NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We do not think we can be accused of not supporting the war. From the very first declaration to the present moment we have done what we could to make the issues of the war clear and to urge the importance of settling them. At the same time, as it became the professed spokesmen of the proletariat to do, we have insisted on the need to carry Labour with the nation, and more particularly when it grew apparent to everybody that Labour or nothing would have to carry the nation on its back. To this end we have been at the trouble during the last eighteen months to read practically everything accessible on the subject of the war, its origin, its conduct, and its possible consequences. So that, if diligence and good-will together with a fair intelligence and plenty of opportunity were enough to give a journal an adequate notion of the state of the war, we should have it if anybody should. Strangely enough, however, we have had to come to the conclusion during the last few days that we are, almost without exception, the most ignorant of readers and writers upon the conduct of the war. Every journalist appears to know more about it than we have been able to gather in hundreds of hours of reading and study. The precise number of men engaged, the numbers already in training, the numbers under attestation, and, above all, the numbers needed for three, six, twelve, eighteen months ahead—all these very particular items which we can only guess at appear to be matters of the most exact familiarity to almost everybody but our unfortunate selves. We observe, too, that their familiarity is of recent date, though it is none the less assured upon that account. For only a few days before the burst of omniscience fell upon the Press, its leading representatives were complaining bitterly of the very ignorance that we still deplore. Asquith and the rest are never tired of telling us how intelligent and trustworthy of any in the world. Given the confidence of our rulers and the full facts of the national situation, we can be relied upon to come to a complete ignorance to-day write as if they knew everything? Have they recently become informed of more than we have been able to pick up—and of such authority and moment that they cannot hesitate to stake everything upon it, including the last and most precious privilege of Englishmen, personal liberty? Or is it all a pretence, and are they still as ignorant as ever? For our part we incline to the latter view, and for two reasons mainly. First, it is unlikely that the Press should know much more to-day than it knew yesterday; and, second, the Press cannot know what even the Government does not know.

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Now if we were not by profession a democratic people, complete ignorance on our side would be anything but incompatible with confiding obedience in the utter wisdom of our rulers. Such a case, we see, is illustrated in the examples of both Germany and Russia, whose rulers, it is understood, have only to issue an edict or a ukase to be obeyed by their millions without question. But we gather from what our fathers have told us, as well as from our own recollections, that we are not as these heathen, under a despotic government, but a people whose acts are self-determined after, and only after, we have been fully seised of the facts of a given situation. Moreover, we used to have in our bones two maxims of democracy of which it is difficult to say which is the more important: that our rulers must trust the people and that the people must distrust its rulers. During the present war, however, these maxims, it would appear, have got completely reversed. We trust our rulers, but our rulers do not trust us. And the worst of it is that at no time, as far as we can judge, was the ground for the reversal so shaky. At no time, that is, were our rulers more trustworthy or less trusted, or our rulers less fitted to be trusted, or more trusted. About the first, indeed, we have evidence that is not to be questioned, namely, that of our rulers themselves. Mr. Asquith and the rest are never tired of telling us that, as a people, we are the most stable, resolute, sensible, intelligent and trustworthy of any in the world.
right conclusion and to carry it through, no matter at what sacrifice in men and money. To our rulers, on the other hand, it is difficult for us to return the compliment; for it is to be observed, in the first place, that trustworthy as they allow us to be, they never trust us; and, in the second, that from all we can gather, muddle, corruption and incompetence mark everything they do. This, we say, is an accurate account of the situation as it stands in our democracy at this moment; a people of a trustworthiness unparalleled in history, and a governing class of unequalled incompetence and corruption. And this is the moment chosen for making a demand upon us for the abandonment of our last birthright of liberty without so much as a lying apology for its need or for the guarantee of its return to us.

The circumstances accompanying the introduction of Conscription are such as to raise every doubt it is possible to raise in the human mind concerning both its military necessity and the bona fides of its sponsors. As regards the first, if we admit (which of course, we do not admit) the necessity of military exertion to override every other consideration, the fact remains that we have not been persuaded of the military need, nor has the Government taken the least pains to persuade us. Other journalists, as we have seen, write with an air of omniscience of the organisation of the war as if they were in the secrets of the General Staffs—nay, as if they knew more than all the General Staffs of all the Allies together appear to know. But having some remnant of veracity we cannot follow them in it. And, after all, we think, can the public at large. Where is the review that was promised us of the present and prospective situation of the war? What are our commitments? Under what obligations are we supposed to be as regards both our own Empire and the countries of our Allies? We do not say that more men may not be necessary in view of the immensity of the resources, and the menace involved in the victory of Germany; but, before giving the present Government carte blanche to draw blood in floods at their discretion, are we not entitled to demand, first, an account of what they have done with all the blood they have so far spent; secondly, a pledge and proof that they are not wasting blood; and, thirdly, the grounds of their assurance that still more is not only necessary, but cannot be had for the price we may reasonably ask? It would not be the first time in our history that England has been drawn into an Alliance as a partner and left in it as a principal. But, if we are to take things on trust, that long before the present presumed military crisis, Conscription was advocated in this country on its merits as anything but a military necessity. Are we to suppose that all those who advised Conscription during the first weeks of the war on theoretical grounds now advise it on practical grounds only? That, it is with reluctance and under painful necessity alone that they now support what formerly without necessity they gladly advocated? And, again, the four or five millions of men who have voluntarily enlisted are not enough for our purpose, is there any guarantee that the remaining million, compulsorily to be enlisted, will determine the scales for us? Light, more light, is what we need; and, by God, if we were the English people we would have it of our rulers before consenting to the drafting of another man to be the tool of such bloody bunglers as compose the Government. * * *

Of all the reasons contemptuously offered a nation for surrendering its last right, surely the maintenance of the "pledge" of Mr. Asquith is the most despicable. We have yet to be taught that Mr. Asquith, because he is the chief of the Executive, is also a Knave and a Traitor rolled into one, whose lightest word must be observed as if it were the promise of the Creator of our being. No public opinion, to our knowledge, authorised Mr. Asquith to make such a pledge in our behalf, nor were even all his colleagues consulted before they were committed. It is obvious, moreover, that the pledge to Lord Derby was obtained by fraud and confirmed by trickery. As it runs, and as Mr. Asquith intended it to run, the pledge was one of those indefinite formulae in which Mr. Asquith's mind loves to involve itself. It might mean, that is, something or nothing. But it is not a promise and return is outside the possibility. It was narrowed down to the precise significance it has now come to acquire, and quite in the sense contrary to its original intention. But because Mr. Asquith has for once been tricked by cunning men—more concerned with the pledge than with its objects—is the nation to be tricked as well? A bad promise, we have always understood, is better broken than kept; and when, in addition to being a bad promise, the promise has been wrung from it by malicious misinterpreta-

Another circumstance that adds to the vulgarity of the present proposal to conscript men is the absence of the correlative, and, we should have thought, the precedent conscription of capital. The need for money, even among our impecunious Allies, is as great as their need of men. Money is to be had in this country, for our wealthy classes are still the most wealthy classes in the world; and they are growing richer every day on the very debts the nation is incurring to them and largely on the money which we ourselves, more or less, is more reluctant to volunteer or to take risks than any man in the land. There is not a sovereign in the pockets of our moneylenders that is not a shirker to the last penny of its value. The need, again, of money is more urgent than that of men; for with money we could buy support in various parts of the world that all our men will never be able to take by force. We have it on pretty good authority that a few hundred millions, judiciously spent, would have secured us the assistance of Greece and Roumania, and possibly of Bulgaria, and even of Turkey. But men, it appeared, were more easily to be obtained than money to buy. And much the same circumstances prevail at this moment. Yet with all this need of money, and with all this shirking of service, money, we are told, is to
be left to volunteer itself with every security for its preservation and increase, while men are to be compelled. The argument, we understand, is that men are more amenable to conscription than money. Our rulers would not know how to proceed to conscript wealth, even if they felt disposed to it. What paltry anxiety with which the conscriptionists awaited its conscription once, consents to the renewed conscription to volunteer itself with every security for its fairiy tried example, determined that the Derby scheme should have never been approached. The conscriptionists. Who has anticipated the figures before anybody could possibly know them, and pronounced doom upon the voluntary system before its case has been properly heard? The conscriptionists. The very man chosen to conduct this “last” experiment with the voluntary system—Lord Derby—was not only himself a life-long conscriptionist, but as Lord Stanley (or whatever he called himself when—Postmaster-General) he declared that workmen who asked for higher wages were bloodsuckers. Little he cared for the liberties of England. And to crown it all, the voluntary system has had to encounter the malignancy of that enfant terrible, that Peter Panic, Lord Northcliffe. The irresponsibility of that was still living. Who, for the last effort of the voluntary system? The conscriptionists. The nation that, having freed itself from a journalistic Jesus. Under such auspices there is no way of military conscription, even if undoubted, has at least been prepared by the Insurance Act and by the Munitions Act. The public had been prepared by the propaganda of the military Conscriptionists. The Trade Union leaders had most of them been bought in one sort of coin or another. And even the men were patriotic, and, at the same time, so confused in mind to be divided. We do not know for certain that Mr. Lloyd George returned from Glasgow with an ultimatum to the Cabinet in his pocket. It is only our guess. But we should not be surprised to discover a century hence that what finally tilted the Cabinet scale for Conscription was the attitude of the Clydesmen to the author of the Munitions Act.

Then it is impossible not to associate military conscription with industrial conscription. There is too much evidence, indeed, that the one is being made the stalking-horse of the other. For, as we say, the need of military conscription, even if undoubted, has at least been prepared to us; while of industrial conscription not only the need to the governing classes is clear, but it has been made apparent. Let us there be an inadequate idea of the Insurance Act, and recall the avowed reason of Mr. Garvin for supporting the new Munitions Act of the same authorship (Welsh! as the Insurance Act. Under its provisions, as even Mrs. Webb sees, the once “free” worker is from henceforward; he is a chattel slave liable, for disobedience to profiteers, to fine and imprisonment. But even this is not good enough, for at any moment, as the South Wales miners and the Clydeside engineers have shown, the liberty of the working-classes will still be effectively restricted. For if it be proved they can act as a body and be proceeded against only singly and by law. What is therefore needed against them is power to deal with them collectively, as associations, as unions, as mobs of strikers. Military law with military punishments! Armies of workmen compelled under martial law to make profits for private employers! You may say, if you please, that such an object is remote from the minds of conscriptionists; and yet they will miss some of them it may be that they are honest men in every gang of criminals—but that it is within the compass of men like Mr. Lloyd George, with his notorious hatred of the Trade Unions, and of Lord Joicey and others, with their notorious fear of them, only the same persons will doubt who believed Germany to be designing friendship with us. Every man attested under the Derby scheme, and every man still to be attested, becomes by the fact of attestation a soldier under the Crown. He draws a day’s pay and is under military law. He receives his discharge into civil rank. When is he discharged? Of all the men now attested not one, we think, is yet officially discharged. In the meanwhile, they are under military law. Now will anybody say that there is no ground for suspicion between the present movement towards military conscription and industrial conscription under military control?

If there were any doubt about it, the experiences of Mr. Lloyd George in Glasgow last week should set the matter at rest. Under the instructions of the Press Bureau, the daily Press, we happen to learn, was forbidden to publish a true account of his pilgrimage; but the “Harold,” the “New Statesman,” and, to some extent, the “Nation,” all support the accounts we have ourselves received. What appears to have happened is that everywhere where Mr. Lloyd George went he not only found dissatisfaction, but he left dissatisfaction multiplied by his folly. It is not surprising that a Minister who cannot by fair means obtain his ends should turn in the anxiety of his ambition to foul means. Once more the illustration of Germany is before our eyes. Why did Germany adopt the method of universal compulsion by armed force but that she despised of gaining her objects by the methods of reason and persuasion? Having failed on every occasion to persuade the working-classes, it is not surprising, we repeat, that each-rebuff Mr. Lloyd George’s resolution to try force as an alternative should be strengthened. And when could he hope to forge the weapon if not now? Now, in fact, was the very moment to strike if the stroke was ever to be brought about. The ground had been prepared by the Insurance Act and by the Munitions Act. The public had been prepared by the propaganda of the military Conscriptionists. The Trade Union leaders had most of them been bought in one sort of coin or another. And even the men were patriotic, and, at the same time, too confused in mind to be divided. We do not know for certain that Mr. Lloyd George returned from Glasgow with an ultimatum to the Cabinet in his pocket. It is only our guess. But we should not be surprised to discover a century hence that what finally tilted the Cabinet scale for Conscription was the attitude of the Clydesmen to the author of the Munitions Act.

The official reports of Mr. Lloyd George’s meetings give, naturally, a false as well as an inadequate idea of
what actually was done and said upon either side. But we gather from them, and our conclusion is confirmed by the printed word, that we have some surmise if the open demand of the men's meetings was a share in management in return for the further relaxation of the Union rules. Nothing, from our point of view, could well be fairer. For the demand, it will be observed, is not for higher wages or for easier conditions of labour, but for greater responsibility. Since when has it been in England a crime to aspire to the honour and status of increased responsibility? Only since Cabinet government, with its resuscitated notions of despotism, has come in! In reply to this demand, however, all that Mr. Lloyd George could say was that the men were asking for a revolution. So they were, and so, we hope, they are. And Mr. Lloyd George's own language, even if only rhetorical, gave plenty of ground for it. "If you will carefully watch," he said, "what is going on in intelligent lands, you will find that the war is bringing unheard-of changes in the social and industrial fabric." And in his peroration he returned to the same subject: "I beg the skilled workmen of this country, in whose keeping are the destinies of Labour land, might have added, of the nation as well, to lift up their eyes above the mire of distrust and suspicion, and ascend to the height of the greatest opportunity that ever opened before their class, and, by so doing, there will emerge after the war a new creature of hope which the greatest leaders of democracy in all ages have pictured in their dreams." For revolution, however, there is no time like the present; and if we come to learn from our rulers themselves. It is not to after the war that they have postponed the fulfilment of many of their dreams; but they are bringing them true here and now. It can be better than the opportunity now offered. Labour, as Mr. Lloyd George himself has said—there is no treason in repeating it—has at this moment not only Capital but the national destinies in the hollow of its hand. To-morrow, after the war, we do not know what may occur. To-day is the appointed day, and there is no time to lose. Without urging the impeding of the war—for we must win, and shall win—we, nevertheless, urge the present hour as dearer than any other. For every relaxation of Union rules the capitalist system should pay with a beam of its castle. For every cooperative effort of the Unions as Unions, profiteering should pay with a new hatred of attack. What will our not do see Capitalism dethroned and Labour in partnership with the State, the war at home, whatever may be its result abroad, will have been lost.

Returning to the subject of military conscription, we must remark upon the un-English habit of our Press of holding up other nations for our example. The new feature of both Fleet Street and Parliament is perhaps more than enough to reconcile us to the 'hues of Joseph's coat.' And naturally, since they are over-looked by our countrymen for their Englishness, they are Russian despotism and the East, and the Bells and the Russians do that; and the Serbians and the Russians do that; and the Belgians and the Albanians do the other; and always better than we do. It is in vain that we protest mildly that we are aware of it all, have seen for ourselves and have not been inspired to imitate. They think you are to be thought of as quite remarkable if they do not adopt conscription? France in particular, glorious France. Be it far from us to say that a word could offend a French patriot in these days, but English patriots may surely ask whether French conscription was a virtue or a necessity. And with it all, what has France done to entitle her to control the manner of our co-operation? It is said, for example, by the "Manchester Guardian" (et tu, Brute?) that if we have a Continental army we must have a Continental army to match it. That is, we suppose, a conscript army. France, otherwise, will not look at us or only with contempt. But are we not only to supply a conscript army like France, but in addition to support our Allies with a Navy, with munitions and with money, and to throw our institutions into the sack into the bargain? We might as well be slaves as partners with our Allies at this rate! But the parallel of America, even more offensive to an Englishman. It may be true, as we have been told, that Lincoln initiated conscription in the latter stages of the Civil War—though in what a loose form only Mr. J. M. Kennedy, writing in the Economist, has accurately described. But how much better off, we ask, is America for it—that land of everything but noble liberty? That Colossus stands for nothing in the world, has not a principle to its name, and is inhabited chiefly by Philistines. We would rather learn of the Greeks than of the Americans. But to this fact is it because while England has still much to learn in politics, there is no nation to teach. Other nations are our pupils; not our masters; and we throw away our superiority when we consent to go to school to nations that should come to us. If only for the reason that France and the rest wish us to adopt conscription we should beware of it. The advice of the fox that has lost its tail is never wholly disinterested.

There are a score of considerations to give us pause that we cannot touch upon this week. But, be it said with every wish that it may be so, the issue is not determined yet, nor will it be until after a long, a bitter and a memorable struggle. The light-minded journalists and publicists who imagine that under any circumstances—even a threatened invasion of devils—Englishmen unanimously will consent to the conscription of men to fight, without the most costly accompaniments of the conscription of wealth, of service, of property and privilege, are under the wrong impression of our character that is natural to them. They will discover their mistake, perhaps, when they shall have postponed the fulfilment of many of their dreams; but they are bringing them true here and now. It can be better than the opportunity now offered. Labour, as Mr. Lloyd George himself has said—there is no treason in repeating it—has at this moment not only Capital but the national destinies in the hollow of its hand. To-morrow, after the war, we do not know what may occur. To-day is the appointed day, and there is no time to lose. Without urging the impeding of the war—for we must win, and shall win—we, nevertheless, urge the present hour as dearer than any other. For every relaxation of Union rules the capitalist system should pay with a beam of its castle. For every cooperative effort of the Unions as Unions, profiteering should pay with a new hatred of attack. What will our not do see Capitalism dethroned and Labour in partnership with the State, the war at home, whatever may be its result abroad, will have been lost.
Mr. H. G. Wells is, I believe, the first Englishman of prominence to express definitely the opinion that Germany is not going to be thoroughly crushed as a result of the present campaign. He makes this statement in the January issue of a rather vulgar-looking organ called "Cassell's Magazine of Fiction."

Mr. Wells holds that Germany, to use his own phrase, will be beaten but not completely crushed, with the consequence that she will maintain her military attitude and habits of thought, and that, further, she will continue to be united with Austria-Hungary. Out of this state of things, so Mr. Wells believes, will arise "the hope for an ultimate confederation of the nations of the earth." Quite a good reason is adduced for this. Mr. Wells suggests that, assuming that the Central Powers are left in this condition, "attempting recuperation, cherishing revenge, dreaming of a renewal of the struggle, and becoming impossible for the British, the French, the Belgians, Russians, Italians and Japanese, to think any longer of settling their differences by war among themselves." To conclude Mr. Wells's argument, he believes that the present Entente Powers and their smaller allies will have to set up "some permanent organ for the direction and co-ordination of their joint international relationships." It would be the duty of this body to carry out a joint fiscal, military, and naval policy; to keep peace in the Balkans and in Asia, to establish relations with the United States, and to come to some sort of arrangement with America as to arbitration. One of its chief concerns, Mr. Wells adds, will be to maintain the right of way through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to watch the forces that stir up conflict in the Balkans and in the Levant.

It may be true that in these circumstances, as Mr. Wells adds, there would be only three Great Powers left in the world—the Pan-Americans, the Central Europeans, and the present anti-German Allies. Against this possibility Mr. Wells suggests that the Allied Powers may be "too various in their nature, too feeble intellectually, too imaginations to hold together, and to maintain any institution for co-operation." In that case Mr. Wells foreshadows a general peace imposed by Germany. From the concluding sentences of the article I gather that, although Mr. Wells is writing a series, he does not propose to modify his view on any of the points he has discussed. It is his particular point, which is merely one of several questions he proposes to consider. It may not, therefore, be too soon to comment upon what he has said.

What occurs to me at once is that Mr. Wells, like many people who think with him, has not quite faced, or rather has not overcome the difficulty with which, as I indicated in a recent article, our Foreign Office has been confronted. That difficulty consists of the status of the Balkans and of Turkey. Mr. Wells is certainly not alone in thinking that the Entente Powers ought to be strong enough to secure not merely the opening of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, but also the independence of the Balkan Peninsula, and the freeing of Turkey from the economic fetters imposed on her by the German Government. Turkey entered the war in November, 1914, and both the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have been closed to Turkey's enemies ever since. We have seen that the great resources of the Russians have not merely been unable to prevent the junction between Germany and Turkey through the Balkans, but have also been ineffective in adequately defeating the Turkish army in the Caucasus. It is this fact which even in peace time will make the position of the Allies in the Balkans a very difficult one, and that of the Germans and Austrians relatively simple. Experience has shown us that it is impossible to reconstruct the Balkan League of 1912 with even a remote possibility of its lasting for a short time. Economically, strategically, and consequently politically also, the Balkan States and the Central Empires gravitate towards one another. It follows that no "watch" which the Allies could maintain over the Balkans would be equivalent to the natural attraction exercised on the Balkans by the Central Empires. We can only assume, in the event of the partial German defeat which Mr. Wells predicts, the Balkans could be watched by the Allied Powers only in the sense that they would be guarded and kept from doing mischief by much superior forces.

It is clear that the only two Powers which could adequately maintain this "watch" are Russia and Italy. This leaves Turkey entirely out of account, as Mr. Wells has done. He does not appear, for instance, to have considered the fact that Asia Minor is a we way area, which must sooner or later be exploited, if only in the general interests of humanity. In the present stage to which humanity has developed, such exploitation presupposes expansion, be it ever so small and which up to the present the Germans have been producing for Asia Minor in a greater proportion than any other people. In return they have secured innumerable concessions, of which that for the construction of the Bagdad railway is the most important. What is to become of these concessions? Clearly if they are taken away from the Germans they must be handed over to the representatives of some other country or countries, and once again we have the possibility of economic disagreement even among the Allies. Mr. Wells speaks of the Allies as being perhaps too feeble in intellect and imagination to hold together and maintain any institution founded for the purpose of co-operation and action, but at our present stage both intellect and imagination are not so much calculated to produce disension as is economic antagonism. It is fairly certain that when peace is restored, and the conditions and horrors of the war are gradually forgotten, we shall once more be faced with the economic disagreements, even among the Allies, that prevailed before the war began. Up to July, 1914, Serbia was regarded as a nuisance, and Belgian and French engineering firms as serious competitors of ourselves.

I do not think that Mr. Wells can have any economic plans to propose which are likely to overcome these difficulties, and until he can do so his theories on politics, military affairs, and diplomacy, must be set aside as ineffective when confronted with a severe economic test. In short, we cannot win the ends without willing the means also. If the Allies could set aside all their differences and undertake the perpetual guard on the Central Empires and the Balkans which Mr. Wells foreshadows, the Council or Congress for which he asks would certainly demand the fulfilment of at least one specific condition, namely, that this country should establish conscription on the Continental model, and that England should be ready, at short notice, to ship the Continent an arm, not of sixty or seventy thousand men, as Sir John French had under his command at first, but of eight or nine hundred thousand men, with a couple of million in reserve—the trained men, too, not raw recruits of a few months' experience. This condition would, in the circumstances, be reasonable enough; for, as even Mr. Wells himself acknowledges, the Central Empires would strive ceaselessly to secure the mastery again. We can hardly ask Continental Powers to enter into alliances with us if we do not agree to some such commitment; but I think that neither manufacturers nor workmen here would agree to any such commitment. I fear Mr. Wells will have to try again.
War Notes.

In answer to a request for an explanation of the delay in the publication of the Dardanelles report, Mr. Tennant said that as Sir Ian Hamilton was a writer of distinction, he was probably taking some time to polish up his phrases.

Mr. Tennant explained that the name of the general responsible for the failure of the Suvla Bay landing could not be given, the publication of the name would be too punitive. In answer to a further question, as to whether this general still retained any command, Mr. Tennant said that a general could only be removed from the Army as a result of a court martial, and that, of course, could only follow on some really disgraceful act.

If we take all the circumstances into consideration, it would be no exaggeration, I think, to look upon the incident recorded above as one of the most disgraceful of the whole war. The bad taste of the first reply is a small matter; what is important is the revelation of an attitude which is only too clearly that of our rulers generally. From that point of view nothing could be more depressing.

The news that, after all, we are to have compulsion, comes not very long after this incident. The two things may or may not be connected, but they are not merely events closely related in time, but there is a real connection between them. In the forms distributed by the canvassers under the Derby scheme, men if they were invited to enlist were invited to state their reasons. In a town in the North with which I am acquainted, among many foolish answers, there was this very sensible one. "When I see some signs that a real attempt is being made to end the disgraceful mismanagement of the war, both on the part of civilians and of the generals, I shall be prepared to enlist. At present I have no inclination to join such a rotten concern." I want in these Notes to offer some justification of this.

None of the men, who will now be compelled to serve, have ever been brought up to contemplate the possibility of this compulsion. It is, undoubtedly, tragic, that such men should in the middle of their lives be suddenly by force taken from their occupations, perhaps to their deaths. It is certainly very painful to think of. But there are certain conditions in which the whole business becomes to some extent less painful, and men's minds, I think, are more easy about it. The psychology involved is worth examining; it depends, I think, on the notion of inevitability. Everyone on active service is bound at one time or other to get extremely depressed. I used to think that in such unpleasant situations of mind of the volunteer would be better than that of the conscript; he would not have to bear the additional depression of knowing that he had been forced, unjustly, in this situation. But this, I now see, is bad psychology. Probably nine-tenths of the depression a man feels not only in this particular instance, but in ordinary life also, is due to the thought that it might not have been, that had he pursued a different course, it would not have happened.

If an unpleasant situation is seen to be inevitable it still remains unpleasant, but the element which exasperated it into a worrying depression has been removed. It might be argued, then, that in some ways the state of mind of the conscript is better than that of the volunteer. It is for reasons of this kind that the embusqué is hunted out. It is not because the numbers then obtained are important, but because of the effect on those who remain. Inevitability is made more absolute. It is then a kind of mental hygiene.

Take, now, a more specific instance of the same phenomena. Consider what happened in any one of the numerous, small, and often unrecorded, minor attacks we were told about last year. Everyone knows beforehand that the attack is to be made. The men stumble up in the night to the shallow special trenches which are dug in preparation for an attack. They lie cramped up three tiers down, when the attack is to take place. At dawn, however, it is perhaps misty, the artillery cannot "prepare" the attack, and it is postponed till the afternoon. When it finally comes off, the men amble up hill three-quarters of the distance to the German trenches, by which time most of them are shot down. Probably most of the officers will have been killed. Considered in spite of the obvious object of the operation, it was a real attempt to end the disgraceful mismanagement of the war, both on the part of civilians and of the generals, if not unwilling to enlist were invited to state their reasons.

I want in these Notes to offer some justification of this. The incompetence, and the fact that no one has been punished, are patent to everyone. Take the subject of the first quotation at the head of these Notes. It is well known that the general in command at the Dardanelles made repeated demands for reinforcements which were never sent till months after they were asked for, and then always in inadequate numbers. The people, whoever they were, who were responsible for this, ought to have been removed from office. Instead of that, we get the report delayed, and the delay excused by incompetence. "I am forced against my will into a painful situation." The psychology involved is worth examining; it depends, I think, on the notion of inevitability. Everyone on active service is bound at one time or other to get extremely depressed. It might be argued, then, that in some ways the state of mind of the conscript is better than that of the volunteer. It is for reasons of this kind that the embusqué is hunted out. It is not because the numbers then obtained are important, but because of the effect on those who remain. Inevitability is made more absolute. It is then a kind of mental hygiene.

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of indecision is being repeated over the East African expedition. The commander at Suvla Bay still remains in the army, for "he will only be dismissed after he has done something really disgraceful." But what will be more disgraceful in time of war than failure? It does not matter in the least that the general poached on the spoons from the mess table; if we had a really successful general we could well afford to let him swindle us out of half a million in stores; he would be cheap at the price.

The loyal carrying out of the implied contract with the citizen soldier demands a ruthless and drastic punishment for all these failures. But this objection will be made. If every failure is followed by removal, we should soon have neither generals nor Ministers.

We, and those who soon disappear with it in the case of Ministers: "But who shall we put in their place?" We have got past the stage of thinking that no one could replace the politicians. The objection has greater plausibility in the case of the generals. It does seem, however, that, as that great warrior poet said, "a very great general, in which only a few people, after long training, had qualified. But this is fallacious. Talent in military leadership is a peculiarly hidden quality; there are probably few outward signs by which it can be detected in time of peace, and those by a head waiter.

The only way to discover it is by a continual process of trial and error. Such a method is hard on generals of long service. But things are not to be judged in this way, "what is fair to a general or not." Increased severity is called for in the first place by the military situation, by the necessity of winning. But much more is it called for by the necessity of keeping loyally the implied contract with the citizen soldier.

The motives behind this refusal to punish are diverse. While some of them are interested motives, the most powerful of all, one, I think, shared by almost everyone in this country, is the feeling of toleration, the sentiment of good taste, which prevents us telling the truth in public about public characters. This hypocrisy is really a kind of moral blight over the country, and the German writers who describe it are certainly right in this one point. It is no use our calling it toleration, and thinking it is a virtue of this country. It is not a virtue, nor has it always been characteristic. It is merely a secondary by-product of Victorian security. In the times before this period of security we were as drastic in punishment, and as coarse in polemic, as any nation in Europe. The French were surprised by the way we hung admirals, and even Casanova was shocked by the license of our Press. We may as well rid ourselves of the idea that toleration and good taste are peculiarly English characteristics. Our security has gone, and these will soon disappear with it in the case of Ministers: "But who shall we put in their place?"

At present, however, we are in an unfortunate position, as we combine the disadvantage of actual insecurity with a complacent ignorance of the fact, and a method of thinking appropriate only to security.

I intend to deal more generally with this extraordinary inability to realise how entirely our security has disappeared. It is to be seen not only more positively in our conduct of the war, but also indirectly to writings of the pacifists. Behind most of the categories of in terms of which they think lies the assumed postulate of security. In proposing terms of peace, they always behave like the sons of rich people, entirely ignorant of how money is made, and who propose to give away money which they have not even got to spend.

I shall begin to admit that this fatuous sense of security has at last disappeared, when, one morning, I see Lord Haldane swinging from a lamp-post—whether justly or unjustly is immaterial. I shall then begin to think two things: (1) that we are at last developing the kind of spirit which will make the army efficient and win the war, and (2) that we have at last earned the right to compel men to sacrifice their lives.

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far as the East is concerned, more sensible. They represent, in fact, Disraeli's Eastern policy which Germany-store, while our rulers say, that the West.

"But we cannot change our policy in wartime"? Why not, forsooth, when the existing policy has proved itself the most disastrous that could be imagined? Behind all these excuses, one suspects the unmentionable, shameful truth, that effective engagements in the East have been entered into, long before the war, with a view to the partition of the Ottoman Empire; that, considering the Turkish Empire thus foredoomed, our rulers set to work to reconstruct the Muslim East according to their partial and imperfect lights—England to be the Sultanate, the Caliphate should be established there or elsewhere. And that, directly Turkey had been forced into the present war, our rulers tried to execute their plans, not waiting, as mere sober wisdom would have counselled, to make sure that their intentions with regard to Turkey were going to be sanctioned by a higher Power. If this supposition is correct, and our rulers have indeed made England helpless in the bond with Russia, then we have every reason to despair. Then all the hope for England in the East resides in one of two contingencies: either a complete and revolutionary change of Government and policy, which seems outside the bounds of probability; or the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany by Russia, absolving us from any obligations which our secret lords may have contracted towards our great Ally. If England really cannot any longer stand alone, cannot uphold at least some remnant of her great political traditions, but must flourish those of her allies, then her victory in that alliance will be infinitely worse for her prestige in Eastern lands than would defeat by Germany have been, supposing her to stand alone. If only she could prove her independence and at once. A few weeks more, and it will be too late.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

On Right and Might.

By Ramiro de Macecru.

II.

We call the militarist theory that which says that might is in itself right, and, therefore, subsumes the concept of right in that of might. The Russian war has made Germany the capital of the European mentality by independent writers such as Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, or by semi-independent publicists like Bernhardi. Neither Ostwald, the Pontifex Maximus of German Monism, nor Jellinek, has ever said that might is in itself right; how, then, can this assertion be attributed to them? Simply by the weight of logic. Our thesis will be sufficiently proved if we can show that from certain principles maintained by these men the inclusion of the concept of right in that of might is practically derived.

The most popular ideology of the New Germany is to be found in the Monist Essays (Monist Erlegten) of Prof. Ostwald. The secret of his success lies in his eloquent presentation of the idea that Germany is the creative power, the sovereign. He tells his readers that the times of religion have passed away, that men must now be guided by science, that there is nothing but energy in the universe, that every concept which does not refer to energy lacks content, and that human morality must be energetic, too. The great thought of Prof. Ostwald consists in substituting for the Categorical Imperative of Kant his own Energetical Imperative, which says: "Do not waste energy, but give it a value."

These ideas are so simple of understanding that they are known in Germany as: "Die Weltanschauung der Halbgebildeten," or, as one might say in English, the
religion of the half-baked, if the concept of religion included also that of those people who believed in a God unconnected with goodness, like the Energy of Prof. Ostwald. The historical reasons are well known which have turned the German mind into a favourable field for the propagation of this "ethic" of the Energetic Imperative: first, the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Germany were so bloody that they sowed in every mind the seeds of invincible repugnance towards all kinds of religious speculation; secondly, the fact that in the eighteenth century, when the new Germany was beginning to be formed, there was a prevalence of rationalistic materialism; thirdly, the difficulty or impossibility which the masses of the people found in understanding the philosophic terminology in which the idealistic reaction of Kant and Hegel against the materialism of the eighteenth century was expressed; and, fourthly, the need felt by the people of filling the vacuum felt in their souls by the economic interpretation of history and art and, above all, by the Germans a theory of life. What they did not give them was an ethics. But ethics is necessary for action. We cannot take a single step forward without being guided by some criterion of right and wrong. Thus, in the absence of any other, the Energetic Imperative was spread. Those who cannot understand how it was possible for such an extraordinary moralism as that revealed by the present war to spring up in the centre of Europe should take the trouble of meditating for a few hours on the "Monist Imperative"—which, two years ago, were being read in the barbers' shops and in the public-houses of Prussian towns.

For the postulate: "All is energy" amounts to the assertion that there is no right but might. It is true that Ostwald, side by side with the "bellum omnium contra omnes," which characterises men in their natural state, recognises also the existence of a natural law of sympathy and a feeling of solidarity. Ostwald says, in fact, that sympathy is a natural law, that is to say, something which must inevitably be realised. "The will of the Law cannot be other than one's own will," he says, in words that recall those of Kant. But this assertion is purely theoretical. In the sense that it applies only to the nature of our will, and does not provide us with a standard of conduct. That this assertion is false is proved by the present war: there would have been no war if human solidarity were a natural and irrevocable law. But Ostwald's Energetic Imperative commands is not that we shall serve human solidarity, but: "Do not waste energy; give it a value."

If we had to analyse this Imperative we should say one of two things: either energy cannot be wasted, by virtue of the natural law of the conservation of energy; or, if it can be wasted and valued, one must admit the existence of evaluating ideas—the old ideas of right and wrong! which cannot be reduced to energy, because they are qualities and not quantities. Either the Energetic Imperative is lacking in moral meaning and is a purely utilitarian piece of advice, equivalent to saying: "Don't spend your nights without sleeping!"; or, if it has a moral meaning, it simply tells us: "Don't use your energy for evil, but for the great goal of human solidarity which is the expression of the character of all living beings: renewal by the change of generations." Modern states have organised for themselves, a personality. This means that the Government ought to be good, that it ought to serve right.

To distinguish between right and good is already to profit an ideal. That is why Jellinek stands out in Germany among the idealistic jurists. Some young men look in his books for principles which will enable them to put new life into Liberalism. But Jellinek is also the first of the upholders of the organic theory of the State, and this is the German theory—"the German idea." But the organic theory may adopt a crude form, as when Gierke says that "The State is a human-social organism with a life distinct from that of its different members." This theory is not accepted by Jellinek, because the State lacks the fundamental character of all living beings: renewal by the change of generations. Modern states owe their existence to the sword; and this is certainly not an organic means of production. Thus, the monism of Prof. Ostwald would no longer be a Monism but a dualism.

Let us now imagine the type of man who accepts without criticism the Energetic Imperative. What will he become if his own energy is a greater mass of energy, as a river surrenders its water to the sea—in which case, of his own free will, he will accept his position as one more worker of Krupp's, or as one more soldier in the Kaiser's armies, as if it were his natural fate.

But Ostwald's ideas cannot be considered as representative of the German mentality precisely because of their popular character. It is not so with Prof. Jellinek, of Heidelberg. Georg Jellinek, until his death in 1911, was the highest authority in German juridical thought. His theory of the State is still the "official" theory. It is the organic theory which has clearly defined the public power as the right of the State, and affirms the moral personality of the State. The reader need not be frightened by these words. German professors do not share my opinion that these questions of politics, law, and ethics are not technical questions, although they may be difficult, and ought not to be treated with a special terminology. German professors believe them to be technical questions, and they treat them with a vocabulary through which we have to find our way if we are to understand the juridical theory which they would like to impose on humanity—not fortunately only with books.

I choose Jellinek because he is not at first sight a theorist of the State, but a philologist. His conception of Law is that of the "ethical minimum which society needs at every moment of its life to go on living." From this conception of Law as the ethical minimum arises that of the State which realises it. The existence of Law depends on the existence of an organisation which realises it. Up to this point there is no objection to be made; for State and organisation—dangerous words—may be understood in the sense of government and administration—exact words. What is important for us is that Jellinek clearly distinguishes between the nature and the ends of the State. The nature of the State is might; its end is morality. When this distinction is made, it would seem as if we were far removed from every theory which tries to consolidate might by urging the human mind to render obedience to it.

The nature of the State is defined by Jellinek thus: "The State is the unity of association, originally endowed with power of domination, and formed by men settled in a territory." In simpler language: the State is might. But in defining the ends of the State Jellinek says: "The State is the association of a nation, possessing a sovereign juridical personality which, in a systematic and centralising way, availing itself of external means, promotes the individual, national, and human solidarity interpenetrating the diverse and conservative and common evolution." This means that the Government ought to be good, that it ought to serve right.

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character, it is no longer of an organic character; and it can no longer be said that Jellinek upholds the organic theory of the State. And yet he does uphold it. He upholds it when he says:

"Every association needs a will which unifies it, and which cannot be united other than that of the human individual. An individual whose will has the character of the will of an association ought to be considered, so long as this relation with the association subsists, as the instrument of its will, that is to say, as the organ of the association."

From this principle is derived the whole of Jellinek's organic theory. The organs of the State are divided into immediate and mediate. The immediate organ is what, in England, is called the Sovereign; it may be a single individual, like the Kaiser, or a corporation, like the British Parliament. The mediate organs are formed by the different branches of the bureaucracy. The immediate organ is completely independent; that is to say, it is not subject to the will of any other. The plurality of the immediate organs is always menacing to the unity of the State and cannot last for long.

"The State needs a unique will," "Every State needs a supreme organ." "The organ, as such, has no personality in the State." "There are two personalities, that of the State and that of the organ; but State and organ are rather a unity." While in the representative theory, "representatives and represented are always two, the association and the organ remain at every moment the same person." "The organs never become persons: chiefs of State, Chambers, authorities, have never a juridical personality; the sole and exclusive personality belongs to the State." "The organ has no rights, and only juridical competence." Thus "disappears the doctrine of the right of the monarch to the power of the State." "This power belongs to the State, and the monarch, as such, is the supreme organ of the State." "On the other hand, the individual man, for the right to occupy the place of an organ." "If the organs of the State were eliminated, there would only remain, juridically speaking, nothingness."

Such is "the German idea." Every State requires a unique will. A unique will requires a supreme organ. If this supreme organ and this unique will be suppressed, juridically only nothingness remains. This is the "official" doctrine of Germany. In Russia there is the fact of the abolition of the Zemstvos. But the intellectual classes protect. It is in Germany that political science and the universities proclaim the supreme organ and the unique will.

This theory is based on the assertion that: "Every association needs a will which unifies it. The characteristic feature of every association is the plurality of wills. There are as many wills as individuals in the association. If it were true that without a unifying will there could be no associations, we should have to deny the existence of associations, for that of the plurality of wills cannot be denied. Nevertheless, every association presupposes unity. Where lies the source of the unity of associations? We have seen that it is not in the will, for the very simple reason that wills cannot become united in one without disappearing. But it is not necessary for wills to be united in one in order that they may associate themselves. That in which wills associate themselves is a common object. This common object may be to play football or the desire of self-government. But it is the common thing and not the unique will which is the basis of associations.

By basing the association on a unique will, Jellinek has to found his State upon an "original power of domination." That is basing right on might. It is not enough to say subsequently that this might ought to be employed in the service of right. That is entrusted to the conscience of the individual who is acting as the "supreme organ" of the association, or to the mediate organs. The members of the association have no other function than that of acknowledging the necessity of the "unique will" and the "supreme organ," and obeying them.

But this theory is false. The true essence of associations does not lie in the unique will, but in the common thing. Things unite men. And that is why, in face of dominating wills, Democracy is still possible.

Mr. Balfour at a Cinema; Or, A Poor Substitute for Charlie Chaplin.

(Reported with aversion by Charles Brookfarmer.)

(Scenic: Empire Theatre. Dec. 29, Matinée of various cinema films patronised by the Government. After one and a half hours not particularly instructive or amusing films of small portions of the New Armies in training, a selection of rag-time is played, the curtain rises and Mr. Balfour strolls upon the stage.)

Mr. B. (with too much contempt for the occasion to worry about what he is saying): Ladies and gentlemen, if I appear in this to me rather unaccustomed theatre ("Ha, ha") of operations report I have had the privilege of seeing is because the spectacle you have just seen and much more that you are about to see is much more than an am—am—am—much more than an afternoon's amusement for idle folk. The wonderful—wonderful films you have seen are not only marvellous examples of the photographer's art, but they are big with import for us and for the world of the rest—for the world of the rest.

It is unfortunate—unfort—unfortunately impossible even for the most modern forms of photographic art to show us the great battles that have already taken place. (Sententiously) What would we not give, for example, for reproductions of the marvellous exploits of our army in Flanders and of the wonderful deeds of the Australians at Anzac.

But the wonderful films you are just about—well, we are just about to see will give us some notion of the wonderful work of our great fleet. The great medium of communication now between the far—far—far—vessels, except the submarine. The wonderful films you have seen are not only marvellous, but it is the wonderful pictures, which I have done my individual best to show us, the great battles that have already taken place. (Strolls off.)

Our economic stability, not less than our military operations, depend on the British Fleet, a portion of which you are about—you will—you are privileged to be about to see in a few moments, and mark it well! For the British Fleet is performing a great part in the drama now being played out, not for Britain alone, not for all—her allies alone, but for the freedom of the world. ("Hear, hear.")

Ladies and gentlemen, our im—imaginations—imaginations at this moment are sluggish; but these wonderful pictures which I have done my individual best to further, will do much in this country and in other countries to show what the Grand Fleet is doing. The world has yet to know and it does not yet know—("Hear, hear")—how much it owes to the British Fleet.

This is the lesson I want to insculpt this afternoon, and if I have done so in the abstract truths I have tried to lay before you this afternoon. I shall feel that this entertainment is more than an entertainment, it is a deep and vital lesson for all who are interested in the future of mankind.

(Charles Brookfarmer.)
The Imperviousness of Literature to War.

By Ernest A. Boyd.

There has been much speculation during the past year as to the effect of the European War upon literature. In the main, inquiry has taken two forms. It has either been directed towards ascertaining the reactions of the reading public during war-time, or it has dwelt upon the losses sustained by letters through the death of young writers while on active service. Almost all the belligerent nations have had to record promising young talents cut off prematurely from the realisation of their highest development. Naturally there is, in every such case, a tendency to allow patriotic affection to colour one's estimate of the actual or potential loss.

The charitableness of the traditional obituary is increased when recollections of devotion to duty, or of military prowess, come to modify the already less critical attitude with which a recently deceased contemporary is viewed. Such instances as that of Charles Peguy, one of the most original personalities in modern French literature, suggest that too much importance must not be attached to these expressions of regret. During his life Peguy was heartily detested and abused by the majority of French critics, his work could find publication only in "Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine," an eclectic review, edited by himself. Curiously enough, the most noteworthy French writers of the other side, who were killed at the front also published their work in Peguy's "Cahiers." Nevertheless, the loss of these comparatively neglected and despised authors is now declared irreparable! Peguy, in particular, has been the recipient of much posthumous honour—even to the extent of the re-edition of his works, although it is doubtful if posterity will find much intellectual or artistic substance in his ponderous and verbose neo-Catholicism. His enormous poems of from six thousand to eight thousand lines will probably be more easily forgotten than his great services as an editor. In that capacity he will be remembered because of his publication of almost all that Romain Rolland has written.

Leaving aside the purely commercial interaction of war upon literature, we may attempt to consider the question from a general point of view. Reference to the case of Charles Peguy has been made in order to illustrate the tendency to exaggerate the merits of the man of letters turned warrior. Nobody, of course, can positively assert that the potential losses literature has incurred. There are doubtless many brains shattered or weakened which would have enriched the intellectual treasure of European literature. But we can, with a certain security, estimate the extent to which we are losers by the death of writers who had already built up a considerable achievement. It will probably be admitted, in due season, that we have not, in those cases, been deprived of anything of the first importance. If we turn, then, to the general question of the literary aftermath of the present war, we shall find that a somewhat similar situation presents itself.

Just as exaggeration is the tendency noticeable in all judgments of writers killed in action, so there is over-emphasis in most conjectures as to the literature which will follow the cessation of hostilities. Here, again, the same allowance must be made for potentialities as in judging the possible achievement of those who have been cut off in their youth. It is neither more nor less justifiable to assume that some very young poet who has left us but his first volume may never have become famous, than to assume that every valuable talent which would have created the literature of the next generation has been lost on the field of battle. In both cases the supposition is the same, namely, that the effort made an indelible mark upon the literature of the future. If, then, this is nothing more than an affirmation based upon conjecture, it cannot be directly disproved. Enthusiasts have hinted that Rupert Brooke would have ranked with the greatest poets of England had his life been spared. At best, no reasons for, and many against, the probability may be deduced from such of his work as we possess. Expressions of conviction, formed under the stress of patriotic emotion, cannot be accepted as very accurate forecasts of what literature has in store for us. It is probable that sterile years will follow, especially in those countries whose physical resources have been heavily taxed. But that is merely a negative statement of the effect of the war upon literature.

In order to arrive at some more affirmative conclusion, we must adopt the same method of deduction which enables us, in considering individual writers, to estimate what the abrupt termination of the work will mean for posterity. Conclusions as to the influence of the present war upon literature can be reasonably formulated only by reference to what has hitherto proved to be the response of letters to such crises in history. In other words, existing facts and experience are the only basis upon which to speculate as to the future. Within the space of a lifetime there have been a sufficient number of wars to furnish the necessary data. The danger of having to go too far away from modern conditions for analogies is, therefore, avoided.

It may be objected that the Russo-Japanese or the Anglo-Boer wars were fought at such a distance from Russia and England that their repercussion was as remote as if the conflicts had occurred in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, when the main stream of civil life was hardly disturbed by the outbreak of war. To parallel the present circumstances a case must be found where invasion and devastation were at the very heart of the belligerents' social and intellectual life. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 answers perhaps even more exactly than does the war of 1914, for France was so far involved. Yet, what influence did that cataclysm have upon French literature? The young men who should have reflected on that war had meant for France failed remarkably to live up to the theory of war's ineluctable imprint upon literature. They were Daudet, Maupassant, A. France, Bourget, Loti and Zola, among the novelists; Richepin, Coppée, de Heredia, Verlaine, Mallarmé, among the poets. Maupassant, it is true, found in the war the incident of one of his most remarkable stories, Zola's "Débâcle" is an extraordinary prose epic of the great disaster. But it is noteworthy that the book appeared as a mere episode, towards the end of the Rougon-Macquart series, in a history of the Second Empire. It is evident that the incident was of the social conditions of France prior to the war, not in the events or result of the war itself. The generation which achieved fame after 1870 might have lived in the antipodes for all the interest shown by their work in that great war. The novelists were, for the most part, impersonal, passionate realists, whose principal concern was to carry on the tradition of Flaubert, who wrote during and after the war in the same imperturbable manner as before it. The turning point phrases remained his constant preoccupation. His young disciples failed no less signally to emulate him in this than they failed to take any cognisance of the national and international upheaval which preceded the establishment of the Third Republic. Neither Bismarck nor Louise Michel left any greater impression upon the realistic novel than the humblest of Maupassant's Norman peasants. The war and the Commune supplied the purveyors of popular fiction with considerable material, the great novelists found only matter for an occasional short story. With the exception of "Boule de Suif" and "La Débâcle," there is nothing of importance in the French literature of the period to indicate the recent visitation of war.

Outside the Naturalistic school the echo of Satan is even fainter. In 1876 Anatole France made his debut with "Boèmes Dordé," and as early as 1876 "Les Noces Corinthiennes" revealed the talent of the future
author of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," and "Le Jardin d'Epioure." During his early years France was a respectable young Paracelsian, writing correctly in what frigid verse, deeply absorbed in literature, and apparently oblivious of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. When he attracted the favourable attention of the Académie it was by means of any poignant reflection of the Franco-Prussian tragedy but by that simple idyl "Le Crime de Sylvester Bonnard," Paul Bourget, too, had not yet put on the motley garment of nationalist-clerical royalism—but was writing those admirable younger generation found its expression, for he was at writing immediately after the event.

When he attracted the favourable attention of the author of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," and "Le Jardin d'Epioure," and essay form, which are still the best part of his work. Pierre Loti revealed himself at once as the prose poet of the Orient and of the seafaring life, and can no more be regarded as moulded by the influences of the war than can either of the writers just mentioned. Contrary to the popular belief that contact with an enemy results in an exchange of ideas, there is little trace of the action of German thought upon France in the years following 1870. The foreign influences which coloured French periodical literature during the eighties were Russian, Scandinavian, and English. Neither Hauptmann nor Nietzsche was translated before 1875, so that the clash with Prussia would seem to have made no impression, moral or intellectual, upon those Frenchmen who were writing immediately after the event.

The poets proved as unsuscceptible as the prose-writers. Verlaine suggested the age of Villon rather than the period following a national tragedy. In 1875 Mallarmé found no more urge to live to literature than the translations of Edgar Allan Poe, which was succeeded the next year by "L'Après midi d'un Faune," clearly indicating how remote were the poet's preoccupations from any thought of international affairs. Moreover, the poets forecast the period in which the younger generation found its expression, for he was at once hailed as the father of their movement by the Symbolists. The latter were only unharmed by the war, which occurred when most of them were still very young, but they too felt at the outset to announce their contempt for the political situation thereby created. In the chief Symbolist review, the "Mercure de France," an early article, which cost Remy de Gourmont his position in the "Bibliothèque Nationale," voiced the general contempt of his contemporaries towards the Franco-German problem. De Gourmont explained, with elaborate precision, why he would not give his little finger to recover the lost provinces, so that the clash with Prussia would seem to have made no impression, moral or intellectual, upon those Frenchmen who were writing immediately after the event.

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In so far as social reorganisation follows the war and all the armies have left no memory of the war at all comparable to some of the stories of Daudet and Maupassant. Verlaine played an active part in the rising of the Communards, yet "Romains," "Les Parisiens," and "Sagesse," the works which he published afterwards, breathe with such artistic detachment. They hasten to escape from everything recalling their recent experiences.

It is possible, therefore, to argue that the present war will leave no deeper mark upon the creative literature of the next two or three decades than did the wars of the past. Now, when our minds are haunted by the tragedy and horror of militarism, we are inclined to under-estimate the fortunate imperviousness of literature to war. The proverbial superiority of the pen over the sword is capped by a wider interpretation than that generally accorded to it. Wars are destructive only of what is physical, the spiritual entity of a nation cannot be obliterated by the greatest armaments. The domain of the intellect is as impregnable to the assaults of 42-c.m. guns and poisonous gasses to-day as it was to the burnings and torturings of the Middle Ages. The present war, like its predecessors, can affect literature only so indirectly as to deprive it of any claim to having done so. In so far as social reorganisation follows the destruction of peace it will be translated into literature. But the national genius of a people imposes definite lines along which such evolution may take place. Changes imposed arbitrarily from without rarely become absorbed into the body politic. As national literature is the expression of a nation's genius, the new literature will have to be true to itself and its origins.
Readers and Writers.

It is a long while since I read any of Bolingbroke; and now chance has thrown into my way quite a lot of him. Mr. Arthur Hassan has just republished with amendments his “Life of Bolingbroke” (Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net) that first appeared in the Great Statesmen series of 1889; a friend has given me Bolingbroke’s Essay on the “Use and Study of History” (Reeve, 1s.); and I was just reading, on my own account, Burke’s first exercise in style, his celebrated satirical imitation of Bolingbroke, “A Vindication of Natural Society.” As one of the grand dark horses of English history, Bolingbroke will always have an interest for the connoisseurs of character; but whether he will ever be understood is another matter. A man of genius, who inspired the admiration of Swift and almost the whole of Pope; of whom Diderot said that he was one of the ablest men that ever lived; a Voltairean before Voltaire; a modern in the eighteenth century—Bolingbroke baffles definition more by what he failed to do than by what he did. With such gifts as he possessed, with such friends, with such opportunities, it might be thought that there was nothing Bolingbroke might not have done had his heart been set upon it. As it was, any trumpery cabal seems to have been able to embarrass him seriously, and, in the end, to ruin him. Am indisposed, of course, to affirm that Bolingbroke’s weakness was a too radical scepticism unbalanced (as it was not in the case of Voltaire) by a naturally benevolent heart. Yet there is Burke’s satire, on the one hand, and Bolingbroke’s life, on the other, to show that his principles were fundamentally anarchic and his conduct without a compass. He appears politically and in every other respect to have been a Machiavelian in a society of simple knives and foibles—a Machiavelian without a prince’s purpose. All his ability, all his genius, all his array of talents, while they could not help but exhibit themselves, failed to produce their maximum effort for the want of orientation. Never at any time (or, at any rate, for long) did Bolingbroke either wish to do anything or find himself set to do anything. He was essentially one of the great unemployed. As for his style, I confess that a little of it goes a long way. It is eloquent, it is witty, it is occasionally grand. But the subject is never quite worthy of it as a whole. A grand style is out of place in a rationalistic exposition; for, on purely rational grounds, passion is an excess, a superfluity. To have Voltaireism written in the style of Burke is to have something very near to parody.

Among the articles in the January issue of the “Quest” (as. 6d. quarterly) is one on the “Poetry of Brezina” by my colleague, Mr. P. Selver. This Czech poet, whom Mr. Selver has introduced into England, has certainly a great gift of imagery and language; but I doubt whether he is to be taken more seriously than, let us say, our own Mr. Edward Carpenter. One of the phenomena of recent years is the touching of men with “cosmic consciousness”—on which subject, by the way, Dr. Buck’s book under this title contains some curious information. It is undoubtedly (in my opinion) a real experience, and one on which any other man is to be congratulated. But is it really inevitable that the after effects should be so disastrous to form? Brezina, I gather, has come under the influence, not only of Whitman, but of the same ideas of which Whitman was a raw initiate; he has felt, that is, a touch of “cosmic consciousness.” And at once, as in so many of his predecessors, the effect is seen in an incoherence of language that reminds us more of Dihyrambs than of Dihyrambs of Apollo. Some of the Dihyrambs here translated by Mr. Selver have appeared, I believe, in The New Age already; but the longer ones are new to me. A single couplet must suffice:

From the azure of a thousand azars flashed up in gigantic orbits
Till over tier of thy structure, ever more clarified, with boundless perspective.

Of this Mr. Selver says that “its pinnacle grows him in the altitudes of dream.” It is well said; for more than dream is certainly not conveyed in it. Vision is exact and describes things seen in precise terms of utter realism. Look, for instance, at “Revelation” or Blake’s “Dream, on the other hand, loses itself in the void.

One of the best articles yet written upon Germany and the War appears in the same issue of the “Quest.” It is by Baron von Hugel, L.L.D. “The Social Consequences of the War,” according to this most intelligent writer, is characterised by a need, upon awakening, of a theory, a system, implying an enormous capacity in the mind for auto-suggestion and mono-ideism. It follows that the faults of the German mind, unlike the faults of the English mind, are more likely to be Excesses than Defects. In England it is not enough, in Germany it is too much! As a sequel to the awakening of the German soul in the first half of the nineteenth century, the German mind became ready seized with monomaniac alidity upon the first to its taste. This, unfortunately, turned out to be the theory of Pan-Germanism and of the State as Force, both of which are essentially the passing fashions of reinforcement from philosophy, religion, commerce, and politics, until the theory culminated in the obsession now in arms against the Allies. Baron von Hugel is no neutral; but, on the contrary, he is imperiously pro-Ally. For the sake of Germany herself, no less than of the world, it is imperative, he says, that Germany should be so far crushed as to be made to realise that all these years her people have “lived for a legend.” The German people has long shown how much it cares for success in war, and how little it minds Absolutism! and it must be cured of the obsession of both. But is it possible, and what is the final means? Rightly, to my mind, Baron von Hugel dismisses the notion that national character (or, let us say, national mood) is unchanging. Nothing, in fact, is more evanescent than what is usually regarded in any particular age as national character; it is a passing fashion simply. Contrast Becket with Henry VIII; Cromwell with Charles II; George IV with George V; or, again, compare the French under Louis XIV or Napoleon with the French of to-day—it will be seen how widely different are the national characteristics of one epoch and another. It is by no necessities, therefore, the case that the present German obsession is everlasting. Once shattered, it is under no psychological law to re-form. Like Napoleonism it can be definitely and permanently disposed. As well, however, as the military means, Baron von Hugel affirms that intellectual means are necessary. If ever they fell under the obsession of an idea the English, he thinks, would, on recovering from it, renounce all ideas. The Germans, on the other hand, must a new theory to replace the old. What is this to be?

If only for the practical conclusion to which the author, Mr. Arthur Christensen, comes in his “Politics and Crowd-Morality” (Williams and Norgate. Price 5s. 6d. quarterly) one on which all men have to be aware of, the publishers should have sent The New Age a copy of his book for review. For, unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Christensen advocates the formation of National Guilds and their political representation in a Lower House of Parliament. This apart, however, his work contains many ideas, not the least of which are his discoveries in the field of research first opened by Le Bon and Tarde. That the psychology of a crowd differs from the single or even collective psychology of the unit is now accepted fact; but the exact determination of the difference has been left for Mr. Christensen (a Dane, by the way) to define. Roughly, it is this: that the mind
of the crowd is determined by the lowest common factor of the individuals that form it. The applications of this discovery to crowds in general, to crowds forming nations, and to the various conduct and politics arising from each, make a fascinating study, none the worse for challenging easy optimism.

R. H. C.

Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

Monday.—Really the boy has so many manners he doesn't know what to do. If only he could see the difference between manner and manners. Though, indeed, it's so subtle it almost defies definition. I only know that the boy may run a mile to pick up my glove; he will only annoy me with the way he hands it to me. His clothes may fit him; he will never fit them. He may ride like a Centaur; he will look like a butcher's boy. He may bring me red roses, they become cauliflowers in his hands. The fact is, no man ever produce manner. Now Jim never looks ridiculous, no matter how ridiculous the thing is that he's doing. I've seen him drop all the conventional bricks—at least it was best Worcester in the case of my teapot—but how could anyone worry he'd spoil china and tea in the manner born! In a glance he tells me that of course he is awfully sorry, and I shall have another tea-set to-morrow, but really he and it did look so funny it was worth doing, wasn't it? In a glance he tells me that the boy in the 'bus showed that the sight of the other eye was a job in the same office. He may stand up for the soldier. Poor lad, rudeness is too often only an excuse for native boorishness.

Wednesday.—I don't wonder J. J. says he can't stand women. They can't stand him. Why doesn't he see that his rudeness to them only gains him the contempt of those he pretends to despise? I know it is said that the rudeness of a man is the more to be admired, it's what he likes. I don't believe it. The difficulty is to tell whether a man is being intentionally rude, or simply failing to be witty. Few women put up with unmistakable rudeness. There is quite another solution to the mystery of their particular interest in woman-haters. I remember when the rumour went round that Joan couldn't bear the other sex. Men were always on their best behaviour with her. She told me she never knew they could be so nice. Actually, I suppose, what they were trying to do was to show her that men weren't such a bad lot after all. It wasn't fair, they thought, for her to be judging the majority by the exceptions she had chanced to suffer from. Similarly, when women court themselves they will have to choose between being manners men will have to choose between being

Poor lions, they will be left without any Christians! Wasn't he to be able to stand in a 'bus like any other man? Was he indeed an object of pity for life? Perhaps the word was right. I thought so.

Friday.—Men are child-like too seldom. Women are childish too often.
More Letters to My Nephew.

Concerning Politics

My Dear George,—Rafael does his work with smooth celebrity. He never fusses, never hastens, never forgets. "A cool and balanced mind like his radiates confidence throughout the staff, and even the labourers are finally seduced with a sense of permanence and comfort. It sets one thinking about the value of temperament in the affairs of life, in the material no less than in the artistic. We heap our treasure into the lap of some great artiste, more, I think, because of temperament than technique. However supreme, we are apt to forget that the time spent on business is greater than the time allotted to leisure and pleasure. We, in fact, spend most of our lives on wealth production. Why not, then, make our working hours happier? Granted, that with the vast majority, work is a daily grind, may it not happen that some man with a sunny and urbane temperament may soften the grind and come near to making it bearable? Our industrial system is rapidly killing out any kind of pleasure in work, and, in the large sense, the killing process will continue until a new order of society kills the killing process. But in the local and restricted sense, a humorist in the workshop is worth far more than his wages. Men work better when they laugh than when they are umbrageous and moody. Perhaps, as these days, we shall see advertisements for mechanics and other artisans with a vein of humour, for which there shall be extra pay. I do not doubt that the Court fool earned his money. Have you ever heard a group of Russian peasants singing together as they mowed? Alas! my harvesting machinery cuts down more than the crop.

Rafael rode up after a long day in the saddle, equable, self-poised, breathing a spiritual serenity. He was tired, and a lounge-chair on the verandah was obviously agreeable. His "boy" relieved him of his spurs and riding-boots, and the stately Smith brought us drinks. "Did the Creole, with the high-falutin Spanish title, rob you?"

Rafael laughed. "It hardly amounts to robbery; the Government does not pay them, so we must, I suppose. However, I did a trade with him. You know that, after a long day in the saddle, I get a hundred labourers."

"You used to dislodge the landlord; the Physiocrats wanted it to go hunting with them. I met him at Carlsbad. I won some money from him at ecarte. "Take the money, my boy," said he, 'but it's hard on my poor tenants, so it is.' 'How so?' I asked. "Well, you see, it affects my mental vision when I come to consider the rent reduction. 'What principles do you act upon, anyway?' 'Faith, it's simple enough. I find out what they have learnt during the last year. If they've done well, I generously reduce the rent, but if they haven't done twenty or mebbe twenty-five. 'But, if they've done well, why reduce it at all? We must always maintain our reputation for generosity; so we fixed the original rent with an eye to regular reductions. It's a great notion. When I announce a reduction, I feel the wings sproutin' out of me shoulder-blades. Let's go and look at the fat Jews gurglin' the beastly water. Man, dear, I'm thankful there's none of them in Ireland. 'It's just as well; they'd see through the rent reduction dodge.'"

Rafael sat silent and pensive for some time. I think he was a little troubled in spirit. Sprung from the governing class, his spirit finely tempered by good breeding and an exceptional culture, the cynical attitude of the Irish aristocrat hurt him.

"The Irish landlords have had their reward," he finally remarked. "But their devilish indifference only throws into bolder relief the old Physiocratic ideal. The Physiocrats have got the landowners' system in their jargon—the 'reances foncières,' in their jargon—the landowners must carry great responsibilities and respond readily to social duties. They were to be stewards of the national wealth. They must devote their leisure and their best efforts to furthering the general interest; their services to society must be gratuitous. And they must bear the whole burden of taxation."

"Yes; they were the first single-taxers. I had that in mind when I described the Physiocratic movement as a comedy. The modern single-taxer wants a land tax to dislodge the landlord; the Physiocrats wanted it to secure the maintenance of their system."

"But they were right and Henry George was wrong. Obviously, the tax-payers would dictate policy for where the tax-payers are, there you will discover economic power."

"My dear Rafael, you're a generation behind the times. The economically strong habitually shift taxation on to the shoulders of the economically weak."

"They try but they don't succeed. 'Cos why? They have the money and the other fellows haven't. If you look more closely into it, you will be convinced that taxation disputes are between the different moneyed classes, each class possessing what the bureau calls 'taxable capacity.' Landlord, manufacturer, brewer, farmer, tradesman. The bulk of the population in England and elsewhere lives on a small margin. Inevade that margin and bang goes purchasing capacity, the land, and he who owns or controls it is king. And that's not all: from time immemorial, there have been well understood social duties as well as rights assigned to owners of the land."

"Likewise fudge! These duties were mere allureurs to extract rent. The landlords have always instinctively known that the exaction of rent is fundamentally immoral; so they have wrapped it up in a napkin of social responsibility. The land-owner draws rent, and his wife gives blankets. A salve to the conscience. I do it myself!

"So do I: but you forget that you do not pay wages. You pay maintenance; it is the labourer's point of view. For example, I do not contract to pay hospital charges. If I refused, they would, of course, indicate that the wage-earner expects to pay his own doctor. No; we must regard ourselves as tribal patriarchs and act accordingly."

"Oddly enough, I learnt my first lesson on economic rent from a Physiocrat and found it in a book. "An irreverent jape, my dear Tony; but good Physiocratic doctrine."

"The Physiocratic movement was a delightful comedy."

"There's a lot to be said for it. Look at it how you will, we all instinctively realise that the ownership and cultivation of the land is altogether superior to industrialism."

"A habit of mind formed by tradition. The head of the tribe owned the land; it was a concomitant of his majesty. Ever since, we have associated land ownership with social dignity and power."

"Fudge! It's because we draw our necessities out of the way of drafting your labourers into their opera-bouffe politics."

"We heap our treasure into the lap of some great artistes, more, I think, because of temperament than technique. It is enough to see advertisements for mechanics and other artisans with a vein of humour. For which there shall be extra pay. I do not doubt that the Court fool earned his money. Have you ever heard a group of Russian peasants singing together as they mowed? Alas! my harvesting machinery cuts down more than the crop."

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and that hits all the exploiting classes—first the tradesman, then the manufacturer, and last the landlord. Of course, I don't defend it; but I am attracted by the Physiocratic doctrine that duties necessarily inherit in property.

"It depends upon what you mean by duty. If duty be a spontaneous response to some call, then it is not related to the routine of proprietorship. However well ordered such routine may be, it does not by any means remain a defence of property and status. It may be duty to one's own order, but that is a far cry from duty to society, as a whole. This war has taught us that noblesse oblige is a quality of the spirit and not of property. My own Quaker ancestors have known it from the beginning."

"I fear," remarked Rafael, with a touch of regret, "that the fundamental assumption of the Physiocrats was wrong. They argued that the landed proprietors had no right to property, or they would have listened to Voltaire and Rousseau."

"I fancy Voltaire smelt Mother Church in the movement. They were all either good Catholics or politically committed to the cause. And property, in the eyes of the Church, was sacred. Gide makes a queer comment on this point. I'll just look it up. Here it is: 'We shall encounter this cult of property even during the terrible days of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. When all respect for human life was quite lost, there still remained this respect for property.'"

"Of course! The French Revolution was not an attack on property; it was a protest against the theory that land is property not because it is property but because it is valuable. The next revolution, imminent before the war, will be a proclamation that labour is more sacred than both land and hardware."

"That, my dear Tony, would not be a revolution; it would be a new epoch. Revolutions come either with force, or the threat of force, but a new epoch is when God says of a natural order. It is difficult to forget that the same God said that land is property not because it is property but because it is valuable."

"I am prepared to pray for it—but without much confidence. It is difficult to forget that the same God ordained that there should be no light without heat."

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"But, you know, mankind is ready for a change of heart. The Physiocrats unconsciously proved it. Remember that they were the first to evolve any kind of political economy. (Adam Smith intended to dedicate his book to Quesnay, but the Frenchman died too soon.) Society hung together by vague religious sanctions which were wearing thin. Voltaire was asking searching questions, and there was none to answer him. Even the 'Contrat Social,' although remote, created a feeling of uneasiness. And then came Quesnay and his group with their delightfully eccentric doctrines. Let the true formula be found and mankind will go crusading. Find that formula and I will guarantee the soundness of mankind's heart."

"I hope you are right; but I remember that, from Adam Smith down, all the economists have based themselves upon the substantial equity of things as they are. Thoeid Rogers is the exception, and he is not 'good form,' for some reason I could never fathom. Even Marx sees labour as a commodity—a theory which for a century has not only degraded the manual workers but the thinkers and the preachers."

Again Rafael remains silent, puffing vigorously at his pipe. It is delightful to be with a man who, whatever his predilections, will listen and give weight to what you say. With all his knowledge and experience he is modest. His motto might well be taken from Hannah's song: "Talk no more exceeding proudly; let not arrogance come out of your mouth."

"The lengthened shadows merged into darkness, the whinny of a horse sounded from the paddock, the doves cooed in their cotes, the birds nestled in silence; from my angle of the verandah I could just descry the evening star. Smith stole in with the lamps, and almost simultaneously the mountain-side and valley became jewelled with cottage lights, that first glimmered uncertainly and then glowed steady. Down the winding road an Indian loped his way, his lantern swinging with slow rhythm."

Rafael at length spoke, almost solemnly.

"Do you know, Tony, the rejection—the ignominious rejection—of the present creed that labour is a commodity—a thing to be ranked with manure and horse-carts—might well mark a new epoch. I really hadn't thought about it before. I had accepted it as obvious—

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"'Talk no more exceeding proudly; let not arrogance come out of your mouth.'"
Feminine Fables.

An Art Creation.

There is, on the first terrestrial shore which you reach on coming hither from the lower paradise, a solitary old thatched hut. The sea in winter beats up to the very door; and the windows, if there were any, would be continually misted by the spray of the high tides. But there are no windows to this hut. The frames are ages since rotten, and the holes are boarded across with old wood. On certain nights smoke ascends from the tiny chimney, but never by day. There is never seen anyone there by day. The old woman who lives in the hut goes out with her basket and gathers the herbs and simples which she sells for a farthing or two at the farmhouses behind the cliffs. She is a drunken old creature, or seems always slightly drunk, and this defect of character is, curiously, just what makes her tolerable to the peasants. It is a human weakness, say they. If it were not for this, they would long since have persecuted her for a witch. Yet where she gets the means to be drunken nobody knows. Each supposes, perhaps, that the other secretly gives her a drop.

She is coming down the stormy cliff-path now with a step unlike her usual dragging slouch; a step very quick and vigorous for the old skeleton that she is. What a face of age and evil! She is yellow and grimy. Her chin and nose are sharp as points. Her heavy lips cannot meet over three huge black teeth. Her eyes are continually half-closed. She never opens them wide before people. If she did so, you would start back, for they are burning red, and she has double pupils.

The winds and waves shrieked as she approached the shore, striding over the rocks toward her hut. She threw her basket down beside the door and flung herself down, falling upon the floor, howling and screaming for revenge, "I am not here to hurt you this time. You are to do me your service, and I will make you beautiful and well-arrayed all the time. And I, who live by their quarrels, would one console oneself?"

"Who dares break my peace?"

In the middle of the hut stood a young woman, unlike any young woman you have ever seen. She had wings. Her long black hair was hard as forged iron. Her eyes were large and black and bright as magnifying glasses. Her skin was yellow as gold, her hands were red claws. Her teeth were made of diamonds. Her chin and nose were sharp as points. Her heavy lips could not meet over three huge black teeth. Her eyes were continually half-closed. She never opened them wide before people. If she did so, you would start back, for they were burning red, and she had double pupils.

The young woman stood over her, looking at her through those terrible great shining eyes, which would never seem beautiful to us mortals. "Make fire," she said, and the witch hurried about seeking sticks and flints among the dirt and rubbish of the hut. The flame blazed up, and the old woman set an iron tripod over the flames. Into the bowl she flung fat and herbs and poured a black liquid more ill-smelling than ten tanneries.

"There, dearie," she croaked, "now tell the old woman what you want her to do."

The other took a stool and sat on it, leaning forward with her wings slightly outspread. "Listen, then, old earth-witch! I have come to stop on this planet for seven of our infernal years." The witch started. "And your task is—to make me resemble the earth-women. Melt my hair and turn it a Titian red..."

"My pretty pet, I cannot do it!" screamed the witch, and she went green with terror.

"What! Not do it? Nonsense!" stormed the fay. "Why, your common earth hairdressers can change the colour of hair to any other colour they please. Why, one of your famous writers states that for nothing more than a few pence he can re-cover anyone's bald head with the down of childhood! You will give me hair, or die! Also, you are to reduce the size and splendour of my internal eyes..."

"Oh—oh! I cannot!" groaned the witch.

"What! Why, look at this advertisement here: 'Your height increased by two inches in two weeks.' If other witches can increase the whole size of a mortal you can decrease the size of the mere eyes of an immortal, which must be much easier. You will reduce my eyes—or die! Then you are to replace my diamond teeth by ivory ones, change my yellow skin to the tints of the almond blossom, my white lips to cherries, and my red claws to lily-white hands, all according as I have heard is done daily here on earth."

"Ah, my dear," said the witch trembling; "all that is simply Art imitating Nature. If only your nature were human..."

"Bah! What you are to do, old witch, is to make Nature imitate Art."

"Do you realise what you are asking?" cried the witch. "You are asking me to turn the world upside down! If once such a thing had ever happened, the women would all seize hold of it. They would every one become a queen and rule from year's end to year's end with all the men bewildered between one beauty and another, and wanting the lot of them. My dear—they might all become friends. For there is nothing holds women together like an exchange of the secrets of the toilette. And I, who live by their quarrels, would have nothing to do. Nowadays, I have only to whisper a word about one ugly woman to another and there is the devil to pay. Nature makes plenty of ugly women, I thank my luck! And ugly women have nothing to do but quarrel. But let your precious Art set up against Nature—why everyone can become a beauty so long as she follows the mode!"

"So much the better," replied the fairy, "especially since I am resolved to pass some time in the lower paradise. I do not want to waste my days in bickering and quarreling. I mean to enjoy myself, and I want therefore to be great friends with heaps of women all beautiful à la mode, all joyous because all sure of awakening love, and so all that is amiable and friendly."

"But suppose one fell ill?" asked the witch. "How would one console oneself?"

"Ah! do not treat me to your melancholy philosophy. The ugly and unfashionable fall ill as often as the beautiful and well-arrayed; and they grow as much!"
"But suppose one grew poor?" asked the witch.

"The rivalry between the naturally ugly and the naturally beautiful creates human poverty. Wealth is made to please women. When all women can be beautiful, they will all be happy, and emulous luxury, which is a sign of despair or, at least, of fear, will cease to have any reason. Art supplanting Nature will not suffer the poor. Art wants its form to be perfect. The wife of the coalman would be as rich as a Cabinet-Minister—and it is upon her contentment, not his, that the harmonious form of society depends. Let a man range as he may, but if his wife pleases him and herself be well pleased, she will kill anybody. But do not believe me any longer! I am not come here to arrange the world, but to enjoy myself. The first necessity is to be beautiful à la mode! Once this is arranged, I shall understand as well as another how to conduct myself agreeably. You see without coins is unknown to the mortals of your part of the world. In return for your jewels and coins I will give me Life—or die!

"Yes, yes! But you know, dearie, that I can do nothing with anyone looking on. I'll not be long if you bring me real earth-treasures, such as you art to make me a charm. Cease your arguments and begin your work."

"I'll be very quick, to be sure!" replied the fay.

"And I'll go out while you brew," replied the fay, and she went out, flying along the shore and singing to the waters in her voice like a young bird's. Suddenly the witch signalled, hallooing and roaring, and the fay hastened into the hut. The heat was intense, and the whole place full of what looked like intense, and the whole place full of what looked like thick smoke. The hag's eyes burned like lamps amidst the smoke. She ceased roaring and tapping and laid the golden powder. The hag lit a great taper. And there was seen a new figure upon the floor, and in the bowl were no sticks, nothing but a little grey powder.

The new figure lay inanimate. The hag sat quiet, cross-legged, beside it. It was a graceful, incorrigible, very short frock, with high boots and bright hair under his eyes from her work, until slowly opened the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen, and held anxiously to the cherry lips of the new creature. "Drink my beautiful," she crooned, with an inimitable gesture of mingled worship and pride.
made the intellectualist, non-empirical method comprehensible to me, by enlarging its scope—applying it not only to logic and ethics, but to things which at the time did interest me. This provided me with the required foothold. When I had seen in these further subjects the possibility of the rationalist, non-empirical method, I began to see that it was this method which formed the basis of the writing on logic and ethics which I had before found incomprehensible.

This will be then the order of my argument here. I give certain views of the Realists, which I at one time found incomprehensible. When I begin to see for the first time the possibility of a non-empirical type of knowledge, the incomprehensibility of these views disappears. In this Note I am, however, not concerned with their realism, but with the attitude (the assumption of this type of knowledge) from which the realism and its attendant difficulties spring.

In this kind of knowledge, the same type of non-empirical reasoning is possible as in geometry and its subject-matter stands in much the same relation to the "explanation" prejudices the understanding of the knowledge, the incomprehensibility of these views disappeared. In this Note I am, however, not concerned with their realism, but with the attitude (the assumption of this type of knowledge) from which the realism and its attendant difficulties spring.

The first difficulty was that Moore's only book was about Ethics. To anyone taking a thoroughly sceptical and relativistic view of this subject, the whole discussion would quite wrongly appear almost entirely verbal. The only solution to this difficulty is the gradual realisation of the fact that there are objective things in Ethics, and this seems to me the only solution. I do not think any argument on the matter would have any effect unless a man had by some change in himself come to see that ethics was a real subject.

In this kind of knowledge, the same type of non-empirical reasoning is possible as in geometry and its subject-matter stands in much the same relation to the concepts we generally, but falsely, call mental, that geometry does to physical matter. When the only admitted basis of metaphysics is empirical, the only type of explanation considered legitimate is that which reduces all the "higher" concepts to combinations of more elementary ones. It is for this reason that I deal here with a subject that does not seem to have much relation to the general argument of this Note- book. For this false conception of the nature of "explanation" prejudices the understanding of the "critique of satisfaction." It is first of all necessary before entering on this subject to destroy prejudices springing from empiricism, which tend to make us think certain concepts unreal.

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The principal difficulty, however, is the importance the Neo-Realists seem to attach to language. Mr. Russell says, "That all sound philosophy should begin with an analysis of propositions is a truth too evident to demand a proof." "The question whether all propositions are reducible to the subject predicate form is one of fundamental importance to all philosophy."

"Even amongst philosophers, we may say, broadly, that only those universals which are named by adjectives or substantives have been much or often recognised, while those named by verbs and propositions have been usually overlooked. ... This omission has had a very great effect upon philosophy, it is hardly too much to say, that most metaphysics, since Spinoza, has been largely determined by it." Mr. G. E. Moore in an article on the "Nature of Judgment." "It seems necessary, then, to regard the world as formed of concepts ... which cannot be regarded as abstractions either for things or ideas. ... Since both alike can, if anything be true of them, be comprised of nothing but concepts ... an existent is seen to be nothing but a concept or complex of concepts standing in a unique relation to the concept of existence." Such assertions must seem meaningless to the nominalist and empiricist. The whole thing seems to him to be a new kind of scholasticism. He cannot understand how the study of such an apparently relative and trivial thing as the nature of propositions, the study of the accidental characteristics of human speech should be an indispensable preliminary to philosophy.

The first step towards making the matter intelligible is to quote the use of the term "human." A proposition in the sense used in the above quotation is not something relative to the human. "A proposition ... does not itself contain words ... it contains the entities indicated by words." One recalls Bolzano's "Sentences in themselves." Logic, then, does not deal with the laws of human thought but with these quite objective sentences. In this way the anthropomorphism which underlies certain views of logic is got rid of. Similarly, ethics can be exhibited as an objective science, and it also purified from anthropomorphism.

All these subjects are thus placed on an entirely objective basis, and do not in the least depend on the human mind. The entities which form the subject-matter of these sciences are neither physical nor mental, they "subsist." They are dealt with by an investigation that is not empirical. Statements can be made about them whose truth does not depend on experience. When the empirical prejudice has been got rid of, it becomes possible to think of certain "higher" concepts, that of the good, of love, etc., as, at the same time, simple, and not necessarily to be analysed into more elementary (generally sensual) elements.

To make this intelligible, two things must be further discussed: (1) the possibility of a non-empirical knowledge; (2) what is meant by saying that these entities are neither physical nor mental, but subsist.

TO P. SELVER.

O Selver, this is most absurd of you! Yes, it is more than any little odd to find you looking on the world askew, and blaming all its madness on to God.

God!—What has God to do with it at all? Is it by His command that men obey? A Kaiser or a lawyer when they call. To men to leave their work to burn and slay?

Did God build Essen, then, or were the knives. Who built inspired by God the spirit's breath? Did He persuade those fools, the workmen slaves, to sell their lives to manufacture death?

Does God inspire the varied Harmsworth muse? Or treasure Bottomley upon His shelves? Is He to blame because we do not choose To break those heads, to wring these necks ourselves?

Nay, I must hold it most preposterous To blame our God because, like silly sheep, We strayed from Him, though he reminded us "As a man sows, so shall he reap." And yet, and yet, oft in the silent night, Some deep dissatisfaction of the soul? We know not why we are, or whence we came; Because they saw their sons go forth to fight, And shall not see their faces any more.

Never again the word, the smile, the kiss, From those young millions done to death by war. Yet must there not be something worse than this? Or what the devil are we fighting for?

Was there not in that internecine strife From those young millions done to death by war. And what the devil are we fighting for? And blaming all its madness on to God.

What was there not in that internecine strife Which we call peace, with money for the good, Some deep-dish content, some scent of life, Some deep dissatisfaction of the soul? We know not why we are, or whence we came; Whither we go still less can we surmise; But we can strive, and be ourselves to blame, Reject the truth, and fool ourselves with lies.

Suppose that we were doing this, my friend; And that was what the deep-disguised meant; That only war and death could bring an end, And make us see the way more excellent?

How little wisdom has our knowledge won! To me it seems that those still profit most Who wisely fear the Father, love the Son, And seek the influence of the Holy Ghost.

JOHN STAFFORD.
Views and Reviews.

A Case for Domestic Reform.

It has often been said that the religion of England is the religion of the Old Testament, the religion of Israel before she fell into captivity and minor poetry; and it is, of course, possible to adduce much evidence in support of the assertion. The "eye for an eye" conception of justice, for example, is still held by some people in this country; the cry for reprisals that arises whenever the enemy carries the war into this country is an instance of it. The Lord God of Hosts is with us yet, for we are raising an army of four millions of men; and the Church Syrophant has become the Church Militant, as may be proved by many sermons which impress the duty of military service on all men except clergymen. But although the resemblances between England and Israel are many, the main contention cannot be sustained completely; it may be true that we never turn the first leaf of the New Testament, but it is none the less true that we do not intend to repeat the history of the Old Testament.

The Hittite was a married man, and it will be remembered that David had him put in the forefront of the battle, so that he was smitten and killed. I forget whether David was a bachelor at the time, and really it does not matter; my point is that we have learned enough from the Old Testament not to be caught again, and our married men have insisted that the single men shall go first into the army.

I am not quite sure what is the object of this measure of conscription. At the present time, the Army is supposed to be the place of honour, yet the arguments adduced in support of this measure seem to regard military service as a penalty for bachelorhood. For some years there has been visible a trend of thought in the direction of the Spartan conception of bachelorhood as a disreputable state which should be penalised; and the married men have usually obtained something that they desired under cover of a campaign against bachelors. For example, the cry of "selfish bachelors" was raised in the Press only a few years ago; and the married men secured an abatement of income-tax. At the beginning of the war, the cry of "single slackers" was raised (although we now know that, in the first three millions of men, the bachelors outnumbered the married men in the proportion of two to one); and under cover of that cry, the married men secured better separation allowances for their dependents than the bachelors can hope to obtain. I cannot help wondering whether the conscription of single men disguises another purpose of the married men; whether it might not be, for example, the beginning of a reformation of domestic life. Reverse the "adoption," attach the bachelor to the family and make him do the work of it, and we shall have progressed far indeed in our imitation of the bee-hive, that most highly organised social community. There, if anywhere, is our colony of specialists, and love is the labour of a lifetime; the philosophy of the functionary is completely realised, and a most wholesome discipline is imposed on the unmarried. The only defect of the bee-hive simile is that the successful and unsuccessful candidates for marriage are killed periodically; but this is a feature that we need not imitate, and which, I am sure, the married men will know how to obscure.

Undoubtedly, this is a war of ideas; but this hasty sketch of a development of one of them is not so revolutionary as it may seem at a first glance. It is really a good example of the English genius for compromise; it preserves the sanctity of the home, nay, it enhances it. It accords to love the high place that it has always occupied in our literature and in the best circles; and, really, it does not press as hardly on the bachelor as it may seem to do. It directs their aimless liberty to useful activity; it deprives them of none of the joys of labours, and as they have forsaken the delights of love, it is no hardship to them to make that fact the basis of their proposed existence. Perhaps the most astonishing revelation of this war is that of the disappearance of what used to be called the "lusty bachelor." People who relied on memories of what young men were in their time confidently proclaimed a rise in the illegitimate birth-rate when the bachelors were gathered into the army; but it was the infantile death-rate that rose. It is generally agreed that the babies would not have died if they had received proper attention; and that agreement makes my case for domestic reform overwhelming.

A. E. R.
NO CONSCRIPTION.

Sir,—It may be that the schemes of imposing Conscription piecemeal will prove successful in bringing the opposition and lessening the outcry; but there are some factors that must be pointed out. What are the classes of men whom the Coalition Government in Britain, a country that has always distrusted military domination even in the times of Napoleon and the French Terror? They fall under six heads:—

(1) Those who are conscientiously opposed to the taking of human life under any circumstances.

(2) Those who are opposed to the taking of human life under instructions from either the Government or military officers.

(3) Those who are opposed to all war and object to putting themselves under military law.

(4) Those who are opposed to this war, because they think that Britain is being made the tool of the abominable Imperialism of France and Russia. These people may be said to have taken the view of the proceedings of the British Government that Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns indicated by their resignations. The Independent Labour Party certainly represents one section of this opinion.

(5) Socialists who believe that until there is an equal division of property among the individuals composing the State the Government of the State has no claim to call upon them to support its policy.

(6) A part of the working classes who rightly distract the motive for pressing Conscription and believe that it is aimed at destroying the power of Trade Unions.

This classification is not complete, and may some classes overlap, but it is broadly speaking, inclusive of those who will be impelled to resist Conscription. What moral right is there to coerce any of these sections? Because the country claims their services? But what is "the country" so glibly referred to in these discussions? It is not the land or the waters or the trees. It is not "the people," who have had no voice in the conduct of the war, but have been sheep driven to the slaughter. "The country" is the Coalition Government and that is all! "Salus reipublica suprema lex" becomes less impressive when defined as "Salus Asquithae suprema lex." It is all very well to pretend that there is unity on the subject of the administration of the Departments of State other than that of the war, but that is humbug when such measures as the Defence of the Realm Act and the Conscription have been at work for sixteen months, securing that only one side of the case is put. All the efforts of the Press, the Government, the Conscription, the English and Irish poets, and the tragedians and actors of Cardiff and the terrace of the National Liberal Club have not silenced the opposition to the war in Britain and Ireland. If the opponents are such a discredited minority, and that is certainly not the case, why all the prosecutions of pamphlets and persons in the last few months? Conscription may be justifiable for the supporter of a cause for which he is willing to fight at sixty or before; but it should be begun at sixty and upwards, rather than commence at fifty and go upwards.

The Australian soldiers receive 6s. a day, and the British soldier is worth 6s. a day? Why not this attempted? Mr. Asquith has explained that he earns his £5,000 a year, and has no intention of surrendering a penny to meet the national emergency caused by his conduct. If Mr. Asquith is worth £5,000 a year, surely the British soldier is worth 6s. a day.

Mr. Lloyd George, who has a habit of firing off contradictory notions every hour or so.

For instance, a gentleman who was much valued in his own Department of State for his knowledge of figuration was transferred to the Munitions Department. This man was employed to work in the fields, to drive a highly skilled man of chemical experience was told to prepare a list of salaries of those engaged in the Department. He noted the occupations and the remuneration of the staff. The document was duly finished and presented, but the official who had ordered it thought one column of items was set in the right place. It was altered, and many copies made of it. When it was finished it was said that another column was misplaced, and that correction was dutifully made. In the event it was decided that this particular classification letter was useless, and the whole labour of this skilled chemist was wasted.

The reference filing system, which always needs accurate handling, was mismanaged in an extraordinary manner. The central reference filing system is the pivot on which all orthodox Government Departments revolve in their classification of correspondence. The various business men imported by Mr. Lloyd George from the suburbs of Cardiff and the National Liberal Club stood out against this central system, each claiming to manage his own department according to his individual fancy. The consequence was that important papers were not filed in the right place and that the letters. The explanations was quite simple. No official dealing with correspondence knew where any special letter should go, and the official was allowed to open the envelope, examine the contents, and then be opened and would dispose of the paper in the best way. These men were at first compelled to recognise that there was some virtue in this system of bureaucratic machinery, and the central filing system was adopted. All the other Government Departments have been enjoying the joke ever since, especially the Ordnance Department of the War Office under von Donop, which is the only Department of State that has in fact produced any substantial quantity of guns or munitions, notwithstanding the hollowness of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Lloyd George himself were at last compelled to recognise that there was some virtue in this system of bureaucratic machinery, and the central filing system was adopted. The Australian soldiers receive 6s. a day, and the British soldier is worth 6s. a day.

The munitions department is worked in the most extraordinary manner. The whole of the work is done on a plan that is not to the satisfaction of the War Office, but that is not to the satisfaction of the War Office. The whole of the work is done on a plan that is not to the satisfaction of the War Office, but that is not to the satisfaction of the War Office.

The Munitions Department, when opened at Whitehall Gardens, the necessary steps were taken for securing the services of various specialists in different lines of technical work. Card index files, men who had been used to the investigation of figures, men from other Departments experienced in negotiating with the general public, men skilled in the government of workmen, and men of general knowledge of the industrial customs in the metal trades were taken on. But these gentlemen were not employed in the department, but were put to work under instructions of the Management, but either set doing nothing or were put on to writing correspondence or typewriting memoranda for

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censorship on discussion of foreign affairs in the Press, and report completely discredited the various charges, except in some minor details, and bore out what the Trade Union committees themselves found were the facts! Yet Mr. Lloyd George went to Bristol and recooled off the unamended reports with much gusto.

C. STANHOPE.

TURKEY, MR. CHURCHILL, AND THE DARDANELLES.

Sir,—As the Foreign Office has withdrawn the official censorship on discussion of foreign affairs in the Press, and as the expedition against Constantinople has now been disembarked, there is no reason why the origin of the disasters which have befallen the British fleet should not be placed upon public record for the information of those who have suffered from this terrible calamity.

What was the situation on the outbreak of the European War so far as Turkey was concerned? Turkey was well disposed towards Britain and France and the Central Powers, but most distrustful of the motives of the Russian Government. At an early stage, public opinion in Turkey regarded the originator of the war as the Russian military party. Turkey's own condition was somewhat precarious. The two Balkan wars had injured her military prestige and her naval strength was weak in comparison with that of Greece. To remedy the latter state of things, two powerful ships were ordered from Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., and these vessels were already ready for delivery on August 1, 1914, when war broke out between Russia and Turkey. Hence it is that, according to the contract, the Navies Department had directed the building of these vessels to be suspended till the conflict was brought to an end. The vessels were almost ready for conveyance on the 10th of the month when the European crisis developed in July, and the whole story only shows the obtuseness of Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey and the smart dodges of men like Churchill and Lloyd George. The whole story only shows the obtuseness of Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey and the smart dodges of men like Churchill and Lloyd George. The whole story only shows the obtuseness of Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey and the smart dodges of men like Churchill and Lloyd George.

I am addressing a letter couched in similar terms to the Foreign Secretary, Sir E. Grey.

Yours very truly,

C. H. NORMAN.

Whether this letter went into the waste-paper basket at No. 10, Downing Street only Mr. Asquith and his secretaries can tell us; but it was recognised now why the initial error in the Turkish tragedy was Mr. Churchill's conduct in grasping the Turkish offer of the two battle-ships.

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Unpleasant as these things may be, they are hard facts. France recognised the difficulties that have been created by the Russian Alliance, especially as its military value is now completely discounted, while the probability of Russia being un MOVEMENT in the near future is distinctly remote. C. H. NORMAN.


testimony that no sentence by Court has been passed against the five Socialist Deputies who are now in Siberia. Is the State Duma-Petrograd, Yekaterinoslav. General Frolov's order against strikers was published in many papers (for example, in 'The England we know (and prefer). Stendhal's observations may be true, profound, and even (in the original) witty, if only one knew that which he writes about. But when he talks of a man ensuring domestic happiness and preserving the affections of his wife by taking a mistress a few months after marriage, one can only assume that both the people and the affections he is describing are altogether different from anything that we know. I am sorry that "R. H. C." has been worried by "shockingly ill-written" letters referring to Stendhal as "piffler." I am afraid some of us are terribly insular, and it will be a long, long time before we get to understand what Stendhal means. Well, I cannot suppress a hope that when we do understand it we shall not like it!

Sir,—"R. H. C." asks why Stendhal's translation has not been better appreciated; he seeks an explanation in the inscrutable unpopularity of the work. To some of us Stendhal seems like some being from another planet, so different does the French he writes about appear from the England we know (and prefer). Stendhal's observations may be true, profound, and even (in the original) witty, if only one knew that which he writes about. But when he talks of a man ensuring domestic happiness and preserving the affections of his wife by taking a mistress a few months after marriage, one can only assume that both the people and the affections he is describing are altogether different from anything that we know. I am sorry that "R. H. C." has been worried by "shockingly ill-written" letters referring to Stendhal as "piffler." I am afraid some of us are terribly insular, and it will be a long, long time before we get to understand what Stendhal means. But I cannot suppress a hope that when we do understand it we shall not like it!

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"Some staggering figures were given officially the other day to the House of Commons as to the total cost of munitions since the Ministry of Munitions was estab-

lished. The total bill amounts to £1,000,000,000. The cost of things to rise with the demand; but there is no obvious reason why, when the supply is increased as fast or even faster than the demand, the price should rise very much or at all. There is therefore a very strong prima facie case for inquiry when, as the House of Commons was told last week by Mr. Bonus, munitions cost three times as much as they did before the war. What is the cause? Are the contract departments of the new Ministry less efficient than those of the War Office? Are the victorities more costly and less efficient in their working than private firms? It cannot be said that materials are three times as expensive as they were before the war, or that the normal rate of wages throughout the country has risen so very considerably. To judge by our index number, we should say that the cost of living and materials might have risen so per cent. But the average of wages in all private industries may have risen upwards of 20 per cent. The fact that the Board of Munitions, like the War Office and the Admiralty, is free from Treasury control—while the House of Commons, so far as we know, has not been informed what substitute has been found for a further reason for endeavouring to ascertain whether in this enormous item of daily expenditure the nation is getting anything like value for its money. If, while the deadlock in the west continues (as Mr. R. W. W. Lee says) five shells to the German one, we are entitled to inquire whether these five shells ought to cost three times as much to men as to any other time of peace. There are some thriftless administrators who seem to think that victory will be with the Government which can fire or spend the greatest number of silver bullets! But the silver-bullet theory of Mr. Lloyd George was at the time taken to mean that victory in the war would fall to the nation whose exchequer lasted longest. Now the strength of an exchequer depends on two things—the taxable capacity and total credit of the individuals composing the nation. and, secondly, the skill and economy with which the Government employs its funds. Obviously, at the present rate of expenditure, the war cannot last for ever. If, then, there is a prima facie ground for thinking that the Ministry of Munitions is wasting money as carelessly and wastefully as it is the duty of the Government and the House of Commons to examine into this matter without a moment's delay."—The Economist.

"Mr. Colman, K.C., explained that Mr. Macleod offered to purchase Messrs. Schneider's stock of coats to sell to the War Office. The Government, he said, if it paid the price, would put it through in their name, they would give him the difference between the price that they decided to sell to him. It was at which they regarded it as Government work to purchase. There were some 4,500 men's large overcoats and 500 small coats. Defendants asked 16s. and 9d. each for the small ones. Mr. Macleod's traveller persuaded the War Office to accept the 5,000 coats at a price of 16s. each. Mr. Macleod duly asked for a settlement, whereupon defendants said that they did not owe him anything at all. In his evidence Colonel Bunny said that he received instructions from General Sir John Steevens to purchase overcoats. Never having done this before, he was handed a list of firms, and open-air life during this campaign will never return to us. The reasonable thing is for the Government to take over all commitments. Where are we to find the money? We must, then, be ready to conscript capital. If we take men by force, we must take money by force."—The Daily Sketch.

"When the war of powder ends and the war of prices begins, what then? There is a possibility that the idea of trade unionist, the new rise of the country, the country and the Government will be hammering away at the contractor. We have been living on shams. It is false. For ages we have been living on shams."—Horatio Bottomley.

"The old conditions and the newest woman produced by the war are incompatible. Without adjustment of labour, demand and supply, without finer organisation and utilisation of the country, the army of the unemployed and discontent and the same struggle will arise, intensified and embittered by the sense of personal sacrifice. There should be a sense of proportion in this matter. We should witness the same acrimonious discussion, the same hysteria, the same brutal reminder of the fundamentals of sex-difference."—L. LIND AF HABBOY.

"All after, all has this so-called civilisation and progress tended to increase the real happiness and well-being of humanity? We have built big cities and linked them the world around with steam and electricity; we have filled our towns with factories and our ports with shipping. And we have amassed in certain places all the riches of the earth, and we cram into twenty-four hours of life work and distraction which would formerly have been spread over a month. Yet is our last state really better than our first? Is it all a waste of time? Can we see the water for the duck-weed? Have steam, electricity, the telephone, motor-cars, aeroplanes, submarines improved our life? All these are the products of a hundred years of progress. What will the next hundred years, if no brake is put on the wheel, bring us in the way of diabolical inventions? And whilst we have been devoting all our energies and thought to this new life, have we succeeded in distributing the added wealth and comforts, that they represent, more evenly amongst the people? We have but very much more crowded and perpetually more driven, and in bringing home the meaning of civilisation to them in a practical form? We have had our Mines Acts, our Factory Acts, old age pensions and insurance schemes, and Heaven knows what else, to alleviate the conditions brought about by the strides of industrial pro-

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