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Many passages in "Why Men Fight" indicate that Mr. Russell is neither omniscient nor entirely consistent. He seems to dispose of incompatibilities easily, and yet to demand radical changes, "if the world is to be saved." He is aware of diplomatic iniquities such as occurred in Persia, and yet he has great hope of super-legal arrangements based on the claimants' force. Granted that he is vulnerable, if not in these in other respects, the fact remains that he has reached the height for large survey of this war. It is not an altitude of rhetoric or evangelical spirit. It is the angle for penetrating vision. He accepts man as he is, nationalism, industrialism, civilization. On that basis, candidly, searchingly, commodiously, he entertains the problem of the war. If he declines to believe that blind patriotic impulses give the answer it is not because he is unpatriotic. There are in himself the deep sources of patriotism. But he cares too much for his country not to remind it of mankind.

F. H.

Skirting the Eternities

The War for the World, by Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

MR. Zangwill has a social function which no other Jew seems able adequately to perform. He can interpret with a singular and arresting brilliance the peculiar phenomena of the Jewish mind. He has caught with the vivid pen of a master that subtle blend of mystery and scepticism which in men like Stahl and Heine and Disraeli has enriched, while it has baffled, a wondering world. It is sheer folly to believe that the Jew is understood by the majority of men. Few of the old antagonisms are dead. Most of the old suspicions linger, like ghosts that seek the privilege of a new embodiment. The traditions of anti-semitism feed on the quarrels of men. Where there is disaster, there also the Jews are bound to suffer. They are somehow different. They may vie with the Hohenzollern in their love for Germany. They may save England from financial disaster. Their intellectual record in Russia, in France, in Italy, may be out of all proportion to their numbers. Still, their presence seems to act as a ferment to discontent. They do not prove capable of assimilation. Though you erect the cross over their graves, they are buried with the thought of Zion in their hearts. They are with their environment but not of it. Their personality has remained even while they have most eagerly striven to discard it.

For twenty-five years Mr. Zangwill has been interpreting this strange people to us. There is no aspect of them he has neglected, as there is no aspect his art has not enriched. He has come to their interpretation with the sympathy and understanding that is born of kinship. The pen that has described their lives has written in letters of their own blood. No one has unraveled with the same skill the tender ironies of Heine, the lofty eternalism of Spinoza, the mystic scepticism of Disraeli. It is through him that we catch the spirit of those old Ghettos where, amidst the crudities of torment and misunderstanding, life was made coeval with thought. It is through him that the secrets of that age-long Hebraic tragedy—a tragedy already old and sublimely given expression when the besotted revels of a goat-feast pointed dimly forward to the Athenian drama—have become a treasured part of the modern soul. His books have enabled us to see that which Rembrandt saw in some of the mightiest of his paintings and left as

the epitome of a history at times too tragic almost for chronicle. It is to this record that Mr. Zangwill's new volume is a precious contribution.

To say that it is about the war is to do it less than justice. The war is but the background upon which has been woven a canvas at times almost epic in its wistful grandeur. What above all stands out are its honesty and its humanity. Here is the charity which has in it all the grace the Greeks gave to that word—the tenderness which neither blames nor pardons but is concerned above all to understand. Mr. Zangwill's book is almost in itself a philosophy. It is the philosophy of that famous rabbi who anticipated the teaching of Christ and found in neighbor-love the secret of peace. Yet it has in it the stern distinction between right and wrong which tradition terms Hebraic. It is, as Huxley pointed out in a famous essay, eminently a philosophy for men. Certainly it was the practice of its precepts which three centuries ago took a boatful of Puritans on a famous pilgrimage. Mr. Zangwill has no doubts of his conclusions. He wants England to win this war. He hates the philosophy of Prussianism. But equally he is concerned unsparingly to condemn the hypocritical morality which finds in England a perfection of the angels. He is anxious, once his choice of causes has been made, to look to its consequences in action. Being in the right does not make of blindness to results a moral virtue. The pilot who has chosen the right course may not for admiration of his rectitude abandon the ship. So Mr. Zangwill devotes himself to the discussion of the three issues which appeal most to him in this crisis—the theory of the state, the freedom of women, and the future of the Jews.

About the first two he has little to say that is new, though what he does say is always well said and wisely. Much of his discussion of feminism, no less than his remarks on the more sinister side of British imperialism, constitute a polemic so powerful in character as to make it almost a duty to read it. But the central point of importance in the volume is undoubtedly its discussion of the Jewish problem. He sets out with a discussion of the Russian situation, and the frankness with which the elements of that monstrous tragedy are considered merits the highest praise. He pricks with the easy mastery of one actually in possession of the facts the eerie bubble we call Mr. Stephen Graham. He shows that from the commencement of the war Russia has sacrificed her Jewish citizens to make a butcher's holiday. Exiled, massacred, persecuted by every degree and kind of brutal malice, at no period of their history has their fate been more unfortunate. In the hospitals and on the field they have fought gallantly without even remote prospect of the recognition of their courage. For the Jew this new Russia is but the old written even more terribly. Every device of the past remains. Professor Milyukov tells us that nothing is to be looked for; Edward Gray could only promise that he would do his best. And meanwhile full rein is given to the freest exercise of the anti-Semitism which led America to deny her alliance to a land stained with innocent blood. Yet it was in this Russia that Mr. Stephen Graham—and Mr. H. G. Wells in his famous six weeks' tour—announced the discovery of Christianity! Verily, it is the Christians who crucify Christ a second time.

If Russia is hopeless, there seems no better hope in Poland. That stepsister of the nations craves her freedom only that she may emulate the zeal of her oppressor. If in Germany and in Rumania emancipation has been technically achieved, that accomplishment is the grim shadow of unreality. One thinks, for example, of Ehrlich, the great



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bacteriologist, and of Liebermann, the most distinguished of Anglo-Saxon scholars, condemned to unimportant posts because of their race. Even France desired to bar the doors of the Academy to Bergson because of a Semitic interpolation in his ancestral series. In England and Italy alone is there any attempt at European equality—and they each have a Jewish population too small to be more than sporadically important. Nor is Jewish emigration to this country on a large scale possible, even if it were desirable. Nothing is more pathetically paradoxical than the Jewish love for the countries that oppress. No people resists more strongly the attempt at expatriation.

There remains the Zionist dream. There is something tremendous in the thought of a rejuvenated Palestine standing to the east as Greece stood to the west two thousand five hundred years ago. The Jews who have given their statesmen to every nation in the world may be trusted to achieve efficient self-governance. A Palestine under British protection might well redress the balance of the centuries. The difficulties, indeed, are immense. The existence of Turkey, the Christian tradition, European Jewish indifference, the divorce between Judaism and Jewish nationality, all these have to be weighed in the balance. It is a big question whether the Jew who has so hardily achieved the cosmopolitan mind can nationally resettle himself in the old groove. It is a question whether the genius of the race is in any widespread fashion suited to the industrial opportunities that Palestine offers. None of these things can be known save by experiment. But it is by experiment that dreams come true.

Mr. Zangwill's book abounds in brilliant writing and flashing epigram. It is written with a full mind and a full heart. Now and again indeed, one is oppressed by a certain parvenu quality, as when he repeats too easily some of the light catchwords about Treitschke who is the German Macaulay, and Hegel whose theory of the state Hobbes anticipated by almost two hundred years. His passionate enthusiasm for the pun degrades more than it elevates his pages—since often enough he is willing to sacrifice the dignity of his subject to the sound of his verbiage. But these, after all, are the faults of manner rather than of substance. This book is a precious possession which will long outlive the war. It is not unworthy of its subject. It sets the perspective of a mighty theme. It never discusses save to illuminate. It touches nothing that it does not adorn.

H. J. L.

Joseph Fels

Joseph Fels: His Life-work, by Mary Fels. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

THE story of Joseph Fels is the story of a great idea which he promoted. In his later years Fels became almost a symbol of the single tax, and it was his money that was always bountiful for the propaganda. The commodity he made was a most useful one, his business sense was strong, and he could scarcely have helped acquiring a fortune. He was a model employer, straining as close to utopia as possible. But he was not content with his capitalism as it was. He had no Carnegian illusions about abolishing exploitation by personal kindness, or solving class conflict by distributing the largess of Santa Claus. He remains unique as an American millionaire who used his wealth consistently to spread an economic heresy which