

they should not have more of it if their parents so desire. The three R's are running all day long just as are the other activities. It is a simple matter to transfer a child from play to another arithmetic period; or to give a boy with a particular gift in drawing extra time for it; or to let a child who is weak physically substitute play for other activities until he is strong enough for the full course.

Furthermore, no school need be the replica of any other school. A principal with a school of Italian children can in addition to the regular work, give exceptional opportunities for work in plastic arts, gardening and drawing. Another may specialize in commercial work. And it is for the resourceful principal to mobilize all the child-welfare agencies in the community for the benefit of his children. Such achievements are already accomplished facts not only in Gary but in certain schools in New York City.

In other words, the moment we permit such multiple use of facilities, we have a growing public school whose development is limited only by the intelligence of the community, and the vision, constructive imagination and ability of principals and school authorities. The most interesting proof of this is the statement of principals, who, starting the plan in a sceptical spirit, say after a short trial, "Whatever else can be said for the plan, it is true that under this program parents can have any kind of a school they want for their children." When they have grasped that point, they have granted the essential of the Wirt plan.

One objection often made to its possible success is that many school authorities have been accustomed to a rigid system for so long that, if the flexible development of the school depends upon them, we shall not get a very different type of school from what we now have.

There are two answers to that. In the first place, the larger number of school principals and teachers for years have been eager for a more flexible school, ambitious for more progressive education, and only waiting for an opportunity to try out their ideas. The Wirt plan gives them that opportunity. And secondly, the plan is based upon sound psychology. We human beings do things because we find ourselves in situations where it becomes natural to act in certain ways. We do not act in any given way because of mere advice or exhortation. The Wirt plan does not depend for its success upon exhortation. It does not try to inspire those who have been brought up under inflexible systems with the idea of the beauty of freedom and flexibility. It simply creates a situation where freedom and flexibility become necessary and natural.

It is impossible not to be rigid and inflexible when your hands and feet are tied. But it is equal-

ly impossible to remain rigid and inflexible when you are freed and when there is constant movement all about you. When the school opens its class-room doors at the end of every hour and a half and lets children out for play or work, when children get arithmetic not only in the class-room but in a practical carpenter shop, when they move about the halls in overalls bent on legitimate school work, when the whole school atmosphere is one of busy, wholesome activity, the school system has met an irresistible force more potent for change and freedom than any exhortation or argument. The daily flexible routine of the school becomes the dynamic power for the continued transformation of the school itself.

ALICE BARROWS FERNANDEZ.

The Russian Offensive

ONE outstanding conclusion to be drawn from the present Russian offensive is that when the Germans leave the Austrians and the Russians alone together the Russians beat the Austrians. That was true in 1914, and it is still true today.

Almost every successful campaign in this war has turned out to have had no great strategic results, in spite of territory occupied, prisoners taken and battles won. Only Serbia and Belgium have been beaten, and it would be unwise to expect too much from this last Russian blow. Lutsk and Dubno have been taken, Czernowitz has (as usual) surrendered, and people even talk of a reoccupation of Lemberg. But all this matters very little so long as the resistance of the Austrian armies remains unbroken. Just as Joffre held his own after Charleroi, just as the Grand Duke Nicholas held his own after the Dunajec, so probably will Konrad von Hoetzendorff successfully reorganize and resist. Deadlock and a war of attrition must still continue until human and material resources are exhausted. Even in view of Russian successes continued as far as the Carpathian Mountains, that still remains true. The Austrians can still make a stand, as they did before, in the passes and fastnesses of their natural barrier fortress. No immediate effect need be expected except the discontinuation of the campaign in the Tyrol.

But nevertheless let us imagine what they are saying about all this in Berlin. In 1914, when Ruzsky took Lemberg, invested Przemysl, and threatened Cracow, the Germans used to say—not in their newspapers, but aloud in trolley cars and other public places and conveyances—that the Austrians were "less of a help than a hindrance." This remark came to be reiterated as a proverb is

reiterated, until the authorities took official notice and ordered that it should be stopped. Meanwhile Austrian staff officers invaded Berlin and asked the Great General Staff "how they did it." German staff officers were sent to Galicia, but staff officers alone could not answer the problem, for although information was needed, a general stiffening was needed more. Austrian officers, like the British officers of twenty years ago, refused to accept their duties as a professional occupation. I well remember a German carpenter in Vienna, who enlisted in the Austrian army at the beginning of the war, describing the conduct of the Austrian officer who had been his leader. The German had been wounded and lamed, and was none too philosophic. He took a shingle to represent the leather map-carrier for use by line officers, held it up, looked at it, and then slowly, with a blank expression, turned it upside down. "Austrians," he said, "don't know when a map is right side up." That was the sort of thing which the German army was called on to remedy.

They answered the question in 1915, but they answered it by sending their own troops. It was Mackensen, a German general commanding German troops, who burst through across the Dunajec. German infantry fought side by side with Austrian infantry in the armies of Linsingen, Baltin, Bochin-Ermolli, and Pflanzer. Thus were the Russians driven away from the Carpathian passes, out of Przemyśl, out of Lemberg, even out of Lutsk and Dubno. Austria was delivered out of the hands of her enemy.

But then, after the Serbian campaign, the Germans needed their troops in order to anticipate the expected Anglo-French offensive. So they said to the Austrians, "We've told you how to do it now, we've even showed you how to do it by sending our own men, and now you certainly ought to be able to look after yourselves. All you've got to do is to entrench, and hold on to what you've got. The Serbians are licked, the Russians are licked, and anybody can lick the Italians. Now we want to forget about you and your troubles. If Hindenburg can hold the Russians with 50 divisions, you ought to be able to do so with 75."

It is an extremely difficult thing to get at the Austrian point of view. They are so variegated a people that they seem at times to have no point of view. But it is certainly true that the upper classes, the classes from which officers in all nations are drawn, are on the whole indolent by nature and by training. The war has not changed them. The headquarters staff of the Archduke at Innsbruck is still the popular billet among the aristocracy of Vienna and Budapest. Among the Austrian troops can be found as fine fighting ability as anywhere in

Europe—as for instance the Hungarians, the Slavs and Croats, and the "Blumenteuffel" of the Tyrol—but they lacked and still lack proper subordinate leadership. When the Germans went away, they apparently breathed rather a sigh of relief, and replied hopefully that now they understood how to do it. All went well for a time, but here they find themselves beaten exactly as they were beaten in 1914. Just as in 1914 the Serbian campaign was checked by Russian advances, so now the Italian campaign is checked. Vienna, always mildly hopeful, always jealous of German influences, averse to German discipline, remains the same. The Russians are after all made of sterner stuff than that.

And now imagine the feelings of the Germans in 1916. The work of two years thrown away; neutral opinion, particularly Rumanian opinion, Greek opinion, Bulgarian opinion, which had been so assiduously cultivated, turned back to Slav influence by Austrian inefficiency; Hindenburg's carefully planned defensive compromised; the plans for the west front affected; the Italians given a breathing spell; every enemy encouraged—among belligerents and neutrals as well.

I doubt if the German Great General Staff—I do not speak of the people, for the German people can still be fooled—ever saw a darker day than the day when the news of the successful Russian offensive first came in. I believe German soldiers themselves had become certain that the Russians, so far as offensive was concerned, were done for. They must have cursed the Austrians as they never cursed an enemy.

For the Russians have proved that they can still hold the Germans, and beat the Austrians and the Turks. Therefore it is plain to the whole world that the west front must be gradually depleted of German troops, or the Russians will sooner or later beat back the Austrian troops as they did before, helped this time by Italian pressure as well. But if the Germans deplete the west front, they must take the defensive against their most powerful enemies, a policy whose unsoundness is understood better by German soldiers than by any other soldiers in the world. Meanwhile the British blockade tightens, the food question persists. The German Staff—the Great General Staff—must never have felt so much like rats in a great trap as they feel to-day.

What the answer will be has probably not yet been decided, but it is probable (at least in my own opinion) that that military party which has always favored an offensive by Hindenburg, combined with a defensive by Falkenhayn, will now have its way.

GERALD MORGAN.

Leaders of the Irish Rebellion

THE Insurrection, like all its historical fore-runners, has been quelled in blood. It sounds rhetorical to say so, but it was not quelled in pea-soup or tea. While it lasted the fighting was very determined and it is easily, I think, the most considerable of Irish rebellions.

The country was not with it, for be it remembered that a whole army of Irishmen are fighting with England instead of against her; in Dublin alone there is scarcely a poor home in which a father, a brother, or a son is not serving in one of the many fronts which England is defending. Had the country risen and fought as stubbornly as the Volunteers did, no troops could have beaten them; Well, that is a wild statement—the heavy guns could always beat them—but from whatever angle Irish people consider this affair it must appear to them tragic and lamentable beyond expression.

It was hard enough that our men in the English armies should be slain for causes which no amount of explanation will ever render less foreign to us, or even intelligible; but that our men who were left should be killed in Ireland, fighting against the same England that their brothers are fighting for, ties the question into such knots of contradiction as we may give up trying to unravel. We can only say, this has happened, and let it unhappen itself as best it may.

We say that the time always finds the man, and by it we mean that when a responsibility is toward there will be found some shoulder to bend for the yoke which all others shrink from. It is not always or often the great ones of the earth who undertake these burdens—it is usually the good folk, that gentle hierarchy who swear allegiance to mournfulness and the under dog, as others dedicate themselves to mutton chops and the easy nymph. It is not my intention to idealize any of the men who were concerned in this rebellion. Their country will, some few years hence, do that as adequately as she has done it for those who went before them.

Those of the leaders whom I knew were not great men, or brilliant—that is they were more scholars than thinkers, and more thinkers than men of action, and I believe that in no capacity could they have attained to what is called eminence, nor do I consider they coveted any such public distinction as is noted in that word. But, in my definition, they were good men—men, that is, who willed no evil, and whose movements of body or brain were unselfish and healthy. No person living is the worse off for having known Thomas MacDonagh, and I, at least, have never heard Mac-

Donagh speak unkindly or even harshly of anything that lived. It has been said of him that his lyrics were epical; in a measure it is true, and it is true, in the same measure, that his death was epical. He was the first of the leaders who were tried and shot. It was not easy for him to die leaving behind two young children and a young wife, and the thought that his last moment must have been tormented by their memory is very painful. We are all fatalists when we strike against power, and I hope he put care from him as the soldiers marched him out.

The O'Rahilly also I knew, but not intimately, and I could only speak of a good humor, a courtesy, and an energy that never failed. He was a man of unceasing ideas and unceasing speech, and laughter accompanied every sound made by his lips. It is said that as he lay in Moore Lane, broken and nigh dead, his last words were, "Water. Tell them how The O'Rahilly died." Alas O'Rahilly! And alas for the proud futilities that come to dying lips and are addressed somewhere, anywhere, nowhere. Is it to the spirit of the Earth you speak, O ruined man, or is it truly to your miserable country whom the hungry generations have trodden down? Poor soul! Poor man! You have nothing more to give her, your debt is quit, and you are rid of all that you had.

Plunkett and Pearse I knew also, but not intimately. Young Plunkett, as he was always called, would not strike one as a militant person. He, like Pearse and MacDonagh, wrote verse, and it was no better or worse than theirs. He had an appetite for knowledge that could not easily be digested. He studied Egyptian and Sanscrit and distant, curious matters of that sort, and was interested in inventions and the theatre. He was tried and sentenced and shot.

As to Pearse I do not know how to place him, nor what to say of him. If there was an idealist among the men concerned in this Insurrection it was he, and if there was any person in the world less fitted to head an Insurrection it was he also. I never could "touch" him or sense in him the qualities which the men spoke of, and which made him military commandant of the rising. Some of the men were magnetic in the sense that Mr. Larkin is magnetic, and I would have said that Pearse was less magnetic than any of the others. Yet it was to him and around him they clung. Men must find some center either of power or emotion or intellect about which they may group themselves, and I think that Pearse became the leader because his temperament was more profoundly emotional than any of the others. He was emotional not in a flighty, but in a serious way, and one felt not that he enjoyed but that he suffered.