NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the New Age were published for a thousand years, and on each word contained in it a sovereign were placed, the sum total of the millennium would be about equal to the amount now being annually spent by the State. This, we are aware, does not make the cost of the war any the more comprehensible; but it does, perhaps, enable us to realise how incomprehensible it is. As a matter of fact, nobody is in a position to deal as a master with the unimaginable amounts involved. From two to three, from three to five millions a day the cost of the war has risen; and no Committee of Economy nor any Society of Accountants can do much to regulate or even to reckon it. All we can do is to apply to the unbelievable bulk the principles we apply to the sums within our compass, in the belief that what is true of the part will prove to be true of the whole. Upon no other plan, indeed, is it either safe or even possible to proceed. To give up every maxim we have followed in our daily economics upon the plea that the sums incurred by the war are beyond computation is to abandon ourselves to lunacy. And, on the other hand, we ought not to be deluded into believing that of such indefinite sums anybody—even the mysterious City—has any better understanding than the humblest citizen who keeps his household accounts. * * *

Impossible as it may be to realise the amount of five millions a day, it is obvious that even the stupidest of Governments could not continue indefinitely spending at that rate without occasionally wondering where the money was to come from. And in the end it could not but be obvious that its resources are no more than three in number: borrowing, taxing, and taking. But these, again, presuppose that money, or the equivalent of money, should exist somewhere; and thus it came about that the Government began to look to the capital, the production and the consumption of the population composing its subjects. Now the capital of the United Kingdom, we are told, is some sixteen thousand million pounds, or enough to enable us to carry on war at the present rate for eight years. Our annual income is two thousand millions, which is roughly the cost of the war as well; and our annual expenditure has hitherto been about sixteen hundred millions, enabling us to save about four hundred millions a year. So much for the normal situation. But the situation, it is all too clear, is not normal; and these figures must be revised in the light of war. Capital values, we may suppose, remain much about the same; but, on the one hand, not only is production considerably reduced by the withdrawal of men from industry to war and from real production to war-production; but, on the other hand, consumption has increased as well; with this general total effect that on current account we are making a tremendous annual loss, which can be met in one of only two ways—by confiscating capital or by borrowing on credit. We know what, in fact, the Government has hitherto done. In the way of confiscation (euphemistically called taxation) it has done, on the whole, very little indeed. A national expenditure of two thousand millions a year has been decupled while taxes have been only doubled. In the way of borrowing on credit, our fresh loans amount now to twelve hundred millions, and after another year of war will amount to nearly three thousand millions. But how long can this policy of borrowing be continued? There is, after all, a limit to the amount the State can safely undertake to repay at the cost of the coming generations. Even if the capital value of the United Kingdom were loaned to the State, could the State safely undertake to repay at the cost of the coming generations? It assuredly could not. We conclude, therefore, that if the war continues, some other means than confiscating capital or by borrowing on credit. We know what, in fact, the Government has hitherto done. In the way of confiscation (euphemistically called taxation) it has done, on the whole, very little indeed. A national expenditure of two thousand millions a year has been decupled while taxes have been only doubled. In the way of borrowing on credit, our fresh loans amount now to twelve hundred millions, and after another year of war will amount to nearly three thousand millions. But how long can this policy of borrowing be continued? There is, after all, a limit to the amount the State can safely undertake to repay at the cost of the coming generations. Even if the capital value of the United Kingdom were loaned to the State, could the State safely saddle the public with a debt so colossal that the interest on it alone would equal our annual national production? It assuredly could not. We conclude, therefore, that if the war continues, some other means than that of borrowing will have to be found of defraying its cost. One or two more dips into the future and the patience of posterity will be exhausted. There remain only the outright confiscation of capital or a general reduction of consumption coupled with an increase of production. Let us consider these in turn. * * *

Forewarned of the approaching end to the policy of loans, the Government has for some months applied itself, though without much vigour or intelligence, to the double task of increasing production, on the one hand, and of reducing consumption on the other. In the matter of Production its efforts cannot be said to
have amounted to much. It is handicapped, indeed, by several circumstances. In the first place, the assumed need to enrol a Continental military army has reduced production at a much greater rate than production has been increased by the importation of fresh labour, mostly women, into industry. In the second place, the traditional laissez-faire doctrine of the criminal governing classes has prevented the application of national organisation to the prime industry of agriculture. And, in the third place, the invertebrate profiteering habits of the nation still allow the most extravagant forms of production to absorb labour without creating wealth. What can be expected of a policy inspired by such errors as these? You would have supposed that, in view of the drain made upon labour-power by the creation of a vast military army, the utmost pains would be taken to economise the labour that was left, and to organise and apply it in the industries least indispensable to a nation at war. On the contrary, both the organisation and the distribution have been left to the usual irresponsible, individualist forces that make England a Bedlam even in times of peace. At this moment no register exists which distinguishes necessary from superfluous trades; and employers may still engage labour on behalf of production that is a disgrace as well as a waste. Of organisation let agriculture speak. Only one-sixth of the land on the country is under tillage; and not only by public acre will this amount be increased while the farmers and landowners have private control of it. Lord Selborne may wear his knees to the bone in prayer to the farmers; England may get deeper and deeper into the debt of America for food; but as Professor Smiddy has just said, without compulsion the farmers of the country will be content to let us starve so long as on our hunger their profits are maintained. The outlook for increased production is, it must be said, of the blackest. If we cannot organise agriculture nationally we can organise nothing nationally.

Thus met by a brick wall in its attempt to increase Production, the Government turned to the somewhat more congenial task of attempting to reduce Consumption. As long ago as last June Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law united to inaugurate a campaign for “rigid economy in personal and household expenditure”; and this was supplemented by appeals to public bodies of all kinds to economise, and by mild efforts to diminish consumption that has been the talk of the country. Measured by the returns of imports and exports the consumption of the country has risen rapidly even during the last few months, the disparity against us being much greater between June and September than between March and June. Measured by the shops where the silliest articles of luxury are sold, domestic consumption has increased during the same period likewise. What a madness must have fallen upon the nation, however, to make this extravagance possible in the midst of the most costly war ever fought! Nor does our Press nor do our public men do much to warn the nation of the mistakes it is making. Nor does our Press nor do our public men do much to warn the nation what precisely to buy and what precisely not to buy, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the wretched population is at the mercy of the worst people. Thus we in England shall wake like Rip Van Winkle to discover that not only are we old, but a part of the world has become younger. With our capital diminished, with our opportunities let go by, with late written upon our foreheads, we shall rise from the dream of conjuring Germany to find that a fresh and an even more powerful commercial rival stands now in Germany’s shoes. That is undoubtedly the prospect before us; and we ask our readers to contemplate it without blinking. Can we, it must be asked, meet it with habits such as we have formed, with an organisation such as we possess, and with the ideas still current? Not only do we doubt it ourselves; but the evidence is overwhelming that, without an industrial revolution preceded by a revolution of ideas, and perhaps of revolution, we shall as certainly fail to overcome the new danger as we shall certainly succeed in overcoming the present.

It is disappointing to find that no able, so independent, and so well-informed a set of writers as those responsible for the “Round Table” magazine should bring their horses with a gallop up to the fence we have indicated, and then suddenly stop short in their preparations for the new issue, from which in our “Press Cuttings” of the present New Age we have made some extracts, we learn that the writers of the “Round Table,” like ourselves, foresee industrial weakness in England after the war and ask at pains to devise some remedies. Among them is an appeal on behalf of the State (we presume) for the benevolent interest of workmen in methods of “improved production and scientific management.” And the bait is to be the co-partnership of Labour with Capital. But has the “Round Table” ever considered what the partnership of Labour with Capital would imply to the State, and, hence, to the public? We have seen during the present war what deprivations have been made by Capital and Labour in cooperation; and the partnership of Labour with Capital would imply to the State, and, hence, to the public? What is it but to suggest, however, just this Syndicalism (as we have called it, in contrast with the Syndicalism of Labour alone) to recommend, as the “Round Table” does, the partnership of Capital and Labour? The suggestion is, at any rate, good policy; and its adoption would be fatal. Better far that Syndicalism should prevail than that Syndicalism should come about. Best of all would it be to nationalise Capital, and to charter all Labour to employ it efficiently, Labour in partnership with the State—that is the proper...
enthusiastically in favour of them; but it is the "unsteady men" whose work is in question and in jeopardy. Now, is it a fact that this "unsteady class of worker will produce more in the long run for the public than the steady men," as Lord D'Abernon informed a Trade Union deputation on abolishing the regulations, were enthusiastically in favour of them; but it is the "unsteady men" whose work is in question and in jeopardy. The ninety-and-nine per cent must be trusted to look after themselves. Now, is it a fact that this "unsteady class of worker will produce more in the long run for the public than the steady men," as Lord D'Abernon informed a Trade Union deputation on abolishing the regulations, were enthusiastically in favour of them; but it is the "unsteady men" whose work is in question and in jeopardy. The ninety-and-nine per cent must be trusted to look after themselves. Now, is it a fact that this "unsteady class of worker will produce more in the long run for the public than the steady men," as Lord D'Abernon informed a Trade Union deputation on abolishing the regulations, were enthusiastically in favour of them; but it is the "unsteady men" whose work is in question and in jeopardy.

In truth, however, the attempt to reduce consumption by cutting off this little luxury and that littlesuperfluity is a hopeless task. As Professor Uwrick has observed, it is not an economy here and an economy there that can enable us to meet either the cost of the war itself or the cost of the industrial chaos that must follow the war; but what is needed is "a new scheme of life." We have already suggested more than once that the lesson of the war will not be properly digested until Park Lane is in ruins and Bond Street is in bankruptcy; and this is only the symbol of the transformation in current standards of living that the new circumstances will make imperative. Thousands of people are foregoing some expenditure upon particular items in the belief that, as soon as the war is over, they can resume their old habits; without reckoning that their best course is to forgo their old standard entirely. It is, however, that would produce the greatest results both at once and in the future. We strongly advise our readers who have a sense of economy to reduce the frame-work of their lives in preparation for the period of restriction that is inevitably coming. Let them assume, while it is still not the case, that their effective incomes are reduced by a half; and let them cut their coat according to the new length of cloth. To cherish hopes that, by pinching now, re-expansion will be down upon its welts indeed. The position, if it were not disgusting, would be amusing to contemplate. Here we have a small class of people, the wealthiest ever known in the history of the world, owning between them wealth reckoned modestly at sixteen thousand million pounds. On the other side is a large class with nothing but their labour to live on. And in a war against a national enemy the former small class appeal to the latter class to pay the bill not only with their lives, but with the money they do not possess. At the bar of history, when it comes to be written without class bias, the judgment upon our plutocracy will certainly be severe.

The assumptions of the Government deputation that was met by the small class of people, the wealthiest ever known in the history of the world, owning between them wealth reckoned modestly at sixteen thousand million pounds. On the other side is a large class with nothing but their labour to live on. And in a war against a national enemy the former small class appeal to the latter class to pay the bill not only with their lives, but with the money they do not possess. At the bar of history, when it comes to be written without class bias, the judgment upon our plutocracy will certainly be severe.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

When I wrote in The New Age last week that we were hardly getting a good return for our money from some of our Allies—instance Italy and Russia—I did not necessarily imply that our friends had no good reason for withholding, if only in appearance, certain aid which they could give us. The statement that we are not getting full value for our money certainly holds good; but there is an answer to the criticism. Let us see, so far as Italy is concerned, precisely what the answer is. We know that after the Italian Government decided to take part in the campaign by declaring war on Austria, the Italian newspapers, led by the Milan "Corriere della Sera," which had all along based its views on much broader ground than mere national politics, kept insisting on the necessity for the establishment of an international War Council, on which representatives of the four great Allied Powers—England, France, Russia, and Italy—would be able to meet regularly, exchange views, and arrange their plans of campaign. It is only within the last few weeks, however, that such a Council has been arranged for, despite the fact that the Italians entered the war in May. Yet we may assume that the patriotic Italian newspapers, in demanding a War Council, were not writing without having first assured themselves that their proposal was one commendable by the Government as well as by their own military critics. The need for a proper Council of War was patent even before May; and it is not impossible that the Italian General Staff, which has conducted its campaign against Austria with the utmost efficiency, may have been able to observe mutual moves on the part of the earlier Allies which mutual expressions of opinion might have rendered more efficacious.

If we make this assumption—and there are grounds for it—we shall understand why the Italian newspapers laid such stress upon the importance of an international War Council. The Italians estimate that, by using some eight hundred thousand men, they have been able, merely to keep nearly a million Austrians at bay for nearly seven months, but to advance into very difficult and well-defended territory and to capture many important strategic positions. Even as I write the news comes that Gorizia is very hard pressed; and with the fall of Gorizia the fall of Tolmino must inevitably follow shortly—the two fortresses may be said to hang together. Only one fortress of any considerable strength remains, viz., Malbargetto. In seven months, to express this another way, the Italians, even if they have not advanced very far, have a solid achievement to which they may point. The advance has been held; positions won have not had to be given up. There have been no brilliant feats of arms with a barren ending, as in the case of Loos, or Neuve Chapelle, or the recent French move in the Champagne district. Every step has been planned in advance; and in this respect I happen to know that the Italian General Staff has pleasantly surprised (or disagreeably surprised, as the case may be) the military authorities of other countries.

Considering, then, the successful work of the Italian Army, we shall be able to appreciate the caution displayed by its General Staff in refusing to take part in the Allies' expeditions to the Dardanelles and to Salonika. The Dardanelles expedition was admittedly a gamble—the expression is Mr. Churchill's—and the military authorities at Rome preferred to deal with certainties. Similarly, as the Serbian War Minister and Marshal Putsik have openly said, the Allies' expedition to Macedonia came a couple of weeks too late to save Serbia—the Serbian army and artillery were drawn out of danger by skilful tactics; but Serbia was lost. The relatively slow progress of the Bulgarians towards the south is enough to assure us that the forty thousand French and twenty thousand Austrians hurried to the Balkan front fought well; but sixty thousand Franco-British troops could avail little against a vast force of Bulgarians—some two hundred thousand—led by thoroughly trained German officers and supplied with every requisite in the way of modern artillery that the Krupp works could provide. There is not much doubt that the Allied troops now in the Balkans will be able to effect a fighting retreat to the neighbourhood of the coast, and with the reinforcements now being hurried out they will be able to take the offensive when the weather becomes favourable. Still, that expedition was a gamble, too; and it was a gamble largely because no proper Council existed for the purpose of discussing such gambles before the dice were shaken out of the box. Nor was it necessary for the Council to consist only of representatives of the Great Powers. We know now that the Serbians, feeling some anxiety regarding the attitude about to be assumed by the Sofia Government, wished to take steps to test the neutrality of Bulgaria so far back as last April. The measures advocated by King Peter and his advisers were discountenanced by Great Britain and France—that is, to say, by M. Delcassé, who relied on the fact that his allies, by their treaties engagements with Serbia, and by our own Foreign Office, which assumed that the Bulgarian promises would hold good in fact. But both the Serbians and the Italians distrusted the Bulgarians and the Greeks; and events have shown that the Serbians and the Italians were right, and that France has been taken unawares by the Diplomatic and military shortcomings which failed to prevent finally what could have been averted at an early stage I do not propose to deal for the time being.

While I maintain, then, that it is true to say that we have not been getting good value for our money from Italy, I am well aware that the fault lies to a great extent with ourselves. It might have been generous heroism on the part of the Italians to join us at the Dardanelles; but it would have been wasted heroism. The Italian heart might have sent troops to Salonika a few weeks ago; but the Italian head raised objections which were not without weight. Indeed, if we had consulted the Italian head we should never have found ourselves in our present Balkan dilemma. Nor, again, if we had consulted the Italian General Staff, we should have been at pains to discover maps of Albania in unexpected places—the British Museum, for instance, or the Bibliothèque Nationale. We could have got first-rate modern maps at Rome. It is far from enough to shrug our shoulders and to talk about being taken unawares by the Germans. We were not taken unawares by the Germans. We knew perfectly well that the Germans and the Austrians and the Magyars would fight as one man; and that the German economic grip on the Young Turk Government was quite enough to turn that Government into an active enemy. The New Age emphasised all these factors, and their causes, for more than four years before the war began; and the Maxxes, the Blumenfelds and Northcliffe's apart, there was a large enough number of serious writers among us to emphasise the points raised. It is not that our men should have been sent to the Dardanelles without maps, because they were none; and it is ridiculous that Serbia should have had to share the fate of Belgium and Poland before a proper War Council could be established. The step has been taken at last; but the summer and autumn were necessary for its accomplishment. Father Time may be our ally, but we must not exasperate his feelings.
War Notes.

At the outset of the war the Germans affirmed that our insurmountable difficulty would be the getting of new officers for our new armies. Strange to say, however, our so far insurmountable difficulty has been not this, but the very reverse, namely, the getting rid of our old officers. I do not speak now of the regimental officers, the old regulars, who are soldiers by instinct, but of the Generals and Staff officers under whose care the work has been execrable, and that we owe to its badness the loss of thousands of lives as well as the prolongation of the war. At Neuve Chapelle, at Loos, and at Suvla Bay (where a Staff College Professor was in command), by the common consent of everybody who took part in these engagements, our Staff work was not only bad, it was not far short of a scandal. This is so generally known that one need not go very much into detail about it, but we may consider for a little what happened at Loos. The principal business of a Staff is, of course, to prepare alternative plans, the choice between which is left to the General. A Staff officer is supposed to know so much about the difficulties of each of the plans he has prepared that he is quite unable to make any decision himself. That direct act has to be made by the General. Apart from this pre-battle work, the principal practical work which the Staff has to accomplish in this connection is the organisation of the roads, etc., behind the battle front in such a way that roads are not blocked, that reserves are in positions from which they can be rapidly brought up when required, and that the men can be properly fed after they have advanced. It is in this work that the Germans excel even the French. The bringing up of the reserves on the second day at Neuve Chapelle, for example, was wonderfully managed. This results, as I shall point out later, from the fact that such work in the German army is a specialised career. An officer who specialises in this kind of work devotes himself to that, and to nothing else, almost from the commencement of his life in the army. Now how was this sort of work managed for us at Loos? What happened there is now known almost to everybody. The Germans, having full knowledge of the coming French attack in Champagne, withdrew all their reserves from other parts of the front to meet this coming attack. The result was, of course, that the French were definitely beaten in the second line of trenches and the attack failed to get through. A consequence of this concentration of the German reserves was that, once we had broken through the first line at Loos, we had practically no troops whatever in front of us. Some regiments actually got into Lens itself, while farther north another division got through for miles. Why were these early successes not maintained? Simply on account of atrociously bad Staff work. When the French make an advance, the ground immediately behind them is cleared and the control of certain regiments who act as police. I received a letter the other day from a French cavalry officer who had fulfilled this function in Champagne. At Loos, as the result of inadequate arrangements of this type, all the roads were blocked with traffic of various kinds. The men who had made the first advance were without food, many of them for a couple of days. The arrangements for bringing up reserves went wrong. As for the division farther north which had advanced so far, although there were several bodies of troops which could have been sent up to support them, the authorities chose, of all people, to send a body of Kitchener's New Armies who had just arrived from England, who immediately after detraining marched back in a day and a half practically without stopping, and who were sent up without any additional rations. The result was, of course, that they gave way and the ground gained had to be abandoned. This is one instance among many of the fatal consequences of sending entirely new troops to action, of which Suvla Bay is another example. It is not that new troops are less courageous than old. It is simply that experience has not established in their minds the kind of scale or horizon of what is and what is not bad shelling. I do not wish here to exaggerate the consequences of this atrociously bad Staff work. I do not think that we should have accomplished that almost mythical "breaking through" that so many seem to dream of. But we should, at any rate, have gained a very important stretch of country.

How does it come about that our regimental officers are so good and our Staff so bad? Partly, of course, the old tradition, that our Staff is a place of ease. In the second place, the fact that no army tends towards the extraordinary esprit de corps in a regiment which makes it very difficult for the best men to leave a regiment—the local interests of a regiment interfering with the general interests of the army; then the fact that sufficient distinction is not made between the Administrative and General Staff, which in reality, of course, ought to be entirely different services; the fact that connection with the regiment still has to be kept, a man doing four years on the Staff and then four years back in the regiment again; while a German Staff officer specialises almost as soon as he leaves the military academy, and has nothing to do with regimental life.

One might go on pointing out in detail these differences in system which result in efficient or inefficient Staff officers. But that is not going far enough down to the root of the matter. You get a good system in Germany, a worse system here, from a reasons of a more fundamental difference which I want to point out. The difference is this, that in the case of France and Germany there is an outside pressure which maintains almost automatically a good internal organisation, and that this outside pressure is lacking in the case of England. France and Germany have all the time a problem to face, which ensures the existence of an excellence in the Staff which could never have arisen or had continued existence spontaneously without this pressure. Of its own nature no army tends towards intelligence. The popular view in every country of the army as stupid is not entirely justified, but it is a crude expression of something which has a certain basis of fact, which I have already stated but which I may as well repeat—that the most important quality of excellence in a regimental officer do not produce an environment in which the more civilian and more trained intelligence of the Staff officer is likely to flourish. This natural tendency, as I said, is overcome in France and Germany by the existence of the very serious problem which they both have to face. Both the German and French Staffs have had the advantage during the last forty or fifty years of having their main military problem defined for them by the circumstances of the case. The military problem of Germany was the defeat of France or of France and Russia combined, or,
very doubly, of France and Russia with England as a naval partner. The French military problem was war with Germany. These defined objectives gave to their respective Staffs not only a particular problem to which a solution must be found, but the necessity for a criterion of efficiency in the selection and promotion of Staff-officers. The English Staff, on the other hand, have had no such well-defined objective. War might turn out to be with South Africa, or in India, in Egypt, or anywhere on the globe. The Continent certainly was among the contingent places for the operations of our General Staff; but never as an inevitability, still less as an only inevitability. There did not exist in England that pressing necessity which, as it were, insists on the efficiency of the Staff system, when the social resentment—the desire of one class to get its own way—became more and more evident. Only the Army lacked its problem, and dearly we have paid for it.

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But this special condition of the Army in this country is likely to endure. We are never likely to have the same pressing problem to face that the Continental Powers have. As the outside pressure will probably always be lacking, is our Staff system doomed always, then, to remain inefficient? Cannot some special way be devised for meeting the special situation of this country? I think it can, and in some spirit of satire I offer it here. Let the Army be divided into two parts, a military and a civilian part, or "regimental" and "Staff." The regimental part of our Army is excellent. I have no sympathy whatever with democratic attacks on the Army whose main motive is, in reality, to social resentment—the desire of one class to get its own back on another and more privileged one. So much do I admire our regimental system that I would allow every colonel to do in practice what he now only dreams of—that is, never to allow a good man to leave his regiment, but to keep them together.

Moreover, the Navy has during the last ten years become more and more efficient as its problem became more and more evident. Only the Army lacked its problem, and dearly we have paid for it.

**NORTH STAFFS.**

Let us drink.

"We shall drink to them that sleep."—CAMPBELL.

Yes, I can see you at it, in a room

Well-lit and warm, high-roofed and soft to the tread,

Satiate and briefly mindful of the tomb

With its poor victim of Teutonic lead.

Some unknown notability will rise,

Ridiculously solemn, glass a-brim,

And say: "To our dear brethren in the skies."

Dim all our eyes, all glasses still more dim.

Some unknown notability will rise,

"Life has, of course, good moments—such as this"

(A glass of sherry we should never spare),

But where our brethren are, of course, in bliss—

"Still, we are glad our lot was to return."

Yes, I can see you at it, can see the dead,

Keen-eyed at last for truth, with gentle mirth.

Intent. And, having heard, smiling, they said:

"Strange are our little comrades on the earth."

PRIVATE A. ROBERTSON.

In Memory of British Statesmanship.

Nothing in the phenomena produced by the great war is more disquieting, to those who wish for sanity in Europe with a view to lasting peace, than the utter lack of objectivity evinced on this occasion by the very men whose special business is to try to see things in their true perspective. By objectivity I mean the power to view a person, nation or idea apart from one's own feelings with regard to it, as something having a right to existence since it does exist, and worthy of consideration in comparison with any other person, nation or idea. Where would one seek for such impartial vision if not in the universities of modern Europe, which afford a refuge for trained thinkers from the hurry-burry? Yet we have seen a manifesto published by the professors of Germany which, for lack of scientific calm and objectivity, is equalled only by the manifesto which certain English professors published in reply to it. Thus do the professional thinkers of a country, no less than the people and the Government, lose their sense of humour—a homely name for objectivity—in wartime, and become fanatics, doing their utmost to increase the evil, striving in their madness to make peace impossible. This gift of objectivity or sense of humour has never been the property of nations, and seldom the property of the rulers of primitive peoples striving fiercely for existence or supremacy. It is unnecessary, it would be a drawback, to a nation borne upon the flood of conquest. But it is exceedingly to be desired in those who have to shape the policy of a nation at the height of power or in its decadence, seeking to preserve by wisdom, cunning or diplomacy an empire coveted alike by friend and foe.

Just as among private individuals a perfect sense of humour—I mean that sense of humour which plays on a man's self no less than on his neighbours—is extremely rare; so among the statesmen, who perform the function of the brain for a whole empire, a perfect objectivity—that is, the faculty of seeing his own country as other countries see it, no less than that of viewing other countries as they view themselves and one another—is the crown of genius. We of England in the past have by good fortune produced several statesmen who possessed the faculty of seeing other countries clearly in their various relations. But only one British statesman that I know of ever saw the British Empire quite dispassionately in relation to the whole, and he was not by blood an Englishman—Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. That is why Disraeli's judgments in the region of foreign affairs were so unerring and, as time has proved, infallible. "He was too imaginative," say the mediocrities who followed after him and wrecked his work; "he was not an Englishman and so could never see things as we English see them." As if the statesman of a mighty empire could be too imaginative! As if average intelligent Englishmen—for of such are Disraeli's successors—must of necessity have truer vision than the greatest political genius in all modern history! Objectivity is a quality of the imagination which our present rulers seem to lack most grievously.

A wad some power the giftie gie us,

To see oursevles as others see us!

So much that is absurd and inconsequent in the diplomatic situation would, by that gift, have been avoided.
International Relations.

Of all the societies which are attempting to save the State by good intentions, and abolish war by issuing pamphlets, none is imbued with a more hopeful and ingenuous faith than the Council for the Study of International Relations.

This important and influential body has blossomed forth from a small band of serious-minded Liberals of irreproachable views who, before the war, steadfastly believed in all the "right" things, temperance for the working classes, Land Reform, Free Trade, a small Navy, and the amelioration of the poor by means of benevolent legislation. They numbed some of the brightest and most hopeful brains in the country, advocated peaceful relations by means of friendly missions to Germany, and nourished a healthy contempt for the scare-mongering Press, rightly and laudably contrasting the ideals of sanity and progress to which they themselves bore witness. A phrase of Lord Selborne's, quoted in one of their own pamphlets, fairly accurately represents their attitude on the possibility of war. "All the sensible men were on one side, and all the damned fools were on the other—and, by gad, sir, the damned fools were right."

The war came and so the sensible men, ignoring the proverb about spilt milk, foregathered and formed the S.I.R.

Their view, in brief, was that the war was due to ignorance. The people are ignorant, and the object of their ignorance is Foreign Politics. It was, in fact, because Englishmen knew nothing about German history, Germans nothing about English history, and neither of them anything about their own Foreign Policy, that the war happened.

The onus of producing the war being thus conveniently laid upon the shoulders of the people, the Council set itself to educate them.

With this object it has published and continues to publish an avalanche of pamphlets from the lucid and simple terms the objects and consistency of British Foreign Policy, the cynical nepotism of German Foreign Policy, and the crying need that exists for the British public to study both of them, in order that they may thereby confirm, and rest upon the sure foundation of historical knowledge and diplomatic truth, that rightly and indignant opinion of all things German which they have already obtained superficially through the medium of the Press.

Thus one of the Council's tracts on the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey swelling Persia, Egypt, Morocco, and Agadir in one comprehensive and justificatory gulp, concludes by asserting that at no point in the whole course of events can any reproach be reasonably levelled even by neutrals at Sir Edward Grey's policy.

As a practical measure people are recommended to buy the pamphlets and tracts of the Council, and certain books carefully selected by the Council.

With the professed object, therefore, of securing strict impartiality of attitude towards the problem of the war, the works of Mr. Brailsford, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, G. B. Shaw, and other writers of unfortunate and unpopular tendencies are gravely excluded.

People are then expected, having now become unbiased enough to permit of an exchange of views, to put their minds, carefully doctored by the Council's literature, at one another in the Council's study circles.

These circles are to meet informally over coffee and tailors' books, and are designed to give people an opportunity of mutually informing one another of what the Council has informed them, to wit, the righteousness of the war, the iniquity of Germany, and the truths of European policy.

By the end of the war and this process, the general
mass of sober English citizens are expected to have attained so profound a knowledge of International Relations that the weight of their accumulated information will prevent for ever the recurrence of war.

A Conservative club. It is sometimes alleged that the effects of this body as a sheer melioristic dispenser of academic judgments and justice in International—by only studying the literature published by one side. It is a commonplace, of course, among advanced Radical thinkers that the anomalies inherent in the system of law and punishment in this country make the judge more guilty than the criminal he condemns.

Without venturing to decide between such nice degrees of guilt, we cannot help being struck by the fact that in the present dispute each nation is its own judge, and each nation is the criminal to the other.

For each verdict pronounced upon German diplomacy by the tracts of the Council, a similar and equally damming verdict is pronounced upon this country by similar tracts in Germany, although, as the German counterpart of the Council is doubtless a branch of the Government Office, their tracts are probably more pointed and their facts more cogent. The Council is, in fact, in the pleasant position of being ears to its own mouth. Please note that I am not for one moment hinting that the partialities of the Council are not all the time right, and those of the Germans all the time wrong. All I suggest is that if you insist on donning the juridical ermine and becoming only too familiar in execution of the policy of defending the liberties of Europe.

A correspondent in Singapore has been good enough to forward us the conclusions of the Pro-Congul and the Legislative Council under whose tyranny the unfortunate people of the Straits Settlements apparently are compelled to suffer in the silence ordained during war time. Ordinance No. XII of 1915, issued on August 16, 1915, provided for the establishment of a Reserve Force to the Volunteer Force and for a Civil Guard. In pursuance of this object ‘every male British subject of pure European descent’ between the ages of 18 and 55 must register; and every person between the ages of 18 and 40, ‘shall be liable to undergo military training, on due notification by the Governor in the Gazette.’ The Ordinance provided for the training of the civilian population on principles of compulsion; but it is not applicable to the Regular Military or Police Forces in the country. The Force created by this measure is rather of a comic opera character, as we are informed that our correspondent, having put in 50 drills, had no musketry course at all! There are the usual provisions for the oath of allegiance to King George; but it is to be observed that the oath-taker is not required to pledge himself to obey the orders of his superior officers. That was, perhaps, a wise provision, as some of the officers in this peculiar Force seem to know more about the manipulations of the rubber market than how to conduct themselves as officers and gentlemen. There is already the usual declining to take the oath or declaration shall be liable to fine or imprisonment or both. The Ordinance is being administered in such a way that those recruited
in the Civilian Guard are forced into the Reserve Force where they come under military law enforced by persons entirely removed from the control of any single individual, as sanity appears to have vanished in the Straits Settlements, as elsewhere, since August, 1914. One or two people have declined to take the oath in the circumstances, and some have refused to submit to uniform of service. Threats of prosecution have been held out to them; while one individual has been convicted and informed that he will be deported unless he makes due submission to the Government.

That while as the general state of things is in Britain, we may be thankful that we are not resident in the Straits Settlements, as unwilling participants in the performances of a man named Arthur Young, who appears to combine the rôle of Commander-in-Chief and Governor, for one might be moved to inform that gentleman that even the Straits Settlements had no place for any tinpot Cromwells.

Ordinance No. XI, enacted on July 14, 1915, by this person, Arthur Young, and his Legislative Council of panjandrums in petitcoats, provides for the suppression of what the publics as well as the publications, which include newspapers, books, pamphlets, sheets of music, maps, charts or plans. One can imagine the solemnity with which Arthur Young examines the music records which are dispatched to the Straits Settlements in order to discover sedition in the German tune of “God Save the King!” “Document,” in this Ordinance, means any painting, drawing, photograph or visible representation. Reflect for a moment on the spectacle of Arthur Young detecting sedition in reproductions of the pictures of certain Hanoverian Kings of England, and recollect that these men are the toilers upon whose shoulders the white man’s burden has fallen! “Disaffection,” it is stated, “includes disloyalty and all feelings of enmity.” Surely, the natural charm of Arthur Young must have a tendency directly or indirectly unnecessary, for who could be so seriously minded as to have “feelings of enmity” against a gentleman who has derived his principles of government from “Alice in Wonderland”? However, Section 3 is such a choice specimen of Governmental humour that it must be set out in full. It should not languish in the far-off Straits Settlements, as Sir Frederick Smith may get some hints from it: “Any person who prints, publishes, imports either by land or sea (Arthur Young has missed out the word sea) or, has in his possession any newspaper, book or document, or any extract from any newspaper or book, or who writes, prepares, or produces any book or document, containing any words, signs, or visible representations which are likely to excite hatred or contempt or any incitement to violence; (b) to seduce any officer, soldier, or sailor from his allegiance or duty; (c) to bring into hatred or contempt the Government established by law in this Colony or the United Kingdom, or in British India, or any other British Possession, or the administration of justice in any of such places, or any class or section of his subjects in any of such places, or to excite disaffection towards his Majesty or any of the said Governments; (d) to put any person in fear or to cause annoyance to him; (e) to encourage or incite any person to interfere with the administration of the law or with the maintenance of law and order; (f) to convey any threat of injury to a public servant or any person in uniform that person in mufti, directly or indirectly, shall be guilty of an offence, and the various articles or publications may be destroyed. Sub-section 2 provides that sub-clause (c) shall not apply to “comments expressing disapproval of the measures of any such law, in the hope of its amendment, any proposal of the administration of justice, which do not excite or attempt to excite hatred, contempt, or disaffection.” The words of this section are eloquent in their testimony of the state of mind of Arthur Young and his colleagues. It is almost impossible to regard such men in a serious light; yet what can be the result of measures of this kind but smouldering discontent on every side? Legislation of this character discredits its authors and undermines the morale of the community that submits to it; and a general paralysis of energy is the consequence. That has been the outcome of the much milder Defence of the Realm Regulations in Great Britain.

Section 4 confers this drastic power on Arthur Young: “The Governor in Council may, by order published in the Gazette, prohibit to be imported or brought into the Colony any newspaper, book or document.” This power was exercised by an Order in Council on July 27, when the Governor prohibited these newspapers and books from entering the Straits Settlements: “Al Hila”; “Comrade”; “Al Islam”; “Free Hindustan”; “Liberty”; “The History of India,” etc., etc. The author of “Liberty” is not stated; but one may wonder whether it is John Stuart Mill’s famous pamphlet, which is in bad odour in the British Empire at the present moment.

Section 7 is a similar enactment to Regulation 512 of the Defence of the Realm Regulations empowering a police inspector on the warrant of a magistrate to enter premises and seize any suspected publications therein; while Section 8 enables parcels of books or documents or newspapers to be held in course of postal transmission. That the Postmaster-General in the Straits Settlements is authorised by Arthur Young to become a common thief, as the seizure of correspondence is the lowest kind of theft that one can well imagine. The incapacity of Governmental officials to behave as other than cads in time of national stress is well known; though it is not often described in the plain language which such conduct merits. Government officials may in the future recognise that Government employ and Government pay are not a moral authorisation for petty blackguardism. That day, however, seems very far off at a period when lying and roguery are the only detectable activities of many Ministers of State and their subordinates.

Section 10 winds up the Ordinance with an assurance that any person guilty of an offence against its terms shall be liable to a fine of one hundred dollars, or to a term of imprisonment not exceeding seven years, or to a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, or to both penal servitude for life or to imprisonment and fine. The Straits Settlements must be a delightful spot to live in at the present moment you imagine Arthur Young and his confederates solemnly deciding that “We shan’t go home till morning” is music calculated to excite “feelings of enmity” against persons who wish to go to bed early, and that the possessor of this odious jingle should be sent to penal servitude for life? “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay” would be condemned as some mysterious Islamic publication intended to bring his Majesty into hatred and contempt! One begins to tremble at the possible fate of a subscriber of “The Candid Review,” or the New Age of the Straits that Lord Loreburn, or Mr. Winston Churchill, or Lord Courtney, or Mr. T. Gibson Bowles will not place themselves within the jurisdiction of Arthur Young and his Legislative Councillors. Sir William Butler once wrote something about “pantaloons in puttees”; the Councillors of the Straits Settlements might be described as muddlers in mufti, judging by their general proceedings in this unfortunate Colony. We commend this Ordinance to the attention of the House of Commons, and to the Canadian humour of Mr. Bonar Law, which is so well known; though it is not often described in the plain language which such conduct merits. The words of this section are eloquent in their testimony of the state of mind of Arthur Young and his colleagues. It is almost impossible to regard such men in a serious light; yet what can be the result of measures of this kind but smouldering discontent on every side? Legislation of this character discredits its authors and undermines the morale of the community that submits to it; and a general paralysis of energy is the consequence. That has been the outcome of the much milder Defence of the Realm Regulations in Great Britain.

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Force of Argument.
By J. M. Kennedy.

In THE NEW AGE "Notes of the Week" (November 18) occurred the following passage:

"It is too readily assumed by our amateur diplomats of the Press that the arguments that convince their heartiest readers will serve this country against the formidable Note just issued against us by the United States. The statesmen of America, however, are not of the calibre of the "largest circle"; and both they and the statesmen of other neutral countries will require more than to be met with debating points.

The assertion here made is surely susceptible of being applied to general instances as well as to a particular instance. If the arguments used by the newspapers for or against any question bear an essential resemblance to one another (no matter what may be the point of view), we have not the Censor to thank. Long before the war began English politicians of all parties and groups adhered to standard arguments when discussing topics of public interest. One could always tell in advance the arguments likely to be used by the various parties for or against Home Rule, the imposition of Tariffs, the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, or the Insurance Act. So well were writers in the Press able to follow the utterances and even the thoughts of the politicians they supported that experienced newspaper readers were always able to predict what views might be expected when a new question arose. What might well be termed standard comments were inevitably made when the transport workers struck in 1911, when the House of Lords rejected the 1910 Budget, and containing the odour of the Marconi affair penetrated beyond a narrow circle of politicians and made the outside public gasp.

The essential feature of all these standard arguments was that the arguments themselves were non-essential. For example, the main objection to the National Insurance Bill (and Act) was that it was a measure introduced with the definite object of enslaving two-thirds of our population, reckoning the men and women insured and their dependents. That was the precise distinction involved in the sudden proposal for making a cleavage between people earning more than a hundred and sixty pounds a year and people earning less than that—the latter body including "workmen" earning by skilled labour anything up to two or three hundred a year. This slavery argument, nevertheless, was the very argument which the politicians who supported the Act, together with their backers in the Press, were at all times unable to see. The Bill was debated at wearisome length in the House of Commons; but no member, to my knowledge, ever insisted on the most telling argument against it—that it had been planned by Mr. Lloyd George on the model of similar measures in Prussia, that it was not based on English but on Prussian traditions, and that, in consequence, it was likely to cause a very great amount of ill-feeling. No; that argument was never brought forward in Parliament, and it was impossible to secure a hearing for it in the ordinary Press.

Compare this with the question of the new American Note. In the case of the Insurance Act we were left to the mercies of the politicians; and there was no power on earth to force those engaged in the Government and the Press to discuss essentials. The essential features of the Tariff agitation, for or against, mattered very much to the business community; but where the interests of the business community did not happen to coincide with the interests of the politicians, the business community found itself without a public platform and without a voice in the newspapers. In other words, realities were to be discarded simply because the politicians were too timid or too lazy or too stupid to take them into consideration. It is little wonder that the war, if it did not take the country unawares, certainly did take the politicians unawares. The people were able to realise facts; their leaders in Parliament were not. The attitude of the Censorship in concealing news, to take another example, reflects the timidity of the politicians; not at all the timidity of the public, which timidity hardly exists. The periodical panics of the Northcliffe papers reflect the highly-strung nerves of the political gambler who inspires them; they do not reflect the mind of the people.

If the politicians, however, both in war and in peace, can check criticism altogether, or at any rate force it into a definite groove, they cannot deal with the American Note in this way. There is, in my judgment, a complete answer here to the oft-repeated claim of our realists (let me suggest Mr. Gibson Bowles) has not yet found it he will find it eventually. But the politicians are not likely to find the answer—at all events, not without advice from outside sources. This is the advantage of the American Note. The politicians and the Press supporters of the politicians, cannot gloss it over. It contains essential arguments; they must be answered. You cannot hide the American Note away in a pigeon-hole and pretend it never existed. You cannot decide upon a new phrase, stock answers, impose them upon the public through the Press, and unctuously assume that there is nothing more to be said. That was done in the case of our Education Bills, our annual Army and Navy Estimates, the Insurance Act—and, indeed, in the case of every question of first-class importance raised in this country within the last twenty years. The English bureaucracy had begun to assume the attitude common to all bureaucracies that act without a motive and without character: the attitude of maintaining silence when awkward questions were asked or awkward arguments were brought forward. I have seen many a protest against the project of National Insurance couched in more restrained language than that used by Mr. Lansing, and containing, too, more carefully thought out arguments. The attention which will have to be given politely to Mr. Lansing and his arguments was never given, even cursorily, to our own people. Mr. Lansing, fortunately, has power to compel a reply. Our own people had and have no such power—which is hardly an argument in favour of our political system or of our bureaucracy.

The only justification for such an attitude on the part of any governing class is the complete success of their leadership; and even success of this kind is not so much a justification as an excuse. Success means not merely steering the ship of State through the difficult waters of international politics; it means keeping those on board satisfied with their lot. Can it be said that the English bureaucracy (the war apart) was successful, judged by this elementary standard? Was the situation in Ireland up to the end of July, 1914, a tribute to its wisdom, its foresight, its subtility? Or the situation as between ourselves and our oversea possessions—Australia, for example; or India, or Canada? Does our present financial situation justify the suppression of criticism? No, to all these questions. Nobody urges barren discussion, without principle or aim, such as led, in France, to certain groups being ironically referred to as "les intellectuels." Live criticism, based on realities, is another thing altogether, and we cannot have too much of it. Such criticism is precisely what the politicians detest; and their newspapers are full of the thunderous assertions that every class good to be forced to read an American Note every week, and to answer it adequately, on pain of being placed in an asylum for the inarticulate.
Letters About Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

Anyone who had the misfortune, as I had, to read all the speeches delivered at the last session of the Duma, must have wondered at the everlasting termination of all debates with the speeches of Kerenski and of those leaders respectively of the Labour Party and Social Democrats. The discussion might be on the rights of the Jews or on the use of aeroplanes; the list of speeches commenced with Kerenski and finished up with Kerenski and the Caucasus deputies, with the society of an unpronounceable name. Kerenski is a gib, erratic young lawyer. His party, the Trudoviks, represents labour in the towns. The Caucasian deputies, of whom there are several, some elected by the pure Caucasians, and one, a Russian, by the many Russian planters in the Caucasus, are Socialists of the “Proletarians of all countries—unite!” type. When the Duma commissions upon the army and navy and supplies were formed, the Socialist parties officially refused to take part in them, until the whole people should be represented on them. Whether this was a hint for universal suffrage, I cannot guess, but the critic has my sympathy who suggested that they should wait until the woman of mankind and the animal vegetable kingdoms were represented. And even that, he said, would be futile in Russia.

You suggest to a sturdy old Russian Liberal that economic power precedes political power, and he replies, Yes, certainly, but not in Russia. That looks sly-sighted schemer, Witte, thought the best path to his and Germany’s power the formation of a Duma, and this bold principle of “the bull by the horns, the man by the word,” has effectively staved off any associated movement since the revolution. There was a society, the “Society of Societies,” which in 1905 fought a long struggle with the Constitutional Democrats and the Social Democrats. Consisting of most of the peasants’ and agrarian societies, affiliated to such unions as the Journalists’ and Leather Artisans’, it strenuously opposed the theory of political activity. Its many theories, the children of Michaelovski’s Narodnichestvo, included one of encouraging and developing the activity of the town Artel and rural Mir, a system of responsible syndicalism. The legislators weathering the 1905 revolution, said, it is not right to say that these partisans adopted the National Guild idea, but it was an obvious result of the activity of the town Artel and rural Mir, a system of responsible syndicalism that resembles National Guilds. It is not right to say that these partisans adopted the National Guild idea, but it was an obvious result of the activity of the town Artel and rural Mir, a system of responsible syndicalism that resembles National Guilds.

The Social Democrats declared that, if you made a man a member of a productive community, he ceased to be a revolutionist. And further to the chimerical Universal Revolution, they endeavoured to make each peasant a small holder. So, they said, will he be most dissatisfied; in possession of a little property he will desire more—and there’s your revolutionary. The legislators weathering the 1905 tempest were shrewd. They declared the anti-political “Society of Societies” illegal and, with the willing aid of the Social and Constitutional Democrats, demoralised and disbanded the rural Mirs. The result is Kerenski, I read all his speeches, I heard his conversations, I met him several times, but never could I find what he and his party were achieving towards the Universal Revolution. At the opening meeting of this Duma, the Ministers, who had listened to all the speeches of the Right and the Centre parties and of the Kadets, ostentatiously left the Chamber when Kerenski went to the rostrum to speak.

Just before the Duma was to meet, five of the Social Democrats were suddenly arrested, tried for saying in private what they had in secret told to their friends, and, judgment being suspended, were sent to the cold North to await sentence. There they are, I believe, to this day. They send vigorous telegrams now and then to inform the world that they still consider themselves members of the Duma—and so ends the political path to revolution.

The only good phrase of the loquacious session came
Conservative Rodzianko read out with tears the Imperial Ukase eventually was stopped and held over for the result of string to the bow, but, one fine day, following, it is than ever. If England really loves liberty, said the cause. Russia, having been wilfully badly organised indeed from a Social Democrat. He said, unjustly, that the richest lands in the world, was always a borrower, and now, to carry on the war, she wanted money more than ever. If England really loves liberty, said the country. Rasputin the task of entertaining the Empress.

Rasputin the task of entertaining the Empress. The last Duma, though inglorious in its life, was beautiful in death; but no one suggests that no one suggests that it really felt justified in staying at home. Besides, the advertisement says: “Evening dress optional but unfashionable”; and I haven’t got any optional but unfashionable evening dress. So on all counts, I decided not to go, although the play was written by a new author, Mr. George Pleydell; and at last the publishers, Messrs. Methuen, have come to my rescue. I know exactly how Mr. du Maurier plays the part; I first saw him many years ago in “Mr. and Mrs. Daventry.” I have seen him many times since, and he hasn’t altered a bit. Even the publishers say that, in this play, he is “adding to his many laurels”; and laurels so closely resemble each other that to see one is to see all. Acting, to him, is not an expression, but an opportunity of lounging about in the decret, useless, but true old Kurepatkin has been called up from his disgrace.

Even Hvostof, the new Minister of the Interior, a flashy, time-server whom Lord Northcliffe’s “Times” declares to be the best Minister of the Interior in 184 years Liberal in his administration. It is amusing to regard the present activities of this worthy, who, not long ago, became so outrageously corrupt in his governorship of Nijni-Novgorod, that the great merchants of the province at last to send a deputation of complaint to the Tsar, whereupon he sent in his papers and, choosing a Black Hundred constituency, got himself voted into the Duma. It is said that his recent re-entry into administrative life is due in part to an anti-German speech and mostly to the influence of a certain new chatterer about Court, who shares with Rasputin the task of entertaining the Empress.

It was really quite time that England should meddle in Russian internal politics. Only a little while ago, a huge collection of copper coins was made in honour of some Allied nonsense, smuggled over the border and sent to Germany to make munitions. That collection had the patronage of the police.

Until I returned three weeks ago, I thought that England was still more or less free. At any rate, it has solved the troubles that Russia now suffers, and on the side of liberty. Russians still look to us to help them to freedom, and, supposing we have any left, they will come more and more to seek aid and inspiration from us. There is, for instance, a very important and promising party in process of formation. It is modelled on the Young Turks (What irony!), but will be neither Masonic, German, nor Semitic in its foundations. Its first object is the capture of the Army, which, under a system of conscription and martial law, is the nearest approach to a preponderating economic force. But when peace comes, it should be the duty of these Young Russians (this name will be heard again!) to concentrate upon the Zemstvo organisations and publically denounce the Kirpichnikovs, the Krestianskies, and all the political, unpronounceable Caucasian Social Democrats.

What there is of organised labour in that most agricultural of countries is not enamoured even to-day of politics. The railwaymen bitterly resented the dissolution of the Duma, not for the loss of it, but as a contemptuous insult to the army and the people. The last plan I heard from a railwayman was excellent. It was to refuse to handle any passenger traffic for some days in order to allow goods trains through to Petrograd from Kiev and Moscow, and relieve the famine.

There are three tame deputies in the Duma from the Jews, quite a number from Poland, the Mahomedans and the Armenians (the most hated people of all who know it). I have even been told that there is an Anarchist deputy.
by this sort of stuff, but I must confess that I am not impressed by it. The only novelty that Mr. Pleydell contributes is a subtitle, but there is something of a sham-faced air, as if obvious scholarship were an offence against democracy. It contains many excellent ideas, but these are expressed often in such journalese that they challenge instead of persuading. Mr. Thomson also, like his sponsor, thinks to give a modern meaning to an ancient classic by contemporary illustration. For instance, he links Lucretius with Baudelaire. At the same time he warns us against the historical mischiefs of paraphrasing Cleon as a modern Tory. What is the difference? To my mind it is the lesser evil to parallel Cleon with a Tory than to relate Baudelaire to Lucretius. The greater values are here involved, and are no less mixed. At bottom, however, Mr. Thomson is sound and even illuminating. Of Heraclitus he says, 'He is remarkable for a very simple thing: his temper was agnostic and critical. To the charge of callousness brought against Thucydides he replies that Thucydides was undemonstrative but not unemotional—and he proves his case. On the origin of the satyrine drama he has something both new and convincing to say. 

But his best contribution to the subject of his book is his discussion of the nature of the famous Greek "simplicity." This alone makes his essays well worth reading. Greek simplicity, he points out, is really one of the most subtle things in the world. It is as far from naive simplicity as from ornateness. Studied simplicity he calls it; but the adjective should be uttered under the breath, for, in truth, the study is and must needs be concealed if the result is to appear simple. The triumphant progress of Greek literature was, in fact, from the obvious learning and art of the earlier hierophantic writers to the concealed learning and art of the great age; style, though expressing the same ideas and sentiments, became gradually simpler until it issued in the prose so pellucid that, until you tried it, it appeared only to be common speech. Never before or since has style been so pure. Our own eighteenth century was not pleasant to read, and its unpleasantness increased steadily from start to finish. . . Yet I read it through
with an interest that likewise increased as I read it." Queer experience, is it not, to find interest increasing with unpleasantness? There are horrid names for such a taste.

To the current "Athenaeum" M. Jean Finot contributes an article advocating an intellectual (or, rather, bellettistic) entente between England, France, and Italy. The Germans, he has confirmed recent research, have really no originality in literature at all, and never had. They have lived by borrowing from other nations. England, France, and Italy, on the other hand, have the honour of sharing every existing literary school between them. These three exhaust letters. Italy is the oldest of the three in culture, which she first received on these remarkable social tribunals of taste. With fresh and bewildering problems of the relations of love, the status of women will decline irrecoverably. There are horrid names for such a phenomenon.

The complete English translation of Stendhal's "L'Amour'' to which I referred last week is published by Messrs. Duckworth at five shillings. From the translator's introduction I derive an answer to my question why few of my readers have commented upon the chapters currently published in these columns: as it is in our day so was it in the days of Stendhal himself! Of the first edition only about a hundred copies were sold; of the second edition the same number; and a hundred years have had to pass before a complete English translation has been published. A correspondent in a shaggily ill-written letter, takes me to task for being the means of translating Stendhal's "piffle" for New Age readers. He has not a good word to say for it. On the contrary, I stand by my judgment: the book is one of the classics on the subject, and will never fail to enchant readers a generation hence. That the translation has appeared at the right moment goes, of course, without saying, since it first began to appear here. But the reason may be repeated. Everything points to a coming decline in the spiritual status of women in this country; and it is the most disgraceful phenomenon I can observe. Without a restoration of the status of love, the status of women will decline irrecoverably. That is why any classic on the subject deserves now to be circulated, and with all speed.

An Appendix gives a brief account of the "Courts of Love" which existed in the twelfth century France of chivalry. I have for a long time looked for in-conjunction on these remarkable social tribunals of taste in censure, but have looked in vain. Here is a work for one of our numerous compilers and researchers—to dig up and present to us the history of these Courts. With fresh and bewildering problems of the relations of the sexes opening up daily—problems for which both law and convention are ill-adapted, and to which they are slow to adapt themselves—I see in the restorations of the mediaval Courts of Love a possible means of happy solution. Why, instead of hauling each other over the coals, should not men and women of to-morrow row create for themselves tribunals of honour to which they may submit their grievances for the judgment of their peers? The idea is worth discussion.

R. H. C.
so twist nouns into adverbs and adjectives into exclamation marks; he will prank out his style with such frills and ribbons, he will feather it with such inventions of his own that the populace, having no plummets to his meaning, will thereby stand the more in awe of him. So that, thinking you possess the riches of the Orient, they will flock into the stores and buy what you will.

**Spectator:** Here is the strangest mountebank. He is hung up with veins, and fastened each fillet to his eyebrows. His hair has wires through it, so that it stands upright. He has bound his beard with scarlet threads and fastened each fillet to his eyebrows. His hair has wires through it, so that it stands upright. He has bound his beard with scarlet threads and fastened each fillet to his eyebrows. His hair has wires through it, so that it stands upright.

**Prose Empirical:** Look you—this piece of cloth at 114d. the yard! 'Tis a totality that glisterizes like the rays of the Tirionbantes. At your blouse but stitch it, and the purple linen of Cambyses (mark ye!) will fade to dun. 'Tis very cloth of very cloth!

**AUCTIONEER:** Now, then, my 'Frisco desperado, the company awaits you. What a sprightly, fantastic fellow it is, to be sure! See, how he darts to the pedestal, like a jadwin! What panther liveness! What terrier nimbleness! Up, my gallant, and make your bow! This, gentlemen, is Signor Realistico Norella, a tart snippet of a man, whose wit, if you question him, will, I promise you, gambol and tumble and prouette among you like a kitten.

**AUCTIONEER:** What manner of a man is this grave and reverent Signor who approaches us with such solemnity? Observe how he turns his eyes upon the floor, this way and that, so that no particle of dust shall escape him. Why, he has actually picked a bit up and put it in his pocket-book! Look! he is adding some decimal or other to a long line of figures in it. And, as if he were not bulky enough already, he is wearing the most heavily padded clothes. What is that that you are carrying in your hand, my friend?

**Signor:** My coat-of-arms—arms tertiary, school-cap rampant on three gules baby's rattle, the whole blazoned on a striped field University blazer.

**AUCTIONEER:** What are you, and where do you come from?

**Signor:** I was born in a cradle at Manchester, in Lancashire, at 4.35 a.m. on the morning of March 17, 1890. I was a sensitive, receptive, and precocious child, and at 4.35 a.m. I vented a sigh of satisfaction. I had made up my mind to absorb the sounds of all creation. I had crystallised my deliberations. I had seen my way clear. I had taken due and proper counsel with myself. I would go to Westborough School. Then I would go to Magdol College, in the University of Oxbridge. At 4.30, I called for food. My stomach clamoured for it. My mother was aged...

**AUCTIONEER:** Attention, gentlemen. The next item on the programme is a lady. Her name is Poetry, and she has the best references. She was in her last situation fifteen years, and her mistress (a Duchess) was forced to dismiss her only because she displayed tenta-
those handles sticking out of him? Well, the pouches are full of patent drug and medicine bottles, and the handles are cranks and levers, which, when manipulated, will apply, through the hands, specific remedies for specific maladies. Turn this one, and he will clap on a mollifying plaster.

Are your nerves jaded with business-lighting candles sticking out of their blue sleeves, and the enveloping pall of patent drug and medicine bottles, and the all-pervading sense of nearness to death? He will rub on this quickening salve and send up your spirits and your vitality. And here, gentlemen, is a convenient hypodermic syringe.

AUCTIONEER: Next lot! This young beau is Mr. Street Velliers, a cousin of Popular Novelist, and well received in the drawing-rooms and basements of Society Mansions. His office is to be a kind of errand boy. Send him into the streets, and, with a nod here, a beck there, a twitch of his eyelids, and a curl of his lips, he will whisper discreetly in people's ears. He is a bit unsavoury to look at, with that shuffle, that oiled hair, and that sallow complexion. But he holds the bat for every whisper, and in a year or two—well, judge for yourselves.

AUCTIONEER: Get back, sir! How many times haven't I told you were not for sale?—(To his clerk): Put a label on him and pack him off to the Master. The rascal has already received a commission from his last purchaser and he is always trying to get more, the sly dog, by getting himself sold to somebody else, as if his new Master were not the best deal he is likely to make! . . . Please excuse the interruption, gentlemen. The utterderalmon you just saw bedeviled with so many liveries is a fellow called Carmel士 or Carmelworth or Calmacilfe or Marmellic— I forget which. He is a self-made man and has had a meteoric career—rose straight out of the gutter. And he is a rare conjurer, I can tell you. One of his most famous tricks, when quite young, was to sprinkle the word "English" with a handful of gutter water and to change it into "British." Well, we have all benefited by that. Of course, after that he was in great demand, and has been sold over and over again. Quite recently he was bought by an illustrious Plutocrat recently he was bought by an illustrious Plutocrat—Anybody else who is well known here.

AUCTIONEER: I'll give the same money as my friend—£10,000. . .

AUCTIONEER: Get back, sir! What's the use of her? Where are her clothes? We can't very well take her into a respectable house. What can she do?

AUCTIONEER: Well, I hardly know. She's an extra large and has unfortunately no testimonials. You might perhaps stick her on top of the bookshelf, as a kind of ornament.

DEALERS: What, in that costume? She ought to be sent out of the country.

AUCTIONEER: Well, I'll see what I can do with her another day. Thank you very much, gentlemen.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

A Notebook.

By T. E. H.

Risk and Ethics. Behind the Liberal pacifists' incapacity to understand the importance of war lies probably this fundamental error. Certain historical accidents—security being the first—have made it difficult for them to grasp the nature of Risk; some of the incidential kind, but of Risk as an ultimate thing; they cannot take certain entirely relative things for absolute.

This explains two things: more proximately their incapacity to realise the consequences of defeat, and further back the source of the whole ideology from which this incapacity springs.

First, the proximate effect: They hypostatise their school alices, and fail to realise that others do not regard Europe as fixed like arithmetic, but wish to change it into "British." Well, we have all benefited from his last purchaser and he is always trying to get more, the sly dog, by getting himself sold to somebody else, as if his new Master were not the best deal he is likely to make! . . . Please excuse the interruption, gentlemen. The utterderalmon you just saw bedeviled with so many liveries is a fellow called Carmel士 or Carmelworth or Calmacilfe or Marmellic— I forget which. He is a self-made man and has had a meteoric career—rose straight out of the gutter. And he is a rare conjurer, I can tell you. One of his most famous tricks, when quite young, was to sprinkle the word "English" with a handful of gutter water and to change it into "British." Well, we have all benefited by that. Of course, after that he was in great demand, and has been sold over and over again. Quite recently he was bought by an illustrious Plutocrat—Anybody else who is well known here.

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HAROLD MASSINGHAM.
I could now give any of the accepted refutations of the falsity of this position; in the matter of logic, for example, those in the first volume of Husserl’s “Logic,” and ... that is not my object in this note. I am only concerned here with a very much smaller matter, the means by which I did actually grope my way out of this error. I began to put the matter to myself in this way—The human mind is not merely the mind of man, it is mind itself, as it must always be; not human mind but “it.” Take the kind of example a relativist might give: life on a supposed planet of which chlorine means by which I did actually grope my way out of this error. I began to put the matter to myself in this ... I would admit this in a matter like arithmetic. They would admit this in a matter like arithmetic. They would probably admit that if the chlorine men thought two and two were four, but I think it would also be true of almost every apparently human and relative things as “love” and “affection” of the imaginary men.

For the empirical philosophy this is so, and in every subject it tends to pursue the same kind of explanation. All “height” for it, then, is of the type of the pyramid, a more or less elaborate construction of “lower” elements. For another philosophy, however, the “higher” phenomena contain an irreducible element which I happen to have read to-day in Max Scheler’s “Phanomenologe der Sympathiegefühle”: “One must entirely exclude all attempts to reduce love and hate to simpler facts or to any complex of such facts.”

The difference may be illustrated by an example. Some years ago, the Reichstag passed a vote of censure on Bethmann-Hollweg, who took no notice of it whatever. This prompted a cartoon in which the Chancellor was represented with both his feet cut neatly off, but still upright, and smiling, being supported by the Kaiser’s hand stretched from a cloud. Is there anything like this in reality? Is the world with which philosophy deals entirely governed by the parliamentary system? (Perhaps the fact that this system, and the empirical philosophy, grew up at the same time has some significance.) For the present, I content myself here with re-asserting that the contrast between men and animals is the typical example of all these other antitheses. They all stand together.

I called the assertion I am discussing, a brutal assertion; in doing so, I was thinking of two things—of the kind of conviction that attaches to the assertion, and of the manner in which the assertion should be made in face of all “idealism.”

First, as to the conviction—in comparison with the variable opinion which we come to by argument, it seems to belong to another level of certitude altogether. Psychologically, perhaps, for this reason. A man’s beliefs are made up of two strata, his opinions which he falsely took to be final, are not in doubt is attached. It consequently seems to seek out the phenomenon which superficially throw the greatest doubt on it, and so place it in the greatest danger. It seeks out these things, precisely because the assertion of the absolute difference between men and animals in the events which seem most to obliterate that difference, manifests most definitely its own uncompro

The first of these assertions was: “There is an absolute difference between men and animals. It is impossible to completely explain the phenomena of a similar type; assertions which depend on the answer to this question: ‘Can all the phenomena we are accustomed to call ‘higher’ be explained as complexes of ‘lower’ elements?’ For the empirical philosophy this is so, and in every subject it tends to pursue the same kind of explanation. All “height” for it, then, is of the type of the pyramid, a more or less elaborate construction of “lower” elements. For another philosophy, however, the “higher” phenomena contain an irreducible element which I happen to have read to-day in Max Scheler’s “Phanomenologe der Sympathiegefühle”: “One must entirely exclude all attempts to reduce love and hate to simpler facts or to any complex of such facts.”

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Views and Reviews.

The Energetic Interpretation of History.

The Nietzschean doctrine of "A Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal" applied to the study of History, has resulted in a pattern that is as complicated as the "mystical Rose of the mire," of the evolution of which History is probably the record. From partisan to impartial history, from "giving the Whig dogs a bad time" to giving nobody a good time, was an obvious progress; and impartial history became so dreadfully dull that Carlyle wasted a hurricane of abuse on Dryasdust. Since then the interpretations of history have been numberless; the economic interpretation ran concurrently with the biologic, and became as Dryasdust as impartial history. It is not so very long since Mr. Cecil Jane propounded a psychological interpretation of history; and among philosophers the moral interpretation has never lost favour. The simple fact that progress therefore is capable of proving everything (according to Cardinal Newman's dictum that "by a judicious selection of facts you can prove anything"), does not diminish the enthusiasm with which every historical reformer approaches his task. Each one is confident that if only his goal be adopted, History will cease to merit the description of Dryasdust; it will become not only accurately informative, but dynamic, vital, progressive. The point on which they all agree is that the History of every other school of historians is unutterably dull, useless, mere documentation; the point on which they all disagree concerns the method by which these dry bones may be made to live.

Mr. Hugh Taylor is, so far as I know, a new writer on these subjects; and he begins his very interesting essay* in the usual way. Exactly how his conception of History would affect the method of preparing the records he does not make clear, and we need not discount heavily the value to the political student of the Darwinian struggle for distinction. There is nothing very novel in this conception; it is a "superiority" to "superiority in electioneering." It is an historical fact that democracy is a form of artificial selection—"political evolution he has denied, that Mr. Taylor appeals for the proper working of the natural tendency. A natural tendency that cannot achieve its own objects is surely not a determinate cause of progress. If we regard election, for example, as "the recognition of superiority," and therefore elect the men whom we regard as being the most suitable to govern the country, surely natural selection has been superseded by conscious, deliberate election, and the application of Darwinian principles to political evolution has been rendered invalid. Apart from this objection, it is unfortunately not true that election is a recognition of superiority, unless we limit the meaning of the word "superiority" to "superiority in electioneering."

We have only to ask ourselves whether there is any natural tendency to recognize superiority, or to see how impossible it is to secure an ideal election. The Plutarchian story of the Athenian democrat who voted upon election to secure the "best." "Socialism," he said, would only be possible if the wise and pure were elected. None but the wise and pure can elect the governors and governments is secured, how are we to regard those forms of government which Mr. Taylor criticizes, which are apparently constructed to minimise struggle for distinction resulting in the survival of the most distinguished? How did the conception of democracy, with its denial of the superior fitness of any members of a community for any office in that community, arise if the chief force operative in political evolution is natural selection by means of a struggle for distinction? Even if we regard democracy as a form of artificial selection, we have yet to be told what natural tendency prompts the denial not only of the struggle for distinction, but of the struggle for existence within the democratic polity. It is an historical fact that democracies do not survive; but what is the natural tendency that ensures their disappearance, what is the scientific description of that tendency? On this point, Mr. Taylor is vague; he does not give the Whig dogs a bad time; and the writing be still as dull as it was before. Luckily, his own work is not a History, but an essay in criticism of History and Political Theory, to which the reproach of dullness does not apply. Mr. Taylor's prime contention is that we can understand the evolution of political system only if we search for the operation of some "unconscious tendency of Nature"; and discount heavily the value to the political progress of the race of the conscious and deliberate attempts of man to modify governmental conditions in his own favour. That he should look to "some modification of the Darwinian struggle for existence" for his clue to this tendency may be understood even from the title of his essay; but that he finds this modification in what he calls a "struggle for distinction" (Nietzsche called it a "Will to Power") could not be discovered without reading the essay.

There is nothing very novel in this conception; it forms the work of both aristocratic and democratic historians. "Yea" and "Nay" to what has been an obvious fact for centuries. But to regard this struggle for distinction as in any way comparable with a natural struggle for existence, with a hypothetical Nature securing the survival of the most distinguished strugglers, adds, I think, confusion to our consideration of the subject. If we are to accept the struggle for distinction as a natural tendency by means of which

* "Government by Natural Selection." By Hugh Taylor. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Tale of the Armament of Igor, A.D. 1185. A Russian Historied and translated by Leonard A. Magnus, LL.B. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)

The original manuscript of this old Russian poem was purchased with a number of others in 1795 from a monastery by Count Musin-Pushkin, an enthusiastic collector. In 1800 he published the text of the poem with a modern Russian version. Both the original manuscript and the bulk of the first printed edition were destroyed at the burning of Moscow. In 1845, however, another copy of the original was discovered among the papers of Catherine II, and it is on this text that Mr. Magnus has based his present edition.

The Song of Igor has certain features in common with such national epics as Beowulf and the Chanson de Roland. Like them, it is of unknown authorship; like them, it describes legendary or semi-legendary deeds of valour; like them, it mentions persons whose identity is not always easy to trace. It has the artless beauty of primitive writings, but it has also the usual stores of ingenuity. Mr. Magnus, criticising, conjecturing, emending with the rest of them, contrives to fill his pages with the outward signs of erudition.

Now a competent editor of an obscure early Russian text should be equipped with a sound knowledge of Slav philology in general. It is difficult to credit Mr. Magnus with any such attainment. In his "Outlines of Russian Grammar," for instance, he mentions Moravian among the Slavonic languages, a statement which does not suggest that he has proceeded far even with the rudiments of the subject. (He might as well say that Yorkshire speech was one of the Germanic languages.) Hence, where he follows other editors he is fairly safe; when he launches forth on speculations of his own, he manages to achieve some high degree of conclusiveness. It would be of some advantage to the general reader into the preserves of the specialist; one instance must, therefore, suffice. On p. 98 Mr. Magnus remarks: "It is curious that the Slavic languages which are best suited for sleep have no expression for dream, not even such a secondary form as the Latin somniare." If Mr. Magnus had gone a little closer into the matter, he would not have found it so curious. There is a Czech verb sníti, to dream, from which is derived the expression můlo se mi, I dreamed. Other Slav languages have cognate forms which need not be quoted here.

Apart from the controversial passages (which, for a poem of 770 lines, are relatively numerous) the translation will pass muster. Mr. Magnus obviously has his own ideas about English style. Thus, in the introduction (p. ii), we are told that Pekarski discovered the second copy of the manuscript "while burrowing among the private archives of Catherine II," while a little further on (p. 97) he makes no part from the supposed metre of the ballads. The lack of critical instinct which the use of these phrases reveals, renders the enterprise of Mr. Magnus as a translator of this dignified old poem all the more daring. As a translator of his dignified old poem all the more daring. As a translator of the general conclusion that they all have only an

Tuberculosis: A General Account of the Disease, Its Forms, Treatment, and Prevention. By A. J. Jeck-Blake, M.D. (Bell. 25. 6d. net.)

The author has attempted to give within the compass of about two hundred pages, a general and detailed account in simple language of Tuberculosis. The attempt is entirely successful, and, accepting the author's premises, the argument is both clear and accurate. The author accepts the germ theory of Tuberculosis; and although after a reference at the beginning, it is not fall within the scope of the author's purpose to deal with them exhaustively. But although the germ theory is postulated, the various treatments based on that theory are subjected to searching scrutiny, and the general conclusion that they all have only an
empirical value is reached. That the scientific cure should lay so far behind the scientifically demonstrated cause of the disease is indeed lamentable; and we begin to wonder whether the scientific demonstration of the cause is indeed as clear as the author believes it. If tuberculosis is a local infection by germs, instead of a physiological tendency to re-act to any abnormal stimulus by a tuberculous change, it is not easy to see why a positive result of von Firquet's tuberculin test on the skin should be regarded as proof of the existence of tuberculosis elsewhere in the body. The author deals much too cursorily with the "demineralisation of the tissues" theory; and the attribution of the good results obtained by the "remineralisation" treatment to slight infections, the destruction of the inactivity by reaction to slight infections to explain the fact revealed at post-mortem examinations that practically everybody is tuberculous. But whatever we may think of the theoretical structure of the book, the fact that the author insists, first and last, on the value of general hygienic measures, and describes them, makes this book of real value to the general public. Practically the whole of the second part of the book is of value to the general practitioner, for it resumes a mass confusion on this subject; and as no townsman, and particularly -

Cleopatra a Gipsy: A Romance. By Arthur F. Wallis. (Sampson Low. 6s.)

We could have dispensed with the "Introductory" and "Interjictory" chapters of this book, wherein the author relates, unconvincingly and uninterestingly, the untrue story of the origin of his narrative. For the rest, it is a very melodramatic story, set in the period of James the First, of the poor unbefriended youth who subsequently discovers that he is brother to a member of the peerage, the said peer being one of the villains of the story. Until the penultimate chapter, when the wicked lord is shot, Michael is in love with one Mistress Cleeve; but as she is shot at the same time (which is the author's usual method of sceptically regarding all reputed cures) tends only to the invalidation of the germ theory. For of what value is the knowledge of the specific cause if a specific cure cannot be based on it? If the certainty of improvement lies in the correction of a general physiological tendency by such general means as rest, fresh air, good food, and freedom from worry? The author repudiates the theory of hereditary predisposition to immunity; but adopts the theory of acquired immunity by reaction to slight infections to explain the fact revealed at post-mortem examinations that practically everybody is tuberculous. But whatever we may think of the theoretical structure of the book, the fact that the author insists, first and last, on the value of general hygienic measures, and describes them, makes this book of real value to the general public. Practically the whole of the second part of the book is of value to the general practitioner, for it resumes a mass confusion on this subject; and as no townsman, and particularly -

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EXPLORATION.
One sees, at length, what childhood brought:
Grave toys, at first, and secret thought.
Soon man's true heritage appeared,
Vast our conquests, vessels grew.
Those uncharted, coral caves
Lurked in the windings of the waves.
Coming up, what merchandise
What incorruptible argosies
(Fierce pirate hooligans) every tide
Brought back for feasts of Barmecide!
Tales were joined. Twas good to strike
With axe's edge, or turn the spike
For joy of deftness, untaught yet
To sever at the heart's core.
The games men played, children play.
I can see aeroplanes today—
Then saw them not, could scarcely tell
Their outsides, but the metal shell
Bowed with intricate engine
Enclosed me round and bore me high
(Farewell to Geonics) through the sky.
Next seas divide. In vernal deeps,
Where windless vegetation sleeps,
Green portholes peer. Who could have told
That fathoms deep such gleams unfold
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ENGLAND AND SERBIA.

Sir,—In your issue of November 19, under the heading "A Reminder," Mr. C. H. Norman is apparently greatly distressed because the action of Great Britain and France compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, along comes Mr. Norman with his contempt of Serbia and call for prudence based on lessons from the Crimean War.

Mr. Norman will be well advised to remember that in the middle of a life-and-death struggle Great Britain and France compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, because they were themselves involved in the conflict, and were fighting to ensure the survival of civilization.

The crimes of which Mr. Pickthall is thinking of the atrocities which break out in the midst of a life-and-death struggle Great Britain and France compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, because they were themselves involved in the conflict, and were fighting to ensure the survival of civilization.

Mr. Norman's main argument in condonation of the atrocities is simply that the evidence is contradicted by the actions of Great Britain and France, which he claims compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, because they were themselves involved in the conflict, and were fighting to ensure the survival of civilization.

Mr. Pickthall mentions four classes of Western women, and asks which of these the Armenians resembled. Of course, there were women among the victims who resembled them all, and that was precisely my point. The Armenians, class for class, individual for individual, were people like ourselves, and suffered to the same acute degree that we should suffer under similar circumstances. They had just the same capacity for suffering as we, and the agony was not what had happened in the East.

ARNO LD F. TOWNEE.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—In your issue of the 18th inst. you say: "We do not profess to understand... the secret motives of the Press..."

I have been in close contact with horrors of this kind, especially with a case in which the Christian was the unfortunate one, and in this case, the Press has done its best to discredit the claims of the Armenians. However, after the inquest had cleared up the case, the Press has been forced to retract its statements.

The crimes of which Mr. Pickthall is thinking of the atrocities which break out in the midst of a life-and-death struggle Great Britain and France compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, because they were themselves involved in the conflict, and were fighting to ensure the survival of civilization.

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ALICE MERRIOTT.

Consider the following sentence: "The crimes of which Mr. Pickthall is thinking of the atrocities which break out in the midst of a life-and-death struggle Great Britain and France compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, because they were themselves involved in the conflict, and were fighting to ensure the survival of civilization."

Is Mr. Pickthall's main argument in condonation of the atrocities simply that the evidence is contradicted by the actions of Great Britain and France, which he claims compelled their respective Governments to give every possible help to that heroic country, because they were themselves involved in the conflict, and were fighting to ensure the survival of civilization.?
other aspects of the universe is not marked out by a row of saucepans, and that the wage slave at the sewing machine is at one with the wage slave at the spinning machine.

But in considering my reason that woman should be allowed to enter industry by reason of her "capacity for mental development," Mr. Keenney, too, falls into what I should term an error, were I not sure that it is merely a trick of debate. He assumes my meaning to be that women could not develop outside industry, that they can only develop intelligence by providing profits for manufacturers. I did not say so, although I do believe they can develop more intelligence by class exploitation. We have at least a greater relative freedom from an employer than from an owner. What I did say was this: that woman's "will to live" renders her just as capable of efficient organisation as man, and no more a blackleg menace. For the National Gauged I think it is. I consider women as a sex incapable of organisation, or they would not make this a purely sex question. If it were merely a matter of competition with the men in industry, they would advocate the excluson of any and all labour, young male labour included, so that the men already engaged could have a fair field and no competition. Mr. Keenney would have commercial travellers and commission agents going on with Socialist propaganda, in spite of the knowledge that Collectivism would ruin them. I am sure there would be no cotton operatives under industrial ownership, I would push on towards that goal just as keenly—I am not welded to the cotton industry, I have been at other jobs—because I should expect to find some other occupation under the new system. But if commercial travellers, merely because they are such, are asked to stand aside now and stand under the inauguration of this new system, they would refuse just as emphatically as we women refuse to creep into a corner and die quietly and gracefully in order to fit in with the theories of the National Gauged. And until the fact is recognised, that we are not so many bundles of merchandise that can be deposited awaiting convenient time of collection, the matter has not been dealt with in a practical way, even from the point of view of the least thoughtful of women.

But I am not going to shelter behind this omission of the National Gauged, important though it is. I will come into the open and state clearly that I would still fight against my exclusion from industry—by industry I mean all wage-earning occupations—even if it did not come to the duty of the contributor objects to the suggestion of Mr. Reid that Yeats is possibly a greater poet than Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, or Rossetti. As an Irishman interested in the literary development of my country, I have always felt that no greater harm has been done to Irish literature than by those critics who love to institute comparisons of the Shelley versus Yeats type. Significantly, most of them are English and "London-Irish" journalists of the genius Robert Lynd-Foreest Reid-St. John Ervine. I submit that this rivalry between the National Irish is to establish a ratio of values for Anglo-Irish literature. Whether Yeats, or any other Irish poet, is equal or superior to Shelley is a matter of opinion and I do not see how it is to be decided when we have considered the relative value of Shelley's work in English and Yeats's in Anglo-Irish literature. For the French, however, Racine is the supreme poet of France, but he does not loom so large, when set beside Dante and Shakespeare, in the history of comparative literature. For the French, however, Racine is appreciated in terms of national, not international, values.

Ernest A. Boyce.

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Press Cuttings.

"The redistribution of the national income, which imbues the working classes with a sense of injustice and injustice and leads to so much dangerous friction between Capital and Labour, is a problem which taxation cannot solve and which injures the whole nation. With a proper distribution of wealth the greatest possible production must be of equal advantage to all classes. The problem of the better distribution of national income is, therefore, one for which some solution, or at least amelioration, is vitally required."—"The Round Table."

"This war has reduced the whole of civilised mankind to the habitual mental condition of the wage-earner, who can never be quite certain of his future beyond the end of next week. Well-to-do people find this trying, and are apt to grumble at the prolongation of the strain. Poor people are used to it. In fact, the war has brought an alleviation of their position. In ordinary times the sense of the uncertainty of their situation is not relieved by any feeling of the importance of the work they do. To-day with British industry in a position of direct bearing on the national well-being, and thousands of men are conscious for the first time in their lives that labour—whether in the factory or on the foundation of the State."—"The Round Table."

"The mere suggestion that the methods of compulsory service might be applied in the workshop as in the Army has reawakened suspicion which was first roused by the use of the military in the English and French railway strikes a few years ago. Compulsory enlistment in order to secure enough men to keep our fighting forces at full strength is an expedient which Labour would be readily open to consider; so many men have already gone that the demand for equality of service is one which finds an echo in thousands of working-class homes; but military law in the workshop is something which workpeople regard as in quite a different category. Unfortunately, the two are associated not only in the minds of their proposers, but in the actual facts of the case; and herein lies the real core of the controversy which has arisen."—"The Round Table."

"Another factor which has not tended to allay working-class apprehension is the working of the Munitions Act. As passed, that Act was the result of an agreement arrived at in conference between Mr. Lloyd George and the Trade Union representatives, and it was arranged that Labour should have fair representation both on the Local Committees which were to be responsible for the local organisation of the work under the Act, and on the tribunals which were to penalise its breaches. In practice, the Act has worked out very differently from what was expected by its authors. From the point of view of the Union leaders the Local Committees, having finished their preliminary organising work, have fallen into abeyance, and the Munition Tribunals are in a position which some Labour leaders have described as in quite a different category. Unfortunately, the two are associated not only in the minds of their proposers, but in the actual facts of the case; and herein lies the real core of the controversy which has arisen."—"The Round Table."

"The bargain with regard to the restoration of Trade Union customs is equally difficult to carry out. In actual fact, the whole of British industry is being reorganised and in some cases revolutionised as a result of the war and the changes in the character of labour. Numerous new machines are being introduced; machine-leaders are replacing skilled craftsmen; processes are being improved and speeded up; in a word, the status quo ante is becoming ancient history. If the trouble is not dealt with by the Trade Unions are even scheduling all the changes as they occur. All this is unavoidable. It is the way of the world. But steady-going Trade Unionsists, watching what is taking place in the industrial community, are apt to grumble that their working lives will be a discount instead of a premium, do not feel inclined to credit even Mr. Lloyd George with the powers claimed by King Canute to beat back the oncoming tides."—"The Round Table."

"After the failure of prolonged efforts to induce the Government to deal with prices, a movement began early in the present year among the organised workers for the granting of "war bonuses"—in other words, increases in rates of wages limited to the duration of the war—to meet the increased cost of living. The demand was not based, as it might have been, on the bargaining power of Labour in the unexpectedly powerful position in which the war had placed it, but on the heavy fall in real wages. Concessions have been made in a number of trades, notably coal-mining, the cotton trade, engineering, the boot and shoe industry, and the postal and railway services. The Board of Trade estimates that up to the end of September, 1915, 4,500,000 workpeople had had their wages increased by over 15s. Something of the order of the estimate, which presumably includes young workers, many of whom are receiving very much less than their normal rates of wages, works out at less than 10s. or, roughly speaking, 15 per cent. Thus, despite its bargaining power, Labour has not succeeded in making up half of the increased cost of living, while many of the more helpless sections of the community as a whole. It is not enough for Labour to have the power of veto but that it should be effective; it will not achieve an industrial constitution worthy of its name. The growing strength before the war and the stronger strategic position it has occupied after the fall of France will be the measure of its economic weakness then. The sudden cessation of war contracts, which are employing several millions of workers, the demobilisation of the Army, the weakening of the financial resources of the Trade Unions by the loss of contributions from members on war service, the presence in the Labour market of thousands of new recruits, difficult to organise, imperfectly trained, yet skilled enough to be available as blacklegs, seem likely to create a problem such as the working classes has never seen. After the war men—lead—had to deal with before."—"The Round Table."

"Labour will never rise to its full stature in the State, it will never achieve an industrial constitution worthy the name of Democracy, till workers boldly claim the problems of the working conditions and processes of their industry as their problems, and treat attempts to meet them, whether by improved production or 'scientific management' or whatever may be the particular suggestion, not as something imposed on them from above, but as their own concern, on which they should be consulted as a matter of right and on which they should offer responsible advice, not simply from the point of view of their own personal convenience, but as partners with Capital in the working of the industry and of the community as a whole. It is not enough for Labour to have the power of veto but that it should be effective; it will not achieve an industrial constitution worthy of its name. The growing strength before the war and the stronger strategic position it has occupied after the fall of France will be the measure of its economic weakness then. The sudden cessation of war contracts, which are employing several millions of workers, the demobilisation of the Army, the weakening of the financial resources of the Trade Unions by the loss of contributions from members on war service, the presence in the Labour market of thousands of new recruits difficult to organise, imperfectly trained, yet skilled enough to be available as blacklegs, seem likely to create a problem such as the working classes has never seen. After the war men—lead—had to deal with before."—"The Round Table."

"The war has made Capital scarce, and in the natural course it will make it dear: the rate of interest is already high and is likely to remain unusually high. But what Capital demands and, owing to its international character, cannot succeed in exacting in interest it will have to yield in taxation. The investing public must realise that it cannot in justice be allowed to enjoy to the full the advantages arising out of the economic position, just as Capital did not when wars are made out of the scarcity value of its services. The old, affluent days have passed away from this country for long years ahead. Long may England still remain, what Mr. Lloyd George once described her, 'the best place in the world for a rich man to live in,' but wealth will be asked to contribute in unprecedented measure to the service of the State."—"The Round Table."