

failed to set forth clearly and fully what he has *not* attempted or claimed. Moreover, if Mr. Lippmann will consult the Oxford Dictionary he will find that the word "interpretation," in its origins and usage, does not necessarily call for the absolutely exhaustive requirements which he imposes on all that employ it. Cause, effect and totality are terrible words!

Mr. Lippmann asks me to explain "how" economics "determines" politics. The word "how" is a vague word, it is rhetorical when applied to human relationships. I have personally tried to avoid the use of the word "determine" as too mechanistic. I sometimes quote other authors who use it. Daniel Webster and Karl Marx used it, but I think wrongly. As to "how" economics even influences politics, I cannot make answer, any more than the physicist can explain "how" a dynamo makes electricity.

The truth is, as William James said, anyone who tries to think his way all through any subject runs into metaphysics. Metaphysically speaking, so-called economic interpretation is as bankrupt as the output of any other school of thought. It cannot answer any of the important questions about "how" and "why". I do not think that economics determines or even explains politics in the philosophic sense. Neither does anything else that I have yet stumbled across in this vale of tears. I venture the opinion that Mr. Lippmann is too impatient with imperfection, inconclusiveness, fractions—with the vague and elusive clouds that float between our understanding and infinity. It is to his credit that he should be. Impatience produces new work. Still, he must not be too hard on the old fellows who tried to find total cause and total effect and broke their lances on moonshine.

There is only one point in Mr. Lippmann's fine essay that gave me pain. He thinks of my little book as a "polemic." I hope that all concerned will read my book before accepting his sentence of death. I do not traverse that opinion. I appeal the case.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

New York.

## Magnets

A far look in absorbed eyes, unaware  
Of what some gazer thrills to gather there;  
A happy voice, singing to itself apart,  
That pulses new blood through a listener's heart;  
Old fortitude; and, 'mid an hour of dread,  
The scorn of all odds in a proud young head;—  
These are themselves, and being but what they are,  
Of others' praise or pity have no care,  
Yet still are magnets to another's need.  
Invisibly as wind, blowing stray seed,  
Life breathes on life, though ignorant what it brings,  
And spirit touches spirit on the strings  
Where music is: courage from courage glows  
In secret; shy powers to themselves unclosed;  
And the most solitary hope, that gray  
Patience has sister'd, ripens far away  
In young bosoms. O we have failed and failed,  
And never knew if we or the world ailed,  
Clouded and thwarted; yet perhaps the best  
Of all we do and dream of lives unguessed.

LAWRENCE BINYON.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Michael Collins

**SIR:** Having read your editorial comment on the death of Michael Collins, I am moved to ask how under the high heavens you feel justified in placing his blood on the head of De Valera. Even though the vote in the Dail showed a slight majority in favor of the treaty, it was a matter of public knowledge, freely commented on in the public press and frankly admitted by even those who voted for the treaty themselves, that they so voted because of Lloyd George's threat of immediate and terrible war on a Cromwellian scale. Neither that vote nor any subsequent act of the Dail authorized Griffith and Collins to make war on the Republicans who refused to accept the treaty.

Is it not a fact that the treaty has not yet been passed on by the Irish people? The June election did not decide that, Collins and Griffith having refused an adult register as demanded by the Republicans, whose decision the Republicans stated they would abide by. Is it not a fact that the last act of the Dail was to approve unanimously the coalition agreement between De Valera and Collins, which was an agreement for peace, not for war, and which agreement Collins shortly afterwards broke by making war on the Republic—not at the instance of the Dail or any Irish body, but at the instance of Churchill? And does any sane person believe for a moment that the Irish people would approve or authorize or vote an expenditure of over a million pounds a day to make war on a group of their own people for holding out for what they had been fighting and so freely shedding their blood for during the past years?

Collins did not take his orders from the Dail. He took them from Churchill and Lloyd George—and can you imagine a man with a spark of real honor in his soul bargaining with Churchill and Lloyd George, with their Black and Tan record and the blood shed by them on Irish soil not yet dry, to turn British guns on those very men whose heroism and sacrifices had transformed Collins himself within one short year from "an assassin gunman murderer" with a price on his head, into the "brilliant statesman and patriot" so dear to the hearts of the Churchills, Georges and their ilk? How truly do the poet's words addressed to another generation apply: "Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray."

Yes indeed, Collins's death is a tragedy, but the tragedy lies in the fact that he learned to betray, that with his fine natural gifts he should listen to the tempter and become the tool of "Perfidious Albion."

No, Mr. Editor, Collins's blood is on his own head. He made war on his brothers at the instance of the exploiter and he fell a victim to that war.

N. S. FRANCIS.

New York.

## The Men at Leavenworth

**SIR:** During my recent stay in England I was repeatedly asked whether statements in the English press to the effect that political prisoners—wartime prisoners—are still confined in the United States could be true. It seemed almost incredible to English people that these men could still be in prison for expression of opinion only, and under wartime legislation now no longer in force.

Again and again I was humiliated to be obliged to admit that my own country is indeed the only one, of all that were engaged in the world war, that is now in this indefensible position. I use the word "indefensible" advisedly. The government has given no valid or defensible reasons whatever for its action. In writing these words I have in mind the letter sent by Attorney General Daugherty not many months ago in reply to inquiries made on this subject by the Federal Council of Churches. The Council published Mr. Daugherty's letter together with its own findings of *fact* regarding the various statements the letter made (March 11, 1922, Issue Information Service, Federal Council of Churches, 105 East 22nd St., New York).

I have in mind also the practically invariable remark made by all government officials when writing or speaking of the release of these men—that "No one advocating the overthrow of the government by violence will be pardoned." It seems to me about as relevant to continue to repeat this ancient formula in connection with these particular men as it would be to reiterate that "No one addicted to walking on his head will be allowed at large." Many of these men I know personally. I know also that the industrial organization to which practically all of

them belong is concerned exclusively with industry and is not even interested in the overthrow of any government whatsoever.

It would be amusing, were it not for the tragedy that it connotes, to hear men who hold positions of high responsibility talk in this way, as if they were entirely ignorant of the fact, well known to people at large—apparently well known to thinking, intelligent people even on the other side of the world—that every one of these political prisoners has been legally and completely cleared of *all* the preposterous charges made against them during wartime hysteria, that they are now in prison solely for *opinions*, and that none of these opinions have anything to do with violence in any degree or direction, or with the overthrow of any government.

Someone should inform all government officials of these facts so that they will not continue to make so serious a blunder in public any longer. I should not of course like to believe that they already know the facts and yet continue to harp on this ludicrous formula disingenuously. I should much rather give them all the benefit of the doubt. No honest government has any need to be intolerant. There is no agitator like injustice.

Has not the time come for all of us, regardless of church or political affiliations, regardless of the demands of our own personal affairs, regardless of every consideration except that of the plain justice of this matter—the inalienable human rights involved, the sheer humanity at stake—to take our stand definitely, emphatically, unequivocally, in behalf of these men in Leavenworth who are standing so courageously by their principles and their consciences, in the face of such odds? These men are bearing the brunt of the impetus toward intolerance and repression begotten by the war and are upholding the best traditions of American manhood, laying the foundation for a more truly American conception of freedom, a freedom that is worthy the name.

Surely too few of us, in the churches especially, are bearing our share of this burden, this work of foundation building. These men are living true to their ideals at the cost, literally, of their lives. How many of us are doing anything like this for the ideals we profess to hold supreme? How many of us can measure up in courage, in sheer honesty of purpose, in *faith*, with these men who are giving their lives in the full knowledge that for them individually there is everything to lose and nothing to gain, that no advantage can possibly accrue to them, personally? They are true to their ideals in the hope that "the children of the future" may find a better world to live in.

If any one who reads this does not yet know all the facts—the whole truth—about these men, I shall be glad to send the information I have, if letters are addressed to me in care of the New Republic. I feel indeed that the political prisoner situation as a whole is one of the very gravest issues that confront us today, and that we should all, especially we in the churches, make it our definite and serious concern to inform ourselves fully regarding it in all its bearings.

New York.

RICHARD W. HOGUE.

## The Stadium at the University of California

**SIR:** Your consistent stand against autocracy emboldens me to present to you the questions involved in the building of the stadium at the University of California. The whole story is bad enough, but when registration fees offered by a student are refused by the officials of a state supported institution until she shall have paid up the installment of the subscription due on her stadium pledge, it is time that the whole country should know what the "biggest" university is about.

The methods used in raising the million dollars for the stadium were the source of much scandal. All the shocking methods of coercion used during the wartime drives were in evidence, and the most disheartening feature of the drive was the attitude of a member of the faculty—full professor and dean—who was most truculent and blustering about the meaning of "California spirit," i. e., a stadium subscription. The Stanford football authorities were outraged when they learned that at the last game the California tickets had been refused to those who would not pay a ten dollar subscription to the stadium. This resulted in one large section of the Stanford stadium being vacant though there was a shortage of tickets for the Stanford demand.

In consequence of these tactics, many a girl or boy working his way through college or dependent on help from homes in moderate circumstances, was made so uncomfortable that pledge

cards were signed simply to avoid odium. The excuse which the comptroller's office offers for refusing to accept registration fees without payment of the stadium pledge, namely that there is a rule refusing registration to such students as have unpaid bills in town, is stretching an excellent provision to cover a very different situation.

The choice of the location for the stadium raised further difficulties. It was announced that it would be placed in Strawberry canyon, a very beautiful part of the campus near which were homes owned for the most part by members of the faculty or by people of simple tastes who appreciated the beauty and quiet of the university grounds. The comptroller of the university, speaking before the state board of control at the time of the making of the annual budget, declared that university property should never be used for what was after all purely a commercial enterprise. With this understanding money was appropriated for additional grounds.

In spite of this assurance, the stadium is to be placed upon university property in a location of long established homes whose owners will have absolutely no redress against the nuisance of a semi-public ball park, except giving up their houses and moving away. This has already been done by Professor Henry Rieber, the beloved professor of logic, who resigned as a protest, when he learned that without a word of consultation with the faculty or those most closely concerned, the football authorities had been able to win over the regents of the university into allowing this use of the too crowded campus.

Incidentally it is interesting to note that practically every scientific society in California protested against the use of this particular canyon for a stadium. It happens to be very rich in local flora and birds, and is used as a sort of field laboratory by the professors of various scientific branches—but what is science as compared with football in an institution of what Veblen calls "the higher learning?"

It is hoped that this last outrage which uses the forces of a state university to collect a "debt of honor" will bring some awakening to the dangers of autocracy to the people of the state, but the tremendous power wielded by those men who are on the board of regents and who represent every money and business interest in the state makes even this hope rather a despairing one.

A. R. L.

Berkeley, California.

## Unnatural History

**SIR:** "Great grizzlies hunch their bulk up scaly pines";—Frank Ernest Hill: Black Magic, in the New Republic, September 6, 1922. Tree climbing is rightly associated with grizzlies; they themselves do not climb. Mr. Hill has discovered the one way to tree a grizzly—black art.

By some similar process, I suppose, Felix Timmermans, in a story in The Dial for last April, set lilacs, violets, roses and sunflowers all blooming in the gardens on the same spring day. And in the May number of the same magazine D. H. Lawrence writes in The Fox: "But there was an almost satirical flicker in March's big, dark eyes as she looked at her three-toed flock pottering about under her gaze." Witch-work, surely, the loss of that fourth toe. And both author and heroine made a mystery of the feeble health of the flock.

E. F. PIPER.

Iowa City, Iowa.

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# The New REPUBLIC

## Fall Literary Supplement

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### The Adolescence of Clio

*An Introduction to the History of History, by James T. Shotwell. New York: Columbia University Press. \$4.00.*

THE historian is presumably interested far beyond all other members of the human tribe in problems of genesis and development. Yet historians have exhibited a strangely non-historical attitude towards their own subject, as is witnessed by the fact that there is not at this late date a single work in any language giving a comprehensive account of the development of the science and literature of history. There are some excellent monographs on special periods of the development of history, such as those by Olmstead, Bury, Peter, Wattenbach, Fueter, Flint and Gooch, but there exists no adequate general account of the growth of historiography as a whole and a unity. This strange situation is not due to the fact that historians have deliberately avoided the task or minimized its importance, but rather because the preparation of a history of historical writing would have involved exhibiting an interest in the history of thought and culture and would have required some considerable degree of reflection and analysis. Not only have such interests and such a mode of mental exertion been repugnant to the respectable historians since Ranke, Stubbs and Freeman, but absorption in such a subject as the history of history would have required a complete deviation from concern with the acceptable and highly esteemed subject-matter of approved historical writing—military episodes, dynastic changes, diplomatic entanglements, party alignments and mutations, and anecdotes concerning distinguished gentlemen in the rôles of generals, diplomats, pirates, robber-barons, tyrants, political grafters and plutocratic practitioners of Machtpolitik.

Yet nothing is more needed as an aid to the historian than a competent account of the development of the science of history, in order that one may have a proper sense of the nature, problems and difficulties of his subject and an adequate appreciation of the superior nature of modern historiography. Nothing could more surely indicate the need for a history of history than the fact that a former

president of the American Historical Association in his presidential address maintained the thesis that Thucydides and Tacitus were not only relatively but absolutely the greatest of all historians, or the attitude of another distinguished American professor who closed his course on modern European history with the events of December 31, 1869, on the ground that no one could write or teach reliable history concerning events falling within his own generation, and who yet contended time and again that Thucydides and Tacitus, both strictly historians of contemporary events, far surpassed all modern devotees of Clio.

The proper person to prepare the most useful sort of a history is not a philologist or an ultra-critical specialist in textual or literary criticism, but rather one who has an unusual grasp upon the history of human thought and culture in general, who has real powers of philosophic analysis, who is informed with respect to the methods and results of the allied social sciences, and who is thoroughly acquainted with, and appreciative of, the latest tendencies and developments in his own science of history. Fairly adequate accounts of the historical writings of particular epochs and areas are already available; what is now needed is a person of the critical and synthetic power to weld these monographic contributions into a coherent and unified whole. Such qualifications are possessed by Professor Shotwell to a degree not surpassed by any other living historian and equalled by very few. He has been one of the leaders in the development of an interest in the history of thought and culture; his philosophic grasp is so well recognized that one of his colleagues once remarked that his greatest service lay in keeping the department in touch with the cosmic processes; he is almost unrivalled among historians in his knowledge of the social sciences as a group; and he has been second only to Professor James Harvey Robinson as a protagonist of the newer history in this country. As editor-in-chief of the great Carnegie Endowment Social and Economic History of the World War he is in charge of incomparably the most extensive historical enterprise ever undertaken—one which makes Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War seem like the work of a puny and primitive amateur by comparison. From such a per-