

ways some men of principle and strength—few, perhaps, but some—who found their way into every party convention and insisted on having something to say about the ticket. I have seen more than one ticket saved from mediocrity, or worse, by the influence of such men. I have seen the public interest served more effectually by two or three such men, during one evening in a committee room, enveloped in a cloud of cigar smoke and elbow to elbow with the most practical of politicians, than by all the smug mugwumps in the vicinage throughout the year.

What has become of these men under the régime of the primary? They have no desire to hold office; they can, it is true, vote in the primary if sufficiently "regular," and they may if "regular" join in petitions and thus bring into the field candidates for places on the ticket, to be mowed down by the slate. But their contact with the boss, both in and out of conventions, is gone, and with it their influence.

This lowers the quality of the ticket. But the evil does not stop there. Not only does the ticket avoid the fit candidate but the fit candidate avoids the ticket. It has never been easy to get fit men to run for office. Under the primary system it is vastly harder than it was before. Under the convention system such a man, when agreed upon by those in control, could be approached and urged to make the race; he could be told who would be his associates on the ticket, he could know upon what platform the candidates would stand, he could count upon an organized party support, he could make the race at an expense which was within his means, whether large or small. Under the primary system he must make two races; the cost of the first must be defrayed from his own purse; he must make a personal canvass for the nomination, a thing particularly distasteful to men of good ability because, where there is no division by parties, there can be little or no discussion of political principles but only the altercations of personal rivalry; he cannot know who will be his associates on the ticket; usually he cannot know what declaration of principles he will be asked to support, because the practise under the primary system is to postpone the platform convention until after the primary, upon the theory that the nominees should write the platform. Under this scheme, it is the most difficult thing in the world to get good men to stand for office and the field is almost wholly abandoned to those who seek office for selfish purpose.

It will doubtless be objected that I take too favorable a view of the convention system, that I have drawn a fancy picture of the boss in the arms of the patriot. I think not. What is a boss? Sometimes a single, strong man, often the leader of a group of strong men, men of genuine vigor of mind and will, finding their advantage in controlling elec-

tions, and willing to take the infinite pains required for it; not always good, perhaps not usually good, but susceptible to the influence of good men who are also strong men, men willing to meet them on their own ground, willing to concede something and to leave a stern and uncompromising censoriousness to the parlor patriots.

There is nothing automatic about democracy. It requires infinite pains and entails infinite vexations. Who will take those pains and bear those vexations? First of all, men who find their advantage in it, the professionals of politics. After them, a few men with a strong sense of public duty and, perhaps, a touch of fondness for the game, the amateurs of politics. These were the leaven of the political lump and them the primary has rejected.

LAFON ALLEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Jung Has Done

SIR: Mr. Walter Lippmann's review of Dr. Jung's book "Psychology of the Unconscious," may be excellent criticism from the Freudian viewpoint, but since doubtless many readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC are not aware of the fact that the psychoanalytic movement is divided into two schools, headed by Freud and Jung, there is an element of injustice in the attack. Mr. Lippmann takes the Freudian stand, with the usual arguments. Jung's book, he says, "is a personal adventure in search of a philosophy, far more than a contribution to psychoanalytic understanding." Jung "has introduced into the empirical labors and tentative inductions of Freud a series of grandiose generalizations about human destiny." I am merely surprised that Mr. Lippmann has omitted the most damning word of all, namely, "mysticism." Had he used it, the Freudian case against Jung would be complete.

However, no criticism that Mr. Lippmann has brought against the book equals in severity what Dr. Jung himself says in his author's note:

My task in this work has been to investigate an individual phantasy system, and in the doing of it problems of such magnitude have been uncovered, that my endeavor to grasp them in their entirety has necessarily meant only a superficial orientation toward those paths, the opening and exploration of which may possibly crown the work of future investigators with success. . . . I am not in sympathy with the attitude which favors the repression of certain possible working hypotheses because they are perhaps erroneous, and so may possess no lasting value. Certainly I endeavored as far as possible to guard myself against error, which might indeed become especially dangerous upon these dizzy heights, for I am entirely aware of the risks of these investigations. However, I do not consider scientific work as a dogmatic contest, but rather as a work done for the increase and deepening of knowledge.

This contribution is addressed to those having similar ideas concerning science.

This note, I feel, is in itself an excellent answer to dogmatic critics: it breathes the very spirit of the scientist, who speaks of his profound labor as "only a superficial orientation," and the risks of laboring on "these dizzy heights." In short, he offers his work tentatively, and for what can be found in it.

As a matter of fact, however, to those who are not dogmatic and personal adherents of Freud the contribution of Jung is of revolutionary importance. For instance, G. Stanley Hall has given it as his opinion that this book is without doubt the most important contribution in the whole realm of psychoanalytic literature.

To my mind, the school of Jung bears the same relationship to the school of Freud, as, say, the political school of which, roughly speaking, Mr. Lippmann himself is a member, bears to the school of Marxian Socialism. Marx reduced the world to economic determinism: Mr. Lippmann in his books recognizes the economic but sees it merely as a part of the complexity. So Freud, roughly speaking, reduces the world to sexuality and Jung is forced to see in sexuality merely one aspect of the "libido."

However, this alone might not outrage the Freudians: what shocks them so is that Jung carries psychoanalysis to its inevitable conclusion. The term psychoanalysis itself plainly enough denotes the probing and investigating of mind: and since the subjective realm of man includes not only the personal, but also the racial, since in it are found strivings and phantasies and impulses which have had their expression in myths and religious systems, it is inevitable that the religious problem must be dealt with. At this point Jung and Freud part company altogether.

For Jung finds that the modern problem of the individual is essentially the same as the ancient problem, and that the great religions arose out of supreme needs of the race. There is need for more than a theory which includes "a reduction to the primitive" and a "sublimation" in work: there is need of an inner change, a struggle by which the individual is enabled to overcome infantilism and human weaknesses in order to meet the task of life.

It is impossible in so short a space as this to give any conception of the profundity and strength of Jung's work in this direction. If, however, Dr. Hinkle's remarkable introduction to the book (which by the way Mr. Lippmann omits to mention) is read before the book itself is read, a very clear idea of Dr. Jung's contribution will be gained. The book itself, of course, will prove its own answer to the critics. They greet it to-day exactly in the spirit that Freud's work was first greeted, and though these critics have now caught up with Freud they still lag far behind Jung. Yet it is my conviction that Jung has added to the knowledge of life a contribution which will necessitate a deep change in the thinking and attitude of the race.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

New York City.

[NOTE: To say that "Freud, roughly speaking, reduces the world to sexuality" is to speak a little too roughly. It is to misunderstand. This is the only point on which I should care to quarrel with Mr. Oppenheim. The rest of his letter I accept as eloquent testimony to the fairness of my assertion about Jung and his disciples—that they have found a religion. The process they have gone through is such an old story that they ought to recognize it. It is the process by which a bit of truth seems so marvelous that it is made to embrace the universe. The Pythagoreans did it with numbers, and many did it with the Ptolemaic astronomy, and Tennyson did it most hideously with a mistaken notion of evolution.—W. L.]

Why We Cannot Arbitrate

SIR: Your "appeal to the President" contains such a fallacious argument and one so frequently uttered in these days that I ask leave to call it to your readers' attention.

The main premise of your article is that neutrals should join together to oppose aggressors and you define the aggressors to be "the Power which refuses to submit its quarrel to international inquiry." You then state we have reached a crisis in our relations with Germany over the submarine question, and your conclusion is to advise the President not to stop at a suspension of diplomatic relations but to at once join the Allies.

Do you not see the illogicality of such an argument? If you want us to join the Allies totally apart from the submarine question, come out and say so frankly. But to advise us to join the Allies because of the submarine question is flying in the face of the principle underlying your whole argument; because if we did so we would be acting the part of the aggressor, we would be doing the very thing to which we have already assumed that we are fundamentally opposed. For Germany has twice already offered to leave certain aspects of the submarine question to arbitration and unless we not only are willing but even urge Germany to leave the whole question to the Hague Tribunal, will we not be the aggressor, will we not be "the Power which refuses to submit its quarrel to international inquiry?"

I confess your argument, heard on every hand, strikes me with bewilderment. The chief American criticism of the Central Powers at the outset of the war was their refusal to leave their quarrel to an impartial tribunal before beginning to fight. Yet here we ourselves have a quarrel, one susceptible of settlement by a tribunal if ever one was, one of a truly justiciable nature, and what occurs?

Attempts of Bryan to urge arbitration are laughed at, and non-partisan thoughtful moulders of public thought like yourselves urge immediate war in the selfsame article in which you swear devotion to the principle of arbitration!

I don't like to be insulting, but I think it would be hard to find an equal to your editorial without going to the astounding fulminations of the German yellow press in which the lengths to which deep feeling can lead sober reason are most sadly illustrated.

If this criticism does you an injustice, I hope you will point it out.

EUSTACE SELIGMAN.

New York City.

[NOTE: Mr. Seligman's notion of arbitration is like that of a man who should say that the police must not arrest a murderer until a court has passed on his guilt, and that in the interim he must be left at large to continue murdering. On his theory, the police are the "aggressors"—on the same theory, Belgium was the aggressor because it resisted Germany, instead of allowing Germany to invade her and then submitting the case to arbitration. Mr. Seligman's effort to impale us in a dilemma merely reveals a perfectly meaningless conception of what arbitration is. For our part we deliberately avoided the word arbitration and spoke of "inquiry." But even inquiry cannot be practised while irreparable injury is being done. The nation which does not suspend the commission of such injuries until orderly processes have supervened is clearly the aggressor.—THE EDITORS.]

What Led Up to the War

The Diplomacy of the Great War, by Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

A GOOD book is often ruined by a bad title. This book by Arthur Bullard risks such fate. Offhand, the title seems to imply a discussion of the Blue and Green and Orange papers. It implies, at any rate, that Mr. Bullard explores the activities of the diplomats in relation to this war. The general public knows what to do with such a book. It will fight shy of it. Diplomacy was a sorry spectacle at the outbreak of the war, and the public is bored with its confused memory of it. A small class may go deeper. It may read Mr. Bullard in the hope of a new and special examination. But this class will in turn be disappointed. Mr. Bullard's book is neither an account nor an exploration of the diplomacy of the great war.

What has happened in Europe since 1878? That is the sole subject of the first part of this book. It is a general and deliberately elementary survey of international relations since the Congress of Berlin. Once a man is orientated on this subject a recapitulation like Mr. Bullard's can hardly be worth his while. But it is not everyone who has found his bearings in European politics. It is not everyone who is even broadly informed as to the internal and external conflicts and compromises that preceded this war. The Bosnia-Herzegovina annexation, the Dreyfus affair, the Bagdad railroad enterprise, the Algecirias crisis, to go no further, are by no means matters of universal knowledge. Back of Mr. Bullard's inadequate title, then, there is this general survey. It is the first admirable feature of a valuable book.

If a man is orientated on any subject he expects a new book to make a "contribution." He expects an author, that is to say, to carry on the discussion beyond the points he has already grasped. This is a fair criterion to apply to authors frankly "editorial" in intention. But it is no criticism of a survey to say it would be commonplace to some readers. And a virtue of Mr. Bullard's survey is that he handles document and chronicle in a spirit notably fresh and sincere.

There is a great deal of portentous pose about most international commentators. They handle state affairs in public as solemnly as undertakers handle coffins—in public. They try to live up to the be-medalled diplomacy in the mysterious fashion in which they whisper about the quai d'Orsay. Without treating diplomacy as tragi-comic Mr. Bullard writes of it in a manner peculiarly straightforward and simple. He does not affect to be a Yankee at the effete courts of Europe, but he gets at the essence of the issues involved, a candid "man from home." He does not dwell on purely formal diplomacy. He accounts in full and well related detail, for nationalistic, economic and imperial considerations. There may be more expert accounts of European relations from 1878 to 1914. It would be hard to find one more lucidly informative, vivid and concise.

Mr. Bullard's own opinion on this period of European evolution is formulated as follows: "Most European history of the last thirty years could be compressed into two statements:

"The non-Germanic peoples felt that it was not only their right, but their most sacred duty to resist the encroachments of the Deutschum.

"The Germans could not conceive how any but idiots

and perverts could resist the realization of their beneficent and reforming mission."

This quotation may suggest bias. It is an inference, however, not a thesis. And Mr. Bullard is as frank about English, French and American misdemeanors as he is about the German misdemeanor of bullying and mystic conceit.

In the last three sections of his book Mr. Bullard discusses the newer elements in diplomacy, the way they may affect the decision when war is concluded, and our own policy in a world where international issues can be violently joined.

This part of the book is, in a sense, Mr. Bullard's contribution. It is an attempt to show the driving forces behind modern capitalistic states and empires and to plead the advantages of a more democratic control of foreign affairs. So far as the analysis is concerned, it is suggestive. Mr. Bullard shows how strategical considerations, as well as economic and ethnological considerations, come in to complicate and even warp pacific aspiration. He quotes a German settler at Hong-Kong very illuminatingly as to the tactics employed by a rival empire, and he presents both sides of the argument for colonial expansion and control. How peace may be durable, rather than a brief international armistice, is discussed with reference to the possibility of German victory as well as Ally victory; and wise emphasis is laid on the part that public opinion and publicity will play.

The opinionative section of this book, especially in regard to our war policy, is built on unstable foundations. Events have shifted too quickly to leave it four-square. But a spirit like Mr. Bullard's, one so patient with diplomats while critical of diplomacies, works valuably even with insufficient data. And his shrewdness about peace advocates, especially "peace—with victory" advocates, is not the least fine quality in a book that exhibits fine and enduring qualities throughout.

F. H.

Shade and Sun

Dead Souls, by Nikolai Gogol. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25 net.

NOT all Russians are saturated with an immense and passionate pessimism. Neither are all Russian novels depressing. To realize this it is only necessary to read "Dead Souls," which as Mr. Stephen Graham emphasizes in his introduction, is the most characteristically national novel of them all. Gogol was born in the beautiful frontier country of Ukraine—Little Russia. His early years were watched over by a grandfather profoundly interested in the traditional literature of his race. From the high school of Poltava, Gogol in 1829, at the age of twenty, went to St. Petersburg to look for work. At first he tried to go on the stage, but the director of the imperial theaters promptly decided that Gogol was no actor. Then he fell in love with a youthful widow, who failed to give him any encouragement. On the point of setting out for abroad, he made the melancholy discovery that he had not enough money to pay the expenses of his projected journey, and was forced to return to the capital. After a period of privations he obtained a small government clerkship, where he had an ample opportunity to observe officialdom from the inside. This post, however, he soon threw up in disgust, and began to take pupils. But the pupils did not continue to come.

The tide turned in 1831, with the publication of "Eve-