

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1213] NEW SERIES. Vol. XVIII. No. 6. THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1915. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE.**

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE arguments advanced by the Ministers who addressed the specially convened Trade Union Conference last week were hardly such as to justify the calling of the meeting at all. Certain sacrifices had, it is obvious, to be made for it. The Government had, in the first place, to admit by implication that the raising of the next loan is a matter of difficulty; in the second place, this comforting news was to be published in Germany where men may easily conclude from our Government's appeal to the proletariat for money that the nation is down to its last shilling; and, in the third place, the risk had to be run that the Trade Unions would have their heads turned by being called into consultation on a subject usually past their function. Under these circumstances it might have been expected that the Government would have prepared its case with the utmost pains that nothing, at any rate, should be lost by it. Not a word should be said that could provoke contradiction; not an inch outside the common and admitted facts would any official speaker allow himself to travel; but everything should be simple, straightforward and answerable. On the contrary, however, it appears that as little pains were taken to prepare the Government case as if either nothing depended upon it or the Conference was of such an intelligence that anything would be swallowed. Not only Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman found themselves repeatedly and successfully challenged on matters of simple fact, but even Mr. Asquith, who is usually criticism-proof in affairs of this kind, had to beat one or two hasty and ignominious retreats.

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On three points, at least, of his speech, Mr. Asquith was either wrong or inadequately prepared. He had assumed that the rumour of higher real wages all round was founded upon facts; he believed that a patriotic appeal to the Unions to forgo further wage-demands would be accepted without demur; and he was under the impression that the Government's scheme for limiting the profits of the munitions employers had been taken by the Unions at its face or political value. And upon all three points he had the mortification of having to stand correction. Upon the first, indeed, he was so

inept as to provide the material for his own correction; for if, as he claimed, wages had gone up in the case of a third of the workers (and these the skilled and organised, for the most part) by only fifteen per cent., at the same time that, by his admission, the cost of living had risen thirty per cent., the simplest operation of arithmetic was all that was needed to dispose of his contention that the working classes, as a whole, are better off. And that, as we have often said, is the actual fact. Individuals here and there, even groups of workers here and there, have, we do not deny, profited by the war-work over and above the increased cost of living; but, as a whole, the proletariat class are no better off now than they were before the war. Upon the second point, likewise, Mr. Asquith came to grief, through ignorance, we suggest, of the commodity theory of labour. For Labour being a commodity like any other, it is manifestly unfair to expect it to limit its price when, in the same breath, the avowal is made that the price of other commodities can in no wise be fixed. One or the other contention is clearly untrue: either all commodities, including labour, can be fixed in price, or no commodity, not excluding labour, can be. To demand that labour, alone among commodities, should consent to a fixed price in defiance of the same Law of Supply and Demand under which the prices of other commodities are allowed to rise without let or hindrance is absurd; and Mr. Asquith, we are glad to say, was made to see it. Finally, it should be noted by politicians that the window-dressing Limitation of Profits Act has not deceived the Trade Unions even if it has imposed upon the general public. Far from "the profits of the engineering industry being annexed for State purposes" (to quote Mr. Lloyd George), the actual arrangement that is proposed is very different. Firms are allowed to retain the whole of their average rate of profits, plus one-fifth, and even the remainder is only to be "annexed to the State," subject to exceptions so elastic as practically to exclude them. What could the Conference do, knowing these facts, but laugh in Mr. Asquith's face when he pretended that the limitation of profits was a fair equivalent for the limitation of wages then being proposed? The one was a shadow, the other was to be substance; and only the fabulous dog would be deceived.

Mr. McKenna fared, if possible, even worse; for to arguments that might easily be seen through he added statements that anybody could contradict. What, for instance, can be said of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is so ignorant of economics that he believes the cost of labour (that is, wages) to be the main determinant of price? The cost of Labour, as we have a thousand times shown, enters into price like the cost of every other raw material—but no more and no less. The rise in the cost of any constituent material of industry is reflected in prices—which are thus as readily determinable by the cost of living as by the cost of labour. To plead with Labour to fix its price while pleading against Labour that the prices of other commodities cannot be fixed is to repeat the fallacy of Mr. Asquith. Again, Mr. McKenna exposed himself to a deadly reply when he urged that the wage-bonuses paid to the workers were the cause of the rise in prices. As a matter of fact, the sequence was the reverse, as was instantly pointed out to him; for not until prices had risen did the Unions demand a corresponding rise in wages. Nay, more, we know now, what the Press has done its best to conceal, that at the outbreak of the war the Unions approached employers to offer a mutual pledge of refraining from wage demands if the latter would refrain from raising prices. How, then, can it be said that higher wages have been the first cause of increased prices? Finally, his estimate of the amount even possible to be saved by the working classes was fanciful in the highest degree. Only about a third of the net income of the country is in any case allotted to the proletarian classes; and this, it must be remembered, must be divided among four-fifths of the total population. When thirty-six million persons have shared half the amount available for the remaining nine million, not much is left to be saved, scrape thirty-six millions ever so!

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However, we are not suggesting that saving even among the working classes is not both possible and desirable. It is. But, on the one hand, we are protesting that the amount possible or desirable for them to save must not be exaggerated, and, on the other, good reasons must be given for it, a good example must be set among the well-to-do classes, and facilities for saving must be rightly designed. On none of these conditions does it appear to us that the Government has at all insisted. Its reasons we have just seen, and nobody can pronounce them good. But look now at the rest. Is it an example, either of patriotism or of economy, when our wealthy classes refuse to take up war-loans except at five per cent., and continue, at the same time, their pre-war standards of living? Exceptions apart—and all honour to them—it is the merest commonplace of observation that nowhere among the wealthy classes, speaking generally, is there any sign that the costliest national war on record is being fought. Luxury, if not business, is going on as usual. And it must be remembered that, both in respect of means and of position, the onus of setting an example in thrift falls upon this class above all others. One-fifth in numbers of the remaining classes, they yet enjoy two-thirds of our total national income. Ought it not to be expected that being each in receipt of ten times the amount received by the rest of us, they should save correspondingly? If we remember, indeed, the whole economic argument for the maintenance of a small wealthy class is precisely this: that having an undoubted superfluity they must needs save. What becomes of Professor Pigou's well-known case if they do not? Again, there can be no doubt that by virtue of their economic position their responsibility as leaders of the nation is supreme. An example of thrift among the proletariat is lost in the plain where it is born; but an example among the governing and wealthy classes is like a light upon a hill, all the world can see it. The duty, therefore, of the wealthy classes is

to set themselves the example they wish the working classes to follow. Their precepts alone are useless.

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Assuming, what is not yet the fact, that our wealthy classes have set an example of saving, the devising of facilities for saving among workmen has still to be considered. The machinery of scrip and bonds, as suggested by Mr. McKenna, is, in our judgment, quite unsuitable. The working classes, we are afraid, will have nothing to do with them. We have only to contemplate the beggarly outcome of the appeal for small subscriptions to the last war-loan to realise that either the money was not to be had or the means taken to get it were wrong. If the former is true, no more need be said, for you cannot get blood out of a post; but if, as is probable, it is the latter that is true, our mistake ought not to be repeated. But to suggest that the next war-loan should be subscribed in scrip and bond is exactly to repeat the mistake we assume has been made; and the same results may be expected from it. We predict, indeed, that in the event of scrip being issued, even in the form of £1 bonds, the response will be less than before. The proper procedure, on the other hand, is clear. It is to employ the machinery with which the working classes as individuals are already familiar. (For, as groups and associations, in Trade Unions, Co-operative and Building Societies, we assume that the directorates must be approached). What is it? The reply, undoubtedly, is that the institution most familiar as a popular savings-bank is the post-office. What, we ask, is to prevent a campaign of post-office saving being as successfully undertaken as the late campaign of recruiting? In many counties and districts and towns such a campaign has frequently been undertaken in the interests of local banks alone; and there is no reason why a combined campaign in the interests of the national Exchequer should not be universally popular and successful. The conditions, however, are that the present maximum of deposit—fixed, be it remembered, by private banks!—should be abolished, and that the same rate of interest be paid on fresh loans as upon the war-loan in general. The difficulty of the transition can easily be got over. Let the present rate of interest continue to be paid on the present maximum of deposit (£200); and 5 per cent. on all sums deposited over it. This, we believe, would strike the working classes as being not only fair, but inviting, especially if joint accounts be permitted. By this means also we believe that every penny available for saving would be saved to the advantage of everybody.

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Nevertheless, it is a pis aller; for, as we have said, not only is the amount of saving possible to the working classes strictly limited, but, in the first place, the new system would extend to the proletariat the present plutocratic habit of expecting the Government to pay interest on its war-loans—a thing monstrous in its blind greed—and, in the second place, it would appear to relieve the wealthy classes of what, after all, is their sole responsibility, as the proprietors of the honey-cells of the nation. The fact is that an appeal to the working classes for money is, at the same time that it must be scarcely worth the making in results, an admission that the wealthy classes are not only not doing their duty, but are not to be compelled to do it. For the Government does not go out into the highways and hedges until it has been turned from the doors of the banqueting-halls. Under these circumstances, instead of begging from ditch to ditch, the Government, with so much power as it has and with so much need of money, would be better advised to conscript capital by forced gift or by forced loan to the utmost farthing of its necessary expenditure. Who is there to say it nay? The war, undoubtedly, is popular in the sense that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons mean to see it through, cost what it may. As undoubtedly, the means exist in the wealthy classes whose past savings have

been protected with just some such crisis as the present in view. The national popularity, therefore, of the conscription of their capital is beyond dispute, and the Government that brought it about would be supported to the last voter but one. Nor need it be replied to us that we who have opposed the conscription of men have now no title to plead for the conscription of capital. In the first place, we distinguish between men and things, persons and property. Secondly, we have never *unconditionally* opposed even the conscription of men. Provided, we said, that capital be conscripted if it is not volunteered in sufficient amount, we see no reason against men being conscripted if they do not volunteer in sufficient numbers. But the volunteering of men is now seen to be sufficient; their conscription will not be necessary. The volunteering of capital, on the other hand, still languishes leagues behind our need. Ought we not at once to move for its conscription?

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Like the upholsterer in Foote's farce who sat up o' nights watching over the British Constitution, the "Times" sees in the calling of the Conference at all "another long step in the development of a new form of democracy." "The Trade Unions are gradually ousting the House of Commons as the organ of representative government. Ministers seem to regard the delegates as identical with the 'people.'" We agree with pleasure instead of with regret that something like this state of things is coming to be the case, at the same time that we must point out that the object of the Conference is, as the "Times" says, alien to the objects of Trade Unionism, whose function is industrial. There cannot, in our judgment, be too close an identification of the "people" with Trade Unionism when the matter under discussion is one of industry. Here the voice of the Trade Unions is the voice of the people, as the latter, it is said, is the voice of God. But on matters outside industry the Trade Unions are as little to be depended upon for good judgment, and as little entitled to Government recognition, as any other association of men. The business of Trade Unions, it cannot be too often repeated, is not to usurp the functions of a political organisation or even to act as the intermediary between the Government and the country upon every matter in general. Their exclusive task is to co-operate with the State (and alternatively with the employers if the State is so foolish as to refuse co-operation) in forwarding the interests of industry in the first place, and of their own class in the second. On every question connected with these interests the Trade Unions have not only the right to be consulted—by, rather than over the head of, the House of Commons—but every step towards the development of the practice of consulting them ought to be encouraged. Far from trespassing upon constitutional theory, the practice, it seems to us, is an application of it.

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However well or badly the "Times" has come out of the discussion in Parliament of its support of our diplomatic enemies, there is no doubt that one charge remains unanswered and unanswerable: it is that the "Times" deliberately represented the strike of the Welsh miners in July as pro-German in origin. That the charge was ridiculous on the face of it, that the local facts utterly gave it the lie, and that, if it were true, nothing more damaging to us abroad could be published, we urged along with others at the time. But all to no purpose, for the "Times" persisted in its charges with the effect that undoubtedly, as the foreign Press showed, our enemies were comforted. Now, however, that the Merthyr Tydvil Election has resulted in the defeat of the I.L.P. candidate (for purely personal reasons, we believe) the "Times," without a word of apology, hails Mr. Stanton's victory as a proof that South Wales is "right." But South Wales cannot be pro-German in July on a matter of wages and patriotic in November on the sole question of the war.

One or the other represents them as either two-faced or incapable of sticking to a single opinion. The fact is, of course, that the strike had nothing to do with the question of the war and ought not, by the "Times" or anybody else, to have been involved with it, and we shall believe the "Times" is run by patriots and gentlemen when it has the manners and sense to say so.

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In his speech to the representatives of the Munition Workers on Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George had the hardihood to institute once more a comparison of their conditions of service with the conditions prevailing in the Army. "There must be," he said, "discipline and efficiency in the munition works of the country no less than in the trenches." Agreed, but the conditions, we must patiently continue to point out, are not the same; and while they are different the same results can neither be expected nor fairly demanded. Service in the Army is voluntary; pay is irrespective of particular work done; and the officers make no profit while sharing all the risks with their men. In the work of munition-making, on the contrary, employment is compulsory (for except by selling his labour a workman cannot live); wages are fixed by competition and output; and the officer-employers are permitted to make a personal profit out of the sacrifices of their men. To compare the two forms of service is to compare chalk with cheese. The comparison, if one must be made, is rather with the old system of naval privateering abolished by the Treaty of Paris in 1856, under which private shipowners were allowed to make private raids upon the enemy and to keep the prizes they took. Certainly they served the nation against the enemy, and in this sense their service was national. But would anybody pretend that the Mr. Lloyd George of the day—if such there was!—could have fairly appealed for the same "discipline and efficiency" of the privateersmen's crews as for those of the regular marine? The condition of such an appeal is to abolish profiteering as privateering has been abolished.

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If we are to believe Miss Alice Smith, whose able but pathetic letter appeared in our columns last week, the women of England are past saving from the worsening horrors of the wage-system. It may be true, as our correspondent says, that women have in part been *driven into industry; and for this the blame as well as the consequences may be imputed to man.* But it is a pity, if it is true, that in part women are entering industry in the hope that industrial employment will prove in the long run less onerous than domestic employment. For it most certainly will not. What women (no less than men) fail to see is that wages are fixed by the supply and demand for labour; and that, in consequence, wages must fall as the numbers seeking employment increase. The crimping (or, if they prefer it, the entry) of another quarter of a million women into industry must, therefore, inevitably have the effect of lowering wages all round, and thus of enhancing the very evils of which the industrialisation of women is one of the consequences. Miss Smith's contention that the women must be organised as the men are is, again, no reply to the real difficulty. For, in the first place, men's organisations, though relatively complete, are not yet complete enough to form a determinant monopoly; in other words, as yet they scarcely affect wages at all. In the second place, it cannot be expected for several reasons that women will be more easy to organise than men. They are not all in industry, to begin with; and, again, few of them feel themselves, like Miss Smith, to be in for life. Under these and other circumstances, trade unionism amongst women must not only begin all over again, but upon an indefinite and endless task. The prospect of raising wages, let alone the prospect of abolishing the wage-system, is rendered infinitely more difficult to approach since women have been drawn and pushed into industry.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE curious tales relating to peace, which have been in circulation for the last couple of weeks or so, have just been supplemented as I write by the extraordinary wireless message sent from Berlin to Washington, and published on Friday evening last. As the day appointed for the Reichstag debate on the peace terms coincides with the publication of this number, a word in season may not be out of place. The wireless message begins by saying that the German Socialist Party is planning an interpellation regarding German peace conditions. "This interpellation is necessitated by the fact that in Germany nobody understands why our enemies, after their diplomatic defeats in the Balkans and their military failures, have not yet begun peace negotiations." Then we come to some of the most extraordinary phrases which have emanated from Germany's innumerable Press agencies since the war begun:

The Chancellor will probably discuss in the Reichstag, within a few days, the possibilities of peace. The debates will probably show that the rulers of the countries at war with Germany are still blind, and believe in the starvation of Germany and her economic prostration and other similar illusions, and that therefore Germany's peace conditions, which are dictated by her successes over the whole line, will hardly be treated in a sensible fashion, and that they will be regarded as a sign of weakness and weariness of the war. At the opening of the Reichstag yesterday the usual crowds gathered round the Parliament buildings and in the neighbouring streets, and there were amongst them people who made a demonstration in favour of an early settlement of the question of the Government regulation of prices and distribution of victuals. Germany's enemies will no doubt again spread all over the world ridiculous reports about troubles in Berlin streets, riots, and other hallucinations, which in no way correspond with the truth.

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This statement is extraordinary, not merely because some of the declarations made in it so calmly are barefaced lies, but because they are lies which, unlike other Wolff Bureau fabrications, are directly contradicted by statements which the strict censors of the Press in Germany have allowed to be published. Every issue of "Vorwärts," and not only of "Vorwärts," contains complaints of the scarcity and the high price of food. The more unscrupulous middlemen, as "Vorwärts," the "Berliner Tageblatt," the "Kölnische Zeitung," and, in fact, practically every paper published in Germany, have been telling us for the last eight or nine months, make a point of forcing up prices in defiance of the regulations issued by the Government. In Dresden, as "Vorwärts" informed us a fortnight ago, butter recently became so scarce that the very purchasers, whom the official regulations as to maximum prices were devised to protect, offered higher prices than those authorised so that they might be able to get butter in advance of their poorer fellows. Again—and this is not an extreme case by any means—a firm of old-iron buyers ("marine store dealers") adds the sale of potatoes to its other activities, and in the course of two months sells for M135,000 potatoes for which it paid only M85,000, making a clear profit of M50,000. "Vorwärts" alone has supplied hundreds of other instances of extortion and scarcity. Consider, in addition to this, the cards without which certain commodities cannot be obtained at all. Bread-cards and milk-cards are now universal; meat-cards are being introduced; and thousands of local authorities have found it necessary to issue other cards. There are now, for example, butter-cards in Dresden and petroleum-cards in Potsdam; and there is a "no-meat day" once a week. No; we need go no further than the German papers themselves to realise for a certainty that the civilian population is suffering, and suffering acutely.

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It is nothing else than this acute suffering which has led to the demand for peace. The view of the masses is, clearly enough—it is quite adequately reflected in

the Press—that Germany's enemies are all but beaten, and that only overzeal on the part of the governing caste is responsible for the continuance of the campaign. The bulk of the German people seem to think that it is possible at any time for the indemnities to be collected, for part of France and most of Belgium to be annexed, for Poland to be formed into a kind of "Reichsland," like Alsace-Lorraine, and for Germany's allies to be suitably rewarded. Austria and Bulgaria will split Serbia between them; just punishment will be meted out to the Italians; and the Turks will recompense themselves in Egypt. That, seriously, is what the German people, for the most part, firmly believe.

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What reception, then, would the Germans, and especially the Prussians, give to the approximate truth? What would happen if they were told that England and Russia have now, and only now, made adequate arrangements for receiving huge supplies of munitions, that this country alone will have two million fresh troops in the field by the spring; that the Italians have defeated the Austrians decisively on their own frontier after one of the most trying campaigns ever recorded; and that Russian armies are preparing to attack Bulgaria? Imagine the censor's curtain suddenly lifted and the facts of the situation brought into the German limelight. I do not give the cowed Germans credit for starting a revolution; I think their habit of implicit obedience is too deeply ingrained. But there would most certainly be a great deal of unpleasantness for the ruling caste, which would recover its influence, if it recovered it at all, only with difficulty. Will even a Reichstag Deputy take advantage of this situation to inquire what has become of the German fleet, which was to hold the seas, at least, in the event of war, and to guarantee the import of foodstuffs?

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As for us, there are two conditions which must be fulfilled before we can contemplate what we should be prepared to consider as an adequate peace. One is that the German army shall be driven out of, or forced to evacuate by indirect military means, certain territory which it now occupies; that the independence of Serbia, Belgium, and Poland shall be recognised—if the Allies adhere to their plan of making Poland independent; that the right of France to Alsace-Lorraine shall be recognised, and the right of Italy to the "unredeemed" provinces. There are, of course, other matters of political and financial detail to be arranged which I need not touch upon. The second condition is even more important; and it is this: the German nation as a whole must be forced to recognise that it is no longer in harmony with modern development to wage offensive wars for the sake of economic profit and of military glory. It ought not to be forgotten that Germany has won a vast amount of territory by a series of successful wars. The Germans profited over the Seven Years' War (Silesia), they profited by their small share in the Napoleonic Wars; they profited in 1864, in 1866, in 1870-71. It may take them some time to realise that they cannot expect to derive any advantage from their campaign of 1914-15. When they have realised that their ideals are simply stupid, and that not even the Prussians are invincible, they will have taken, or enabled their opponents to take, a long step in the direction of restoring the political and moral equilibrium of Europe. It was Germany who began the struggle, who prepared for it for a generation, who refused at all times to listen to pacific counsels, who deliberately chose to thrust aside all the international conventions and agreements to which she had set her hand—and all that on the plea of military necessity. In short, we cannot satisfactorily conclude the war until we have inflicted a severe enough, a palpable enough, defeat to change the spirit of the German people. When the Germans have shown that they no longer believe that force allied to barbarous ideas should be the touchstone of modern progress, we shall be glad to respond to the advances of the Reichstag.

War Notes.

I WANT this week in these Notes to repeat and emphasise certain simple facts which are so simple that they can be called platitudes. I repeat them here, however, because my object in these notes is the purely practical one of convincing someone of the importance of this war.

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There has been a meeting to protest against Conscription this week. The question discussed was not so much "what are the reasons which justify a man being *compelled* to serve in this war" as "what reasons are there why a man should *voluntarily* offer to fight." If the question were asked me, I should answer, not being the least afraid of rhetoric, when it is a true rhetoric: "Because we are fighting to preserve the liberties of Europe; which are in fact in danger, and can only be preserved by fighting."

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The question as to whether this is true or not is entirely a matter for investigation into actual facts. I shall later on attempt to answer the question carefully. But in the notes this week I do not propose to offer an ounce of evidence on the matter. When the pacifist rejects this contention about liberty, he is moved, as a rule, by certain instinctive, almost a priori reasons, which precede any examination of the question of fact. I feel that I am justified myself in examining the nature of these instinctive reasons, and in leaving the question of fact in abeyance. That such actually is the procedure of the pacifists is shown by the fact that all the arguments they have used so far have been stock arguments, which one could have predicted long before this war actually came about. Every historical fact is to a certain extent a novelty, and an objective examination of that fact by the pacifists would have produced arguments which could not have been predicted beforehand, which would have had a certain freshness.

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Most of these instinctive reasons are merely particular instances of a certain general phenomenon. The world of men can be divided into two fundamental types—Crude People and the Superior People. They stand to each other in a relation which the new logic would call *transitive*. While the attention of the Crude is focussed on things, the attention of the Superior is focussed on the Crude. The Crude People are perhaps then superior, in that their eyes are fixed, however crudely, on *events*. On the occurrence of any event they at once offer their *Crude* opinions upon it. The Superior People on the other hand are so eager to demonstrate at once, that they are clever enough to perceive the crudeness of these opinions, that they entirely forget to look at the events themselves. Before the war extremely Crude Colonels in club arm-chairs and the editor of the "National Review" expressed very crude opinions on the German danger. This crudity so set the nerves of the Superior People on edge that, in their eagerness to demonstrate this, they entirely forgot to look at Germany itself. They probably in the end convinced themselves that the Germans were merely inventions of the Crude People. When the war actually came the same comedy continued. The Crude People began to explain their conception of the fundamental cause of the war, of the fundamental difference between the English and the German character, and, being very crude, the anti-thesis came out to be something like the difference between white and black. The Superior People have been so eager to demonstrate that they are not taken in by this extremely simple reasoning that they have entirely forgotten to look at the actual facts.

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To such people one can only make this kind of personal appeal: "I quite agree with you that the contrast between the justness of the Allies' cause and that

of Germany is not so simple as it is painted by Crude People. But pray do not get so excited about this fact as to omit to notice, or even to deny, that the difference really exists. It is true that this country is not pure white. We live in a grey world; but people who refuse to call Germany black because they know this country to be grey had better renounce action altogether, for it is certain that if such principles had always prevailed nothing would ever have been accomplished in history. The dispute is between a grey and a very much blacker grey. It should be your business to look at the actual facts themselves in this spirit. Look at the actual complex facts themselves and not at them through an apparatus of ready-made pacifist clichés. Forget for a moment that you are sharp enough to point out that the spectacle of a pot calling a kettle black is a comic one, and look to see if this is in reality the nature of the conflict we are engaged in. After all the truth is important." This continual attempt of the Superior People to distinguish themselves from the Crude is, after all, a very human and understandable phenomenon. It is quite possible to understand a man so passionately engaged in this occupation that like the lover or the chess player he counts "the world well lost." But in this case it is his duty to pull himself together. The man who continues to be more interested in his own superiority than in this war is a contemptible creature.

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The instinctive reasons for which I said the pacifist would reject the assertion about liberty without troubling to examine it as a fact requiring investigation, are all of the type of this question: "But how can this irrational thing be so?" . . . to which the correct answer should always be "it just is so."

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Take the first example: "It is comic to suppose that we are fighting for the liberties of Europe, for we can see from their newspapers that the Germans say exactly the same thing about themselves." This is very modern. It might legitimately be urged against the idea that God took sides in the conflict, for that is a subject on which completely objective evidence is difficult to obtain. It is entirely irrelevant when we are dealing with an essentially human thing like liberty. Here the facts are easily perceptible, and can be investigated in an entirely objective manner. The question as to whether the liberties of Europe would be increased or decreased by a German victory is a question of simple deduction from ascertainable facts and has nothing to do with a balancing of "claims." If I am to believe certain German writers, this pacifist objection is typical of the reverse side of the English virtue of "toleration," being the belief that truth itself in some way or other depends on a consensus of opinion. Only those things which all men agree on can be true—which is rubbish. If the whole German nation really believes that it is fighting for liberty then the whole German nation is wrong. At any rate the question as to whether it is right or wrong depends on an examination of facts; an examination which the pacifist as a rule never troubles to give. He can dismiss the matter for a priori reasons.

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Another example of the "How can it possibly be so" argument is: "How can the aims of a nation of intelligent, kindly and cultured people like the Germans in any way menace the liberties of Europe? The idea is in itself absurd and crude." The answer is quite simple: "It may be absurd, but it *just is so*."

* * *

In arguments about the causes of the war, one should be careful to keep closely to this way of putting it. The annoying thing about the war to many people at the commencement was that all the stupid people had been right and the intelligent people wrong. The club colonels and the "Express" had more sense than the intellectuals. This is perhaps because intellectuals have always considerable difficulty

in grasping the fact that stupid things like war really do happen. They can perhaps only understand easily phenomena capable of a rational interpretation. A secondary result of this is, that those intellectuals who have been enlightened by the event, proceed to falsify the real nature of the dispute by over-rationalising it. This is an error to be avoided. It is necessary to realise that we are fighting against a danger which is in the proper use of the word an *accident*, something which might not have been, but just is. In dealing with the causes of this war there is no necessity to drag in Froissart. We are not concerned with some eternal principle of the German nature which makes them eternally different from us and dangerous to us. We have to deal with quite ordinary people, who, as the result of a *certain* history and under the influence of *certain* ideas, form part of a mechanism that, directed by *certain* hands, is at this given moment of time, capable of doing permanent injury to the liberties of Europe. We have to do with that entirely empirical phenomenon, a "Power," and quite apart from what is a priori likely or what is *reasonable*, we have to recognise this fact as a fact and act accordingly, just as we should get out of the way of a train.

* * *

I see that the president of the "no conscription" meeting of last week was Mr. Clifford Allen, a specimen of that miserable type the fussy undergraduate, who neglects work for the Workers, and leaves the river to address mass meetings of the girl-hands of the neighbouring jam factory, they being the nearest available specimens of the People. After an academic career of an entirely undistinguished kind—Mr. Allen obtained, if I remember rightly, a very second-class degree—these people often take up "the profession of *thinking* for the proletariat."

* * *

At this meeting I see that conscription was denounced as a "violation of individuality." That, of course, is quite beyond me. When it is described as "unjust," a language is used which I can follow. I sincerely hope that conscription will not prove necessary; I have all our traditional feelings against it. It would be undoubtedly a tragedy in this country, where a man is entirely unprepared for it, that he should be suddenly in the middle of his life sent out to his death for a cause about which he has probably never before concerned himself. It is certainly sad, but is it unjust? It can only be unjust if man has an inalienable right to a happy and undisturbed life. If only the pacifists who talk in this way possessed the profound sense of their nonconformist ancestors, who recognised that this life was a "vale of tears." The cause is a just one. Certain of your liberties are really at stake. Liberty is an *achievement*, not an inevitable constituent of the world. In being asked to fight for liberty then, you are not being asked to fight for the law of gravitation. It does not become you to sulk about the matter.

* * *

If ever conscription does become necessary, the authorities have nothing to fear from the "no-conscription fellowship." They may be dealt with in a very simple way. In the voluntary recruiting effort all kinds of special battalions were formed. We have the "Clerks," the "Bantams," and the "Pals" battalions. All that is necessary here is to put all the pacifists together. Call them the "No Conscription" Battalion, 55th Royal Fusiliers. Let them talk on parade, and instead of regimental concerts, let Prof. Pigou address them repeatedly. I would not send them into the trenches, for their overweening vanity, leading them to look at their own cessation of existence as not only a personal but a world catastrophe, would be an undue handicap to the courageous facing of death. But keep them in rest-billets and let them, under the Yellow Flag, sweep the roads and fill up latrines for their betters.

NORTH STAFFS.

The State and the Guilds.

III.—DESTRUCTION OF GUILDS.

THE guilds—whether religious or social or industrial—could not hope to escape the jealous attentions of the new State. Strong kings in the past had always been jealous of them. Charlemagne and the Hohenstaufen had denounced them and had made ineffective laws for their restraint or their suppression. Henry I of England had levied taxes on them, and Henry II had laid heavy fines on "adulterine" guilds that had tried to evade their fiscal obligations. When Richard II, a century before the Tudors, tried to found a despotic monarchy for the pursuit of a national policy, he made his famous inspection—a *Domesday* of the guilds as it were, and not, one imagines, with any very friendly motive: though nothing serious came of it all, unless there is close connection between the survey of 1388 and the decree of Parliament in 1391, that the statute of mortmain should be construed as forbidding the acquisition of land by guilds and fraternities.

Apart from deliberate attack, too, there had been some tendency for the guilds to come in increasing measure under the control of the State. Just as the royal power had increased because it was the only remedy for baronial anarchy, so it tended also to increase because of the incessant strife between guild and guild, or between guild and municipal corporation. That strife was the disadvantage inherent in the spontaneous and unregulated development of political and quasi-political institutions. Where there was no law every problem must needs be settled by amicable agreement or by the haphazard of conflict. There is a long struggle, with issues varying both in time and place, between municipalities and guilds—merchant and guilds of crafts. And each and all of them appeals to the King for aid, for a charter, for confirmation of privilege, or for the suppression of a rival. A chartered guild could assert its independence from municipal control, just as a religious guild which had secured a licence from Rome could free itself from the spiritual jurisdiction of the local clergy. And both King and Pope were very willing that their authority should be thus acknowledged and strengthened. Sometimes, of course, the opportunity was shamelessly used as a financial weapon, as when the London weavers and the City Corporation were forced by their struggle to purchase alternately the royal support at a steadily increasing price. But always the result was to strengthen the royal authority, to make guilds and municipalities look alike to the Crown as the source of their authority, to make the King's charter appear an essential condition of their existence. The struggle between the various types of corporation prepares the way for the assertion of the State's control over them all.

Richard II's premature attempt at centralisation fails. The endeavour to establish national control of industry by legislation fixing wages and conditions of labour breaks down hopelessly, because Parliament finds itself utterly unable to get its laws enforced, try though it does, through a whole century of amending Acts: and the 15th century, under a monarchy inefficient or busy with other things, is the heyday of the guilds, when they do for a time seem to be destined to exercise, in co-operation with Parliament, supreme control over the industrial life of the country. The municipalities complain, as they had complained before, that "masters, wardens and people of guilds, fraternities and other companies corporate, dwelling on divers parts of the realm, oftentimes by colour of rule and governance and other terms in general words to them granted and confirmed by charters and letters patent of divers kings, made among themselves many unlawful and unreasonable ordinances for their own singular profit and to the common hurt and damage of the people." And they manage to get passed an Act of Parliament giving the municipalities control over the

guild ordinances. But the Act seems to have been of little effect. The power of the guilds remained unchecked until, with the coming of the Tudors, the State itself moves to the attack.

The first big blow came in 1504 when Parliament enacted that "no masters, wardens and fellowships of crafts or misteries nor any of them, nor any rulers of guilds or fraternities take upon them to make any Acts or ordinances, nor to execute any Acts or ordinances by them here afore made, in diminution of the prerogative of the King, nor of other, nor against the common profit of the realm"; and that "their ordinances must be subjected to the inspection and approval of the Chancellor or Treasurer or the Judges of Assize.

So at one stroke the new political theory is laid down. Every claim to autonomy is set aside; the direct control of the State is asserted, and the "common profit of the realm"—which means the power of the State—is declared the ultimate object of all industrial organisation. Henry VII was indeed "bowing the ancient policy" of England not only "from consideration of plenty" but from every other consideration to the one "consideration of power." The Statute 19, Hen. VII, c. 7, is a proclamation to all that the guild-idea is dead, and that the Chancellor and the Judges—"lions under the throne" will see to it that the State-idea shall be supreme.

From now onwards, such powers as the guilds wield they hold not as separate organisms but as instruments of the Government. They are appointed to carry out many of the innumerable rules and regulations which are designed for the control of industry. But they have lost all power of initiative. They can no longer legislate for their own trades. They are strictly forbidden to exercise their prescriptive judicial powers or to decide disputes which might otherwise be taken to the King's Courts. Their control over apprenticeship and over admissions to the craft is destroyed. In 1531 the amount which they may levy as an apprentice fee is limited to half-a-crown. In 1536 the regulations by which "apprentices or young men immediately after their years be expired" must obtain the "assent and licence of the master wardens or fellowship of their occupations before setting up for themselves" are prohibited: while in 1549 artisans and craftsmen are forbidden to conspire in order to regulate rates and conditions of labour. Bit by bit the powers of the guilds are removed: they are effectively nationalised, and become more subsidiary portions of the great Tudor machinery of Government.

It is this whittling away of their powers rather than the much-discussed confiscation of property which destroyed the guilds. But the Statute of 1547 was probably more disastrous than is generally recognised to-day, though the older view that it involved the wholesale confiscation of all guild property under the guise of the disendowment of Catholicism is equally exaggerated. The Statutes do carefully distinguish between the secular and spiritual funds of "corporations, guilds, fraternities, companies and fellowships of misteries or crafts," and while confiscating the entire property of all religious guilds, takes from the craft-guilds only sums set aside or customarily used for religious purposes. But one may doubt whether the Commissioners were always as scrupulous as the Act. And however strictly the letter of the law may have been followed, however meticulously funds devoted purely to trade purposes may have been spared, the moral effect of the confiscation must have been great. The establishment of the principle that the State had the right when it so chose to confiscate and apply to its own purposes the property of the guilds must have destroyed confidence in them: the abolition of all the innumerable social and religious guilds must have undermined the habit and the idea of fellowship: the narrowing of the function of the mystery-guilds to the mere administrative functions which were delegated to

them by Government must have been fatal to the guild-spirit.

Thus, just at the period when their future rôle seemed most assured the guilds are, within half-a-century, attacked by the State, their powers diminished, their funds pillaged, their independence destroyed. They continue to exist, but the spirit has gone out of them: even their use as pieces of Governmental machinery soon comes to an end: and they swiftly degenerate into mere cumbersome curiosities. The State, intent on military power and national unity, wins its victory over these as over all other corporations. The only organisations which might have checked or controlled the growth of capitalism are crushed. The field is clear for the great politico-economic struggle of the next two centuries. The sovereign Government stands face to face with the sovereign individual: Man *versus* the State: Individualism or Collectivism: until there seemed no other way, no other possible type of economic organisation. That was the crowning work of the sovereign military State: in slaying all other forms of association, it slew, deliberately, and for its own purposes, the very idea of free and spontaneous association.

W. N. EWER.

The Survival of the Fittest.

"THEY talk about the survival of the fittest; but the very opposite is going on before our eyes. The fit are being killed, the unfit left alive," I heard a man remark the other day. The speaker was confusing our slang term of "fit," applied to anyone of good physique in perfect health, with the real English word which, in its proper use, requires an infinitive. The survival of the fittest, in the sense in which the evolutionists employed it, means, not the survival of the finest individuals of a species, but the survival of the fittest to *survive*—a very different matter. It means, in general, the survival of the individual or type which takes the fewest risks, the survival not of courage, honour, or any acquired gifts, physical or intellectual, but of native qualities. Nature cares only for the preservation of a species, not its improvement. This latter is an affair of human cultivation needing constant care in order to prevent relapse. And the characteristic by which the human animal in a purely natural state is distinguished above others is cunning. Primitive peoples esteem cunning above heroism, since heroes perish in their rashness, but the cunning rogue survives. In every folklore you will find some legend of a founder of the race who was renowned for cunning, or it may be merely for good fortune in escaping death when others were destroyed—a good fortune which they ascribed to the favour of the tribal fetish. The qualities which men in all ages have agreed in calling noble have never had a chance as against natural guile. Superior men, superior races perish utterly, while cunning mediocrity survives. Nature, we may suppose, preserves an average.

Of all folk-stories of triumphant cunning that of Jacob and his brother Esau is the most instructive. And, as related in the Book of Genesis, it stands alone among that class of stories, inasmuch as it is not a mere merry tale of Jacob's cleverness, but gives a meed of sympathy to the large-hearted Esau, defrauded of his birth-right, defrauded of his father's blessing by the selfish meanness of a younger brother. The "blessing" (such as it was) of Isaac upon Esau.

"Far from the fatness of the earth shall be thy dwelling, and far from the dew of heaven from above; and by the sword shalt thou live and thou shalt serve

thy brother," concludes with a prophecy curious to find in a folk-tale of the children of Jacob:—

"And it shall come to pass, when thou shalt break loose, that thou shalt shake his yoke from off thy neck."

Those who seek literal truth in this narrative, as in other stories of the Bible, seem to me to miss their point entirely. The letter dieth but the spirit remaineth alive. Literal truth is only relative, and for a time and place. Fictional truth is absolute, for all time and for every place where men are found. The literal truth of many of these stories has been quite demolished by the Higher Criticism. Their fictional truth is unimpaired, but few regard it; the usual controversy raging between those who hold them to be literally true, despite all evidence to the contrary, and those who, having proved them literally false, esteem them worthless. The former party will inform you that Isaac's prophecy with regard to Esau was fulfilled either materially when the Arabs conquered half the world, or spiritually when Christianity, with its ideal of unselfishness, superseded the Mosaic dispensation. Their opponents will assure you that Isaac, Esau and Jacob none of them existed, that the prophecy is, therefore, purely imaginary, and could never be fulfilled. Transport the argument on to the plane of fiction, where any Oriental would at first have placed it, and we find that both the disputants are wrong. The story of Esau and Jacob is for ever true, and the prophecy is an intrinsic part of that story without which it would lose a good deal of its truth. Wherever cautious and self-seeking men enslave the generous and unsuspecting by a trick, there is the prophecy, certain of fulfilment. "When thou shalt break loose, thou shalt shake his yoke from off thy neck."

Jacob is Nature's common man, the natural survivor, cunning, mean, self-seeking. Esau has much higher potentialities. From him have sprung the highest forms of human life, both intellectually and physically, among Jews and Gentiles. With him, therefore, is the hope of progress. But he cannot vie with his self-seeking brother; he is soon enslaved. At times when he has broken loose and shaken off the yoke, he has found it necessary to restrain the other, as, for instance, in the age of chivalry in Europe and in the great days of the Mohammedan Empire. But the restraint was insufficient; he is easy-going, and does not prolong punishment beyond the time of wrath. Once more he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, believing that the bargain was a joke. And Jacob is to-day supreme throughout the Western world. He has conquered chivalrous Europe, as he conquered the unselfish spirit of the Early Christians, preserving its shibboleths as a means to dupe his slaves. His mean self-seeking governs all the nations, and the words honour, justice, right, the words of Esau, uttered loudly, make Esau happy in his slavery. Men who deny that honour can exist among the nations, who deny the use of any guide beyond self-interest, are furious if other men respond not to their cry of Honour and of Justice between nations. Jacob in power does not love Jacob in subjection. The shirker is anathema to him. Both are animated by the same determination to survive, quite admirable from the point of view of nature. I am speaking of the shirker of the breed of Jacob. There are others. How many human beings here in England have sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage unawares? How many are becoming conscious of their loss not only here, but in every European country? Sooner or later, Esau will break loose here and in Asia; but if Asia rises first, as seems most likely, we may see fantastic changes in the world. For Europe is bleeding to death, while a great Power of Asia is gathering her strength for a decisive blow.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

On the Economic Interpretation of History.

By Ramiro de Maetzu.

ONE of the most popular and pernicious expressions of modern romanticism and subjectivism is the so-called "economic interpretation of History." I say popular, because I very much doubt whether such a thing seriously exists in the world of science. It is true that from some passages in Marx it may be logically deduced, and it has been deduced, that he believed that the chief cause of social changes is the economic factor. These phrases are well known: "In the immediate relations of the master of the conditions of production with the immediate producers . . . we find the inmost secret, the hidden bases, of the whole social fabric and of political institutions." "The manner of production of material life conditions, in general, the process of social, political, and spiritual life." "The hand-mill gives you society with the feudal lord; the steam-mill, society with the industrial capitalist."

These and similar phrases convince us that Marx really believed in the "economic interpretation of History." What has not been sufficiently said is that Marx likewise believed in another and completely opposed theory, which may be formulated as "the historical interpretation of Economics." Marx has repeatedly maintained that "every economic institution is an historical category." His criticism of "classical" Economics is based precisely on the fact that the economists have considered as "eternal" or natural categories what were purely "historical" or temporal categories. And these are not sentences taken at random. The desire to interpret Economics historically is as deep rooted in Marx as that of interpreting History economically. His best work, "Das Kapital," is, at bottom, an historical investigation. I say at bottom because it may appear to be in form, as Marx acknowledges, an "a priori construction." But Marx denies that it is so, advising us to distinguish between his manner of exposition and his manner of investigation. In respect of his exposition he tells us that he has flirted (*kokettirte*) with the Hegelian dialectics. But the object of his "investigation was to appropriate the material in detail, to analyse its diverse forms of development, and to discover the inner bond uniting them." To do this is to write History. And when he comes to formulate the "secret" of capital or "original accumulation," he does it historically: "Expropriation of the English peasants . . . Robbery of the goods of the Church. . . Robbery of the State domains." Capitalism is, in the Marxist conception, an historical product, a creation of man, as accidental as the frontiers of Serbia or the parliamentary system. If afterwards he converts this into an entelechy, which moves according to its own laws and independently of human will, that is because Marx maintains the historical interpretation of Economics without giving up the economic interpretation of History.

But the two interpretations mutually exclude one another. It is possible to conceive Economics and History in a process of mutual action and reaction, as members of a higher system. In this way we may conceive the relation which unites the planets Saturn and Neptune in our solar system. This is a relationship of reciprocity and not of causality. But in this relationship we cannot speak either of a Saturnian interpretation of Neptune or of a Neptunian interpretation of Saturn any more than we could speak of the economic interpretation of History or of the historical interpretation of Economics. This "interpretation" is possible only in a relation of causality. But in this case either Economics is the cause of History or History is the cause of Economics. Either one of these two propositions cancels the other.

You may ask me how it was possible for so great a thinker as Marx to fall into so clear a contradiction.

I am not called upon to explain the contradictions of Marx. If I were, perhaps I should explain them by the fact that he was much more of an agitator and an historian than a thinker; perhaps to the fact that Marx, like a good Jew, possessed greater power of will than freedom of intelligence. But I repeat that I am not called upon to explain Marx's contradictions. Those who ought to explain them (and explain them away) are his followers. But they do not explain them; they accept them without being aware of them. It is said that the best defence of the economic interpretation of History is that of Mr. Edwin R. A. Seligman, Professor of Economics at Columbia University. But at the end of his work I find this sentence: "The economic interpretation of History, by accentuating the historical bases of economic institutions, has done a great deal for Economics." Here we find accepted at the same time both the economic interpretation of History and the historical interpretation of Economics, without Mr. Seligman's suspecting the contradiction into which he has fallen.

There is, then, good reason to doubt whether a serious economic interpretation of History exists in the world of science. If it did exist, it would mean an attempt to interpret the objects of an individualising science, such as History, through the objects of a generalising science, such as Economics, as a rule, tries to be. History deals with individuals. These individuals may be as big or as little as you please. You may write a history of Julius Cæsar or of humanity, of Christianity or of steam-engines; but it is inevitable that every history shall refer to an individual in the sense of something that is not divided. To interpret history economically is to look for the cause of the historic individual in economic generalities.

This attempt is, a priori, absurd. All things, organic or inorganic, have a general aspect common to other things of the same kind and an individual aspect particular and unique. The general aspect of a thing must be dealt with generically; the individual, individually. Generalising sciences treat of the general; individualising of the individual. History is the science of the individual. Why is it absurd to try to explain the individual through the general? Because the general is a condition, but not the cause of the individual. Every attempt to establish historical laws rests on a confusion between the concept of condition and the concept of cause. This confusion is very frequent in books of science. But the reader will get rid of it if he conceives the condition as a necessary but insufficient causality to explain the individual, and the true causality as that other which gives a sufficient but not necessary explanation of the individual. The individual side of things is always accidental. This word does not convey any reproach. All things that we deem precious, every cultural product, and the whole of culture itself are accidental. It is within the bounds of possibility that culture may not survive the present war.

No general condition can explain the individual. The fact that Julius Cæsar had to eat to live will never explain Julius Cæsar. The history of Julius Cæsar, like that of the Renaissance, like all history—and I include that of an inorganic thing, such as the moon—is that of an individual in so far as he is not like other individuals. Hence the absurdity of attempting to explain the historic individual through a generalising science such as Economics pretends to be.

The absurdity disappears when Economics is converted into an historical discipline, content to explain certain historical facts, such as markets, wages, rent, capital, overlooked by the usual historians. In this sense the a priori construction of Economics may be conceived as a mere attempt to form empirical concepts or nominal signs with which to apprehend certain historical facts or certain aspects of historic material. Thus conceived, general or theoretical Economics is an ancillary science of history, such as Archæology or

Paleontology, while concrete Economics is converted into one of the modalities of History itself, or into one of its parts, and certainly into one of its most interesting parts, considering the important place occupied by Economics in human activities. But this is equivalent to saying that Economics or the History of the economical cannot interpret History in general, because the part cannot explain the whole; and it would also be tautological to try to interpret History by History.

There are grave reasons for doubting that Economics can ever become a general autonomous science, and serve, as such, as a condition for History. A generalising science becomes autonomous when it can formulate a natural or general law of its own. The only law which Economics can offer us with any claims to universality is that which defines the economic motive by saying that "every human being seeks to satisfy his needs with the minimum expenditure of effort." Even granting that this law were absolutely valid, it would not be economic but biological. We should not need Economics to formulate it, but should take it from Biology. We may safely say of a hungry tiger that if he sees a sheep three yards off he will not run ten miles to look for another. Of men, we can only say that this law is valid only in so far as it refers to their animal nature. In so far as they are men, we may say that they are the only animals which can drink when they are not thirsty, or leave off drinking when they are thirsty, or produce articles to satisfy desires that are not real needs, or waste the things they possess, or do not produce the things they really need.

Precisely because man is the most accidental or the most historical of animals is it possible for him, if not to annul the biological law, to evade its fulfilment? On the one hand it is possible for him to expend a much greater effort than that really needed to satisfy his wants, because he has found a source of pleasure in the effort itself through love of the work. On the other hand, he has discovered that if he can accumulate and stock more articles than those he needs immediately he frees himself, in the sense that he enables himself to devote his activities to non-material ends. Hence arises a new interpretation of the economical. It is no longer a natural law but a value; a product of culture. It is not an absolute value like that of the good or the true; it is a conditional value, but always sufficient to enable us to understand the enthusiasm with which an Adam Smith contemplates the increase of wealth. Wealth frees man from the tyranny of immediate needs and allows him to be better. Neither hospitals, nor churches, nor museums, nor theatres, nor libraries could be built without wealth. And, nevertheless, we cannot interpret their construction economically. The economical does not enter into culture as an end, but as a means.

But the accidentality of men is so great that the economical, too, may rise to the category of an end. We all know the type of man to whom "*les affaires sont les affaires*," and for whom business is the supreme measure of things. At times whole nations become contaminated by this ideal; and even, strange hallucination! console themselves for the poverty of their masses by exaggerating the millions of their rich men. Thus has arisen one of the most disconcerting illnesses of the human mind. It consists essentially in an economic interpretation of History much more dangerous than that of Marx. That of Marx is dangerous, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has observed, because: "The theory of all history as a search for food makes the masses content with having food and physic, but not freedom." Instead of the word "freedom," which is vague, I prefer to say participation in the government. But the problem does not consist in the fact that the masses may interpret History economically; but that a few individuals, or one social class, have taken possession of the means of production, thus creating

capitalism, and, consequently, the proletariat. Of these individuals and of this class it may indeed be said that they acted on an economic motive.

This dualism of capital and labour has brought about a world in which the masses have had to interpret History economically, for their material insecurity has made them regard their daily bread as the highest value. But the economic interpretation of History by the rich is no longer passive, as in the case of the poor, but active; it is not an effect, but a cause; it is not necessary, but accidental. What is it in substance? It is what all romanticism is: a theoretical justification of our two fundamental sins: lust and pride. And from this theoretical justification has arisen the present world, in which sins have ceased to appear to us to be sins—a fact which does not mean that we can escape their inevitable consequences.

There was a time when men did not contemplate themselves as the centre of the world but as creatures destined to serve their Creator. But men at that time knew themselves to be sinners, and capable, as such, of giving themselves up to lust and pride. On that account laws were passed prohibiting usury, and while these laws remained in force capitalism was impossible. The economic interpretation of history was then a sin in theory and a crime in practice. But the Renaissance came, and with the Renaissance Humanism; and man proclaimed, with Lord Bacon, his own kingdom. He became again the measure of things. There is nothing more interesting in this connection than that passage in Nicholas Barbon, the seventeenth century English economist, who denies that the value of a thing is its utility, and says that the best judge of the value of a thing is the market. Here we see effected the transmutation of values. The value of a thing is no longer the objective value of its utility but the subjective value given to it by the market, that is, the buyer, the caprice of man. Man has ceased to be a creature to become a measure and an end. And as man likes to accumulate wealth, wealth too becomes a measure and an end. This is the subjectivisation of values.

The promises of Humanism have not been kept. The whole Liberalism of Adam Smith is based on the innocent belief that the nature of man is so constituted that good must result from the free play of his activities. That is not the true nature of man. From the economic liberation of man there may result nothing more than a general scramble for wealth, from which, again, there may ultimately spring a universal conflagration such as the present one or even a greater, in which all the higher cultural values may perish. But the humanist idea is already on the point of being overcome. Man is again considered as the bearer of cultural values, which is, in other words, the same mediæval idea. And with that the economic interpretation of History is yielding place to the aspiration of submitting economic activities to moral ends.

"Reverence Thy Daemon."

By Leonard Inkster.

"I MUST confess, Fabian, if you will excuse me—and it is now past midnight—I am growing a little tired of the whole concern."

"Of the war?"

"Well, I meant, of arguing about the war and war."

"Then war has performed one of its functions. If it has made reason take a back seat, even with you, who shall say it has not wrought good, a pregnant good?"

"Do not try to lure me on to a side-track with your rhetorical questions (not to speak of pleonasms!—for who ever heard of a good that could be sterile?) How can war have any function save that of war? No; I insist on explaining how sick I am of arguments. A million arguments and a million counters, and you may start from either side! A. We could not make a peace yet, for it would be inconclusive. B. If you make a peace

in the future, it will be inconclusive. B. All war is senseless, for you cannot by devils cast out devils. A. Tell that to the next wild bull you meet. So we go on, hammering away, and never any nearer."

"Yes, it is pretty, quite a deadlock. You know, I take either side . . . leaning, however, to one. . . Well? And what shall we conclude? Either that each of two contradictory statements can be objectively true. . ."

"Which is absurd, if you are careful to underline 'objectively.'"

"Quite so, provided you underline 'objectively.'"

"Or?"

"Or? My dear Curtian, where are your wits? Or you have not found the master argument."

"But that is just it. Can the master argument be found? Or, rather, can it be expressed? Or, still better, should we not use quite other terms? When a person says to me, would you have Germans overrun England, and if that case does not arise, then France, or England in the future, or Serbia, or U.S.A., in 95 years' time, or China? then I have to present him with a sectional argument in return. Or, if I say that the State should never dictate to an individual over conscience, then, too, he can retort 'Very well, and if my conscience bids me box your ears, you have no right to summon a policeman to repress me.' (You will, perhaps, gather how weary of arguments I am growing.) Then, you will say, you must learn all arguments and answer all one by one. Yes, it seems true that a man's conviction on any matter is a synthesis, and so, I suppose, to express myself, you would say I must recapitulate all the possible arguments against me and answer them all by mine. How tedious! And if I am tedious can I be expressive? Can you achieve a synthesis by mere addition? You cannot in art. Can you in philosophy? Not one of these arguments individually is my master word; will the sum total be?"

"I repeat, Curtian, I am delighted to hear you blaspheing intellect, your old friend logic."

"Very like, very like. Yet the devil is that even my conclusion must be expressed in terms of logic. Now, supposing I fall back on the immortal soul. . . You do not jeer?"

"Beaten, we all turn mystic."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, do not class me. It is precisely my wish to protest against all classing. Synthetic, I said. Now a man's conviction is a synthesis of such an infinity of . . . tendencies . . . that you may as well call it a unity straight off (even as the cosmos is a unity). You are, we will say, an ardent militarist. You hear arguments, but they shake you incredibly little, even though for the moment you admit their sectional validity. We will describe your state by saying you *know* you are right; nothing *could* shake you. Good. But if you know that *nothing* could shake you, *everything* must have been taken into consideration."

"What? By me? 'Od's Body, no!"

"By your soul. Everything has not been taken into consideration by your reasoning faculty, but all the past, all the factors, the accurate process of cause and effect has been taken into consideration by something—you or what works through you—which something, knowing also its own tendency, its own idea of good, of what it wishes to prevail, tells you to believe and act in the way which will help to cause 'good,' not 'bad,' effects. (Note: I do not say your tendency is the only legitimate tendency; it cannot be, since, by hypothesis, there will be others opposing it; spirits, they say, are individual, have form; they are not the absolute, but figures in a drama.) Well, then, you are a militarist, or you are not. . ."

"I may be neither."

"I will come to that. You are a militarist, or you are not. To say that is to express the whole truth about yourself, extraordinarily compressed; to say a little more is to be guilty of a half-truth; to express the whole truth reasonably (in any way but by a direct affirmative) is impossible in a finite medium."

"And to what does all this lead? I confess that even I am a little alarmed at this complete rejection of all argument. A man need only cry, 'I affirm that to be a capitalist is good. . . .'"

"No, no, Fabian. Always remember that it is you who despises argument, not I. I have noticed many times that those who cry out against reason and its processes as pedantic are the very ones to be true pedants. Pressed in an argument, they say that logic is no use alone, that they, thank God, have passion. And they continue arguing, but badly. Accusing one of chopping logic, they themselves murder it. They use thin academic arguments, like that of yours. In logic you must be logical, must deduce from a given premiss true conclusions. But this you will not do; you want a little reason, a little instinct, and both at once. You will not 'go too far,' for comfort's sake. And if, by process of logic, one who has a passion for true logic concludes that in certain cases logic is out of place, even here you hedge. I did not reject all argument. Argument works not to, but from, a premiss; and I said that where a man's conviction was the premiss, argument could not work up to, i.e., could not explain it. As a perfect translation of conviction argument must fail, for conviction is a matter of—would you rather I called it will, or is it Kant's 'pure intuition'?—and argument is of the reason. But note that it must be conviction; I am assuming bona fide. And so I say that when the State says, 'But you cannot allow this terrible thing,' or, 'Have you considered the future and history and economics and the law of the greater good of the greater number?' then one can only in the last resort swear that the State has the stick by the wrong end, and, awaiting the blow, make the apparently idiotic reply, I AM. But do I wander? . . . Yes, saintly Christians have remarked that you *must* begin with the realisation that in the Universe is only God and your own soul; after that all follows. And I am bound to say that this war is giving me more and more frequently the mood in which one feels that a man is perfectly unique and solitary. He has no arguments except himself. He falls into no conceivable category. And I should add, perhaps, that even when a man *can* be influenced by arguments (because he has no conviction in the matter—the case brought up by you) he cannot be converted until those arguments have been made his own; he can only be converted by his own arguments. Standing in equilibrium between two opposites he may or may not be pulled over to your side by your arguments. This will mean one of two things. Either the argument is a spring which opens a door revealing his conviction to himself; or, even yet having no such thing as a *conviction*, he has learnt from your argument that it would be a pleasant thing, or, at least, not a distasteful thing, to work with you for yours. This second case has in it no promise of truly moral action, but even granted that it is legitimate, it implies that he has realised your argument, and made it his. That, of course, has not been understood by our moral-compulsion dealers, much less by conscriptionists. So that, if I can in consistency frame a master-answer after all, it will be this: That since to each man's intuition may be attributed validity, yet *ex hypothesi* not a universal but a personal validity, how can any man on the strength of that validity compel another? In the effort to make your 'tendency,' your 'form' prevail, you are bound to refrain before the point at which you would take away from another man freedom to make himilar effort in behalf of *his*. Compulsion is the one thing you cannot—yes, even Reason proves it—use. Physical compulsion, moral influence, intellectual violence, for these there is no place. Against these, and these alone, can one employ compulsion."

"None of your arguments persuade me in the slightest degree whatever."

"Good. Be careful how you mount the stairs. Candlesticks are on the window-seat. My house is too old for electricity."

Gross Benthamism.

By Ivor Brown.

TYPICALLY, it was Thomas Carlyle, who had so shamelessly declared that the history of the world was the history of its great men, who also let loose his wrath upon Jeremy Bentham, and stigmatised the Utilitarian creed as gross. And to this to-day there is a kind of Progressive Journalist, the spiritual scions of the twanging Archer, Cadburian buffeters of all things earthy. Gosse-lings and Gomme-lings and Begbiekins, who use the words materialist and utilitarian as identical. Materialism is a theory about the basis and composition of the universe; it reduces mind to an aspect of matter as pampsyism reduces matter to an aspect of mind. To the monism of Hegel is opposed the monism of Haeckel, the one spiritual, the other material. What these rival theories of the ultimate nature of things have in contrast or in common with the doctrine of utility it is hard to see. For a utilitarian may be an idealist, or the most dogmatic hedonist: all he is committed to by his adoption of utilitarianism is the judgment of action by results: the canon to be applied still rests with himself. His definition of the happiness or welfare by which he judges the results of actions depends upon his own tastes and upon his own solution of the psychological and ethical problem. He may choose to be a pig, or he may choose to be Socrates; but as long as he judges actions by their piggishness or by their Socraticness, he is equally utilitarian.

The strong point of the Utilitarian movement that swept over British thought in the early years of the nineteenth century was its practical nature. The Utilitarians were philosophers and also politicians, economists and also economical. They not only loved wisdom but they endeavoured to transfer it to the polity: they not only studied wealth, but they endeavoured to create it. Often they were wrong, criminally and detestably wrong. Horrified by the poverty of the eighteenth century, they believed that the Free Trade and Free Grab of the nineteenth would remedy it: ignorant of Capitalism they nurtured a viper that the utilitarians of the twentieth century have not yet scotched, and are very far from killing. Yet, if we can make allowances for this colossal blunder of accepting capitalism as a heaven-sent bringer of happiness, we cannot impugn the value of their work. It was against such pestilent frauds as Eldon and Blackstone that Benthamism was most valuable and potent. What to Bentham was the theory of sovereignty or the glory of the British Constitution, unless they found expression in the creation of human happiness?

Ruthlessly, he applied his canon of happiness to the vauntings and vapourings of well-fed lawyers, and insisted that the reform of legal, administrative, and educational abuses was worth more than a hundred volumes of slobbering Constitutional theory. Bentham had no sympathy with the 'Great Cause, unless that cause could be translated into terms of human welfare: he demanded that every empire, every theory of government, every legal system should be justified by the satisfaction it gave to the average needs of the average man. And in these whirlpool years of war, when values are shifting and sinking, and the common folk are all the willing or unwilling servants of Causes, the Benthamite doctrine of utility is a splendid reminder of common-sense. Quo tendimus? To the roar of the cannon and the catch-words humanity massacres itself. "Beat down for ever our greedy and encircling enemies." "Crush Prussian militarism." How often are these phrases of either side translated into definite facts, their feasibility debated, their cost assessed? Who asks: "Is it possible, and, if so, is it worth it in terms of human happiness?" Bentham, thou shouldst be with us at this hour? Europe hath need of thee.

The editors of the Home University Library have followed up Mr. Barker's excellent guide to British

political theory from Spencer to to-day, with a volume on the Utilitarians.* It is a far less stimulating and exciting book than Mr. Barker's: on the other hand, it is far shorter than Sir Leslie Stephen. Consequently, those who wish to discover the various contributions to the growth of Utilitarian theory made by the various members of the school can satisfy their curiosity quickly and cheaply. The modern habit of reading books about books may be abominable, but it is undeniably prevalent: in an age of hard work and short leisure, that is far from surprising.

On the critical side, however, it is weak, and many salient features of the philosophy are slurred over. The whole Utilitarian psychology, which accepted "pleasure" as a thing in itself, and not as the inseparable accompaniment of activity, demands investigation and stern criticism. The idea that there is an abstract thing, "pleasure," which men desire apart from the actions which bring that pleasure and the failure to realise that pleasure is the emotional tone of deed and thought, were both fruitful of error. They led Bentham into the absurd view that pleasure was a real, separable thing which could be measured in lumps and into the still more grotesque absurdity that pleasure had only one quality, and could only be judged by quantitative standards. Hence, his often quoted remark that "other things being equal, push pin is as good as poetry." Repelled by the crudity of this assertion, John Stuart Mill went right back upon the hedonist position, which Bentham had logically upheld, and declared that it was better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied. He thus introduced qualitative distinctions among pleasures and vitiated the simple, quantitative hedonistic calculus of Bentham. By so doing he took moral philosophy back to intuitionism, because it was only by the intuitions of the majority of men that those qualitative distinctions could be assessed. Mill was thus less logical than Bentham and yet nearer to the truth. But the whole trouble arose from a faulty psychology and a refusal to remember Aristotle's definition of pleasure as the accompaniment of energy as inseparable from it as is the bloom from the face of youth.

Again, Professor Davidson has failed to drive home the obvious fact that while the Benthamite moral philosophy was based on an absurdity, the political philosophy was extremely sound. Take, for instance, the phrase "Every man to count for one and no man for more than one." In moral philosophy we are dealing with individuals, and of such individuals the assertion of equality is ridiculous. Men are not equal in brains or character or stature: they have diverse tastes and diverse capacities: they are not born equal, nor do they in equality die. Nor can equality ever be true of individuals. In our private actions we can fairly discriminate between individuals, and, while refusing equality of treatment, we can give equality of consideration. For instance, a man may claim that in leaving more of his money to a sensible son and less to a spendthrift son he is giving them equality of consideration. He knows the individuals, and he can fairly judge the uses to which the sums of money will be put. But in politics we are dealing with men in the mass and discrimination is impossible. The distributor of Old Age Pensions must give the same amount to each, be the recipient worthy or unworthy. Here "every man must count for one and no one for more than one." The canons of politics must be rougher than the canons of ethics, and Bentham not only saw this truth but applied it. And it is to the industrious and benevolent old man, whom Carlyle abused as gross, that we owe many of those reforms, inadequate perhaps, but none the less real, which were brought about in the first half of the nineteenth century.

* "Political Thought in England. The Utilitarians. From Bentham to J. S. Mill." By William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D. (Williams and Norgate. 1s.)

Readers and Writers.

My appetite for Blake will never be satisfied; he is a perpetual food. Even in the form of a "Blake Calendar" (Frank Palmer, 1s.) I find I can read him with a pleasure that is always new. Moreover, the compiler, who has done his work pretty well, has discovered one or two sentences unknown before to me. "I live by miracle," is an instance. What a world of meaning in Blake's mouth such a little jewel possesses! Who comprehends—or, let us say, even apprehends—its depth has made the first step in wisdom. Or consider this—less, perhaps, in range but quite as profound: "The man who does not know what object to pursue is an idiot." I wish I had come across it before replying to Mr. Kerr last week; it only needs to have "decadent" (the modern equivalent) substituted for "idiot" to state an argument of my case exactly. Then think of this: "Empire follows art." That is putting the horse before the cart in three words. The compiler, however, is not always so happy in his choice of passages. Except as a prose phrase still unmistakably Blake, I see nothing exceptional in this: "Ahanian heard the lamentation, and a swift vibration spread through her golden frame."

* * *

Much less admirable, though it is no fault of the compiler, Mr. R. M. Leonard, is the anthology of English "Epigrams" published by the Oxford Press in the Oxford Garland Series (7d. each). The fact is that we English do not excel in epigrams of the kind here collected—"pointed or antithetical sayings in verse." Of the three or four hundred contained in this volume, and ranging over three hundred years of our literature, I cannot find one that is really first-rate. The reason must surely be that either our character as a nation or our language does not lend itself to a form in which the Greeks and Romans were masters. Both reasons, perhaps, exist. In the first place, we are a kindly people even in our hates, and never turn the weapon in the wound or poison the sting of the dart with intent to kill. No English epigram has ever killed anybody. And, in the second place, our language is too atomic in structure to afford us the boulders of red-sandstone suitable as weapons of epigrammatic offence. I am thus of the opinion that our epigram must needs be "a feeble thing with straw in tail, stuck there by way of sting." At the same time, my colleagues have my blessing in their endeavour to lift the reproach from us!

* * *

"Letters Written in War-Time" (Oxford "World's Classics, 1s.) is a third compilation published this week. (Did I not prophesy that we should have a host of them?) It is very well done, and I have spent a pleasant afternoon in reading the lot of them. From Robert Wemynton writing to Tho Daniel in 1449 to Sir Charles Napier writing in 1852, one letter-writer of astonishing merit follows another in a procession to make the language glad. I am struck once more by the "manly sentiment" of Englishmen, manifested in almost every one of these letters in war-time. Captain Robert Wemynton, for example, refers unashamedly to his sailors as "my fellowship," and great is his indignation that they had suffered in the sea-fight he records. Cromwell, it is well known, found time on the field to write to "my Deare who is very much in my heart." King Charles I concludes a letter to Queen Henrietta in these terms: "Knowing the reality of thy love to him who is eternally thine." Marlborough writes to "my dearest soul"; and Collingwood superintended the education of his beloved daughters while on active service. One or two items are new to me—though not, of course, to my readers. I had not realised before what a man Henrietta Maria was and how she at once loved and despised her husband. "Delays," she writes, "have always ruined you"; and, later: "You are beginning again your old game of yielding

everything." Finally she threatens to return to a convent since "you are no longer capable of protecting any one, not even yourself." Nevertheless, she concludes her letter: "I am yours after death, if it be possible." To a Belgian regiment bolting at Waterloo and coming by chance upon him, Wellington (according to Sir Walter Scott) addressed these manly simple words: "My lads, you must be a little blown; come, do take your breath for a moment, and then we'll go back and try if we can do a little better." Sir Charles Napier, writing to his mother after the conquest of Scinde—the message "Peccavi" appears to be apocryphal—says: "I could have got thirty thousand pounds since coming to Scinde, but my hands do not want washing yet."

* * *

Two more passages and I will pass on. In his latest book, "The Crimes of England" (Palmer and Heyward, 1s.), Mr. G. K. Chesterton denounces the late Lord Salisbury for promulgating the error that nations die. Well, Lord Salisbury was not the first to say it; for here is Cowper writing in 1782 the same thing: "Nations, as well as individuals, have their seasons of infancy, youth and age." And he adds that "ours, in particular, is affected with every symptom of decay, and is already in a state of decrepitude." But are we not alive to give the lie to Cowper? A nation need not become extinct to be dead. There are even many dead men walking about! The other passage I shall quote is for my colleague (long may he be allowed to write!)—"North Staffs." It bears upon his notes of last week and occurs in a letter of Wellington's to Col. Torrens: "The officers on the staff of the British Army are effectives in regiments; and considering that it is most important to every army to have good and efficient staff officers, I do not know that the colonels of regiments have any right to interfere to prevent the appointment of officers to the staff from their regiments, or to occasion by their influence the relinquishment of their offices on the staff when they think proper. If they have this power of interference, it is one which may very materially affect the public interests, and it ought not to be exercised lightly or with caprice. At the same time I admit the necessity of keeping regiments well officered, but I should wish to know who is more interested in this than the officer who commands the army."

* * *

I doubt whether many of my readers have so much as heard the name of Mr. Croft Hiller. Yet Mr. Hiller is not only the author of many volumes, but he has for years been putting forward ideas that, in another form than his, are now becoming current. It is probably as the founder of "God's Property Restoration League" that his name is known to some of you; but the League by no means exhausts Mr. Hiller's energies. For he is a "philosopher," and, although a self-made, a most industrious and pertinacious one; and in this field, as almost any gleaner may, he has gathered ears of wheat as well as much chaff. His system—as far as I or he can be said to understand it—approximates to the most modern doctrine of the objective school with which my colleagues, Blank and Blank, are newly in love. God, in his judgment, is not only the first Cause, but He is Cause itself: with this consequence that everything created owes allegiance to God and is God's alone. I shall not point out the practical applications Mr. Hiller makes of his elimination of Man from the category of final causes and final ends; but they include some revolutionary proposals, among them, the creation—Messrs. Blank and Blank!—of a functionary State, even a functionary planet. What I would say, however, is that Mr. Hiller has himself to blame for his neglect during all these years. For he complains bitterly of the boycott of his own works while boasting that, for himself, his reading of philosophy has been "of the Falstaffian bread-order." It is permissible to read no philosophy and yet to write about it; but not in the language of the schools.

R. H. C.

Letters About Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

RUSSIAN society, in its extreme tension of the last months, has been spared one manifestation. There has been no women's agitation for votes, for maternity grants, for the impeachment of Ministers, or for any other things few women understand. Russian women, being Maenads, have far too much influence, as it is, to risk loss by competition with men in men's fields. Sáltikov's nickname for provincial governors, "Pompadors," was a hint at the bright eyes usually behind their elbow. They are, after all, a lady who heads the Court, a Countess who leads the "German party," a War Minister's wife who betrayed the armies, women who seduced Miasoyédof, women who protect Raspútin, women who rule the editors of most periodicals, women, women, who are behind the scenes of every part of the national life. What should they do with public demonstration of claims and causes? The Russians are altogether a hen-pecked people; but since there are women voracious enough to want to hen-peck strangers instead of their own husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers and sons, there has been some sort of a women's movement.

In October a biography of the late Anna Pávlova Philosóphova was published, and I received a copy of both volumes from her son, the publicist, Dmitri Philosóphov, inscribed to me, "in pleasant memory and with gratitude for your disinterested love for Russia." I hardly think (forgive me!) that Mr. Stephen Graham would receive the same compliment from such a source—his affection for the Russians is not returned. The books, produced with many beautiful plates and photographs of the heroine, contain a full history of the Russian feminist movement, centred in her activities.

The woman's movement, we have often had screamed at us, is older than the world, but in Russia it began to be evident as late as the eighteen-fifties. It was started by an article by Pirogov, who complained that women were becoming dolls, and called for the emancipation of woman as the emancipation of man. Soon Chernishévski wrote in the album of his lady-love (the recent conversion of President Wilson may be traced to a similar influence):—

Woman should be equal with man.
Up to now this has not been so.
Woman has always been a slave.
A wife should be equal with her husband.
Up to now this has not been so.

The wife has been simply her husband's servant, only a little superior to his other servants.

Therefore all relations between man and woman, between husband and wife, have been abominable.

The obligation of every honest and decent man is to detest these abominable relations with all the strength of his soul and he is bound so to assist in their extermination as even to fall into the danger of going to the other extreme and becoming himself a slave. Better to become a slave for the sake of future equality than to perpetuate the slavery of others out of fear of becoming a slave oneself.

These are my firm convictions.

So wrote Chernishévski, the much-beloved and much-oppressed, in contempt of the probable fact that the spring of women's activities is not the same as a man's. The Russian peasant proverbs most closely touching the matter are: "Women have a scent, but no soul," and, more favourably, "Nine women together have one soul." Of course, I ignore the saying that "A dog is wiser than a woman: it does not bark at its master."

In 1858, a certain lady, Vernadskoy, carried on the good work with an article on female labour. She explained that only women earning their own living had the right to call themselves free. (Remember this, chain-makers!) "Women," she wrote, "simply do not want to work, I say, rather, women are ashamed to work. Do women prepare for any profession? Not for any other than to be wives and mothers or to keep house—[Shame!]-beyond this for nothing. How many

natural talents and gifts are lost through this, and, what is worse—what a humiliating position women put themselves into by it! . . . Cease to be children, try to stand on your own legs, to live by your own wits, to work with your own hands, learn, think, work like men, and you will be independent, or, at least, less dependent on your tyrants than now." After such an excellent beginning, only this has to be mentioned, that the women dependants in the great political Nihilist trials were remarked to be, with very rare exceptions—well, not beautiful! And of those that, prettier, fell by the way to emancipation, and finished life with a hen-pecked tyrant, there are also records.

Anna Pávlova (it is customary to speak of Russians by their Christian name and their father's Christian name, not by their surnames), born in 1837, was very beautiful, married a high official, and thought nothing on earth so fine as a ball. But, as she wrote in some autobiographical notes:—

My husband busied himself greatly with my education. I was altogether a little fool when I was married. My husband wanted to make me an educated woman of the world—he aimed at no more. He was a man of extraordinary goodness and all his life thought only of my happiness. My life was exceptionally happy. I never hid anything from my husband and never, I suppose, lied to him once. But I languished; something was wanting all the same. The life of a "butterfly" did not content me. But I did not understand what was the matter. A gentleman, a friend of my husband and of me, said to me, "It's dull for you, without work." But I could not even understand what work might be. Then he brought a lady to see me who taught and read with me. It was difficult, because I understood nothing. She read books with me about the women's question.

The result was the usual: Anna Pávlova quarrelled with her husband, left him, and devoted herself to the "Cause," taking a leading part, for instance, in the Women's Trade Union. This was in the 'sixties. Meanwhile, open attacks (just think of it!) were made on the propaganda. For instance:—

We shall hand over Russia to educated women and women social workers to make of them women without sex, without country, without fathers and mothers, without brothers and sisters, without husbands and children. Russia will say, "No, thank you," to such women. (Count Meshcherski, "Citizen," 1872, No. 9.)

Regard the young Russian woman of to-day: a man's hat, a man's coat, a dirty skirt, ragged linen, a face of bronze or greenish hue, a protruding chin, in her turbid eyes aimlessness, weariness, ill-temper, hate, a sort of deep night with the reflection of a will o' the wisp—what is it? A kind of hermaphrodite. (Tsitóvich, Reply to Michaelovski, "Annals of the Fatherland," 1878, June.)

Thanks, however, mainly to Anna Pávlova's endeavours, "higher educational courses" for women were opened at the universities about 1876, but the movement dwindled again in 1879, when Anna Pávlova had temporarily to retire to her estates. She returned two years after, and the lectures began again. She led the movement (which does not seem to have progressed much), till she died in 1912, an old lady of seventy-five, and the chief representative of the "emancipated" Russian women. She never again suffered from any organised public antagonism, except when in 1909 she presided at the First All-Russian Women's Congress. Then the insolent Black Hundred member of the Duma, Pureshkevich, called the Congress a public brothel! Two of her sons instantly challenged him to a duel; the third, Dmitri, more discreetly persuaded his mother to take the matter before the courts. It was difficult to find a man bold enough to impeach the notorious reactionary; but at last a generous Jewish advocate accepted the brief. Pureshkevich was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, without the alternative of a fine. He appealed, but the judgment was upheld. The Tsar, however, commuted his punishment from a month's imprisonment to three days' detention at his own home!

Anna Pávlova was, undoubtedly, an exceptional feminist; she was both beautiful and feminine. It was she who said, most excellent femininely, that she for

gave Dostoevsky his anti-Liberalism because he had suffered terribly in his youth for the revolution, but she could not pardon Turgeniev, who had never suffered anything for any cause.

I rather fancy that Anna Pávlova is all the Russian feminists have to boast of. The "Cause" has been a failure, of which the fate of the Women's Trade Union in the 'sixties was a ludicrous example. The society had not yet had time to be either legalised or suppressed when one or two energetic members objected vigorously to the presence on the committee of women who were not "workers," but merely "patronesses." In a tremendous confusion, the Trade Union collapsed, and that was the end of it. From what I remember of two or three hundred political programmes I read that were issued in 1905 there seem to have been, and probably do still exist, one or two insignificant feminists' societies. And there is, of course, the Russian branch of the Theosophical Society. As a matter of fact, the wind was taken out of the sails of the movement by the unanimous adoption of the women's suffrage principle by all the political social-democratic and constitutional-democratic Duma parties, who let it simmer in their hot brains with compulsory insurance, old age pensions, and an eight-hours day. The social-revolutionaries, the bold, bad Nihilists of to-day, went *even further*. They solemnly swore that owners of factories employing women should be compelled with all the rigour of the law to erect separate rooms with doors to lock, and without spy-holes, for the women workers to enter in case of necessity, for not less than one-half hour in every three hours—to feed their babies!

Things Patagonian.

I.

WHEN in a thousand years I shall have found myself in sufficient leisure, while old Death bruises the toes of his equal foot, to make my last and only Will and Testament, whereby as of better men aforetime my debts shall fall to my friends and my less solid property to the comfort of the poor in spirit, I shall still have something to bequeath. Being priceless, I shall yield it up with ceremony to my chance crony of that day, to one who assuredly will not abuse it. He will be there beside me, unless co-partner Credit have drowned himself like Clarence in a butt.

"Friend, my horse is in the stable of Martinié. . . . He will keep it."

"Amigo, si. It has the spavin and the saddle-gall, no?"

"True; but then the planks of Martinié—bicho de Croato!—will be of drift-wood, and quien sabe without screws even of iron. The horse then is to him. Se va!"

"Muy bien!"

"To you, José . . . Caramba! That is not your name? Bueno. To you, Miguel . . ."

"Señor?"

"If you promise to go soberly out behind me yonder . . ."

"Por Dios! Not a copa shall I take, if it rain vino blanco!"

"To you, por su bondad, estas palabras; these words . . ."

"Diablo! Que palabras!"

But, meseeurs, José-Miguel has departed in haste and in the wrath of a duped comradeship. Not even the rags of a poncho! . . . I have no choice but to eclipse the reputation of Señores los Millionarios, who return a little tithe of the golden calves of the golden cow they stole from the common pasture. I must even now, when not yet moribund, endow the Institution for Public Wisdom. So, failing the nearer services of Miguel-José, I shall die in the large hope of a world in motley "bidding fair Peace be to my sable shroud."

Expansively, then, and in the grand style, I deliver

myself:—"It is an evil thing for a man to tell his pence while that he is ill." Ipse dixi. . . . What! Will you, too, play me the Chileno's scurvy trick? You have gaped, say you, and heard nothing stupendous! Sincerely, I do not wish you a mischief. But if one day your pence be few and your aches many, and you make your reckoning prone upon the skin-bed of a boliché in Punta Arenas, which is in Patagonia. . . . Perhaps, however, that conveys to you as much, though antipodally, as the opening clause of the Paternoster.

I was very sick and my pence were very few. The causes thereof matter little. Yet, lest you imagine I am draping myself in Memoirs like a Venerable Old Man, and not telling a simple tale pending the coralling of the horses and my departure to gather a point of strayed sheep, you may have them as briefly as my vagabonding pen will allow.

I was sick after falling through the ice of Rio Turbio, and having to ride for a day and night thereafter over a snow-bound track. My pence were few, because the Doctor who gibbered and gave me visits and as many medicines, and the bolichero who gave me few visits and as many "copas" as my comforters guessed I needed, had all but dissolved a store already well in liquidation; not alone literally, but in a long effort to find in Tierra del Fuego a stretch of green camp, which, in its absence, proved the Creator of scantier imagination than the maker of the chart.

The reckoning squarely accomplished, I braced my legs by getting into stiff thigh-boots; and steadied my body by adjusting a belt to my new circumstances; feeling the while like a five-ton cutter without ballast in a Falkland Island whirlwind, heedless of the jammed tiller and mis-staying in the very jaws of a black beach. However, after I had in the course of a few passages by the head across the room brought my members into a working sympathy, I found myself sufficiently trimmed to swear before the world the death of all the devils but one. It was then that the estanciero of Rio China came to visit me.

I shall never rid me of that moment's hatred of one-eyed men. Two eyes would have shown less of the callous hesitation of the chamango asquint before a bogged sheep, uncertain whether it be worth soiling his feathers upon so sorry a carcase. This unfeathered corbie could not gather both sides of me at once. He must take one flank at a time, up and down; then swivel to another point of view. I blessed the day of more plentiful dollars that my boots were long. But the uneasiness was so great that my hands passed over my body in cold fear of meeting some naked bone.

"Dios! Esta flacco. You are thin."

"Un poco, a little. There's a mestizo-colt I'm riding for a wager. I have taken off a few kilos. No es nada."

I rose carelessly in my pride and tried to find my tobacco-pouch. But I had to fall ignominiously and allow him to gather me up, all legs and head like a newborn lamb. Sitting again on the skins, while he eyed me like a Cyclops on guard, I contrived amid the débris of a dozen efforts to roll a whale-backed cigarette.

"Amigo mio, but you are very ill."

"No. I have just recovered from a cold. . . . I might have been colder."

"Quien sabe. . . . That land in Tierra del Fuego, you found it good?"

"Como no! Not so fine a piece of camp between Cape Horn and San Julian."

"Caramba! Then, you will not even now come North with me to Rio China?"

"Por Dios, no, Señor! Que cosa! I take charge of another man's stock, when I can have a rich camp of my own!"

"But now you are weaker than vino de pays! Be wise, Lombre. You said before, I only offered you half your worth. I will be generous, and give you three-fourths of what you asked."

"Sta bueno. There is only one-half of me left. . . . I will come to Rio China."

Point Danger, then, was rounded. Had my soul been more comfortably housed, it might have made merry. But instead it must have looked out from its dilapidated tenement, like a daylight owl from the stump of a withered tree, so lugubriously that One-Eye may have feared the other fourth of my worth would momentarily be spirited from him. Of a sud-len he turned his vacant socket upon me, and shook my hand; while his eye focussed around for an escape. He straddled out, looking from the head downwards very much like an elephant in gaiters. While I was endeavouring to laugh and be joyful, the blind half of his red face shone round the edge of the open door.

"Quien sabe," I heard faintly, "Esta Usted un poco embarazoso. It may be you are in slight difficulty. Had much to spend. . . . If fifty pesos, even so much as one hundred. . . ."

"Mille gracias! There is no need. You see, I have two horses, and shall soon be upon the track."

"Bueno! Como quiere. As you like."

The words came from a heart of ease.

Hearing his hasty departure, I laughed without intention. But one hundred dollars! When I wish to die speedily, I shall offer the horse-less sun-downer the loan of my saddle-rug. One hundred dollars! When a blind mouth whispers a limited generosity upon you from round a door's edge, and you cannot see the colour of his eye, why play the packman and deploy your ills? Certainly, there were two horses to my name. But of one, three legs belonged to the doctor who loved me so much as to caution me without prejudice against the other two his enemies. (They were in league with the chemist; but he, good man, mixed his own drugs, and did not charge for them.) The other leg, according to the bolichero, had been eaten or drunken by the friends who also loved me; accounted for, possibly, in the proportions of Falstaff's bread and sack. The poor animal, without a doubt, was in the fork of that dilemma of the schools—in the perilous no-state between Being and Not-Being. Four years ago, when my hair unstarved my collars, and I had conceit in myself, I might have conjured him out of the difficulty; but at this time I was shorn of both, and had forgotten all the pass-words. The only course left was to realise by the more ordinary methods, and to beg, borrow, or earn another "cargero." It so chanced that in the end I earned one.

II.

I neither begged nor borrowed, being ashamed. . . . Besides, to beg would have been fruitless, and to borrow impossible; the mere hoisting of tattered sails to catch no wind.

August is a lean month. Those who rode into town while yet the tracks were passable are now beginning to say "Señor" to the fat bolicheros, and by that means and a tightening of the belt to stay the evil day when they must nibble at their horses or vanish over the snows. They are in the clutches of Punta Arenas, that conspiracy in flesh and stone to the general end of treating your neighbour to one drink and getting two in return. The net result is pretty even dealing, but entails a woeful loss of one's maiden virtues, and the great mystification of that art which finds the mind's construction in the face.

The town is most friendly. The strangest stranger will invite you to toss the "cacho"—the theory of poker applied to dice—and before the third casting you will be calling each other "amigo," with sincerity, and the stress of any nationality from Japan to Ireland. But your co-bunker will act like mine, and after a hearty "Buenas noches," blow out the light and stuff his pocket-book and revolver beneath the pillow. You will not bear him any grudge, since, being wise, you will have done the same.

I am speaking of the many boliches that are also hotels. There are three hotels which are also boliches.

Of these, one is not for me, except in its complementary aspect. The remaining two make me wish that the napkins were digestible, and wonder whether the nice plate-faced "commerciante" opposite likes the hotel for its veneer of European gentility, or for the pleasure of paying much for little, or because he can talk of his bedroom and lock its door at night.

Not liking plate-faced gentlemen who say "pardon" to gain time to think over my words, and preferring to be robbed with a curse than swindled with a shrug, I generally find myself lodged in some boliche that is also an hotel. There have been, and may again be, times when truth would forbid me ascribing any spontaneity to the preference. Yet, since I have been warped in the construction, I am timorously distrustful of the napkined world, where every bleached soul lives as if to deaden the sound of his own footfall, and in every way to mortify the flesh; but have a familiar liking for that hard-shod community whereinto each man brings a solid and particular reality. Among those you hear a subdued whisper of "se dice, it is said"; among these, it is all, "digo yo, say I," and yet, not all words neither. In the smoke-room you will meet Señores with whom you will revile the fallen exchange, and forget them, unless you are fortunate to have dealings with one over the bank-counter, or buy a shirt from another, and smile in recollection when he lowers the price five dollars after raising it ten. But, in another place, are Peter the Dane, Chanchito Colorado MacDonald, Abraham Abrahamson, Suarez the Mail-rider, Poker John the Nigger, Dragicovic the Trapper; whom you will never forget. That one world is the merest thin stream of chorus. The other is the very drama. And the messenger comes casually from the other end of the room and confides in you, while the bolichero passes the bottle with one hand, and lifts his revolver with the other.

I had no intention of fighting death in the boliché "Todas las Naciones." My horse drew up by the door of its own accord, and Fugl, who hailed the event as a Cromwellian triumph, carried me within. After all, it is of little import to the animal in extremes what manner of bird will pick his bones. A foul buzzard makes as clean a job as a crested corancho. . . . Yet I remained; though with little more than the obol under my tongue, a saddle-horse, and a dismembered cargero.

How much of the latter remained to me was not quite clear. A few days passed before I questioned old Fugl upon the matter; for too forcible a curiosity regarding anything so dubitable as one's personal effects, after an illness in "Todas las Naciones," is apt to be ridiculous, when one's eyes are like babes gaping over ledges, and one's hands have lost the power even of closing. There was little hope of convincing so largely wrathful a man as the bolichero that he was a robber and devoid of any virtue, when foxy Gonzalez, who is only a driver of oxen, had dared to steal my saddle-skins, and was offering to re-sell it under my nose.

"Come, I will buy it, Gonzalez," I said. "But are you sure it is no other man's?"

"Gramputa! That means to say, am I a thief?"

"No, no! Do not put your hand there, Gonzalez. I do not lay such a word upon you. I only say you have found my saddle-rug, and are going to sell it back to me. Bueno! I will buy."

"And you will give, what, Señor?"

"I will give you. . . . Now, do not refuse to bargain. You see, I can hold this with just a little shaking; but you are very near. I could not fail, amigo mio. . . . I will give you mille gracias, a thousand thanks." Which Gonzalez took very ungraciously; but, nevertheless, went his ways.

Now, Gonzalez and I are pretty much of a size, although his shoulders are peaked, and his forehead no more than a short furrow above bushy black eye-brows. But Fugl is Achilles among the Achives, and in his wrath many times too large for me, albeit, approaching the son of divine Thetis, his prowess is limited by a crushed foot. Moreover, the same rules of good man-

ners which permit the fondling of a gun when a dark-skinned hand moves round to the sheath upon the hip, regard either manœuvre with fair-complexioned disfavour except as a last resort, or in the nature of a coup-de-grace, or its prevention. I have not been privileged to see Fugl in any such case. He bears himself in times of stress like the tornado, or like the Argentine "pampero," which hurtles upon you in the plain out of a vacant sky, and has no need of lightnings. But to know Fugl, you must see him.

There he sits upon a rum-case by the corner of the bar—a ton of a man, but able for his weight, bow-legged, blue-eyed, and truculent. His face is channelled with an ancient frost-bite that records a long pull from the Horn in an open boat. His pointed, grised head is tilted back upon the wall, so that his eyes just squint over the beard of bristles in the effort to look out upon the street.

A group of swart Chilenos are noisily tossing the cacho. Two angular Slavs are playing poker in the farther corner of the saloon, with beans for counters, and each bean a centavo. They will end with a balance to be liquidated in a forty-cent drink; whereat Fugl will curse them foully in his wont for whoreson Austriacos, who would refuse the Devil their souls for a dollar, but sell them and their neighbour's for another centavo.

Chanchito Colorado (Red Pig) tries for the twentieth time to convince me that I knew a nephew of his, a minister in Scotland; and, on the strength of this, and of a horse he sold three days ago, fails to raise a loan of a paltry hundred dollars. On the edge of the same bench, Peter the Dane is engaging a partner for a season's otter-catching in the Canals. The bargain goes fairly until Peter suggests that the other (who has offered to sell me the whereabouts of gold three hundred miles up the coast) not only supply the provisions, but deposit fifty pesos there and then with his partner as an earnest of good faith, and to balance mere food more equitably with a freely-given cutter.

Abraham Abrahamson is telling a stranger in round numbers of his ever so rich iron-mine in Tierra del Fuego. It is no myth, for I am factotum of the company in possession—afar off. Among us, we have sunk five hundred dollars in the concern; of which sum the others are my creditors to the extent of four hundred. We need only sink another four thousand and a shaft, in order to begin the creation of our untold fortunes. . . . Hitherto, only Abrahamson has profited. For a year, in the intervals of piloting cargo-boats through the Magellan, he has eked out his scantiness by unlimited promises of fractional shares. However, the first-fruits are his due. Old Sörensén, the Swede, ran his cutter on the beach of one of the myriad creeks that wind into Fireland. On his return he whispered a tale into the ear of Abraham, and after a week's unprecedented sobriety the two loosed a well-stocked cutter from its buoy, and vanished into uncharted seas. Months passed. All except the owner of the cutter had forgiven them their debts, when Abrahamson returned alone and unrecognised, until Chanchito Colorado was bidden lose himself in some Norse inferno named Balehak. Sörensén lay crushed beneath a boulder half-way up a mountain-side. For a time, Abraham endured a bitter life, steering a course amid old Sörensén's creditors, and searching for a confidant in whom "savoir faire" might be tempered with a passing honesty, and held in check by the fear of unutterable things. So, for whichever reason, I was eventually entrusted with a brick-size sample of magnetic iron-ore, and a most original thing in the nature of a land-survey map. The analysis arrived in time from a bureau in Washington. The Gobernacion was at last assured of its ultimate dollar in fees. And the morrow beheld us the possessors of a solid chunk of the immeasurable Andes. . . .

How shrunken and withered are your Jews of Malta in the large presence of Abraham Abrahamson, berserk—usually—wind-reddened and gnarled like a *Beowulf*! "Infinite riches in a little room." That is but the pale

fancy of a little soul in delirium. But imagine, if you dare, that Fireland mountain—one amidst many that rise full of dread beyond vision—in stark regions which a frenzied God must have created in His wrath. It shoulders the everlasting snows. Its mid-heights, draped in ragged scrub, are studded for miles around with ice-scarred massive blocks of quartzite and of basalt, poised upon inaccessible ledges—a grisly unshapen wilderness as dreadful in the gloom of incessant slanting rains as the monster-haunted moors of Icelandic Saga. Its lower slopes are skirted with green forests of interlocked "roble," bearded with trailing emerald lichen, that falls like a curtain from the overhanging boughs, and mingles with the sea-weed upon the margin of the creeks. There the pilgrim Ona may moor his bark-canoe this night; but no white man, save in the chance of his distress. For none have knowledge of it, but we four. It is ours, the Andean Peak. Ours the . . . But I believe I have forgotten a marginal four thousand dollars. I have forgotten, too, that I have a heart above ore, even when magnetic, and am many times willing to surrender my share of El Fierrado for the mere return of my five hundred pesos and an old horse. Besides, when I am on the track behind ten thousand sheep, I have visions of that mine's impossibility. It is only when I fold the flock for the night, and am smoking on the lee-side of a scrub-patch, that the impossibility seems to be only in the four thousand dollars. . . . Yet, there is much virtue in a castle in Spain, or a mountain in Tierra del Fuego. I sleep very well, even under a bush. And Abraham Abrahamson draws another bill upon the future.

"Bless the bar, Lombres!"—mumbles Fuglie, in a hoarse, ragged voice, rising to serve the Norseman—"What do ye come to my saloon for? To sit like a bevy of yellow-skinned 'putas,' sick with the malady? Por Dios, if there's one less triste than another, it's the caballero, who's just missed his own funeral. And he looks sad about it. Bless the bar!"

"No, Señor. It is not my postponed funeral I grieve about. I am troubled to know the difference between my debts and the price of my cargero."

Unluckily, he laughed.

"Caramba! That is nothing to worry about. You can swallow the difference and remain sober."

"But you joke. I paid you in good dollars up to a week ago. My horse is worth . . ."

"I do know the value of your horse, for I helped the doctor to sell it a fortnight ago. . . ."

"Como? The horse sold?"

"Como, no! The doctor says to me, real sorrowful: 'He's done with.' 'Outward bound with all sails set,' says I. 'And a great loss to the community.' 'Yes,' says he. 'Poor fellow, all the doctors in creation couldn't save him. Very sad. What is he worth?' . . . Now, I ask you, if the doctor doesn't know when a man is on the last trip, who can? . . . 'We'd better square things,' says the doctor. 'Save him from the sharks,' says I. . . . Por seguro, the horse is sold. Quien sabe, I bought him myself. . . . The doctor paid himself out of it. And the rest paid me, including the doctor's vermuth—two copas a day, one when he came to visit you; one when he left. . . . The balance is about one dollar. Better drink it. . . ."

"Gracias. I'm fond of water these days. . . . I think I'd rather have the explanations. No, do not trouble to rise, Capitan. I shall wait for them."

Now, I did wait for the explanations. But it grieves me to state that I was in no manner able to check the items, which were numerous and overwhelming. And my feeble comments only moved the Captain to a more dogmatic and vehement repetition. In time, I may appear to have retired gracefully and memorably from the discussion. At present, I think not. For when later the Captain in person brought me a generous medicine that was not, he assured me, a tincture of methylated spirits, I told him that in using the words "brigand with a face of brass," I really meant in my

heart, a caballero, very rich, and with a hand of iron. Whereat he was pleased to say that he loved me then and always like a brother, that my debts were off the slate; and, since I could figure well, and write, might tend his bar and earn—as much as I am earning now. But by the morrow's dawn I was out upon the track; behind me (my maletas and blankets hanging athwart as over a hurdle) trotted a cargero. Of his earning, you may hear, if it please you, when those sheep are gathered.

ARCHIBALD STEWART.

A Notebook.

By T. E. H.

A METHOD.—One of the main achievements of the nineteenth century was the elaboration and universal application of the principle of *continuity*. The destruction of this conception is, on the contrary, a pressing necessity of the present.

Originally urged only by the few, it has spread—implicit in the popular conception of evolution—till it has attained the status of a category. We now absorb it unconsciously from an environment already completely soaked in it; so that we regard it not as a principle in the light of which certain regions of fact can be conveniently ordered, but as an inevitable constituent of reality itself. When any fact seems to contradict this principle, we are inclined to deny that the fact really exists. We constantly tend to think that the discontinuities in nature are only *apparent*, and that a fuller investigation would reveal the underlying continuity. This shrinking from a *gap* or jump in nature has developed to a degree which paralyzes any objective perception, and prejudices our seeing things as they really are. For an objective view of reality we must make use both of the categories of continuity and discontinuity. Our principal concern then at the present moment should be the re-establishment of the temper or disposition of mind which can look at a *gap* or chasm without shuddering.

I am not concerned in these notes, however, with gaps in nature, in the narrow sense of the word. I am thinking rather of general theories about the nature of reality. One of the results of the temper of mind I have just discussed is that any general theories of this kind which assert the existence of absolute gaps between one region of reality and another, are at once almost *instinctively felt to be inadmissible*. Now the method of criticism I wish to employ here is based on the fact, that most of the errors in certain subjects, spring from an almost instinctive attempt on our part to gloze over and disguise, a particular *discontinuity* in the nature of reality. It was then necessary first of all to deal with the source of this instinctive behaviour, by pointing out the arbitrary character of the principle of continuity.

* * *

What is this Method? It is only possible here to describe it quite abstractly, leaving the details till later. Certain regions of reality differ not relatively but absolutely. There exists between them a real discontinuity. As the mind looks on discontinuity with horror it has attempted to exhibit these opposed things, as differing only in degree, as if there is in reality a continuous scale leading from one to the other. From this springs a whole mass of confused thinking in religion and ethics. If we first of all form a clear conception of the nature of a discontinuity, of a chasm, and form in ourselves the temper of mind which can support this opposition without irritation, we shall then have in our hands an instrument which may shatter all this confused thinking, and enable us to form accurate ideas on these subjects. In this way a flood of light may be thrown on old controversies.

A necessary preliminary to this however must be some account of the nature of the particular absolute discontinuity, that I want to use.

In order to simplify matters, it may be useful here to give the exposition a kind of geometrical character. Let us assume that reality is divided into three regions separated from one another by absolute divisions, by real discontinuities. (1) The inorganic world, of mathematical and physical science, (2) the organic world, dealt with by biology, psychology and history, and (3) the world of ethical and religious values. Imagine these three regions, as the three zones marked out on a flat surface by two concentric circles. The outer zone is the world of physics, the inner that of religion and ethics, the intermediate one that of life. The outer and inner regions have certain characteristics in common. They have both an *absolute* character, and knowledge about them can legitimately be called absolute knowledge. The intermediate region of life is, on the other hand, essentially relative; it is dealt with by *loose* sciences like biology, psychology and history. A muddy mixed zone then lies between two absolutes. To make the image a more faithful representation one would have to imagine the extreme zones partaking of the perfection of geometrical figures, while the middle zone was covered with some confused muddy substance.

* * *

I am afraid I shall have to abandon this model, for to make it represent faithfully what I want, I shall have to add a further complication. There must be an *absolute* division between each of the three regions, a kind of *chasm*. There must be no continuous leading gradually from one to the other. It is these *discontinuities* that I want to discuss here.

A convenient way of realising the nature of these divisions is to consider the movement away from materialism, at the end of the nineteenth century. In the middle period of the century, the predominant popular view entirely ignored the division between the inner and outer zones, and tended to treat them as one. There was no separating chasm and the two were muddled together. Vital phenomena were only extremely complicated forms of mechanical change (cf. Spencer's Biology and the entirely mechanical view involved in the definition of life as adaptation to environment). Then you get the movement represented in very different ways by Nietzsche, Dilthey, and Bergson, which clearly recognised the chasm between the two worlds of life and matter. Vital events are not completely *determined* and mechanical. It will always be impossible to completely describe them in terms of the laws of physics. This was not merely a local reaction against a local false doctrine. It contained an original element. This movement made the immense step forward involved in treating life, almost for the first time, as a unity, as something positive, a kind of stream overflowing, or at any rate not entirely enclosed, in the boundaries of the physical and spatial world. "In Dein Auge schaute ich O Leben," etc.

So far so good. But the same movement that recognises the existence of the first absolute chasm (between the physical and the vital), proceeds to ignore the second, that between the biology, and the ethical, religious values. Having made this immense step away from materialism, it believes itself adequately equipped for a statement of all the *ideal* values. It does not distinguish different levels of the non-material. All that is non-material, must it think be *vital*. The momentum of its escape from mechanism carries it on to the attempt to restate the whole of religion in terms of vitalism. This is ridiculous. Biology is not theology, nor can God be defined in terms of "life" or "progress." Modernism entirely misunderstands the nature of religion. But the last twenty years has produced masses of writing on this basis, and in as far as thought to-day is not materialistic, it tends to be exclusively of this kind.

It is easy to understand why the absolute division between the inorganic and the organic, is so much more easily recognised, than the second division. For the first falls easily into line with humanism, while the second breaks the whole Renaissance tradition.

It is necessary however, that this second *absolute* difference, should also be understood. It is necessary to realise that there is an absolute, and not a relative, difference between humanism (which we can take to be the highest expression of the vital), and the religious spirit. The *divine* is not *life* at its intensest. It contains in a way an almost *antivital* element; quite different of course from the non-vital character of the outside physical region. The questions of Original sin, of chastity, of the motives behind Buddhism, etc., all part of the very essence of the religious spirit, are quite incomprehensible for humanism. The difference is seen perhaps most obviously in art. At the Renaissance, there were many pictures with religious subjects, but no religious art in the proper sense of the word. All the emotions expressed are perfectly human ones. Those who choose to think that religious emotion is only the highest form of the emotions that fall inside the humanist ideology, may call this religious art, but they will be wrong. When the intensity of the religious attitude, finds proper expression in art, then you get a very different result. Such expression springs not from a delight in life but from a feeling for certain absolute values, which are entirely independent of vital things. The disgust with the trivial and accidental characteristic of living shapes, the searching after an austerity, a monumental stability and permanence, a perfection and rigidity, which vital things can never have, leads to the use of forms which can almost be called *geometrical*. (Cf. Byzantine, Egyptian and early Greek art.) If we think of physical science as represented by geometry, then instead of saying that the modern progress away from materialism, has been from physics through vitalism to the absolute values of religion, we might say that it is from *geometry through life and back to geometry*. It certainly seems as if the extreme regions had resemblances not shared by the middle region. This is because they are both in different ways, absolute.

We can repeat this in a more summary form. Two sets of errors spring from the attempt to treat different regions of reality, as if they were alike. (1) The attempt to introduce the *absolute* of mathematical physics, into the essentially relative middle zone of life, leads to the *mechanistic* view of the world. (2) The attempt to explain the *absolute* of religious and ethical values, in terms of the categories appropriate to the essentially relative and non-absolute vital zone, leads to the entire misunderstanding of these values, and to the creation of a series of mixed or bastard phenomena, which will be the subject of these notes. Cf. Romanticism in literature, Relativism in ethics, Idealism in philosophy, and Modernism in religion.

To say, that these bastard phenomena are the result of the shrinking from discontinuity, would be an entirely inadequate account of the matter. They spring from a more positive cause, the inability of the prevailing ideology to understand the nature of this absolute. But they are certainly shaped, by this instinctive effort to dig away at the edges of the precipice, which really separates two regions of reality, until it is transformed into a slope leading gradually from one to the other.

Romanticism for example confuses both human and divine things, by not clearly separating them. The main thing with which it can be reproached is that it blurs the clear outlines of human relations—whether in political thought or in the literary treatment of sex, by introducing in them, the *Perfection* that properly belongs to the non-human.

The *method* I wish to pursue then is this. In dealing with these confused phenomena, to hold the real nature of the *absolute discontinuity* between vital and religious things constantly before the mind; and thus to clearly separate those things, which are in reality separate. I believe this to be a very fertile method, and that it is possible by using it, not only to destroy all these bastard phenomena, but also to recover the real significance of many things which it seems absolutely impossible for the "modern" mind to understand.

Views and Reviews.

Quis Custodiet ?

WHATEVER else happens, one thing is certain: The Union of Democratic Control will emerge at the end of this war with its ideas clearly stated and its programme formulated. Its meetings may be dispersed or cancelled, but its writers continue their activities, and steadily develop their case. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby has spared no pains to make this book* worthy of the cause it supports; about one-third of the book is composed of appendices, giving us a description of the manner in which foreign affairs are dealt with in every European country and the United States, giving us selections from the evidence of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, and the Speaker concerning the House of Commons' control of foreign affairs, and some information about the conditions of entry into the Diplomatic Service, and some of the suggestions of reform made by a Royal Commission in 1914. The frankness of Mr. Ponsonby cannot be denied; he has quoted evidence here that is directly opposed to his own pleading, given by men whose opinions are far more authoritative than his own, and no one could deal more fairly than that with any question. An advocate who relies on the merit of his case, and does not burke the evidence against him, commands our esteem, although he may not secure our verdict in his favour. As an essay in constitutional reform, the book is certainly interesting; but I think that Mr. Ponsonby has unnecessarily complicated and weakened his case by basing it upon pacifism.

The difficulty in arguing such questions amid circumstances such as prevail at this moment is that people easily jump to conclusions without really considering the factors of causation. At the beginning of the war, for example, the Suffragists published a placard: "Failure of Male Diplomacy": the inference that female diplomacy could not have failed being irresistible by the ordinary mind. The simple fact that war is not a failure of any sort of diplomacy, but is only the last word of every diplomacy, is hidden by the argumentum ad populum. Mr. Ponsonby's platform case does not rise above this level. It is a fact that members of the Diplomatic Corps must have a private income of at least £400; it is a fact that the House of Commons has no effective control over foreign affairs; it is also a fact that we are at war with Germany. But the inference which a public meeting would make, viz., that if the Diplomatic Corps was not limited in the personnel by a property qualification, and if the House of Commons had some control over foreign affairs, we should not be at war with Germany, is just the inference that no one but a confirmed pacifist should allow his audience to make; for the fact that war is the last word of Diplomacy remains, however the Diplomatic Corps may be recruited, and whatever control the House of Commons may exercise over its Foreign Office.

There is another pacifist fallacy that I may deal with in this connection. Mr. Ponsonby makes the usual assumption that the peoples have no quarrel with each other, and, therefore, if they had some control over foreign affairs they would not be likely to go to war. A story from the front illustrates the idea. The Germans put up a board on which was inscribed: "The British are fools." This was such poor abuse that not a shot was wasted on it. The board was withdrawn; and, when it re-appeared, this phrase was added to it: "The French are fools." The next time it re-appeared, it contained still another assertion: "We are fools." This was a new variation on an old theme, and the next appearance of the board was awaited with interest. It then bore the legend: "Why not all go home?" There is Mr. Ponsonby's assumption stated in all its simplicity; but the mere fact that the people themselves may make it does not justify us in supposing that, if they controlled foreign affairs, they would never go

to war. If they controlled foreign affairs, they would have to deal with the matters that are now dealt with by our "secret" diplomatists; they would speedily become aware of interests that clash, and their idyllic unity would soon be shattered. The individual Englishman has no quarrel with the individual German, because he has little contact with him, and his interests are usually strictly localised; but if they happen to be in competition for the same work or the same woman, the brotherhood of man is exemplified by another "failure of male diplomacy." The peoples have no quarrel with each other because the things about which they would quarrel are dealt with by their respective Foreign Offices. Mr. Ponsonby's chief argument that democratic control of foreign affairs would tend to ensure peace is fallacious.

But when Mr. Ponsonby leaves the platform, and settles down to the task of constitutional reform, we find that he does not mean democratic control; at the most, he asks for Parliamentary control of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He recommends that "the Foreign Office vote should be taken automatically every session, and the debate should extend over at least two days, in order that general policy as well as detail can be discussed." The value of such a debate may be deduced from this question asked of the Speaker by one of the Commissioners: "Was your attention drawn to another peculiarity of the debate on Monday, that in the four hours devoted to the foreign policy of this country we commenced with Persia, we passed to the Balkans, we then went to the New Hebrides, and then to China—all in four hours. Do you think it is not very difficult to conduct a useful debate on those lines?" The Speaker's reply was that the matter was in the hands of the House; it could always demand another day for discussion, when, I suppose, another itinerary of the globe would be made.

The demand for the abolition of secret treaties and secret clauses to treaties is really only another platform point; secrecy, in this case, corresponds only with discretion in private affairs. No man is asked to stand and declare how he will act if certain contingencies arise, and to bind himself in honour so to do; and no country can reasonably be expected to publish to all the world every provision it has made. That "treaties should come up for revision periodically" is an ideal suggestion comparable with that of the continuous revision of the Statute Book. The objection to it really is that Parliament has not the time; these matters can only be dealt with as they arise. But the chief proposal is that of the formation of a Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Commons. It is not suggested that this body should relieve the Foreign Secretary or the Foreign Office of any of its work or responsibility; it is intended to act as a body of critics informed by the Foreign Secretary, and to be endowed with power to call for papers and to refer questions of importance to the House. It is interesting to notice that the Committee desired by Mr. Ponsonby is exactly the Committee that the Speaker (who is in favour of some Committee work in this matter) said "would not be really useful; it must [deal with] questions of policy, and a Government could never submit to having its policy dictated by a small Committee, and sometimes on these small Committees you are apt to get a number of faddists together who might presume to dictate their policy to the Government, and yet that would not necessarily be the view of the House, as a House." The other possibility that the Committee might be captured by the Government, by financial powers, is not remote; and, really, if it is necessary that the Foreign Office should publicly declare its policy, this Committee should also be compelled to do the same. If it agrees with the Foreign Office, it is superfluous; if it disagrees, it is dangerous to the stability of the Government; and as it cannot guarantee to interest the House of Commons in foreign affairs, it does not even secure Parliamentary control of the Foreign Secretary.

A. E. R.

* "Democracy and Diplomacy." By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Pastiche.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

As I chance to be one of that mongrel lot,
Whose father came from the land of "Gott"!—
While I myself being English born,
Am an object of international scorn;
I thought I was war-proof from head to heel,
Neither fall of German bomb to feel,
Nor to know the touch of recruiter's hand,
Nor yet the need of a khaki band.
I could leave out the dots on the "ü" in my name,
Or leave them there if the Germans came.
I talked at meetings round Nelson's column,
I sought for recruits from Highgate to Walham.
I gave midnight parties and mocked at the Zeps,—
But my sandwiches all were of smoked goose (steps)!—
A Bechstein piano I put on the roof—
Surely, I said, my house is bomb-proof.
I'd hedged so and backed so—whichever side won,
I was safe, so I thought, from Ally or Hun.
Imagine my horror, then, one still night,
When hurling down from the sky's black height,
Came fire-flame and pieces of iron and lead,
Crashing bang! through the ceiling just over my head!
"But dis isn't fair, I've a goot German name,
I'm Krüger," I shouted, "oh, oh, vot a shame!"
For all down my clothes streamed best Prussian blue-
blood,
"Mein Gott," I cried, "Himmel, ach Gott, vot a flood!"
Just see my face now, burnt, branded and marred,
In future I always must walk through life scarred!
When I said I was English they jeered at my name;
When I said I was German—bits of German iron came!
Oh! these crosses of iron, Anglo-Germans must bear,
Of Life's little Ironies I've had my share!

PETER PASTICHE.

THE SIGN.

At exactly what theatre she was appearing at the time it is unnecessary to say. Miss Flabby de Tease was appearing, and there it ends—or, rather, begins. Many people blame the war for the excitement which made itself manifest from Oxford Street to Charing Cross, though, really, more complex factors were involved; for there can be no doubt that Miss Flabby de Tease herself was indirectly responsible for two premature summer sales and the sudden collapse of the war. . . . It happened like this: Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors, British statesmen and lawyers, diplomats and outcast kings, were hastily summoned together by Fridgeley, the universal provider, who had become obsessed with a grievance via Miss Flabby de Tease, whose name had once not only been pasted in double-double-crown letters all over the city, but also lifted up into the sky on enormous wooden frames jewelled with a million electric bulbs of many colours. . . . Miss de Tease, it is said, pouted for several weeks, and had her photo taken showing her teeth at the Kaiser because, owing to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, all illuminations in the City of London were forbidden. The Kaiser had robbed Miss Flabby de Tease of the maximum of popularity (the degree of popularity being always determined by the amount of advertising and the size of the letters in which your name is printed). . . . Something had to be done, and done quickly. Diplomacy was needed now if ever it was needed. Moth-eaten monarchs rallied to the cause of adequate advertising for the eerie Flabby, with the result that Fridgeley hired the Albert Hall for three weeks and inaugurated a Sex Congress. The hall was packed three times a day. Speeches were made. Flabby's platinum-spun underclothing was displayed in the foyer and guarded by famous song-writers and "temptation dance" inventors. Huge posters of the seductive Flabby were exhibited outside, in three colours, while beneath each poster ran an inscription in scarlet: "Who but the Evil One himself would strike a blow at the popularity of so marvellous a female?" and "Shall the sex-provoking goddess suffer humiliation at the hands of the Kaiser?" The congress was a great success, for every newspaper in the United Kingdom and Berlin filled its pages with continual and cunningly reiterated protests against a war which not only deprived Flabby de Tease of adequate advertisement, but also threatened the sexual instinct itself! . . . The result of the congress was that humanity in general recovered its mental balance and with it a sense of proportion which speedily relieved the nervous tension created by war and restored sanity to the human race. . . . A few weeks later

you might have observed an army of electricians hard at work upon the gigantic framework which hung in the sky outside the theatre, and, a few nights later, a million bulbs flashed the name of Flabby de Tease over the whole city.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

TO T. H.

My Thomas! let not Care's raised lash torment
You, because Faintness crosses your intent
To close your verse; but rather to conclude
The rapture, make distemper slack his rude
Grip on your powers; and to this end, your eye
Toil dusk'd, clear with Burgundian pharmacy.

Come on then gag your lute; and now day's end
Hands Mirth's torch on to Dian, let us bend
Our steps to the King's Wand; and there your stark
Fancy, warm up with wine to hit the mark
So capably, that your writ frenzies earn
Fame's chevrons, and Oblivion's scythe-edge turn.

F. W. T.

ROMANCE DE FONTE-FRIDA.

FROM AN ANONYMOUS TWELFTH CENTURY SPANISH POEM OR
"ROMANCE."

Fountain cool, O fountain cooling,
Fountain cool and full of love,
Where to meet with consolation
Hosts of tiny birdies come.
All but one, that rendered mateless,
Bowed with grief, the turtle-dove.

Through that way there comes a-passing
Nightingale of trait'rous brood,
And the words to her he utters
Are from Treason's very womb:
"If it be thy will, dear lady,
I shall be thy servant true."

"Hence from me, thou faithless foeman,
Evil, base, deceitful too,
I nor rest on branches verdant,
Nor on meadow's flow'rd floor;
Be the waters clear as crystal,
Muddy thick they seem to me.

Husbands now I'll hear no more of,
And of sons not one there'll be.
Seek I not for pleasure with them,
Nor a less enjoying mood.
Leave my presence, dour, O foeman,
Evil, base, and traitor true,
I nor seek to be thy leman,
Nor thy bride will ever be.

J. ISAACS.

Also sprach Mrs. Buzzum: Yes, my dear, it's the truth that you speak. I don't know how I shall make my rent. My landlady came this afternoon and was talking about it—frank, you know—I'm not one to be under board. Mrs. Buzzum, she says, you're the best friend I've got all over the world. It's nice, isn't it? Well, I must say I deserve it, because I always till now pay my rent on the nails and the state I keep that house of hers—believe me or not—it's something lovely. Each day one of the rooms is cleaned out like a clockwork. And, you know, it's a quiet house, mine is. There's never any fuss at my house. Ask no answers and you'll get no replies—that's what I say. I tell you how it is, my dear. I make a fool of myself over my girls. Nobody is knowing it worse than me. Do you know what I give them each this season? First I give them silk dresses trimmed with velvet and through to stand out a treat. Then I give them long coats with the belts low—you know the style. No, it's not enough for them. Then I give them blue serge costumes pleating over the hips—you never saw smarter. And what is the thanks I get? Oh, it's all right—that's what I get. Believe me or not, those girls of mine will make a finish of me before I am ended. There's Elsie—you know Elsie. Her sister was by me two years. I got her a lovely home with an elderly gentleman. He was so pleased with her he gave me a hundred pounds. Yes, that's what he did, and set her up lovely. I say to Elsie: It's time you were an old man's darling. But she's got no sense, that girl. Vain! she'd make a looking-glass of herself. I say to her: My girl, you don't know which side your bread is being cut. . . . Yes, I'm too generous. That's what it is. I treat those girls of mine better than a first-class mother, believe me or not, my dear.

NINON.

Current Cant.

"Undoubtedly, if you take advertisements for your guide, you will save in pocket and benefit by the quality of your purchases."—"System."

"So any criticisms I make are free of any charges of dullness."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"Margarine for royalty."—"Answers."

"For princes and rich men only. The Royal Yakuti. This Yakuti of life-giving nectar has been prepared from the choicest and richest vegetable drugs. This valuable medicine is used in large quantities among Rajahs, Maharajahs, and many of our esteemed customers. It is needless to expatiate upon the magical qualities of this invaluable medicine."—"Review of Reviews."

"One blessing the war has brought to us—the abolition of parties. . . . A common cause and a common humour unite all classes in a great brotherhood to-day."—SIR HERBERT TREE.

"Hypnotism from India! £2 for 1s. 2d."—"Review of Reviews."

"If I had been War Minister—but in that case the war would have been over by now."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The extraordinary change of thought which has come over the whole nation may be judged to some extent by the letters appearing in the Daily Press."—"The Organiser."

"The attitude of Londoners towards the last Zeppelin raid appeared to be one of mild amusement."—"The Academy."

"We are fighting for the Nailed Hand against the Mailed Fist, and for all the principles denoted by the Cross."—The BISHOP OF LONDON.

"The only man who can't better himself in such a whirl and swirl of pioneering is the helpless incompetent, the laggard, the sorehead, the idler, or the half-wit."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"Mr. Harold Begbie has just produced a very moving and brilliant book called 'On the Side of the Angels.'"—"Public Opinion."

"It is the high wages in many industries which enable such large numbers of our young men to keep out of the Army with an easy mind."—"Evening News."

"Mr. Runciman says he thinks competition is a sufficient safeguard against the 'Profiteers.'"—"Daily Mail."

"Mr. Charles Garvice's new novel 'The One Girl in the World' (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) has just appeared. This will mean happiness for thousands of readers."—"Daily News."

"We will have a union of controlled Democracy."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The way to treat sex."—CLEMENT SHORTER.

"Temperance meetings educate public opinion."—Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM.

"Eight of our favourite actresses tell us how the stage is helping the war along."—"London Magazine."

"Peril of high war wages. Munition slacking. Wealthy workers."—E. T. GOOD.

"Mr. Arthur Machen—one of our best writers of short tales."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"The Marquis of Tullibardine, when speaking of Ben Tillett, always refers to Ben as 'my friend Mr. Tillett.'"—"Sunday Pictorial."

"H.M.S. on his cap. Lux on his flannel. Lux ahoy! says Jack. Come right aboard. . . . I want my flannel to be spotless."—"Daily Mail."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

Sir,—Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, when commenting on the Armenian atrocities and Mr. Toynbee's pamphlet in your issue of November 25, takes again his usual stand as the champion of the Turk; he certainly is not the only Englishman—or European rather—whom the Turk has successfully duped by his traditional outward gentlemanly manners, or hypocrisy, or money, or his harem's attractive and pleasant hospitality, or by some other means. And as it invariably is the case, these mentally Turkified essayists find it a matter of cheap publicity to try and hack a way through any subject to arrive at their favourite object in entertaining their readers about the unspeakable Turk—as a rule a fanciful subject to the average European's taste—and proudly exhibit the great and mysterious things they have been uncommonly privileged enough to discover in him. The only discovery they rarely make is to what extent they have unconsciously been themselves the laughing stock of the very Turk, who to his delightful amusement has, with his notorious cunning and acuteness, converted "the infidel to his Allah's path of justice and mercy, and the goodness of his followers."

Of such unhappily duped essayists, Mr. Pickthall has undoubtedly proved by now to be a prominent one.

In his opinion—however incoherently constituted it may be—the unimaginable horrors in Armenia are simple episodes of Eastern warfare, a mere matter of course, and as common to the Turk as the other Christians. For him the sale of Armenian girls and boys is a sort of fancy detail to a fiction of horrors. For him, Mr. Toynbee's statement that "these Christian—viz., Armenian—women were as civilised and refined as the women of Western Europe and they were sold into degradation," is simply deplorable. In his estimation, the Eastern Christians are as ruthless as the Turk, aiming always at ruling over Mahomedans even when in a minority. They are, he wishes all to believe, fanatical, seditious, rebellious, anarchists. In his view, the voluntary abandonment of Thrace and Macedonia by Muslim non-combatants during and after the Balkan wars (a course, by the way, fully advocated by and compatible with Muslim religious doctrine and practice) can tolerably be distorted and represented, after a small mental effort of metamorphosis, as systematic extermination pure and simple. Finally he closes his famous panegyric of the Turk by serenely posing as a timely adviser to H.M. Government, warning them that they should take measures to suppress this Armenian campaign of hate as high reasons of policy for such an action are not lacking, calling—as he does, exhibiting his knowledge of a word or two in Turkish—on Allah as witness in the matter.

Well, if ever a haphazard accumulation of incoherent sentences deserved to be thrown away unnoticed into oblivion with silent contempt, this wrongful one of Mr. Pickthall unquestionably did; but the author, having this time gone to the extent of justifying wholesale massacres of an ancient Christian nation, to support his untenable views, must needs be publicly disclaimed, in spite of the disadvantage of giving him publicity—perhaps the very motive of his writings—inasmuch as it may be done so even in his own good, lest he should otherwise be led unchallenged to believe himself infallible in his self-assumed authority on Eastern matters and the championship of Islam.

Can Mr. Pickthall show in the history of any of the Eastern Christians any massacres similar to those perpetrated by the Turks, proved time after time to be organised systematically in cold blood by the central authorities and carried out elaborately on the largest recorded scale? He says they are war time occurrences; but what about, then, the terrible massacres of Armenians some half a dozen years ago by the Young Turks, and those of 1895-6 onwards by old Abdul, when nearly a third of a million perished, all these in peace time (if I may apply the word)? Does Mr. Pickthall know that the Government of Abdul Hamid had created a special corps, "The Hamidie Regiments," charged with the express object of carrying out methodically and regularly the extermination of Armenians in Asia Minor, thus to dispose of the Armenian question, and the worry of listening to spasmodic reminders by some Powers as to the unfulfilled reforms in Armenia, for the carrying out of which these Great Powers—or Great Impotences, as the Turk found them to be—were supposed to be responsible?

I need hardly go on reviewing all the previous massacres committed by the Turk. Great nations of old, Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, etc., have come and passed,

but have all left behind their history, language, literature, art, science, poetry or philosophy. What do we find in the Turk's many centuries, the Turk of old that was knocking once at the gates of Vienna, and breathing refreshingly between the rolling waves of the Atlantic and the blizzards of the snow-clad summits of the Himalayas? Nothing in the way of literature, art, science, philosophy, or any other lofty national asset, but a long tragic series of conquered, devastated and gradually surrendered lands, unavoidably associated with massacre, rape, pillage, and forcible conversions into Mahommedanism of the conquered Christian peoples frequently and in war as well as peace time—the latter point cynically avoided by Mr. Pickthall. The disclaimed article was an exposition of the author's bias in his blind admiration of the Turk, whom, however, no Mr. Pickthall or any other Mr., Monsieur, or Herr can properly read unless he changes his "privileged" hat, name, language, and nationality, mingles with the Turk, fares as the native Armenian or Greek does, and sees him really as he is, in his true, undisguised and unaffected self, and not through the rosy, sweet spectacles prepared in Turkey and supplied by order of H.M. the Sultan and Government for foreign visitors' exclusive use and comfort.

As a matter of fact, should we even strip the Turk's language of its Arabic and Persian proportions—an imposing one representing nine-tenths of it—don't we find ourselves left with a devastating natured Turk, with no national or individual asset, and not even a language of his own?

Is Mr. Pickthall aware of the fact that the immensely altered and improved European featured physis of the Turk, the sudden multiplication of his numbers, are the results of forcible Mahommedanisation and then inter-marriages imposed by the Turk, by the hundreds of thousand, on the conquered Christians—a part and parcel of the policy of invasion—whose Christian, noble and gentle blood running through his vessels has improved the original rough and tough specimen, predominated in the following generations, and given birth to the better featured and mannered race according to the laws of Nature? One has only to look at the raw recruits of the Turkish army drawn from purely Turkish areas, and compare them with those of Western Asia Minor and Thrace, where the said wholesale conversions and inter-marriages have been imposed, in order to see the coarse and rough features of the former, and the improved ones of the latter.

The traditional hatred of the Turk is even reflected in the so-called Parliament of Turkey, where the writer has more than once witnessed the passing into law arbitrarily of measures that would tend to extinguish Christian life and language and existence, despite protests from the majority, and vice versa. If Mr. Pickthall has come across some good Turks, and some bad Christians; if the latter have at times proved to be somewhat short, in square dealing, of the standard expected by him; if on certain occasions some irresponsible Christian soldiers, in the heat of battle, have committed outrages on non-combatant Muslims, these exceptional cases are no just pretences to draw sweeping generalities therefrom. There is no parallel in history to the recent Turkish outrages, which Mr. Pickthall cynically tries to disbelieve—though even the Turks themselves do not repudiate—or sophistically explains them as matters of "an eye for an eye"; he will be well advised further not to compare Armenian peasant girls to corresponding classes in Europe, as there are no slums nor prostitutes in Armenia, and though the Armenian peasant girl may be less educated than the average Western European girl, the standard of her morality, honour and self-respect is correspondingly infinitely higher, as she does not know the manifold evils of the so-called Western civilisation.

ARSHAG BODIGIAN, B.A.

Sir,—Mr. Toynbee is quite right in his conjecture that I had only seen reviews of his work, and not the book itself, when I wrote the article in question. I fancied I had made that clear, as also that my objection was not to a book which I had never read, but to the tone adopted towards it in the public Press, and to a certain extract prominently quoted. Atrocities are unwholesome reading for the general public, and Eastern atrocities, which require some expert knowledge for their understanding, are apt to give a false impression to the vulgar, as I pointed out. Perfect religious toleration in the European judges of such matters, perfect impartiality, alone can lead to an improvement of the state of things we both deplore; and I still object to Mr. Toynbee's mention of Christianity as a claim which the Armenians have to Western sympathy. He must know as well as I do that the Christianity of the

Armenians is not the Christianity of an enlightened Englishman. His statement, therefore, that the Armenian women sufferers were "Christian women, as civilised and refined as the women of Western Europe," without the explanation given in his letter, still strikes me as unnecessary and misleading.

I have not yet had time to give to Mr. Toynbee's book the attention which his courtesy demands. But I hope to write my opinion of it in next week's NEW AGE.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

RUSSIAN MUNITION WORKERS.

Sir,—Your readers may be interested in the following incidents:—Some time ago, when the great deficiency of war material in Russia became apparent, the Russian manufacturers took upon themselves the task of organising industry for war purposes. In various towns the organisations of manufacturers created "war productions committees"—committees of manufacturers for organising the production of war material. The towns and provincial assemblies sent delegates to these committees. In Petrograd the Central War Productions Committee was created, to which the Government sent representatives.

Those various committees decided that representatives of the workers should be co-opted on to each committee in order to secure an appearance of the formal co-operation of the workers in the prosecution of the war and in support of the war policy of the Government. The workers were to elect delegates to a general assembly of the workers, which general assembly was to elect delegates to the War Productions Committee.

That the workers would take part in those manufacturers' committees was taken for granted. In August last, at the War Ministry, a Governmental Committee was created, on which members of the Duma and of the Imperial Council were to be co-opted. This committee had for its concern the organisation of all productions needed for the conduct of the war. The formation of the committee was discussed in the Duma, and most parties were agreed that the Central War Productions Committee should have four delegates on the Governmental Committee created at the War Ministry. The Liberals proposed that two delegates should be workers and two employers. The Social Democrats and the Labour groups abstained from voting on this proposal, and at the same time made a protest against the war policy of the Government.

On October 10 was held the general assembly of the Petrograd workers, who were to elect representatives to the Central War Productions Committee. In its issue of November 3 "Notre Parole," a Russian paper published in Paris, gives the resolution passed at that general assembly—by 91 to 80 votes: "The delegates of the industrial workers of Petrograd, having regard to the mandate given to them by their fellow-workers, hereby declare it as inadmissible as a matter of principle that the workers should take part in any organisation which in any way contributes to the carrying on of the war. Therefore they refuse to join the Central War Productions Committee. If, nevertheless, in spite of this declaration, some members of the working class consent to take part in the work of such committee, then against such workers there must be waged an implacable struggle as against traitors and offenders against the decisions of the Petrograd proletariat."

In Germany an informative leaflet, written by writers of the Minority of the Social Democratic Party—Bernstein, Kautsky, Eckstein and Stroebel of "Vorwärts" and Bloeh of Leipzig—gives further interesting particulars about the Petrograd workers' election of their delegates. The election campaign lasted a whole month; 225,000 workers recorded their votes. They elected more than 200 delegates to the general assembly mentioned above. There were three main programmes: First, the programme of the Organising Committee of the Russian Social Democrats. This section refused to take any part whatever, because they saw in these elections a misrepresentation of the views of the proletariat, and made the significant declaration that without freedom of industrial combination and without guarantee of political freedom such elections do but mislead. Only a workers' congress could correctly give the attitude of the proletariat towards the war. This programme received the united support of 53,000 workers.

In the second place there was the programme of Lenin's adherents, whose idea it was to elect delegates to the General Assembly, and on this assembly to refuse to support the proposal for accepting the invitation to join the War Productions Committee. They were the majority.

They numbered about 90,000, and their 91 delegates carried the resolution mentioned above.

Last of all came those who from various reasons wished to enter the War Productions Committee, and who numbered 80,000 supporters with 81 delegates to the General Assembly. Some of those wished to make a protest in the committee itself; others to protect the interests of Labour.

About 35 per cent. only of the Petrograd workers supported, for various reasons, the proposal that they should be represented on the committee. We see, therefore, that there is a great difference between the Russian industrial worker and the British Trade Unionist, who in the majority of cases appears to regard it as a triumph for Trade Unionism when Labour "leaders" find a place on great Governmental organisations. This was the view of the great—now defunct—Labour organ, the "Daily Citizen."

Not only in Petrograd, but in others towns, the same line of action was adopted by the workers. In Nizhni Novgorod the workers refused absolutely to take any part in the local War Productions Committee in Moscow. The authorities, after the unfortunate experiences in other towns, adopted the following course: The meeting of workers for electing the delegates must only take place on the basis of the Russian Combination Laws—i.e., under the strict supervision of the police, so as to make possible a careful sifting of those displeasing to the authorities.

The above is one of many interesting "happenings" which a heavily censored Press finds it convenient not to transmit to the British workers. Therefore I would ask Trade Unionists, by discussions in branch meetings of Trade Unions, and also by correspondence with fellow Trade Unionists in various parts of the country, to help in making such facts as widely known as possible. It is clear that as a medium of information concerning the Labour movement in other countries the ordinary Press is worse than useless. M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS AND ECONOMY.

Sir,—It is surprising that editors of such professional acumen and ostensibly fervent public spirit as Mr. Garvin cannot appreciate the hopelessly false position to which they are constantly exposed by the acceptance of revenue from tradespeople. I made a rough analysis of the advertisements in Sunday's "Observer" (December 5) and found that the spacial equivalent of eighty-four columns were devoted to inducements to expend money. The wares offered included furs, costumes, lingerie, perfumes, Christmas gifts in abundance of the conventionally useless and expensive leather and haberdashery type, motor cars and tyres, piano-players, American wines, millinery, toys, furniture, books, patent medicines and cosmetics. Many columns are devoted to theatres, music halls, cinemas, concerts, hotels, restaurants, and the sales and leases of house property. Is not this, to say the least, a compromising company from whom to accept large payments while proclaiming editorially the national need for stringent personal economy and self-sacrifice? It may have been noticed by your readers that the "Daily Mail," whose advertisement columns would yield a similar return to the investigator, in order to give practical point to its own "economy campaign" has specialised in the advice of diminishing the meat consumption of the household. N.B.—Butchers do not advertise. Per contra quite a number of patriotic proprietors of patent food commodities have utilised the "Eat less meat" tag in their so-much-per-inch advices to the nation.

On second thoughts I perceive that I have been rather a simpleton. Of course, it is only the duty of the shockingly extravagant wage-earners to economise. All these delightful furs and motors and perfumes were never intended to seduce them. So really it is all right after all, and I need not worry any more about that "Table Cigar Lamp with Dippers, Solid Silver" (justly described as a "Useful Christmas Present," "Observer," December 5, page 15), because it won't fall into the wrong hands and so become useless. You see a common soldier would have to save all his pay from December 5 till January 9 in order to purchase it. As for the man at home earning inflated wages in munition works, a very slight legislative control of his "surplus" will soon rid him benevolently of these horrid temptations, and will remind him once and for all not to ape his betters, who choose their "useful gifts" by the courtesy of Mr. Garvin.

O. R. D.

ENEMY ADVERTISING.

Sir,—Another little item might perhaps be added to the list of the virtues of the Dunlop Tyre Company (see Current Cant, November 25), namely, the support which it gives to the enemy abroad by its full page advertisements in Germanophil papers. *Vide*, the A.B.C. in Spain.

Though posing as neutral, this paper, which has the biggest daily circulation in Spain, has been from the beginning consistently hostile to the Allies. Knowing how papers are kept alive in all countries—and especially in Spain, where they are nearer starving point—a fat advertisement in a hostile paper is, to my mind, as bad as trading openly and squarely with the enemy.

Madrid.

A. C.

THE LATE MR. G. W. FOOTE.

Sir,—I thank Miss Constance Brooks for inviting me to re-read a NEW AGE controversy and a contemporary comic paper, but I regret that the invitation is a substitution for argument. Mr. Foote attacked superstition! We all do, even the Archbishop of York. Superstition is such sticky stuff and nobody likes it. But what sort of superstition perpetuates wagery? The child's belief in Jonah's adventure, the Salvationist's golden kingdom-come, the séance spook, or superstition such as that which lets its afflicted believe that a proletariat with a technical, secular education can reach full citizenship without property or its equivalent in controlled labour power? Mr. Foote made his choice, and I hope that I explained it.

If the defence of Nietzsche is to be a proof of a lack of Christian ethics, we will not find much of Nietzsche in Mr. Foote's history. It is not un-Christian to do justice to an anti-Christian philosopher, but it is a pity that Nietzsche was not defended by Mr. Foote before August, 1914. Colonel Ingersoll, a pious man whose complaint was that the Christian's God was not good enough, affected, I believe, Mr. Foote's mind more than did the terrible German. Although it is quite irrelevant, I confess that, being a Christian, I agreed with Mr. Foote's charitable sentiments, and my assertion was that his head prevented their fruition. If Miss Brooks likes not the term Christian ethics, let us use Nietzsche's term, "Slave Morality," and if she has heard Mr. Foote speak or has read his writings she is sure to know what I mean. If she prove that Mr. Foote was no champion of the virtues understood in Nietzsche's term, then I lose my sentimental regard for her departed leader. As it is, I cherish my regard and have a licence to laugh at a life-long anti-Christian who cannot bespeak a new suit of values.

I assure Miss Brooks that when I used the word pacifist but once in conjunction with Liberal I did so for a matter of nomenclature, and by way of winking at the relationship of Quakerism and Christianity. JOHN DUNCAN.

ERRATA.

Sir,—Pardon me if I am a nuisance, but may I point out some printers' errors which have in one or two cases perverted the meaning of passages in "The Sale of Letters"? In line 40 of the first column, I did not write "daft," but "dapper." In line 57 of the same column I wrote "seethes," not "settles." I did not mean to suggest that eternity was a bird which mistook a rasher of bacon for a twig. In line 17, column 2, I wrote "glisters," not "glistens." I cannot conceive that the canons of prismatic prose would permit such a commonplace as "glistens." In line 23 of column 3, my word was "frisco," not "Frisco." The last thing I intended to convey was that the realistic novel was a Californian importation: "Frisco" is, I believe, quite a common word in the Italianate Elizabethan comedy, and I took the liberty of exhuming it. "Norella" (line 28 of the same column) should, of course, be "Novella." On line 57, in the same column, "mesmerising" should be "memorising." Mesmeric is hardly the faculty exerted by the realistic novel. "Velliers" (line 17, column 4) should, again, be Villiers, and "Marmelite," on line 39, Harmelite, to preserve the continuity of word transmutation. My frame shudders when I think myself the victim of so atrocious a pun. HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:—

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Press Cuttings.

"The very word 'Trade Union' is a misnomer. I know of no single society in this country which can properly be called a Trade Union, that is to say, the Union of a Trade. There are plenty of workmen's unions and masters' unions, but no Trade Unions. The irony creeps in from the fact that the societies unite a certain section of people employed in a trade and then direct their energies against certain other sections. Union, they say, is strength, therefore let us unite, but as soon as we have used the principle in order to secure a certain amount of strength, let us adopt the very antithesis of that principle and employ the strength so gained against certain other sections of those associated with us in our trade. That is why Trade Unions fall so short of what they might attain. . . ."
—W. J. CHINNECK in "The Organiser."

"Still the cost of living stands at the outrageously high figure reached a few months ago, with every likelihood of further inflation. Still we hear much talk of conscription, meaning conscription of men for the country's service. It is cant and hypocrisy to talk of compelling men to fight for a country until that country protects its population generally from the ravages of the food hogs. When the Government has conscripted all the food and other necessities of life we have no doubt but what the workers will be prepared to consider a proposal to conscript humans."
—"Dockers' Record."

"There is a particularly pernicious clause in the Finance Bill, to which Mr. McKenna, very disingenuously, made no reference in introducing his Budget. Income-tax assessments have hitherto been controlled by unofficial and unpaid local commissioners. It is now proposed to place the assessment of the tax, as far as employed persons are concerned, in the hands of the Surveyors of Taxes and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The right of appeal to an independent body is taken away, and the only appeal left to the unfortunate taxpayer is to General Commissioners, also selected by the Board at Somerset House. The ever-persistent official is endeavouring to use the war to add to his privileges. All officials hate outside supervision. There have been eight previous attempts—the first in 1864 and the last in 1906—to abolish the local commissioners. We cannot believe that the House of Commons will countenance this new plot to increase the already swollen powers of officialdom. There is no surer way of ensuring injustice than by endowing administrative Government servants with judicial authority."
—"Daily Express."

"In Chicago a few weeks ago every street-car man in the city went on strike at the same hour of the same day. The elevated trams were stopped and all the surface lines were tied up. The two unions of the carmen had learned to act *together* to bring the exploiters to time—and thus—after a three-day scare, in which they thoroughly demonstrated to the people of Chicago how helpless a city is without street-car service, they agreed to submit their grievance to arbitration because they had won the privilege of choosing their own arbitrators. The result was a splendid victory for the men, who gained almost all their demands. . . . The Welsh miners, defying the British Government and gaining their demands, ought to open all eyes to the power possessed by the working classes if they will only act en masse. No Government in the world can be strong unless it is supported by the workers."
—"International Socialist Review."

"The substitution of female for male labour in certain Corporation departments of the Liverpool Corporation called forth a protest from the Labour Party at the meeting of the Liverpool City Council recently, when Councillor Robinsoa asked if it was a fact that women were employed in cleaning the Corporation tramcars at the rate of 18s. a week, whereas the wage of the men previously employed on the same work was 26s. a week. If the Council allowed such a state of affairs to go unchallenged they would be allowing women to enter the labour market in a competitive sense. When the war was over there would be men coming back and seeking work, and it might be that the Tramways Committee, seeing that they

got the work done for 8s. a week less, would decline to pay more in the future. An amendment to the effect that the matter be referred to the Committee with a view to fixing the wage of the women at the minimum of 26s. a week was defeated by an overwhelming majority. This is a typical example of the manner in which the employment of women is being dealt with; and slowly a great body of opposition is developing in the country which will find drastic expression unless the Trade Unions organise the women and insist upon proper wages being paid."
—"Federationist."

"Attempts are being made to amalgamate the various associations for teachers in Scotland, and to make the new organisation efficient and effective. The spirit that is behind the new move can be judged from the following quotations: 'The way to get teachers into one organisation was first of all by the method of persuasion. The question of registration did not rise. When the time came, it could be solved by saying to the School Boards: "You can employ non-union teachers if you like, but if you do so you are not going to employ union teachers." . . . 'A common standard of training was required, because community of interests was necessary to union. The time was coming very soon when the teachers would have to object to a great many of the teachers who were being introduced now. If not, they need never seek to raise their status.' Both of these quotations show that the Scottish teachers are feeling their way towards a blackleg-proof organisation and a union standard. That way is the way to the Guilds."
—"Herald."

"Every working man and every working woman has something to sell. And most of us have only this *one* thing to take to market. We sell the most important thing in the world—our strength, our brains, our labouring power. And we sell it to the highest bidder, to the company that will pay us the highest price for it. Just as the farmers sell their hogs or their wheat at the best figure these will bring, and like the manufacturers sell the products made by US, in *their* mills, at the highest possible price. . . . From you and me and other workers they buy the one commodity that houses and feeds the whole world; they buy our strength, our brains, our labouring power. And they buy it as they buy coal or electric power, lumber, or steam power—at the lowest price (or wage) they can get. . . . Now every intelligent worker wants to abolish the wage-system. We are tired of selling our strength day by day at a miserable wage like men rent out teams of mules. We want to be men and women. . . . There can never be lasting peace between the employing and the working class, because the owning non-working class is always trying to buy our labour power at a lower wage in order to increase its own unearned profits. . . . The wage conditions in this country and in every other modern industrial country, are going to grow worse if you do not make them better. You cannot make them better by acting alone. . . . We can help our class in its daily struggle to gain more of the things it has produced, and of which it has long been robbed by the employing class, by working for an ever more inclusive unionism. . . . All things are possible to us through industrial organisation. Agitate! organise! and fight!"
—MARY E. MARCY in the "International Socialist Review."

"We have, according to the income tax return, forty-four families with incomes of \$1,000,000 or more, whose members perform little or no useful service, but whose aggregate income, totaling at least fifty millions per year, are equivalent to the earning of 100,000 wage-earners, at the average rate of \$500 per year."
—"Report of United States Commission on Industrial Relations."

"The position of the wage-earner is steadily becoming worse, and even the easy-going Prime Minister admits that there is exploitation of the public in connection with butter. If there was no such thing as the law in these happy isles, and a man attempted to rob us, saying all the time it was simply a case of supply and demand, we would first smash his lying jaw, then take back some of the money which did not rightfully belong to him. But in these dull modern times we can only complain, and our legislators can only talk."
—"New Zealand Railway Review."