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 travel down to its last shilling; and, in the third place, the risk had to be run that the Trade Unions would have 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.

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 proletariat for money that the nation is 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 fabul-ous 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, is that 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 not the least. 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 vied to offer a tempting 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 capable of being saved by the working classes is 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!

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; 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 wealthiest 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 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 excess of wants to meet—though not exactly as 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 bewail 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.

**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 stone; 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, Trade Unions, Cooperative 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 State and 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.
be supported without some such crisis as the present in view. Their national popularity, therefore, of the conscription of their capital is beyond dispute, and the Government that brought it about would be supported unconditionally.

The necessity of conscription of their capital is beyond dispute, and the

persons and property. Secondly, we have never

been protected with just such a crisis as the present

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 gentleman

when it has the manners and sense to say so.

In his speech to the representatives of the Munition Workers on Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George had the hardihood to institute one more of his complaints 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 wages of the workmen. But 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 ships were allowed to engage in commerce as 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.

If we are to believe Miss Alice Smith, whose able but pathetic letter appeared in our columns last week, the women of England are fast 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 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 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 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 inadequate and possibly a perverted basis. If our 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. Verdug.

This curious tales relating to peace, which have been in circulation for the last few 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 Berlin Diet to deliberate 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." The correct censors of the Press in ordinary phrases which have emanated from Germany's innumerable Press agencies since the war began:

The Chancellor will probably discuss in the Reichstag, within a few days, the possibility of peace. The debates will probably show that the rulers of the country 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 the complaints of the scarcity and the high price of food. The more unscrupulous middlemen, as Vorwart's "Berliner Tageblatt," 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 butter recently became so scarce that the very purchasers in season may not be out of place. The wireless message-settlement of the question of the Government regulation of prices 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, they have profited, 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 peace, 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.

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 one: "Because we are fighting to preserve the liberties of Europe; which are in fact in danger, and can only be preserved by fighting."

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.

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 in a relation which the new logic would call transitive. While the attention of 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 armchairs 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 antithesis 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.

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, and there are 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 cliches. Forget for a moment that you are sharp enough to point out that the spectacle of a pot calling a kettle black is a comical 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.

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."

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 are fighting for 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 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 idea 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.

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 is just 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 columns 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 the 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 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, whose interest lies in the result of a certain history and 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 certain, 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, whose interest lies in the result of a certain history and 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 certain, something which might not have been, but just is.

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 girls 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 right that he who has an opportunity of leading a happy and undisturbed life. If only the pacifists who talk in this way possessed the profound sense of their own 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 the simple way. In the voluntary recruiting effort all kinds of special battalions were formed. We have the “Clerks,” the “Bantams,” and the “Pals” battalions.

The prosperity of the nation was odious to the radicals, and accordingly the government 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 purpose of a national policy, he was fettered by 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 1386 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 corporations. That strife was frequently diverted into a sense of 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 strengthened and strengthened sometimes, of course, the opportunity was shamelessly used as a means of war, 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 this is not the place to give a full list of municipal complaints, as they had complained before, that “masters, wardens and people of gilds, fraternity and other companies corporate, dwelling on divers parts of the realm, oftentimes by colour of rule 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

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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 which are not conducive to the common profit of the art of industry; but that their ordinances must be subjected to the inspection and approval of the Chancellor or Treasurer or the Judges of Assize.

So at once the 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 to the floor, but, while in the Statute of 1347 the trade was allowed to develop as far as their spiritual and physical funds of 'corporations' were concerned, the Statute of 1504 всякое the powers or to decide disputes which might otherwise be taken to the King's Courts. Their control over the interpretation and application of their own rules was destroyed. In 1541 the act which they may levy as an apprentice fee is limited to half-a-crown. In the much-discussed confiscation of property which is designed for the control of industry. But there is but a word to the wise about the law which requires an infinitive. The survival of the "fit," 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 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 for its improvement. This latter is an affair of human cultivation. Is it not the case that the human animal in a purely natural state is distinguished above others is cunning. Primitive peoples esteem cunning in some degree, since heroes in their madness, 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 guilt. 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 them by Government must have been fatal to the guildspirit. Thus, just at the period when their future role 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 Statute, in so far as it affects 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 usage, 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 of courage, honour, or any acquired gifts, physical or intellectual, but of native qualities. Nature cares only for the preservation of a species, not for its improvement. This latter is an affair of human cultivation requiring 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 in some degree, since heroes in their madness, 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 guilt. 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 them by Government must have been fatal to the guildspirit. Thus, just at the period when their future role 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 Statute, in so far as it affects 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.

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"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 materialistically 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 Esau at first had 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 is the great days of the Mohammedan Empire. But the restraint was a direct object; the clement 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. This does not 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 another man’s brother, is set up by a common 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 of Asia. 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 Esau at first had 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.’’

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
I am not called upon to explain the contradictions of Marx. If I were, perhaps I should explain them by the fact that, while he was a great historian, he was not 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 big or as little as you please. You may write a history of Julius Caesar 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 approbation. 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 Caesar had to eat to live will never explain Julius Caesar. The history of Julius Caesar, 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 a historical discipline, content to explain certain historical facts or certain aspects of historic material. Thus conceived, general or theoretical Economics is an ancillary science of history, such as Archaeology 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 was 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 man this cannot be said; he may 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. It is not necessary for them, in the sense that every other animal is, but it is possible; and these 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 individual of animals, it is 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. Here 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 contemplated in 1776 the wealth of nations. 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! conserve 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 whole history 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 not participate in government. Barring 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 does not mean that we can escape the inevitable consequences. Yet we shall say it has not wrought good, a pregnant good?" What is it that determines the whole concern? 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 it is possible to express the whole truth about him. Man is so constituted that it is possible to express the whole truth about him. 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 medieval 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 Inkerst.

"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 am, 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 pleasmons!—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. A. All war is senseless, for you cannot by devils cast out devils. B. Tell that to the next wild bull you meet. So we go on, hammering away, and never getting nearer.""Yes, it is pretty, quite a deadlock. You know, I take either side... leaning, however, to one... Good? 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. Yes, it seems true that a man's 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 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. But that is just it. Can the master argument be expressed 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?"

"Repeat, Curtian, I am delighted to hear you blaspheming intelligence, your old friend logic."

"Very, 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 somehow, 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, having: they are not the absolute, but figures in a drama.) Well, then, you are a militarist, or you are not. . . ."

"I may be either."

"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 premises 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, no one 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 premises; and I said that where a man's conviction was the premises, argument could not work up to, i.e., could not explain it. As a perfect translation of his argumentation, argument 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 processes as pedantic are the very ones to be true pedants. The editors of the Home University Library have 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 to work with, a capitalist is good.

"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 stands with him. A judgment of 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 action by the piggishness or by their Socratissness, 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 lawyers, and they used both in the service of mankind. They not only taught wisdom but they endeavored to transfer it to the policy: they not only studied wealth, but they endeavored 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 Utilitarianism of the twentieth century has 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 brings 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 then found expression in the creation of human happiness?

Rutlessly, 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 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. Our temper is not as cut off as 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 he with us at this hour? Europe hath need of thee.
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 progress of Utilitarianism may stop with the main body 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 are both fruitful of error. They lead 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 visited the simple, quantitative hedonistic calculus of Bentham. By so doing he took moral philosophy back to intuitionism, because it was only 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 dispositions, 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 of such individuals the assertion of equality is ridiculous. 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 that.”

In the case of the political philosophy, the Utilitarians did not always have it easy. In the first place, we are a kindly people and ranging over three hundred years of our literature, we may find that our epigram must needs be “a perpetual food. Even in the form 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 that.”

...
everything." Finally she threatens to return to a

writes to his mother after the conquest of Scinde-

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 move-

in the album of his lady-love (the

the wife has been simply her husband's servant, only a

C. E. Bobbigher.

RUSSIAN

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.

Sátítkov's nickname for provincial governors, "Pomp-
dours," 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 is as well trained in the

career of perfidy as a housewife.

In October a biography of the late Anna Pávlova

Philósóphova was published, and I received a copy of

both volumes from her son, the publicist, Dmitri Philo-
sóph, 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 photo-

graphs of the heroine, contain a full history of the Rus-

sian 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 emancipa-

tion of woman as the emancipation of man. Soon

Chernishévséi wrote in the album of his lady-love (the

recent conversion of President Wilson may be traced to a

similar influence):

"Women 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 extermina-

tion 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 Chernishévséi, 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 proverb most closely touching the

matter are

"Women have a scent, but no soul," and,

"Nine women together have one
dog's soul." Of course, I ignore the saying that "A dog is

wiser than a woman: it does not bark at its master."

In 1838, a certain lady, Vermdaskov, carried on the

good work with an article on female labour. She

explained that only the men were working in their own men's fields,

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

R. H. C.

Letters About Russia.

The New Age
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 dependents in the great political Nihilist trials were remarked to be, with very rare exceptions—well, not beautiful. And of those prettier, fell the way to emancipation, and finished life with a hen-pecked tyrant, there are also records.

Anna Pavlova (it is customary to speak of Russians by their Christian name and their father's Christian name, not by their surnames) born in 1857, 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 had 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, you should 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 Pavlova 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.)"

Regarded as a 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 man's coat, a man's hat, a face of bronze or greenish hue, a protruding chin, in her turbid eyes aimlessness, weariness, ill-temper, hate, a sort of deep-eyed blankness, weariness, ill-temper, hate, a sort of deep-eyed blankness. (Tsi'tovich, Reply to Michaelovski, "Annals of the Patriarchal," 1876, June.)

Thanks, however, mainly to Anna Pavlova's endeavours, her educational courses for women were opened at the universities about 1876, but the movement dwindled again in 1879, when Anna Pavlova 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 1899 she presided at the First Balkan 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 to three days' detention at his own home!

Anna Pavlova 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 Turgenev, who had never suffered anything for any cause.

I rather fancy that Anna Pavlova 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 the deep butt.

"Friend, my horse is in the stable of Martiné, he will keep it."

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

"True; but then the planks of Martiné—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, nevertheless, 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 newer 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." Ipsa dixi. . . . What Will you.
then, too, play me the Chileno's scurvy trick? You
have goodly, says Fox; and heard nothing stupendous! Sin-
cerely, 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 boliche in
Punta Arenas, which is in Patagonia. . . . Perhaps,
however, that conveys to you nothing 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
could not gather both sides of me at once. He
corbie could not gather all but dissolved a store already well in liquidation;
not alone literally, but in a long effort to find in Tierra
del Fuego a Falkland Island whirlwind, heedless
of a dozen efforts to roll
a whale-backed cigarette.

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
braced my
legs-and head like
a five-ton cutter without ballast in
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 jambed
tiller and mis-staying in the very jaws of a black beach.
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Of these, one is not for me, except in its complementary aspect. The remaining two make me wish that the napkined hard-shod community whereinto each man brings a solid although his shoulders are peaked, and his forehead no crushed foot. Moreover, the same rules of good virtue, when foxy Gonzalez, who is only a driver of went his ways.

You upon the matter was little hope of convincing so largely wrathful a man as

But Fugl is Achilles among the Achives, and in his sample of magnetic iron-ore, and

reason, I was eventually entrusted with a brick-size 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... Hilberto, 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 Sörensen, the Swede, ran his cutter on the beach of one of the myriad creeks that wind into Firdland. On his return he whispered a fale into the ear of Abraham, and after a week's unprecedented sobriety the two loosed a well-corked 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 has never been recognised, until Chancho Colorado was bidden lose their debts, when Abrahamson has never been recognised, until Chancho Colorado was bidden lose

"Come, I will buy it, Gonzalez," I said. "But are you sure of this foreigner's?"

"Grumputa! 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 received 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 a Negro. Among these, it is all, "ligo yo, say I," and yet, not all words neither. In the smoke-room you will meet Sepoos 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, Peter the Dane, Chapman MacDunno, Abraham Abrahamson, Suarez the Mail-rider, Peter John the Nigger, Dragicovic the Trapper; whom you will never forget.

Th: one world is the merest thin stream of chorus. The other is the very drama. And the messenger 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 boliche "Todas las Naciones." My horse drew up construction, I am timorously distrustful of the napkined hard-shod community whereinto each man brings a solid although his shoulders are peaked, and his forehead no crushed foot. Moreover, the same rules of good virtue, when foxy Gonzalez, who is only a driver of went his ways.

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fancy of a little soul in delirium. But imagine, if you dare, that Fireland mountain—once amidst many that rise full and fore, in stark rivalry with other 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 unshaped 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 ivy, that falls like a curtain over hanging flower-boughs, and mingle with the sea-wood on the margin of the creeks. There the pilgrim Osa may moor his bark-canoa this night; but no white man, save in the...
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 and 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 reality, 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 those 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 phase, which has a sort of antivital characteristic. 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 outer and inner zones, and tended to treat them as one. There was a separation, as it were, but the two were confused 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 representation very differently by Nietzsche, Dührk, 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 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 a kind of structure, with an overflourishing, or at any rate not entirely enclosed, in the boundaries of the physical and spatial world. "In Deine 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 thinks be vital. The momentum of its escape from mechanism carries it on to the whole of religious values 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 recognized, divided in the second breaks the whole Renascence 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 these phenomena (which are 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 chasm, but of the same order 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 one that becomes very apparent in art, in 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 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 which is non-vital, and knowledge of which is non-vital, 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, 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 zone; it 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 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 physical, is inappropriate to the essentially relative and non-absolute vital zone, and 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, Religions in life, Nature, Idealism, and 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 present-day philosophy 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, not by clearly separating them. The main thing with which it can be reproached is that it keeps the clear outlines of human relations—whether in political thought or in life—blurred 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. Israelites have an opinion on the 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 argument ad populam. 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 has no control over foreign affairs, we should not 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 a poor abuse that not a shot was wasted on it. The board was withdrawn, and, when it reappeared, this phrase was added to it: "The French are fools. The next time it re-appeared, it contained still another addition: "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 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" diplomats; 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 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 of the last session, 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, if 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 is that 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 the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs 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 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.
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 P. Thorn.

TO T. H.

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

Come on then gag your lust; and now day's end
Hands Mirth's torch on to Dion, 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
Rame's chevrons, and Oblivion's scythe-edge turn.

F. W. T.

ROMANCE DE FONTE-FRIDA.

FROM AN ANONYMOUS TWELFTH CENTURY SPANISH POEM OR

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

Through that way there comes a-passing
Nightigale of traitor's brood,
And her words to my ear tend

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'red floor;
Be the water as 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 speak Mrs. Buzzum: Yes, my dear, it's the truth
you speak. I don't know how shall I make my rent.
My handmaid came this afternoon and was talking about
be-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 'Frogs.' Nobody is knowing it
to 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.
Then I say to Elise, with the brother 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 for her. She is lovely. I say to Elise: 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 discover your brother is being cut
... Yes, I'm too generous. That's what it is.

NIXON.
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.

"Magazine for royalty." -- "Answers.

"For princes and rich men only, The Royal Yakut. This Yakut of life-giving nectar has been prepared from the choicest and richest vegetable drugs. This valuable medicine is used in large quantities among Kajaks, Mahrajas, 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! 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 Nailed 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. Charles Garvice's new novel 'The One Girl in the World' (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) has just appeared. It is the high wages in many industries which enable Mahomedans even when in a minority. They are, he wishes all to believe, fanatical, seditionists, rebellious anarchists. In his view, the voluntary abandonment of Thrice and Macedon by the Muslim non-combatants is quite as shocking 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 exhibiting his knowledge of a word or two in Turkish—'May Allah as witness in the matter.' " — "The Academy.

"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.


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


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


LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ARMENIAN MASSES.

Sr.—Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, when commenting on the Armenian atrocities and Mr. Toynbee's pamphlet in your issue of November 21, stands 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 gentleness, 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 Turkish 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 readers with the unspeakable Turk—as a rule a fawning 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—howsoever 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, taken during the Zoravar raid, appeared to be no more than a detail to a fiction of horrors. For him, Mr. Toynbee's statement that these Christian—viz., Armenian—women were as virginal and refined as Western women, 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, seditionists, rebellious anarchists. In his view, the voluntary abandonment of Thrice and Macedon by the Muslim non-combatants is quite as shocking 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 exhibiting his knowledge of a word or two in Turkish—'May Allah as witness in the matter.'" — "The Academy.

Well, if ever a haphazard accumulation of incoherent sentences desired to be thrown away unnoticed, into oblivion with silent contempt, this wrong one of Mr. Pickthall unquestionably did but the disturbing truth 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.
but have all left behind their history, language, literature, art, science, poetry or philosophy. What do we find in the Turk's many centuries of marching at the gates of Vienna, and breathing新鲜ly between the rolling waves of the Atlantic and the blizzards of the snow-clad summits of the Himalayas? Nothing but art, science, philosophy or any other lofty national asset, but a long tragic series of conquered, devastated and gradually surrendered lands, unknown associations with the heads of states and forcible conversions into Mahommedanism of the conquered Christian peoples frequently and in war as well as peace time, typically avoided by 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, He can properly read unless he changes his "privileged" hat, name, language, and nationality, mingles with the Turk, fars 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 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 cultural physic of the Turk, should not be discredited with the results of forcible Mahommedanisation and then intermarriages imposed by the Turk, by the hundreds of thousands, of thousands—a part of the policy of invasion—whose Christian, noble and gentle blood running through his vessels has improved the original tough and rough 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, or the Christian Armenians, 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 cosmic and evil 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 even when 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 deal to the strictest standards of the highest; if at certain occasions some irresponsible Christian soldiers, in the heat of battle, have committed outrages on non-combatant, Moslem civilians, these exceptional cases are no just pretexes to 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 War Production Committee. If, nevertheless, in spite of this declaration, some members of the working class consent to take part in the work of such committees, then against such workers there must be waged an implacable struggle as against traitors and offenders against the decisions of the Petrograd proletariat.

There were three main programmes of the Organising Committee. First, the programme of the Petrograd workers' election of their delegates. The election campaign lasted a whole month; 250,000 workers recorded their votes, and 700 delegates to the general assembly mentioned above. There were three main programmes: First, the programme of the Organising Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Party, which made quite clear, as also that my objection was not to a book which I had never read, but to the tone adopted towards the Press, which is prominently quoted. Atrocities are unhistorical for the general public, and Eastern atrocities, which require some additional evidence before a person is apt to give a false impression to the vulgar, as I pointed out. Persecution is well known in the European judges of such matters. Persecution, in fact, alone can lead to an improvement of the state of things as I explained. 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 suffered more than the Christian women who were relegated as the women of Western Europe, without the explanation given in his letter, still strikes me as unneeceesary and misleading.

I have not yet this 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.

ARSHAG BODIGIAN, B.A.

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 to all, the manufacturers took upon themselves the task of organising industry for war purposes. In various towns the organisations of manufacturers created "war production committees"—committees of manufacturers forming themselves into committees for the production of war material. The towns and provincial assemblies sent delegates to these committees. In Petrograd the Central Production Committee was created, to which the Government sent representatives. Those various committees decided that representatives of the workers should also take part in these committees. Those to be chosen at first were from the employers, but later the workers were to be chosen as well. 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 part were agreed that the Central War Productions Committee should have four delegates on the Governmental Committee created at the War Ministry, and one delegate from the Petrograd workers, which general assembly was to elect delegates to the War Productions Committee.

That the workers should 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 Co-Operative were taken for delegates. 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 part were agreed that the Central War Productions Committee should have four delegates on the Governmental Committee created at the War Ministry, and one delegate from the Petrograd workers, which general assembly was to elect delegates to the War Productions Committee.

There were three main programmes of the Organising Committee. First, the programme of the Petrograd workers' election of their delegates. The election campaign lasted a whole month; 250,000 workers recorded their votes, and 700 delegates to the general assembly mentioned above. There were three main programmes: First, the programme of the Organising Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Party, which made quite clear, as also that my objection was not to a book which I had never read, but to the tone adopted towards the Press, which is prominently quoted. Atrocities are unhistorical for the general public, and Eastern atrocities, which require some additional evidence before a person is apt to give a false impression to the vulgar, as I pointed out. Persecution is well known in the European judges of such matters. Persecution, in fact, alone can lead to an improvement of the state of things as I explained. 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
They numbered about 90,000, and their 91 delegates carried the resolution mentioned above.

List of all those who from various reasons wished to enter the War Productions Committee, and who numbered 80,000 supporters with Sir delegates to the General Assembly of the Union and these wishes to make the committee itself; others to protect the interests of labour.

About 33 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 the great Governmental organisations in Russia, the Russian industrial worker and the British Trade Unionist, who in the majority of cases appear to regard it as a triumph for Trade Unionism when Labour leaders' find a place on the Russian Governmental organs. This was the view of the great—now defunct—Labour organ, the "Daily Citizen."

Not only in Petrograd, but in other towns, the same line of action was adopted by the workers. In Novgorod the workers refused absolutely to take any part in the local War Productions Committee in Moscow. The authorities 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 unpleasing 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 known as widely as possible that 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.

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ADVERTISEMENTS AND ECONOMY.

Sir,—It is surprising that editors of such professional segments are ever able to write. The advertisement for Mr. Garvin's Christmas gifts in abundance is worse than useless. M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

**

ENEMY ADVERTISING.

Sir,—Another list of "enemies" might perhaps be added to the list of the virtues of the Dunlop Tyre Company (see Current Cant, November 29), namely, the support which it gives to the enemy abroad by its full page advertisements in Germanophile papers.

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 dearer than ever—factory workers are, as bad as trading openly and squarely with the enemy.

Madrid.

A. C.

**

THE LITE 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 want? I mean the child's belief in the adoration, the Salvationist's golden kingdom-come-the absence of the maypole, or superstition such as that which lets its afflicted believe that a proletarian is an angel? Secular education can reach full citizenship without property or its equivalent in controlled labour power? Mr. Foote made his choice, and I hope we may expect to see it in print.

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 in being an artist to an anti-Christian philosopher, but it is a pity that Nietzsche was not defended by Mr. Foote before August, 1914. Colonel Ingrams' claim that the works of the author of "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" is no good enough, affected, I believe, Mr. Foote's mind more than 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 hehead prevented their fruition. If Miss Brooks likes not the term Christian ethics, let us use Nietzsche's term, "Spiritual Morality," and I hope she has heard Mr. Foote speak or has read his writings 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 beseech 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 printer's errors which have in one or two cases perverted the meaning of the writer? I did not write "daft," but "dapper." In line 57 of the same column, I wrote "to xerox," not "to crosses." 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 "elites," not "gilders." I cannot conceive that the canons of prismatic prose would permit such a commonplace as "gilders." 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 Yiddish Elzabethan comedy, and I took the liberty of exhuming it. "Novella" (line 26 of the same column) should, of course, be "Novella." On line 57, in the same column, "memorising" should be "memorising." Meaning is hardly grasped by the realistic novel. "Velleria" (line 17, column 4) should, again, be Villiers, "Marmellete," on line 30, Marmellette, to preserve the continuity of word transmutation.

My frame shudders when I think myself the victim of a spook, or superstition such as that which lets one who cannot bespeak a new suit of values.

HAROLD MACKAY.

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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, a self-governing body of men to whose advantage it is that the employers themselves should be excluded.

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.

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

--"Dockers' Record."

"There is a particularly perspicacious clause in the Finance Bill, to which Mr. McKenna, very disingenuously, made no reference in introducing his Budget. Income-tax assessments have been fixed by well paid 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, accountable price 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 1905—to abolish the local commissioners. We cannot believe that the House of Commons will continue to endorse 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 eleven thousand men stopped and all the surface lines were tied up. The two unions of the carmen had learned in which it has long been robbed by the employers. It is now the business of women to let the people of Chicago how helpless a city is without street-car service, they agreed to submit their grievances 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 the way to the people of Chicago how helpless a city is without street-car service."

"The substitution of female for male labour in certain departments of the Liverpool Corporation called forth a protest from the Labour Party at the meeting of the Liverpool City Council recently, when Councillor Robinson asked if it was a fact that women were employed in the Corporation tramways at the rate of 8s. a week, whereas the wage of the men previously employed on the same work was 26s. a week. If the Corporation allowed such a state of affairs, and they would be allowing women to enter the labour market in a competitive sense. When the war was over there would be a long back log, and our legislators 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 case of the unbalanced condition of 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 move can be judged from the following quotations: 'The way to get teachers into one organisation is a typical example of the manner in which the employers fight us. That is why Trade Unions fall so short of what they might attain..."—W. J. Chinnick in "The Organiser."

"Every working man and every working woman has something to sell. And most of us have only this one thing to take to the market, and sell. We want to see the teachers sell the best figure these will bring, and like the manufacturers sell the products made by US, in their mills, at the highest price. The teachers in this country are going to grow worse if you do not make them better. You cannot make them better by doing 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 industrial organisation. Agitate organise and fight!"—Mary E. Marx 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 a 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 butter it was true all the time in the 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 rush to the banks and return 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."