

Who has the power to liberate us so long as we are turned round and round in the whirlpool of caste, religious conflict, and foolish superstition? No nation can obtain deliverance from a woeful plight by strength of votes and the hair-splitting calculation of the respective rights of its constituent parts. A people, the foundation of whose society is full of cracks owing to internal strife and restrictions; who go about carrying heaps of refuse in their almanacs; who, with minds devoid of discrimination because of ignorance, rush to wash away their sins in particular waters at particular auspicious moments; who fondly cherish the self-abasement of their intellects and powers in the name of infallible scripture—such a people can never permanently and with depth of realization keep up that *sadbana*, that strenuous endeavor, which can sever the bonds of inner and outer servitude to others and can preserve with steadfast strength the heavy responsibilities of freedom against the onslaughts of all enemies.

It must be borne in mind that the supreme test of manhood lies in battling against inner enemies; heroism of such high quality is not required in fighting external foes. He whom we honor to-day has victoriously stood this test. If the country does not accept from him the *sadbana* for obtaining victory in that hard fight, then all our eulogies of him and all our festive preparations are in vain. Our *sadbana* has only just begun; the path, beset with dangers and difficulties, lies ahead.

#### INTERVIEWING ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

Translated from the *Neue-Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

‘MY BOOK on the United States has been called the best piece of reporting that has been done in our century.’ With these words Professor Siegfried began his conversation with your correspondent. He continued as follows:—

‘This apparently frivolous piece of praise brought me greater pleasure than anything else that was said about the book. Of course, I equip myself completely for any work I undertake and have all the necessary apparatus. Nevertheless, I write like a reporter, describing actual conditions and my own experiences. I travel, I keep my eyes open, I talk to people and form my philosophy from what I hear on the street. Every one of my books, like any piece of reporting, is the fruit of my own travels.

‘My father,’ Siegfried continued, ‘had a cotton business in Havre, and since he was an Alsatian he stood halfway between France and Germany. He wanted his sons to have an opportunity to travel all over the world before they went to work. By the time I was twenty-three I had visited all five continents and had spent a whole year in the United States and in Australia. But my father had long been active in politics and wanted me to embark on a political career. I therefore said good-bye to my writings and travels and at the age of twenty-five made my political début by contesting a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies. I was defeated. One

needs special qualities to be chosen a deputy, and I did not seem to possess them, since I was beaten at every subsequent election. Nevertheless, I devoted ten years of my life to politics. My experiences have been written down in a book that had no public success but that was perhaps my most interesting work—a psychological study of the French voter and politician. It was written just before the War broke out.

In 1918 I revisited Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States on a political mission. Six years later my book on England was published, and it was followed by my book on America and then by my last book, on the present English crisis. In that book I asserted that the idea of democracy—and this is the essence of all my thought—is a very different thing in Latin and in Anglo-Saxon countries. This difference accounts for the historic, political, and economic development of various nations, each of which has its own conception of economics. The inhabitant of the south regards wealth and possessions as something static. The northerner regards them as something dynamic. The southerner sees in the property that he has amassed a positive possession that is to be conserved and not risked, since once it has been reapportioned he can never get his hands on it again. The northerner visualizes wealth as something that develops of itself, that constantly creates more wealth and must therefore be risked, something that may be lost every day because every day it can be won back again. The northern conception is that of the optimistic young man who scatters his money freely because he sees all of life stretching out before him; the southern conception is that of the mature man who holds on to his money and adds to it with foresight and care. The latter is the French, Italian, or Spanish (but not the Neapolitan or Andalusian) conception. The American, Canadian, and New Zealand conceptions and even the English and Prussian conceptions are youthful and dynamic, but old Vienna, although it is inhabited by Germans, has a conservative point of view more like our own, for, like us, the Austrians are an old people. For there are such things as old and young nations and one should never make mistakes about a nation's age. Some nations, however, deceive themselves on this score and feel younger than they really are.

**D**URING the past year my book on the English crisis was sharply criticized in France as well as in England because I prophesied the collapse of the pound a year ago, when no one believed it would occur. Yet anyone with eyes in his head could have seen it coming. The English balance of trade had been unfavorable for years because England was acting like a young nation although it was really old. It was not holding on to its wealth but was living beyond its means in a spirit of youthful optimism, indeed, of a most excessive optimism, because after five years of war it thought it could at once return to normal conditions. But such a thing was quite impossible. A nation that has taken an active part in a war cannot return

to a normal way of life without undergoing a radical change. The English crisis is particularly serious because the English have made the grave mistake of regarding themselves as the only nation able to sell goods abroad. But this belief no longer holds water now that other continents have become industrialized in the natural course of affairs: first America, then Asia,—through Japan, Russia, and India,—and finally Australia and Africa. To-day all these continents produce industrial goods and purchase raw materials. In consequence, the economic system that had been built up on a different principle had to collapse. Indeed, all antiquated economic systems must end in this way, systems that with eternally youthful optimism assume the survival of a nonexisting world market and are dependent on the wealth that once flowed in so easily from abroad.

'It has often been said that we are not facing a crisis of production but a crisis of consumption. To me, however, it seems that overproduction and underconsumption are merely a play on words. The crisis was undoubtedly due to the fact that during the War all states became impoverished but refused to recognize it. Although we are poor we are still living as if we were rich. Immediately after the War the necessity of replacing the property that had been destroyed caused a tremendous increase in production. This passing phenomenon led us into error. We embarked on an utterly false social policy of extending too much credit for speculation. In a word, we lived beyond our means.

'Events took their revenge. I therefore utterly oppose trying to overcome the crisis by granting new credits. Consumption should not be increased. The thing to do is to decrease production. The way out of the crisis is not to be sought through new financial measures, but through returning to sensible economy. We should buy with real money, content ourselves with a small profit, and reckon with things as they are. It is not genius that we need, but economic honesty.

'But it is another question whether the world can follow this wise advice. Overcome by anxiety, people are talking about the collapse of the capitalist system, although there is no question of any such thing's occurring. The trouble is that the capitalist system is being hindered in every possible way from functioning properly. It functions badly because people try to prevent it from functioning at all. Capitalism grew out of democracy and, as a natural system, has the property of regulating itself automatically according to the iron law of supply and demand. When a purely capitalist system is in the grip of a crisis, the weakest elements collapse, that is to say, purchasers without purchasing power and producers without capital funds. Whereupon supply and demand again find their natural balance and wages and prices return to their natural level. But the present crisis is being prevented from correcting itself in this way by the social policy of fixing wages and prices. Democracy, which in its early days brought forth capitalism, has changed since that time. It has outgrown its own creation and has turned against it.'

Here is a hitherto unpublished short story by the late Arthur Schnitzler of Vienna. It is said to have been written in the neighborhood of the year 1900.

# Charity's REWARD

By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*  
Vienna Conservative Daily

HE WAS walking as fast as he could, sometimes even breaking into a run, but it did no good. He kept getting colder and colder. Snow had been falling since nightfall and the street lamps were lit. What was he to do next? He could not buy another drink because he had spent his last two hellers that afternoon for a cup of coffee, and he was hungry from having run up and down stairs all day. A week ago, when the first deceptive breath of spring was in the air, he had sold his heavy overcoat, but now winter seemed to have returned to add itself to all his other miseries.

The street grew wider. Franz found himself opposite a big building with lights on the outside and with big windows from which more light was pouring. An unbroken line of carriages moved slowly past the door. People were getting out of them and others were arriving on foot, wearing their coat collars turned up around their necks. Franz knew that this was the Sophiensaal. A big fellow was running up and down, opening the doors of the

carriages and receiving tips from the people who got out. The sight filled Franz with envy. If he could only make up his mind to do the same thing, but it would be begging and he was a registered student in the university. He remembered bitterly a few months ago, when he had been almost as desperate as he was to-day, going to a students' aid society and standing in line with thirty or forty others in a big anteroom. Finally, he was handed a few coins by a gentleman with spectacles at a green-topped table, and when he tried to express his thanks the man said, 'All right, get a move on. Next!' and showed him the door.

A young man and woman walked by him eating roast chestnuts and laughing as if there was something funny about their being able to eat while others went hungry. The smell of the chestnuts intoxicated him. How he would like to have seized the warm, fragrant nuts away from them, but he knew that he lacked the courage to do so. He therefore ground his teeth with rage as he thought how hunger had