

Italian war against Tripoli had its motives in the speculations of the Bank of Rome. In the Balkan War, President Jordan says: "The final victory rested with the French bankers who furnished the war funds"; while Turkey in Asia "is dominated by the Deutsche Bank, that nation within a nation which replaced the Sultan as master of the rest of his domain, and which drains for itself the riches of the land, exhausting not the working class alone but the whole nation, which is dying from its operations."

Financial imperialism negotiated the six-Power loan to China. China wanted to borrow \$30,000,000. But the banks in each of the lending powers formed an agreement against China, and finally loaned her \$125,000,000, but on condition that the administration of her revenues be placed under the control of foreign advisers. China protested, and President Wilson vetoed the participation of United States bankers in the six-Power loan. He said that it was an attack on the sovereignty of China and should not have the sanction of our Government. This, to my mind, was one of the great acts of his administration.

Financial imperialism played a prominent part in the strangling of Persia and in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars. Surplus wealth seeking land and mines, oil wells and the richest portions of Mexico finally brought on revolution in that country, and these interests are actively engaged in bringing about intervention at the present time for the purpose of protecting their claims. Professor John A. Hobson, the English economist, says of recent wars: "Adventure, lust for gold, etc., are the fires in the engine of war, but the great financial interests direct the engine."

In thirty years' time practically the whole of Africa, Persia and Asia Minor have fallen under the domination of England, France and Germany as the result of the struggle of financiers for spheres of influence and opportunities for exploitation. The struggle has centered about the Mediterranean. The liberties of weak and defenseless peoples have been lost, and the Powers of Europe have come into conflict as a result of the claims and ambitions of the financial classes of these countries, which are closely identified with the government.

But this is not all. Navalism is a product of the doctrine that the flag follows the investor. Naval preparedness on a large scale began with overseas investments. The expenditures for the British navy leaped from \$71,000,000 in 1893 to \$200,000,000 in 1911; while the expenditures of Germany during the same period increased from \$20,000,000 to \$90,000,000. Our own naval appropriations were increased from \$20,000,000 in 1890 to \$140,000,000 in 1914. The colossal burdens of armaments

are largely the result of the demand of the investing and ruling classes, who have identified their private interests with those of the state.

It is urged by many that financial aid must be extended to weaker peoples in order that they may be developed. But an examination of the unhappy experiences of weaker countries shows that there is scarcely an instance—outside the countries protected by the Monroe Doctrine—in which the borrowing countries have not lost their independence as the price of financial assistance. All of Africa, both north and south, has passed under European control. Persia, Asia Minor and Turkey have been parcelled out among the great Powers. China has been subjected to spheres for foreign influence. And it is probable that the weaker countries are familiar with what has happened. It is probable, too, that they are not clamoring for the kind of financial assistance that leads to the loss of independence, the slaughter of their people, and often, as in South Africa and Mexico, their reduction to peonage in the mines and on the plantations.

And now in the United States financial imperialism is being insisted upon by the same class that drove England, France and Germany into conflict. There is a clamor for dollar diplomacy; for a great navy to protect overseas investments. Imperialism had its origin with the appearance of surplus wealth in the eighties, and now, a generation later, with the appropriation of the natural resources of America, surplus wealth in this country is reaching out for opportunities which for the time being the older nations of Europe are not in a position to exploit.

FREDERIC C. HOWE.

## Henry James the Builder

MUCH has been said about the subtlety, stylistic and psychological, of Henry James, and, according to individual bent, these features are attacked or appreciated. But less is heard of his creative and concrete vision in the large. Yet he may be viewed as primarily the architect of new domains, as the builder of two ideal cities. One of these is the concentrated essence of a glorified Europe and the other houses and celebrates the artistic life.

The first city is before anything else a place which groups within its borders all the spoils and monuments of civilization. The architect juxtaposes gray cathedrals and grim prisons, triumphal arches, *Kursaals* or abbeys that are like abandoned arks, and great white exhibition buildings containing white images of beauty. You may find perfumed or haggard streets, grimacing boulevards passing into dusky byways that are true galleries of art.

Here embankments a-glitter with imperial splendor, and yonder warm brown corners where wild fig-trees grow.

There are dwellings of all kinds, massive or elegant, portentous or gay, houses Jacobean, Renaissance or composite; a chateau, a free-hold mansion, the halls of a great theatre; cages that hold industrial slaves; cosy bars, country inns, picturesque taverns with mahogany-panelled coffee rooms. Suddenly you find a leafy bower, a peacock on a terrace, arrowy gondolas on lagoons or a deserted palace still cherishing the white-bosomed dames of Lely—"dear dead women." For the name of the city is Cosmopolis and its conquests reach unto the flaming walls of the world.

They widen out to include inestimable landscapes: the noble friendliness of a country spring, with blooming hedgerows and billowy hills, restless clouds and russet villages, a goose-green, a churchyard of yews and rooks. That would be steeped in a mild moist light charged with reminiscence; it is English rather than French; but another scene of pronounced verdure against red roofs would live in a clear light of sociable directness; while yellow fogs would yield to ardent suns, and under the moon you might see dark *palazzi* loom like battleships and loggias strewn with sculptured demi-gods agleaming.

Among the varied "notes" offered by Cosmopolis were forest glades dappled with light and cushioned stoops from which young people exchanged pleasantries. More beautifully, there were gardens of all ages and climes; there were serpentine streams, yellow swirling rivers, and lakes of still reflections and lakes of fear and lakes that were jewelled with fantastic islands and crowned with flushed snowy summits. Then a park of cavalcades or plebeian riot, clustering gables, the battered fronts and dreaming spires of colleges; afternoon tea on tranquil lawns, low dusky aged rooms alternating with large bright salons, antiquarian excavations, boudoir-cells of art. The city is at once a "great gray Babylon" and a *ville-lumière*. Its far-flung arms enfold twin-towered Notre Dame and Westminster, the Coliseum and ocean liners, even Washington Square, Mount Vernon and outposts in the West. The name of the city is Cosmopolis and its builder is Henry James.

Within its many mansions there are precious and peculiar objects, ancestral "spoils" bitterly divided, and the loot of empires. There are collections of snuff boxes, of Italian majolicas, of curtains and crucifixes. A golden bowl, unfortunately cracked, decrees and symbolizes the doom of a family. You may find throughout the city gorgeous brocades, old Venetian chairs, irregular Bohemian objects, finely tooled bindings, even "salmon-colored periodicals," to give the French note. At one moment you are

fingering old Spanish altar-lace, at the next you are pushing aside a formidable leather curtain which yields entrance to the incense-laden dusk and the "tesselated acres" of some historic church. These are not merely the playthings of a master builder. They continue the tradition of *his* master—Balzac—that for the seeing eye, the world consists of "men, women, and things." In all three categories, the persistent desire is for fineness of effect. Cosmopolis is a museum, but it is also alive with figures of a choice nobility. The architect invited the best he knew and gave them the freedom of the city.

Who is finer than that imaginative and bounteous lady who leaves America to bestow her generous dreams upon Cosmopolis? Madame de Mauves is worthy to be her sister. Either heroine embodies the essential moral of the artist—the dream may prove false, but it must be dreamed; the European scene may prove illusory, but it should be travelled through with discernment. If there are diatribes against unaware and negative Americans, there is only compassion and admiration for those fair adventurers who find in their husbands and lords less romance and *noblesse oblige* than expected.

For it was always romance, nobility and fineness that the authentic visitors sought in Cosmopolis. When the architect was still young, he saw his generation yearning across the chasm—and he helped them over. Deserting the cold realms of "business," artistic youths like Roderick Hudson, or angular spinsters of angular talk dreamed of the consecrated voyage and undertook "Europe." The later generation, typified by keen observers and "ambassadors," know that there exists in the charmed city a rareness and a sweetness that can atone for anything. Weary failures, hungry pilgrims, makers of madonnas, discover there a witching future or an equally witching past.

It is especially the glory of tradition that shines on the city and that lures the voyagers from their barer shores. The light that never was floods the home that Clement Searle can never have. A storied "birthplace" is made the test of poetic appreciation on the part of its guardians. Families firmly transmit their sense of solidarity, their vagrant views of love, their reliance on the conventual refuge. The lapses of a prince are excused through the accumulated momentum of a spendthrift race, addicted to *virtu*. A child of the streets swears vengeance against the social order only to fall in love with the charms that he would slay.

The flower of life appears in the friendship of a Valentine, the easy perfection of a Chadwick, even the dangerous beauty of a Christina. Such Olympians are not without their flaws, but each in one direction is supreme. Courage and good humor, "bravery" of appearance is worn like a plume. It

is worn by the superbly hard Charlotte Stant as by another girl who is daintily elaborated and finished with old enamel. Even the children are Olympian in their uncanny charm and knowledge, the pathos, the perfection, the impossibility of their speech and conduct.

These individuals often appear best in the gracious contacts of their rounded surfaces. What more exquisite than the relations of Ralph and his cousin, of Verver and his daughter? The gentle elfin touch of Hyacinth subdues to his image his promiscuous friends, and Mr. Longdon falls beautifully in love with the girl so like her beloved grandmother. There is a sacred fount, typifying the soul-force that ebbs and flows in great passions. There is the golden bowl that bears superbly racing figures: first Charlotte surpasses, then Maggie, then her father—and they are all shown as “wonderful” at the end.

Frequently one feels a fineness of communication—a delicate pressure, a long look that supercedes pressure, the contact of “charming eyes,” a slow golden word, “Wait!” or “Find out.” Most often there is the elaborate play of perception and wit, a style of bristling undergrowths, a language which is the flower of many tongues.

The best figures are poised at unforgettable moments above some high splendor of scenery and decoration. A clever statesman once gave the counsel that when possible you should love your love in a palace. With the architect of Cosmopolis all fusions of beauty are possible. He poses for you Charlotte Stant, a winged Victory on a staircase at an ambassadorial reception. He flashes for you a young gentlewoman riding in a glade. It is infinitely appropriate that Roderick should meet Christina in the Coliseum by moonlight and that Newman should find the French girl in the heart of the Louvre. The landscape may give out the high note of the summit of opportunity, as “Glos’ter” on a golden morning; or it may hint of heavy deeds, as do the hushed lakes and turrets that witness the fearful turn of the screw.

On the largest scale, setting and figures are appropriately interwoven. So the whole city furnishes a vivid background for the plain American observer; so London breeds and envelops Millicent and Hyacinth; and the spring *salon* enfolds even English visitors as a “successful plastic fact.”

There remain with us compelling visions of great scenes. Who can forget Isabel weeping by her cousin’s deathbed or the afternoon at Gloriani’s studio, whose festive beauty but awaits the entrance of two delicate heroines? Memorable is the sight of Charlotte tracing down Maggie like a tigress, out from the glittering drawing-room, across the dark meadows of Fawns; and more unforgettable

is the talk of Dormer and Nash along the river of many reflections and under the shadow of Notre Dame. It was art that they talked about, as often. For the lord of this realm sees it as containing above all “representational values.”

Therefore he built another city and called its name *Ars Longa*.

It is a fascinating idea that out of the materials of art itself, the lives and ideals of its votaries, the artist may erect a compact *ci  *, rivalling though embedded in the huge Cosmopolis. It was said of old that there were two worlds, the world of nature created by God, the world of poetry created by Virgil. How many moderns have striven to live, love and produce solely in this inner city! Is it the baseless fabric of a vision, a fictive *turris eburnea*?

Henry James thought it possible to write in such a place, perhaps to live in it. Among all the imaginers of *Doppelg  nger*, all those who exploit themselves in their brothers of the book and brush, his case is the most impressive and convincing. He really sees the upper life of Cosmopolis as having “existed primarily in art or literature,” he really views these finer products as making for an ideality, a unity (and how he struggles for that!) which life has not. Taste is then “a blessed comprehensive name for many of the things deepest in us.” We feel the creator’s sympathy with his great collector, who can place objects of art more readily than objects in life, and with Peter Sherringham, who is fonder of representation than of the real thing.

*Ars Longa*, in its self-depiction, must be idealized. Do impossibly “beautiful authors” stroll on its terraces? Do they dine out in impossibly refined society? The architect boldly answers: “And why not? If they don’t yet exist, so much the worse for humanity. I will at least foreshadow them.” You must create better than you see, especially as society grows increasingly vulgar. And so the scent and savor of enduring art is pitted against the claptrap of our day, and time after time we follow the revolts, the snares, the concentrations of the aspiring Samurai.

Revolt first. One *citoyen* turns from politics to painting, because he can see the former only as marking time and as abasing words. A master teaches the lesson of how the truly elect should withstand social complications and marriage. We are cautioned always about the price to pay, the devotion needed to remain within the gates of *Ars Longa*. The tragic muse herself quickly develops and triumphs because of her gifts, certainly, but also because of her single-minded ardor.

Another citizen, Roderick, was a great failure; his was the case of the sculptor who is keyed to the highest and dashed to the depths because his beautiful love will not answer his necessary dreams.



There are still failures, for not all can abide in the rare atmosphere of the city. A man of taste, but of a small nature shrinks to the size of a "faded rosebud," and an artist who is only a *poseur* is condemned by the clear perceptions of his family. Amusingly, fantastically, a certain dilettante fades away to nothingness, when a painter tries to set his true image on canvas.

But the rightful denizens of the city not only attain their reward. As a last enhancement, they speak a splendid language. They are crowned—as are the turrets and casements amid which they wander—they are crowned, they are jewelled with princely metaphors. One woman is remembered as a slim antique, with "the blurred absent eyes, the smoothed, elegant, nameless head, the impersonal flit of a creature lost in an alien age." Another suggests a blooming, smiling, fragrant prairie. Italy appears as a duskily draped wooer, serenading with a mandolin, and Florence is the "sole perfect lady of them all."

As the architect grew older, he rose ever nearer the pure serene of beauty. He imaged a great cathedral swimming through the night, using its flying buttresses as oars. He saw strange experiences as resembling "a wild Eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colors in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a-thrill . . . but turning off short and plunging into other defiles." Or he wove smaller garlands, with a deft casual touch: the "hived tenderness" of Maggie's heart, huge Norman pillars towering "like the ghosts of heroes," and the beauty of Julia Dallow, with "her hair like the depths of darkness, her eyes like its earlier clearing, her mouth like a rare pink flower."

The dome of Ars Longa, the pride and center of the citadel, remains imperial and shining. Its aisles are thronged with votaries, its incense burns, its great pictures are like windows opening to the soul, its hard-hammered vessels recall the art of Cellini and its misty saints' figures the glamour and aspiration of the Gothic. For these citizens, even more intensely than those of Cosmopolis at large, are moulded to their hearts' desire of a persistent "fineness" and they bear witness to a joint endeavor, to the sense that "all art is one."

As the architect lay dying slowly in the London square, what vision could have greeted him beyond the darkening pane? He saw his two cities now smoking in their ruins, art and international understanding given over to the primitive rages. But he must have seen beyond that. And for this world he scarcely saw the probability of anything finer than the exquisite domains with which he endowed it.

E. PRESTON DARGAN.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### An Unusual Naval Opportunity

SIR: The Naval Training Cruise for Civilians which the government has arranged to take place from August 15th to September 12th offers an opportunity to landsmen which can be had in no other way. They will be enabled to see warships in action, as only they can be seen by people who take part in actual naval warfare or in naval maneuvers.

This privilege will be accorded the naval recruits, as nine battleships assigned by the government for their use will take active part in the war maneuvers.

Incidentally it is also the first time any government has furnished an opportunity for civilians to have a month's naval training without obligating themselves in any way for further service. Practically any reputable citizen between the ages of 19 and 45 can enroll for the cruise. There is no mental examination and the physical requirements are only those which commonsense dictates. Minor ailments will be overlooked and all that is required is ordinary good health. About 500 recruits will be on each ship, thereby completing the complement, which will contain only forty per cent of regularly enlisted sailors. The first week of the cruise will be devoted to a general shaking-down process and individual cruising of the various ships. Recruits who wish to specialize in any particular branch will be sorted out and assigned to the work for which they are best fitted. The second week the ships will take part in a great war game and the recruits will have an opportunity of seeing dreadnoughts, cruisers, torpedo destroyers, hydro-aeroplanes and submarines in actual operation. The third week there will be squadron maneuvers up and down the coast from Cape Henry to Cape Ann and the fourth week will be harbor work, landing parties and motor boat organization and drill.

The entire expense of this is only \$30.00, \$15.00 of which is for the uniform which becomes the recruit's property and the other \$15.00 is to pay for the food for the four weeks. However, the question of cost need not debar any desirable applicant, as there is a fund subscribed to pay the expenses of those who cannot afford to pay it themselves and are in other ways desirable participants in this important scheme for first line preparedness.

CIVILIAN COMMITTEE NAVAL TRAINING CRUISE.  
34 Pine Street, New York City.

### Once More "Boche"

SIR: May I be permitted to add a few words in explanation of the meaning of the word *boche*?

In Sachs-Villatte's dictionary (French-German part) the word is defined as follows: 1. A dissolute fellow. 2. *Tête de boche*, a stupid fellow, a pig-headed fellow.

The same definitions are found in Villatte's *Parisismes*. s. v. *boche*.

The French slang-dictionary by Ch. Virmaître gives these meanings: *Boche*, a German. Cf. *Alboche*.—*Alboche*, a German. Formerly French workmen were in the habit of using the word *boche* to designate a clumsy fellow. The syllable *al* was added to designate the Germans (Allemands) in general.

It will be seen that these definitions, dealing with actual usage among the people, are more enlightening than the derivation of the word *boche*.

M. LEVI.

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