

mandatory provisions regarding the nature and powers of the educational administrators and even from statutory provisions, so far as possible, regarding the course of study. The chief objection—and it is a very serious one—to the action referred to in the opening paragraph is that it does not go far enough. It may aid in getting fiscal autonomy for the city, but it does not do the least thing for securing its educational autonomy. On the contrary, it increases the existing facilities for concealing responsibility and paralyzing initiative. If it becomes a law without further changes of the charter it will enable the Board of Education and the Board of Estimate endlessly to lay the blame for educational stagnation upon each other. It is an invitation to friction for which the children in the schools and the city itself will ultimately have to pay the penalties. It was reported in the press that Mr. McAneny, the author of the resolution adopted, objected to the more radical proposition to which reference has been made, that it involved changes so sweeping that they ought to be taken up only in connection with a general revision of the city charter. So far as the schools are concerned, the same objection applies to Mr. McAneny's own resolution. If complete fiscal control is to pass from the Board of Education as a separate corporation, by all means let us also provide for the freedom of the educational system and for bringing it into the closest possible touch with the other administrative agencies of the city.

I doubt if this can be accomplished without the abolition of the Board of Education in its existing form. All authorities are in favor of a great reduction in its size. Their imagination does not seem to have been adequate to conceiving it reduced to zero. But city boards of education are an anomaly at present. They are a monumental symbol of the haphazard way in which the enterprise of education is carried on, and of a fatal dispersion of initiative and direction. They are historic relics of a theory of state control which does not exist in fact. They are the middleman of our educational organization, and like the middleman in other fields they divide instead of bringing together. They are supposed to check and enlighten the professional wisdom of educational officers by bringing to bear the advice of other specialists and the general fund of municipal common sense. In small towns they render this service. In our large cities they have as much representative capacity as any other colossal accident. The Goodnow-Howe report expressly lays down as one reason why the Board of Estimate should have control over the school budget the fact that it would then

and not a matter of established custom. In all important aspects the recommendation gave to the Board of Estimate the main functions of the Board of Education and yet retained the latter in corporeal existence.

The principle, as I have been trying to say, is the correct one, provided the Board of Estimate is to take complete control of school finance. But in the form in which it was presented it was not thought out. It properly involves the elimination of the Board of Education, and the establishment of a paid expert educational department, one member of which shall be a member of the Board of Estimate, and which shall be responsible for submitting educational policies to the Board of Estimate, with the facts and reasons upon which they rest, so far as they involve the expenditure of funds. The late Mayor Gaynor's proposal of a small paid board of education was a halfway step in this direction. But it contemplated the retention of the Board of Superintendents, thus continuing in intensified form the existing division of intellectual responsibility and the existing causes of friction. The Board of Superintendents should be the heads of the Educational Department of the city, and put it in direct and reciprocal touch with all departments through the body supremely concerned with municipal policy and planning. Will it prove easier to patch than to construct?

JOHN DEWEY.

A Vision of Spring

(Late Winter, 1915)

IN the night, at the sound of winter thunder,
As I brooded upon my wounded planet
From my country beyond the reddened waters,
All my thoughts were at once of spring returning.
Broken rain from the gulf upon my window
Passed down shadowy ways and there was silence.

Out of quietness light arose within me
Shedding luminous magic on the darkness;
Moon on moon from a cloud of vanished Aprils
Lit my heart with a dream of springs remembered.
Unborn beauty in flowers not yet risen
Waved before me in bright immortal pastures
Till alone of the year's four worlds of wonder
Spring seemed tender and I forgot the others.
Only spring could assuage my grieving planet
Scourged with graves of the young men darkly fallen
In long harrowing straightness on the meadows.
None seemed healing beside the blossom season;
When grass rises again (I thought) these furrows
Will lie hidden forever under beauty;
On each sleeper a loveliness arising
Soon shall cover his deep unwhispered trouble,
None will signal of anguish from these trenches,
None that carried among the roots of roses.

So I longed for the time of apple blossoms,
All my dreams were upon the blowing lilacs.

But some whirlwind that held the winter's secret
Rose and lifting the frozen days as curtains
Showed me Time as an upper sky of crystal
Flushed with images yet to be reflected.

There past lightnings I saw the coming season
Fill with shapes of the things to be unfolded;
But no healing was there; I saw none solaced,
Saw no comfort uplifted by the snowdrop.
Nothing beautiful rose but close above it
Shadows thwarted its mercy for the gazer.

By the crocus and by the valley-lily
Stood the sorrowful, stood the broken-hearted.

There they drank who had thirsted from the autumn
Bitter widowings poured among the gardens.
By the rivers were trystings kept with ashes.
There I saw but I could not reach the children
Turned from happiness, looking to the trenches;
Saw them taste of the grindings of false anger,
Saw behind them the granite eyes of hunger,
Saw things terrible born among the roses.

All was barren as ever in the winter,
Earth embattled against the mourning heavens,
One star warring against the many lonely,
Nothing comforted, nothing unendangered.

And I thought that I heard the spring cry round me,
All about me the voice of springtime crying:
"I am barren, barren, for Love has left me,
I am nothing without his breath to warm me.
My beloved was mine among the lilies
Timeless dawns before these heavens gathered.
There he found me and sealed me his with kisses,
There I gave him the worlds unstained, unwarring.
But earth's children, the wilful children scorned him
Whom I call and desire until the daybreak.

I fly sorrowful then until his coming,
I pour solace to none of all the mournful,
Till earth's children, the children sad receive him.
I have sorrow, sorrow, till Love's returning."

Then at last from a deep behind the whirlwind
One still wisdom arose and shook my spirit
And I knew, if the golden spring comes loveless,
Earth shall moan but the bitter moons flow empty.

Though old mockeries plant the thorny truces,
All the fruitage of steel repose has fallen.
Love comes weaponless, all-forgiving, tender,
Olive-filleted for the peace enduring.

O, that endlessly earth would stream the heavens
With one music of all-assenting welcome.
Strong, miraculous then would spring reveal him,
Swift Love walking on wavings of the crocus,
Holding tenderly, holding safe the broken.

Dove-low waters among the kindled willows
Then would lift to anoint a dust unsaddened,
Piercing cries of the spirit from the marshes
Melt with chorusing sweet upon the hillsides,
Harplike mysteries called through glowing orchards,
Shy, invisible laughters from the thickets.
All that uttered the dream while earth turned heedless
Then with freshets of song would cool its fever.

Unbelievably then would Love inhabit
All green places within the heart, outpouring
Spring with thunder of all her myriad fountains
In one cup for the healing of the nations.
Till in visionings all, as on a mountain,
Would with trembling above the fallen blindness
Look on Love and discern him as the sunlight,
Rayed with dreams, and above the treading glory
Out of opening heavens the dove descending.

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

A COMMUNICATION

England in Wartime

SIR: Perhaps I should never have strung myself up to put together these few remarks but for the fact that *THE NEW REPUBLIC* has been publishing some rather peevish English communications about the war which have roused a spirit of contradiction in me because they reflect anything but the present state of feeling in England.

The war has brought about a great change in the relations between Great Britain and the United States. It is important that we should understand to what it is due. It is not that there has been any rift in our century-old friendship, or that we are either of us in danger of forgetting the great political ideal which we share in common—the cause of free government. Englishmen understand and appreciate American sympathy, and know very well that, whatever may or must be said by those in authority, "every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own." No, the change in our relations is simply due to the fact that we on this side are living through a

crisis in his life, some great happiness or bereavement which the other, through distance and lack of imagination, is unable to share. The friend at a distance goes on the even tenor of his way, sending letters across as usual. But his easy every-day temper, his preoccupation about the details of life, his small-talk, his intolerably incongruous jokes, breaking in upon a serious mood of which he was blissfully unconscious, cannot help causing something of a jar. It is nobody's fault. The Atlantic is between us, and nobody, not even the Germans—though they are trying very hard—can get over the facts of geography. In time of peace the English Channel is broader than the Atlantic. Europe ends at Calais and Ostend, and the great free spacious outer world begins. But in time of war it is not common culture but common citizenship that tells. In 1861-4 we could not share your feelings or understand the significance of the struggle which saved the American commonwealth from disruption and enabled it to become what it is to-day—the largest organized peace society in the world. To-day it is your turn to be spectators. Can-