigrant, we shall not long be able to evade what may be called an internal immigration policy, a policy of promoting an adjustment between the aliens resident in our country and the economic and social conditions which surround them.

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London's Imagination in War-Time

IN one of Hans Andersen's fairy-stories the hero, an enthusiast for the "good old times," finds himself suddenly transported to a medieval city and has the opportunity to realize something of its disadvantages. So it has been with London during recent weeks, since the ha'penny press took the "German-invasion" scare to its bosom and induced the city fathers to reduce the streets to semi-darkness. That London has not protested more loudly is due not at all to any real fear of Zeppelin bombardment, but entirely to the democratic anxiety to be "in the movement."

No Londoner is really afraid of Zeppelins. He knows for one thing that were there any real danger, the order to darken the streets would have come not from the civilian but from the military authorities. As a matter of well known fact, not Lord Kitchener but the London County Council was responsible for the mildly absurd attempt to hide London; and, worthy body as it is, no one regards it seriously as an authority on home defense. Nor, again, is any Londoner likely to fear Zeppelins while he regards with equanimity the far more deadly danger of motor-buses careering through dimly lighted streets.

The real reason why London welcomes the Zeppelin scare, just as it welcomes the German spy scare, is that it has a purely theatrical idea of the meaning of war. It has known nothing of invaders or invasion since the days of William the Conqueror; it realizes that it has but the smallest chance of being invaded during the present war and, at the bottom of its heart, it is a wee bit disappointed—not in individual cases, but in that great mob-consciousness which has so little to do with the feelings of the individual. From the drab monotony of long years of peace—so one may imagine the soul of London arguing—the world has suddenly awakened to the fiery intoxication of war; if I, drabdest of all peace-cities, am to be denied any nearer view of it, let me at least make pretense. And, accordingly, corporately the Londoner does things of which individually he realizes the absurdity.

Few things, for example, have caused greater satisfaction than the provision of sandbags. A popular rumor has it that Buckingham Palace has almost disappeared in a burrow of sandbags, sky-directed, and that the royal family live twilight days in the cellars. It is the simplest of excursions to prove for yourself that Buckingham Palace stands where it did stand, and that royalty goes unarmored about its daily business. But that does not prevent all loyal subjects from concentrating their attention on the sandbagging of their own roofs. A comic paper recently produced a picture of an East-End

to bed in the dark, for fear, as she says, "of attracting airships." And I know another small householder who asked a jobbing gardener for an estimate of the expense of covering her roof—it happens to be flat—with garden-mold, as sandbags were so expensive.

It is a curious fact that neither householder—nor, I expect, the "British Museum" gentlemen either—had the faintest expectation that a Zeppelin would ever attempt to drop bombs on his roof. They had, on the contrary, absolute faith in the defensive measures taken by His Majesty's forces, and were you so much as to hint at possible reverses, would probably fall upon you *vi et armis*. But they scent a possible excitement, of which, fortunately for themselves, they can never realize the painfulness, and if they may not actually share in it, they unconsciously do all that they may to simulate the feeling. In the same way, despite the anguished appeals of shopkeepers to buy early in the day, now that illuminants are so strictly limited, your true London housewife shops the more determinedly after dark. It may be inconvenient to do your purchasing in shrouded gloom; it is quite delightfully exciting.

The outburst of spy mania, for which the Londoner has been so unjustly blamed by the uninstructed, is only another phase of the same thing. Your Londoner is not at all afraid of spies—he has been rubbing shoulders with foreigners all his life and has found them altogether human. But your "foreign emissary" is not at all human; he is an idea; he is almost an ideal. For half a century at least he has been the most popular figure of cheap literature and the cheaper drama; an unearthly figure, it is true, constructed on the ruins of the simple villain of the old Transpontine drama. He has always been dark and moustached and svelte and aristocratic, usually a count; and he has always made a handsome living by stealing mysterious documents of incalculable value and selling them mysteriously to mysteriously unnamed powers. He has earned his immense popularity by lightening whole millions of otherwise dull lives; he has been loved of many, but he has never been feared at all. That was inevitable, for to end the story or the drama happily, his machinations must be brought to naught by the young British hero, usually a naval officer with a love affair.

When, therefore, the press came out with alarmist statements that London was honeycombed—a favorite word, that—with German and Austrian spies, London prepared itself for a delightful thrill. The footlights were to be done away with, romance was to invade the dullest suburbs. It is true that