

sentence he were a little afraid we might suspect him of forgetting that he and we are in the presence of greatness. His head is thrown somewhat resolutely back, he is determined that his every look at so out-topping a dramatist shall be unmistakably a lifting of his eyes to the hills. In M. Donnay's book there is no strain.

Andrew Lang thought it was a "foul calumny" to say that Molière's wife was the daughter of his mistress. An indignation so shocked and outraged is scarcely to be expected of the man who wrote *L'Autre Danger*. Replying not to Lang, but to a French critic, M. Chardon, M. Donnay asks what right we have to judge Molière? Can we know how it all happened? Perhaps Molière had fallen in love before he found out that Armande Béjart was Madeleine's daughter—in which case, M. Donnay thinks, the discovery came "too late." Was Armande unfaithful to her husband? Well, she was young, Molière was twenty years older, it was springtime in the Ile-de-France, adultery was in the air of Versailles, there was Lulli's music, she had many suitors. If Armande was unfaithful, if she did fall, it was "upon the very handsomest bed of extenuating circumstances." This pervasive indulgence, which comes as easily as wit to M. Donnay, may dispose his American readers to think he has rubbed out the line which divides right from wrong, and there is much in his own plays to deepen the impression on readers who are determined to keep it. But it is a false impression. His morality, although as different from ours as from Molière's own, is all there. He hates egotism and callousness. He loves men and women—especially women—who are considerate of other people, who are imaginative enough to realize how other people feel. His morality consists partly in not giving pain, and partly in understanding, when someone has made us suffer, how the thing happened.

The men and women of gentle will whom M. Donnay has put into his plays express themselves with droll tenderness, with wistful irony, in banter that is somehow exquisite, in wit that runs up and down the scale from esprit facile to wit of the rarest kind. The one right they all have in common is the right to love and to stop loving, the one gift they all share is a gift of speaking with grace. The right to stop loving cannot often be exercised without inflicting wounds, but how much they would like these wounds not to leave scars! How unlike they are to the coarser egotists with whom M. Donnay has surrounded them, and whom he could not have etched more sharply if he had mixed more acid with his blague! There is no ferocity in his caricatures or his satire, but they both bite.

And though his plays are all a good deal alike in moral color, in their rather fatigued knowledge of the world, and in the comic force of their details, though each of them reminds us that dialogue can draw lovely little vignettes without losing the gait of talk, M. Donnay has obviously had the artist's wish not to repeat himself.

Opinions may differ as to whether the form that this wish has taken has had the happiest results. Foreign readers and spectators, at any rate, are not so fond of *La Patronne* and *Paraître*, where social criticism seems to have been intended, as of their predecessors; of *L'Autre Danger*, for example, of which Madame Bartet said that one loves the play as if it were a person; of the later acts of *La Douleureuse* and the first act of *L'Affranchie*; of the *fou rire*—is there an exact equivalent in English?—excited by *La Bascule* and *Education de Prince*. And perhaps the best loved of all M. Donnay's plays is still *Amants*, which M. Bourget has compared to a picture by Watteau, and which has kept its magic fresh through the years, can still make us believe that even on the Paris boulevards one may embark for Cythera, if one does not go alone.

An Imperialistic Tariff

PERHAPS nothing more was to be expected of the Republicans than just such an aggregation of commercial obstructions as the Senate tariff bill represents. They were washed into power on a wave of discontent with the diplomacy and international policies of the Democratic party. Their majority is vast and ill assorted. A good proportion of those who voted the Republican ticket have strong protectionist leanings, no doubt. They expected Congress and the Senate to see to it that the American commercial structure should not be seriously shaken by any dumping policy that might be inaugurated by our European rivals. The tariff-makers in the Senate have interpreted this vague protectionist emotion as a mandate for letting every special interest in the country have just as high protection as it wanted.

Take the agricultural duties, for example. Do these exhibit the least trace of a statecraft which is solicitous of the national interest? They correspond no doubt to the wishes of farmers who are too busy farming to find time to think out the process by which agricultural prices are fixed at a level which does not afford them a living income. The price of corn is too low. They demand a tariff, and the Senate obliges them with a duty of fifteen cents a bushel. The price of wheat is too

low; the Senate offers a duty of thirty cents a bushel. Cattle under 1,050 pounds will pay a duty of a dollar and a half a hundred; cattle of over that weight will pay two dollars a hundred, if the Senate bill becomes law. Fresh beef and veal will pay three and one-half cents a pound; mutton, two and one-half cents; pork three-quarters of a cent. The American farmer is to enjoy exceptional protection in his reindeer production—four cents a pound. By some oversight no adequate provision is made for the protection of the producers of musk oxen, yaks, and zebus. They will have to content themselves with the twenty percent ad valorem applied to "other meats."

Is there any real question as to how these duties will operate? Take the fine of fifteen cents a bushel for bringing in corn. Who would bring in corn and from where? As it stands that duty is the purest delusion in the whole schedule. The thirty cents on wheat is not a delusion, but something worse. It will keep Canadian wheat from crossing the border and being milled in appropriate mixture with our own wheat. It will harass and injure a limited body of Canadian wheat growers who live in transportation pockets opening only into our territory. But it will not raise the general price in the United States nor depress the Canadian price, because both prices are directly related to the British market and will continue to be so as long as we produce a surplus for export. Farthest from being innocuous are the meat duties. They will enable the packers to charge higher prices in the local markets. Beef from Canada and the Argentine, mutton from Canada and New Zealand will be kept off the seaboard markets, to the considerable relief of the packers. But this beef and mutton will still be produced and sold in the European markets, where our own packers will have to sell their surplus for what they can get. And what they can get for their surplus will determine pretty accurately what they will have to pay the farmer for live animals.

A high price at home and a low price abroad for surplus exports—that is the regime that the agricultural duties will usher in. The regime is one whose benefits always go to those who hold a monopoly position—the packer, the middleman, but never the farmer. The same regime is aimed at in the industrial duties. We are to have increased duties all along the line on iron and steel products. To keep out iron and steel wares produced abroad at lower costs? There are very few iron and steel wares that cannot be produced more cheaply here than anywhere else. Our iron and steel manufacturers were able to meet British and German competition before the war. They are better able to do so now, since in both England

and Germany the productiveness of labor is lower, relatively to wages, than it was before the war. The duties are not needed to insure our producers their control over the domestic market. All that they are needed for is to make possible high prices at home in America and cut throat prices abroad.

The war has left our industrial rivals battered and anaemic. Is it strange that our industrial leaders should find this a favorable occasion to go out after the commercial hegemony of the world? We have the greater part of the world's financial resources. We have an unlimited supply of what is the cheapest labor in the world, when efficiency is taken into account. If our manufacturers can pursue the policy of selling at a loss in every foreign market where our rivals appear to be making progress, why can we not eventually rule the world industrially? Our manufacturers can afford to sell at a loss abroad, provided they are enabled to charge monopoly prices at home. And that is what the present plans of the Republicans would enable them to do.

As for ordinary Americans, the employees in commerce and industry, the farmers, and the small shopkeepers—what will they get out of the policy of commercial imperialism? They will get the bills. They will also get a contingent claim upon the fruits of the national hostilities that will arise when "Made in America" has come to stand as a symbol for monopoly and sharp practice. Or they would, if any such scheme of commercial imperialism could long survive. It cannot. So long as the tariff is being debated in Congress only the prospective beneficiaries take any real interest in it. After it becomes law the average voter will discover that the new shoe pinches him frightfully. And he will have something to say about the length of time he will wear it.

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Boston

I. What Has Happened to Her?

THE city of Boston, which is in Massachusetts, has secured the spotlight of national attention a number of times in the past few years. Almost every time the news about her which has broken out in a front-page rash in the newspapers has been of a sort unfavorable to her reputation as a community.

To begin with what Mr. Average American regards as the worst of her blemishes, there was the police strike. Surely, says the non-Bostonian reader, when the guardians of law and order abandon the city to its fate—no matter how legitimate their grievance—the foundations of the community are shaken. Then there was Ponzi and his home-blown Mississippi bubble; who would have dreamed that the land of the close-fisted Puritan could produce a generation capable of being so easily gulled out of its painfully-acquired savings?

A little earlier, the news borne down by the north-east wind from Boston was of Orgies. . . . It seems that the Bostonian, instead of spending his evenings sitting close behind the Lowell pew at Lowell Institute lectures, turns his attention to Orgies in Road-houses, reached by Joy-rides in Limousines. Astonishing! But before the Orgies have even ceased to reverberate inside our heads, they have turned up in court as one incident in a scandal of even more gorgeous proportions. One discovers that the whole administration of justice in Boston is under suspicion because of a system of wholesale graft built up around the offices of the several district attorneys within the metropolitan area. People have been paying money to have cases against them dropped; and sometimes these cases had been trumped up for that very purpose. First one district attorney, then another, is under charges of mis-, mal- and nonfeasance; the fight splits the town down the middle and the headline reader notes that it has become an even chance whether the grafting ring will be turned out, or will itself triumph over the forces of law and order. The attorney-general of the state is indicted (though it must be said that no one takes his indictment very seriously). Finally, in a municipal election a man unanimously opposed by all the professional Respectables, and many of the Disrespectables, is elected mayor—a man with a prison record—albeit, a record some distance back in his youth.

These things happening in Philadelphia or New York or Chicago would perhaps hardly seem a phenomenon of any great moment. But the na-

tion is genuinely shocked to find them occurring in the home of Puritanism, the cradle in America of that Anglo-Saxon tradition which is still the backbone of our culture. Therefore, the question becomes pertinent: What has happened to Boston? Is she in her old age sowing the wild oats for which she had not time in her busy, prosperous and psalm-singing youth? Or has she developed a new decay, some novel municipal disease, the taint of which may be expected ere long in other communities?

It should be said at once that two explanations of their city are offered by Bostonians. The first, which is interesting but too broad for the scope of a journalistic inquiry, is that Boston is sharing in a nationwide retrogression in civic morality, induced by a variety of causes. The second thesis, and the one with which we shall concern ourselves in this series of articles, is that the particular factor in Boston accounting for the present state of her circumstances, is the Irish.

For a hundred years, immigrants have been coming to Boston from Ireland. As a result of this migration, which reached its flood during the period after the Civil War and has now dwindled away to nothing, the Irish are by far the most important racial element in the city. Not only do they greatly outnumber any other alien stock, but within the corporate limits of Boston proper, they much exceed in numbers the Yankees themselves (many of whom, though they do business in Boston, have their homes in outlying suburbs and thereby lose their votes).

The Yankee Bostonian flatly attributes what he calls (with equal flatness) the decay of Boston's public morals, to control by the Irish. The latter dominate municipal politics to such an extent that when the sons of the Puritans decide to enter the lists against them, the process consists in selecting the least undesirable Irish candidate and trying to break the ranks of his countrymen. The most race conscious inhabitants of the Back Bay will admit that they know plenty of Irishmen who are the finest of fellows, and that scallawags sometimes occur among the Yankees. Nevertheless, they stick to their thesis that if the Irish had never come, it is fair to suppose that the tone of the city would be as it was from 1620 to 1820; in other words, altogether desirable.

As for the Irish side of the story, it is difficult to get them to express it with the concrete specifications which the Anglo-Saxons readily produce. The suppressed minority is always more vocal than