

the street. As long as I should eventually furnish the common banquet, it mattered not which dog took the first nip. It would be better to wait until all were gathered about the platter. "Good neighbor dog" each seemed to say, "do you too sniff upon the rogue! If he be honest, my old nose is much at fault." Meantime, I padded lightly through the village, at first calling on the dogs by English names, but later using such bits as I had of French: "*Aucassin, mon pauvre chien. Voici, Tintagiles, alors donc mon cheri,*" but with little effect.

I am convinced that I am not alone in my—shall I say diffidence?—towards dogs. Indeed, there is evidence from the oldest times that mankind in its more honest moments has confessed to a fear of dogs. In recognition of this general fear the unmuzzled Cerberus was put at the gate of Hades. It was rightly felt that when the unhappy pilgrims got within, that the fifty snapping heads were better than a bolt upon the door. He, also, who first spoke the ancient proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie," did no more than voice the caution of the street.

It was Daniel who sat with the lions. But there are degrees of bravery. On Long Street within sight of my window—just where the street gets into its most tangled traffic—there has hung for many years the painted signboard of a veterinary surgeon. Its artist was in the first flourish of youth. The surgeon's name is set up in modest letters, but the horse below flames with color. What a flaring nostril! What an eager eye! How arched the neck! Here is a wrath and speed unknown to the quadrupeds of this present Long Street. Such mild-eyed, sharp-ribbed horses as now infest the curb, mere whittlings from a larger age, hang their heads at their degeneracy. Indeed, these horses seem to their owners to be not worth the price of a nostrum. And of a consequence the doctor's work has fallen off. It has become a rare occasion when it is permitted him to stroke his chin in contemplation of some inner palsy. Therefore, to give his wisdom scope, the doctor some time since announced the cellar of the building to be a hospital for dogs. Must I press the analogy? I have seen the doctor with bowl and spoon in hand take leave of the cheerful world. He opens the cellar door. A curdling yelp comes up the stairs. In the abyss below there are ten dogs at least, all of them sick, all dangerous. Not since Orion first led his hunting pack across the heavens has there been so fierce a sound. The door closes. There is a final yelp, such as greets a bone. Doubtless by this time they are munching on the doctor. Good sir, had you lived in pre-apostolic days, your name would have been linked with Daniel's in the hymn. I might have spent my earliest treble in your praise.

CHARLES S. BROOKS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Socialist Labor Platform

SIR: I was much interested in reading your editorials in the June 24th issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, on the political situation in the 1916 campaign. You express the views of many when you say "Both of the two major political parties are more in the wrong than either of them is in the right"; but I for one would like you to be more explicit as to the Socialists, there being two parties in the United States claiming to represent socialism. As the Socialist party is more in the lime-light than the Socialist Labor party, probably you mean its candidate, Allan Benson, when you say, "We are prevented from supporting the Socialist ticket because its candidate is not fit to be President and because any administration which acted on its program would land the country in disaster." Many will agree with you in this statement, but there is a difference between the Socialist party and its candidate, and the Socialist Labor party and Arthur E. Reimer, the candidate for that party. The latter party has a very constructive program for an Industrial Democracy which Mr. Reimer is well fitted to carry out. Considering you made the statement quoted above as to the Socialist ticket, will you please in justice to the Socialist Labor party print this letter and the platform of the Socialist Labor party, so your readers may decide whether its program would "land the country in disaster," or whether it might not be a very constructive one.

ELIZABETH S. KINGMAN.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

PLATFORM OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY

ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE PARTY
IN NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1916

The Socialist Labor party, in national convention assembled, reaffirming its previous platform declarations, reasserts the right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We hold that the purpose of government is to secure to every citizen the enjoyment of this right; but taught by experience we hold furthermore that such right is illusory to the majority of the people, to wit, the working class, under the present system of economic inequality that is essentially destructive of THEIR life, THEIR liberty, and THEIR happiness.

We hold that the true theory of economics is that the means of production must be owned, operated, and controlled by the people in common. Man cannot exercise his right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness without the ownership of the land on, and the tool with which to work. Deprived of these, his life, his liberty, and his fate fall into the hands of that class which owns these essentials for work and production.

We hold that the existing contradiction between social production and capitalist appropriation—the latter resulting from the private ownership of the natural and social opportunities—divides the people into two classes: the Capitalist Class and the Working Class; throws society into the convulsions of the Class Struggle; and perverts government in the interests of the Capitalist Class.

Thus Labor is robbed of the wealth it alone produces, is denied the means of self-employment, and, by compulsory idleness in wage-slavery, is even deprived of the necessities of life.

Against such a system the Socialist Labor party raises the

banner of revolt, and demands the unconditional surrender of the Capitalist Class.

In place of such a system the Socialist Labor party aims to substitute a system of social ownership of the means of production, industrially administered by the Working Class,—the workers to assume control and direction as well as operation of their industrial affairs.

This solution of necessity requires the organization of the Working Class as a class upon revolutionary political and industrial lines.

We therefore call upon the wage workers to organize themselves into a revolutionary political organization under the banner of the Socialist Labor party; and to organize themselves likewise upon the industrial field into a revolutionary industrial union in keeping with their political aims.

And we also call upon all other intelligent citizens to place themselves squarely upon the ground of Working Class interests, and join us in this mighty and noble work of human emancipation, so that we may put summary end to the existing barbarous class conflict by placing the land and all the means of production, transportation, and distribution into the hands of the people as a collective body, and substituting the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder—a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

England Right or Wrong

SIR: I wish to discuss one point in your reply to "Scepticus" (p. 122, issue of June 3rd). "Scepticus" asks what would have happened if England rather than Germany had committed an international crime like the invasion of Belgium at the beginning of this war. To this you reply, "The question puts a hypothetical case which is irrelevant to actual facts. If previous to the war Great Britain had not only commanded the sea but had possessed an army large enough to undertake aggressive warfare on the European Continent, her power would have manifestly endangered the security of other nations. . . . It was because she possessed only a small army that she was allowed to control the sea."

The argument, although one-sided, contains a measure of truth, of course, but it strikes me as being itself irrelevant to the hypothetical case under discussion. In other words, you have surely played the word *like* for considerably more than it is worth. Thus, apart from not a few other possibilities, England might well have begun the war by seizing Copenhagen—a feat the successful accomplishment of which by no means presupposes the possession of a military establishment of anything like continental dimensions. I might clinch the point by adding that Copenhagen is on an island, but I don't want to be flippant, so I refrain. But let me put a question slightly different from that of "Scepticus." If England rather than Germany were the criminal in the case, would THE NEW REPUBLIC, equipped as it is with a feeling for Realpolitik, be advocating an abandonment of our neutrality and an alliance or understanding with the Central Powers? I for my part don't think so. Furthermore, that you would not advocate an embargo under the given conditions may justly be inferred from the following well thought out if not well expressed statement of yours: "Neutral trading nations cannot use the weapon of commercial non-intercourse against the Power which controls

the seas . . . without being ready and willing to go to war with the naval Power." The truth of this statement was well illustrated during the Boer War, when England experienced no difficulty in using us as a source of supplies, despite our pretty general lack of sympathy with her methods and ambitions in South Africa.

On the whole, then, it seems probable that England, right or wrong, in the future as in the past will be able to count on our aid. This very fact, however, makes urgent our need of securing a voice in her councils. Obviously we cannot do this unless we agree to share her burdens and work in concord with her. Consequently I am in sympathy with THE NEW REPUBLIC's proposal that we enter into an alliance with England. To enter into such an alliance at the present time, however, would in all probability mean only that we, however public our protests and washings of hands, should have to shoulder part of the responsibility and pay part of the price for the Russification of Poland, the dismemberment of the Central Powers and all the rest of the Entente program, and for me at least the dose is at once too big and too bitter.

KEMP MALONE.

Copenhagen, Denmark.

Breaking the Silence

SIR: The ethical substratum unifying your policy is, if I mistake not, a certain insistence upon honesty in regard to motives and interests in thought and event. Incidentally this has involved the breaking of several inert circles of public opinion and public silence.

My word, apropos your recent treatment of the New York charities situation, will not be news, but it will be honest. The *Menace* amuses rather than annoys me, though its net effect is probably pro-Catholic. But I bear witness to your readers that in a recent tour of eighteen large cities, chiefly east of the Mississippi and north of Mason and Dixon's line, I found only one or two cities in which the non-Catholic social workers of the city did not dread the influence or control of the Catholic clergy in the social institutions of the city, especially those dealing with children.

My notes tell me that this information came in each city confidentially from men and women who through long service and conservative judgment had earned general confidence in the community.

The attitude of the priest was almost universally described spontaneously as silent, evasive, non-committal. Occasionally at first they come forward very willingly in progressive movements and seem to coöperate for a while, and then suddenly we discover that they are conspicuous by their absence. They hold aloof but seldom oppose openly.

The Catholics are simply following their interests, which to them are *ipso facto* best for all the world, as most of us feel our own are. What is needful, however, is a clear public analysis of those interests in relation to modern social movements. That is why I was disappointed in Dr. Santayana's article, with the attractive but misleading title, appearing in your last volume. I cannot fill the order. I merely challenge some abler writer with my conclusions:

The Protestant forgets his creed and is able without qualm to espouse any cause which his economic and other interests permit. The Catholic, more consistent, more brainy, more disciplined, brings all things, civic as well as ethical, to the touchstone of his doctrine. Does it fit as

corollary to some proposition in that close-knit system rooting back into fundamental dogmas? If so, the Church can undertake it—preferably doing it for itself; next best, controlling its agencies.

The relatively progressive priest perhaps espouses anything not explicitly forbidden by his memory of doctrine but, in the psychology of the legal advocate, he often finds that his view was "not the law" in a higher tribunal. He had been mistaken. The syllogisms in such and such a matter ran back to original sin, or the unimportance of this world or of the body, or to God's curse on woman, or the prerogative of confession. Finally like the Mohammedan violator of the Alexandrian library they say, "If it be not true doctrine, it is evil; if there be anything good in it, it is already in the true doctrine, and is therefore superfluous." "The Catholic Church anticipated that long ago," is the last answer.

Will "the old ones die off?" This is the frequent hope of the new blood in every social group, social workers included. Is it also the secret wish of the young priest? Father Sullivan, tell us!

R. F. R.

Oakland, California.

From Doubts to Views

SIR: Pardon me if I disbelieve in the reality of Randall Dane—the author of "Fears and Scruples" in your issue of June 24th. He's too wonderful—wonderful because a man who can ask the questions and raise the points he does is not baffled. He has fastened his hooks beneath the surface and he is having a lot of fun watching the mental and spiritual contortions of men of the type he pretends to be.

But let us suppose he is genuine. At least the type he describes is real and he'll serve very fittingly as a target for my remarks. Let me first explain that I was once like him except that when I quit being so I was under thirty. I was quite convinced of the rightness of things and quite particular of my neighbor's opinions of me. I wanted to be mayor of my city and governor of my state. But I, like Mr. Dane, felt that something was wrong. I found that I agreed too well with people I hated. I was successful in my sphere. I had the best job about the place, and my employer, after raising my salary, thought he had me where I would stay put.

But he didn't. Getting leave of absence for a few months I went down to New York—from Methodist, Ford-ridden Iowa, by the way. There I spent my months, my money and my prospects for the governorship. I studied and I mingled. I met big men and small. I found that most anarchists are more cultured than most Iowa women's clubs. I found I could mix in an I. W. W. riot and feel all my sympathies with the rioters. (And how I had damned the I. W. W. while in Iowa.) But I had to leave my dear New York for family reasons before I had got all of it I wanted and before I had become sufficiently settled in mind or proficient in my vocation to make a living there on a plane tolerable to my family.

But I developed from that expedition what Mr. Dane is seeking—views. And they were my own. When I got back to Iowa I knew why I hated some of the people I agreed with. But I didn't agree with them any more. I was a misfit in the life of the community, but I was happier and I was growing.

You, Mr. Dane, I think, are standing on the brink of a new life. You have sensed the mind-killing blight of wealth

and respectability. You have been snatched from the moral certainties of Methodism and Bull Mooseism. You may become poorer in property but you will be richer in self-realization and intellectual honesty. You will know that right bears no necessary relation to legality. You will learn that your fellow clubmen or business associates are members of a conspiracy, conscious or unconscious, to suppress truth and humanity. You will learn that patriotism is of two kinds. One is a broad hope for humanity; the other is a debauch of sentiment which generally serves the purpose which its exhorters intend, that is, to drown the voice of justice and the appeal of the absolute virtues. You will learn that men who will spit on the patriotism of Roosevelt and the boy scouts and the steel trust will die for the patriotism of Lincoln and Wilson. You will learn that flag-worship is a species of idolatry demanding human sacrifices more terrible than any graven image. You will appreciate that the heroes of war are not the passion-blind youths and the wife-deserting "patriots" but the weeping women. You will learn that your mayor and editor are not themselves; they are acting parts in a morality play. You will realize that many high places are filled with intellectual crooks, and you will thank God that there is a NEW REPUBLIC in which the untrammelled mind may disport itself as it cannot in your favorite newspapers and magazines.

The curious phenomenon of our times, Mr. Dane, is that, having all the forms of freedom, the bulk of our people—especially the middle classes, the Iowa Methodists and the patriotic orators—take these forms for the substance and are thus turned off the trail. They quit fighting for their rights and fight for a dollar more on their pay checks and a dollar less on their rent. To get your sea-legs in our modern society, Mr. Dane, you don't need to be a Socialist with a big S. But you have got to get into the spirit of admitting a thing or two. And a vital experience, an experience that will muss up your clothes and social position, will help.

R. C. B.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dr. Hill Misquoted

SIR: Will you kindly state in your paper that in the enclosed clipping, in which you represent me as protesting against arousing unrest by fomenting the "delusion that more is earned than is received," you attribute to me words which I never used, and which I disavow and disbelieve. I believe hundreds of thousand receive far less than they really earn, and I should like to have them receive what is due. What I condemn is deluding people with the error that more is due to them than they honestly earn, that is, "rightly coming to them." I cannot think you would purposely misrepresent me, and if you read the passage in my book on "Americanism," I think you cannot without such a purpose represent me as holding what the clipping attributes to me.

DAVID J. HILL.

Cohasset, Massachusetts.

[NOTE: Our paragraph read: "In a review of Dr. David Jayne Hill's new book, 'Americanism: What It Is,' the New York Times says: 'The Doctor protests against arousing unrest by fomenting the delusion that more is earned than received. . . .'" It was therefore the Times which made the erroneous statement on which our remarks were founded.—THE EDITORS.]

The Gallic Cock

Gaspard, by René Benjamin. Translation by Selmer Fougner. Brentano's, New York. \$1.35 net.

"GASPARD" is a war-novel, and a lovely piece of work. To those who have been at all attentive to the literature occasioned by the war, and have seen practically every writer of ante-bellum reputation, from Andreyev to Barrie, unable to rise above the mêlée and contribute anything to the glory of his craft, the statement will doubtless recall the old jest commencing, "Here lies buried a lawyer and an honest man." But M. René Benjamin, the author of "Gaspard," was not before the war a writer of reputation. Whatever the significance of the fact, and it may have none at all, it is still a curious coincidence that in both France and Germany, since the beginning of the struggle, the best work has been produced by new men, by men in active service, helped on the battlefield and in mortal peril itself, to literary achievement. Romain Rolland tells us that the best bit of writing lately done in Germany is the work of a young lieutenant, Fritz von Unruh. And the charming book of "poilu" René Benjamin bears witness that so far in France, too, the honors of literature as well as those of war have gone to an author who has been risking his life for his country.

It is, of course, pending the conclusion of the conflict, out of the question to demand of anyone a work of art pretending to an expression of the actual significance of the war. Indispensable conditions to such a production would be an elevation above current events and a composure of emotion at present necessarily wanting. "Gaspard" makes no pretense of being such a work. Primarily, it is little more than the record of the experiences of the soldiery. What lifts it above the capable descriptions of the combats so voluminously produced since July, 1914, is a certain sense of actual experience that informs it, and engages the participation of the reader. He feels immediately that instead of being the chronicle of campaigns registered by the eye of, say, a war-correspondent, it is the chronicle of campaigns imprinted on every sense by fatigue, by hunger, by heat, by laceration, by an anguish, physical and spiritual, which even the imminence of death cannot obliterate—war as it comes to the civilian soldier, narrated faithfully if with classic and French reserve. The sensation of things actually felt that it imparts would alone have served to distinguish the book. But with only that to recommend it, it would never have been "Gaspard." The beauty of the little work lies in something that has come into it almost unknown, one might say, to the author. Was M. Benjamin aware of what was breathing through his tale of the warfare of the snail-merchant from Montparnasse? One can only guess. But whether present consciously or unconsciously, there is in the book a spirit that evokes immediately the France that has so marvellously disappointed her enemies, the France recreated by the war. Without any straining after allegory, without the slightest departure from the forms of a fine and nervous narrative, by virtue of just this pervading buoyancy and courage and vigor, the little story is a fitting symbol of the land that produced it.

And yet it is absolutely clean of chauvinism. Nothing perhaps better illustrates the author's attitude toward his material than his lack of concern with the enemy. The "Sacré albosches" are there, one knows, behind the murderous fire that falls on the grain-fields of Lorraine, on the other side of the freezing line of Argonne trenches where for the second time Gaspard faces death. The soldiers joke

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NEW YORK

not bitterly about them; chalk "*Train de plaisir pour Berlin*" on the freight-cars that carry them to the frontier. The unhoused bourgeois of Rheims whom Gaspard encounters at the inn in Anjou, who tell him what he must do to the Germans when he returns to the front, and then refuse to dine in the same room with a common soldier, would like to blow up "*leur Guillaume et leur Kronprinz*." But something else seems to have been uppermost in the author's mind. Was he not thinking of how the war had made his nation one with itself, had brought citizen and townsman and countryman shoulder to shoulder in common service to the republic, just as out of journalist and mechanic and tradesman and savant Gaspard's regiment composed itself? It is as if there had been revealed to him, as to the wounded and dying soldiers on their way from the front to the Angevin hospital, the undying youthfulness of the "pleasant land of France," and, under the hoods of the nurses, the genius of the French woman. Gaspard is a snail-merchant, we are told. But, after all, what else is the hook-nosed little man, surcharged with energy and wit, terrible of idiom and tender of heart, but the traditional Frenchman, the Gallic Cock of legend? This time it is no Chantecler, disillusioned and consoling himself with the hope of "making the sun rise in human hearts." Gaspard is of the older, the recurrent stock. He comes from out of the heart of the Parisian people, undisciplined, irrepressible, quick at any task he sets himself to accomplish. No one remains indifferent to him. Scarce is the regiment formed before he has begun galvanizing his comrades. He goes as a private, but it is his eternal *blague* that keeps up the spirits of the soldiers, his influence that forms a smoothly functioning complement to the quiet authority of the captain.