NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In his review on Thursday in the House of Commons of the financial side of the war Mr. Asquith said that if the war had ceased in January of this year "the obligations already incurred by the State would impose a sensible, and, indeed, a serious strain upon the resources of the country for a generation to come." There is, we take it, no doubt about this; and what, therefore, may we not add to its seriousness since the war is by no means over? If our indebtedness after eighteen months of war is certain to burden the whole generation to come, our indebtedness after two years, after three years, is not unlikely to burden us for a century to come. There would, however, be nothing to say against this if we could grins and bear it, if it were in the nature of things necessary and inevitable. But is it? We do not think so.

There is, we take it, no doubt about this: that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over, that the nation's indebtedness will be by no means over.

For it presents the spectacle of our financiers investing their money in war, not only as if war were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise, but as if themselves were a business proper enterprise.

And what is more, it is a very disgusting picture. For it presents the spectacle of our financiers investing their money in war, not only as if war were a proper enterprise for profit, but as if themselves were no real party and beneficiaries in it. Exactly the contrary, however, is the case: for, in a deeper sense than shallow economists or diplomatists will ever understand, the very causes of war are to be found in the inequalities of wealth brought about by these same financiers. The tendency of wealth is to find its own level; and where by artificial means (capitalism in our case), a huge dam is erected between one class and another, preserving in one class a high level and in the other class a low level of wealth, sooner or later, by war or by revolution, the pressure becomes excessive and the dam is broken. But if, when the floods are thus out, and a national equality of wealth is re-established, the State is foolish enough to guarantee the restoration after the dam-burst of the former levels, what advantage has there been in the effort of nature? As a more practical argument, we may urge that if wars were really fought at the cost of our reserves of wealth — in short, if they were paid for by the wealthy done— their occurrences would be rarer than they are. As it is, it is all one to the wealthy whether their money is invested in peace or in war; for it is equally safe in both undertakings. Peace yields interest at an average of five per cent., war yields the same. Why should the wealthy prefer peace to war?

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Another reason against burdeing the coming generation with war-debt was often urged by Pitt during the Napoleonic Wars. It is that we are thereby making war more difficult for them to undertake. Let us suppose, what is not improbable, that the end of the present war will see the nation with an albatross of four thousand millions of debt hung about its neck. And let us suppose, again, what is again not improbable, that the
just occasion of the present war is repeated at the instigation of a Prussia obsessed with revanche—what, under these circumstances, might be expected but that the nation, like a poor man suddenly situated, would be more disposed to pocket insults and injuries than it was in the summer of 1914? It is idle to hope that if the liberty of Europe were once more in danger, England, whatever its debt, would once more rise to the occasion. Diplomacy, it is well known, when it is not empty bluff, is determined by the state of national finances and armaments in the same way that credit, when it is not wild-cat, is determined by the gold reserve. Infallibly the existing indebtedness of the nation would be taken into account, much about: how much better, therefore, would it be for us to pay for the war as we go along. A few years of stint and starve and we shall have got it over. Thereafter we should be able to resume our old ways with a good conscience both as regards ourselves and the coming generations.

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Economy, however, will not be of very much use to us. Without deprecating it in the least—in fact, we advised it months before anybody else thought it necessary—we may still say that the limits of its utility are transmitting debts to our descendants, so surely will exhortations to economy are countered and made armaments in the same way that credit, when it is not practised voluntarily in a period of the most lavish ostentatious public expenditure. Like State like People. In the second place, as things are, all our exhortations to economy are counteracted and made of no effect by the exhortations to spend we still permit our tradesmen to make. Let us ask ourselves what would have been the effect if every public appeal for recruits had been allowed to be met by profiteering inducements to men not to recruit. Or, again, if we had allowed our appeals to men not to drink to be met by the appeals of publicans to induce drinking. We know very well that, as well as appeals, steps had in both instances to be taken to make the appeals effective by suppressing the country appeals. In the one case, the publication of appeals to men not to recruit was forbidden by law; and, in the other case, facilities for drinking were statutorily limited. But in the matter of economy, it appears, we are to content ourselves with public appeals while leaving tradesmen to appeal against us by means of public advertisement as eloquently as they choose. Our newspapers and our walls, which display appeals for economy, display side by side with them the vastly more seductive appeals of the profiteers to hang economy and to spend. What can be expected of a campaign such as this? And, finally, if every penny saved is to be invested in war-loan with security and at interest, how much better off will the nation eventually be? If the savings were given to the State, by so much, indeed, we should, it is true, be gainers; but, as it is, our private savings will prove to be mere public debts.

Nothing of all this has been understood by the Memorialists, composed of peers, commoners, clericals, bankers, economists (!), journalists, and scientists, who last week offered their advice to the Government. And they fell, moreover, into another error, which does them more even discredit. For, after remarking "the grave condition of national finance," they recommended the creation of a War Economy Committee (consisting, presumably, of the main men under the head of the Treasury, "with national authority."). Both the Government and, still more, the House of Commons—but whose chief function, by the way, is the granting and superintendence of supplies—have, we know, fallen very low in popular estimation. But we have been spoiled, they have fallen so low that a self-appointed Committee of tinkerers and tailors should be permitted to supersede them in the control of national finance. The remedy surely would be worse than the disease if these unofficial quacks—most of them with a patent up their sleeves—were placed in charge of the unfortunate national victim. The constitutional remedy, on the other hand, is straightforward and simple. If it be true, as we admit it is, that the House of Commons has miserably failed to control the expenditure of the Executive, its proper course is to turn it out and put a better in. But we observe among the signatories of this Memorial not a single name that was associated with our appeal for a General Election as a means to securing real national control. On the contrary, we believe that every one of them would oppose a General Election on some mythical ground best appreciated by themselves. But they cannot be allowed to supersede the present Parliament at their own discretion and without so much as an invitation to the country to give them the voice to speak "with national authority.".

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Enough has been said on the subject of loans to make it clear to any unprejudiced observer that to carry on the war by loans is to run the risk even with the best that remain to be discussed the method of taxation, direct and indirect, and the method of the Conscription of Capital. Of direct taxation there is this to be said in its favour: that it involves gifts and not mere loans to the State, that every penny of it goes to the State, and that its incidence can in a very high degree be directed where the burden can be most easily borne. On the other hand, too much may not be expected of it, for it is obvious that, being based upon current income and not upon capital, its utmost yield is determined by the margin between necessary expenditure and potential economy. Granted, for example, that the annual income of this country is twenty-four hundred millions and that the margin of saving before the war was four hundred millions a year, or about a quarter of the annual cost of the war. It is true, of course, that we are still considerably within this potentially taxable margin. Another two hundred millions remain available if we care to adopt even the drastic finance of Canada. But even then we shall be still far in the wake of the cost of the war; and no direct taxation of income will, in fact, ever make up the leeway. Tax, therefore, we would say to the Government, as much as you can. Subtract from every income every penny that is not necessary to the proper maintenance of the individual enjoying it. But do not even then expect that the current cost of the war will be anywhere near met. For the war cannot be met out of income alone!

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At this point we should like to make a few remarks upon the taxation of wages which, we see, has again been mooted in various places, including the editorial columns of the "Nation." Men's minds, we imagine, are to be more swiftly disposed to this suicidal policy by such observations as Dean Inge has thought fit to make upon the subject in an appropriate place, a Duchess's drawing-room. The working-classes, he said (and who knows better?), are untrained, and, under the head of that, not they, but the wealthy, ought to pay for the war, and will, in fact, pay for it. And there was the danger, when the poor learned their mistake, that, after having been spoiled and flattered during these years, they would in the sequel become vicious and upset the coach. It may be so, we do not conceal; but the fault will not lie in that event with the viciousness of the
working-classes, but with the blind ignorance of the class of which Dr. Inge is a jingling trinket. Far from it being merely an unjust policy to tax the poor to provide the principal and interest on the war-capital of the rich, it is as well a national and economic and a national suicidal policy. For the welfare of the working-classes is the first condition both of our conduct of the war and of our speedy recovery from its effects. Let us cut down beneath the logomachies of economista, and ask ourselves what, in actuality, are the conditions of wealth—production they are, we find, workmen and tools—the latter including land, capital, and all the other material and machinery of industry—the former including men, managers, and skilled employers. Now of these two unique causes of wealth, which of them, we ask, is the main, and which of them should we consider the well-being first and foremost? The answer is obvious. Men without tools can renew tools; but tools without men cannot even maintain themselves. It follows, therefore, that the first concern of an economic State in a crisis such as the present is the maintenance of the well-being of workmen. Put them in control of tools, secure their health and content, and they will produce all the wealth of which mankind is capable. But tax them to penury, and all the tools in the world will not make a loaf. It is said that it is of almost equal importance to maintain the welfare of the capitalist classes, since tools are a powerful auxiliary to workmen, and, indeed, an indispensable of modern industry. To this we reply (and we dare to be understood) that the capitalist-classes as such are not the users, but only the owners, of the tools; and hence that the maintenance of tools in no wise depends upon the maintenance of the class which merely owns them. Of this, indeed, we have seen illustrations during an anomalous and effectually apart from the guarantee of their return with interest), all that has happened to the industries, workshops, railways, etc., requisitioned by the State is that their ownership has been transferred. But has the transfer of ownership reduced the use-value of the capital tools so transferred? On the contrary, their productivity has been increased. It was, in fact, to increase their productivity that their ownership was temporarily transferred. But if the temporary transference of ownership has only favourably affected production, what other effect on production need we anticipate from permanent transference? The argument is therefore decisive. A tax on capital (in other words, a tax on Rent, Interest and Profit), even if it should involve the entire transference of its ownership from private persons to the State, would not diminish productivity. A tax upon workmen, on the other hand, if it ever came near reducing their efficiency, would instantly result in a diminution of output. We conclude that it would be just as wise to tax wages to spare capitalists as it would be to starve the soil to pay the rent.

Turning now to indirect taxation it is to be noted how popular this wooden instrument of revenue has suddenly become among our wealthy classes. Shivering at the thought of the conscription of wealth, they are setting their wily wits to devise shifting and skilful excuses which may save their skins. In our considered judgment nothing can be done by simple resistance to stop the bolt of these rats into the holes of Protection. Free Traders, moderate Tariff Reformers, out and out Protectionists (Manchester and elsewhere) will all clasp fifty, a hundred per cent. on its prices, the rest of the manufacturers do the same, and there you are, Protection is paid for in profits. Or take the parallel case of the distillers, the State now paying a tax of five shillings a gallon of whisky. The suspension of manufacture, it will be seen on a little reflection, is the equivalent of protection, if not of actual prohibition. By either means the purpose of a tariff, which is to limit fresh supplies, is brought about. Well, let us see the effect. The existing stores of spirits, enough for three or four years are, we are told, appreciated in selling value, so that from four or five shillings a bottle, whisk, Sir Thomas Dewar warns us, may go up to ten shillings. To whose advantage, it may be asked? Not to that of the State, for the revenue derived from spirits will, it is to be assumed, remain what it is. No, but the increased price will fall like a tax upon the consumer to the sole advantage of the manufacturer.

An ad valorem duty upon all imports such as Mr. Strachey of the "Spectator," now panic-stricken, suggests, would have effects which are similar. There is no doubt, in the first place, that the prices of imports would rise to the consumer by the amount of the duty, for nobody now pretends that "the foreigner will pay." In the second place, there is as little doubt that the corresponding goods of home manufacture will rise in price by the same amount. We have seen, in fact, that the duty levied by our mercantile marine upon imported wheat has been faithfully added to the price of wheat of our own home growing. Now, admitting that the revenue from an ad valorem tariff of ten per cent. on imports would be considerable, it would plainly be only half, at the very most, of the increased prices paid by the consumer. In other words, for every penny of tax payable to the State, the consumer would have at least another penny of profit to pay to the home manufacturer. This is called broadening, but we should prefer to call it doubling, the order of wrong. Why is there to be said for it? By the State that such a duty will yield an income. Very good, but surely if the consumer can afford to pay a double tax—one to the importer and another to the home manufacturer—he can afford to pay, without the machinery of a tariff at all, the whole excess in the form of a direct tax? What does it matter to the consumer whether he pays another shilling a week in prices or in taxes? But it should matter to the State the difference between sixpence and a shilling. By the advocates of Protection (the foolish Sir Frederick Banbury among the rest) the reply is made that such a tariff-tax is mere just than an income-tax, because it falls upon the user and is proportioned to his expenditure. But this, as has been pointed out a thousand times, is to make fish of one set of consumers and fowl of another set. Is the war national or is it not? If it is national, citizens should pay for it according to their total means, and not according to their personal needs. But this is, it is obvious, an argument for Protection that the Protectionists dare not avow; it is not for revenue that they advocate a tariff, but for profits. Think of the sheltering wall a tariff would create, behind which our quaking profiteers might plunder ta, be bolder without fear or finesse. That is the temptation before them; but as we say, there is a means of slaking their thirst even without satisfying it. We have only to insist upon nationalising every industry they insist upon protecting to bring about one or other of two excellent results: no tariff at all, or...
national industry. Of these, if our information is correct, Germany has already chosen the better part; for in a Pittsburg Banking Circular sent us by a business correspondent we find this: "As for Germany, that nation appears to be as far-sighted in looking into the coming war in preparedness as for a war,"

The most recent proposal for raising additional revenue is through the establishment of Government monopolies of all goods whose import is protected.

We have dismissed loans and we have given reasons against indulging the hope of raising the war-costs by direct taxation of income or by the indirect means of a tariff. What is there left? The conscription of capital, we reply. If, as we have seen, the State can become the borrower, the controller, and the user, of existing capital plants of such wide divergencies of character as the railways, the engineering works, and distilleries, and without diminution of total output, it surely stands a reason that in place of borrower the State become owner with as little effect upon national production. All the beggars, in fact, that anti-Socialists used to invent to frighten the nation from owning and controlling its own tools have now disappeared, if only temporarily, in face of the manifest daylight of accomplished facts; for the State controls at this moment more than half the industry of the whole of the nation. What we shall ask is, why the State should ever return the control to the profiteers who formerly were in possession? What is good for war is good for peace. Industry needs, more than ever in these days, to be nationally controlled in times of peace as well as in times of war. Why surrender the control we have? Why, on the contrary, add to it? Instead, then, of having to raise revenue by the taxation of incomes derived from profiteering; and to incur loans for the use of the capital plant of the profiteers, the State would possess itself both the capital and the control of the income derived from it. Conscribe capital, we say, and let who will tax income. And that the conscription of capital is possible nobody who wants to see it done can deny. Swift as they are to do evil, to do good our governing classes have as much knowledge if they can be persuaded to employ it. And now is the time. Never has any nation the opportunity been offered so invitingly of creating the first real commonwealth of man. We have only to see that the war is paid for in capital, by gifts instead of loans, by our own generation instead of by future generations, by the rich of to-day instead of by the poor of to-morrow, to ensure for the nation honour at once and prosperity for ever. Who would not wish that all industry in future should be under the service of the State? Its ranks, its honours, its victories. Transfer by the conscription of capital the tools of industry to the State, organise each industry in armies of graded workmen, each a paid soldier of labour, delegate to every industry its own management on behalf of the nation, and you have the nation organised for peace as not even Germany was organised for war.

We shall be told that in all this we are attempting to revive the class-war which, on the authority of Mr. Paterson, of the General Federation of Trade Unions, supported by the "Times" and Mr. Walter Long, has now ceased. "Before the war," says Mr. Paterson, "we were a nation divided into classes; but to-day all barriers of class have been or are being broken down." We know what Mr. Paterson means, but his conception of classes—a purely social distinction based upon manners—has never been ours when we wrote of the class-war. If it had been the case, we frankly own that we prefer the mangled classes to the unmanered any day of the week. The only class-war we preach is the war of the economic classes of Rent, Interest, Profit and Wages; and of this war we see no signs of cessation. Until that wage-system is abolished, and national service has been substituted for it, our class-war will not cease, though every workman in the land were free to mingle with the Carlton Club.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verd.ades.

Long before the war began it was pointed out in these columns that the dominance of Germany in the Central European combination gave the Triple Alliance a tremendous advantage over its possible combination of rivals in the event of war. Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, I often felt it my duty to say, had, on the whole, common interests. They were all interested in certain definite things—the hemming-in of Russia by retaining the mastery of the Dardanelles; the Declaration of London, which secured for Continental nations what has come to be known as the unrestricted freedom of the seas; the maintenance of the status quo in the Balkans, and the like. The combination against the Central Empires, as we know from experience, has no such common interests. It is not even correct to say that they have at least the elementary common interest of defeating Germany; for that is still yet at war with Germany, and Russia is still administered largely by people of German descent, of German sympathies, or under the influence of German bribery. Russia's main interest is the Dardanelles question; our interests lie oversea. Italy's interests are different from either. It is useless to say that all divergent interests ought to be sunk and attention concentrated on one essential point, namely, the defeat of the enemy. As we have seen, the Allies have not yet all agreed as to the meaning of the term "enemy," and, again, it has been found impossible, after eighteen months of war, to agree upon a common military and diplomatic policy. If Italy's advice had been taken—if, indeed, Serbia's advice had been taken at a still earlier stage—there would have been no question of Bulgaria's joining the enemy. If the advice of the French and Belgians had been agreed to, troops would have been sent to Salonika two or three weeks sooner than they were, and Serbia, together with the Serbian army, could have been saved.

There are other instances of mismanagement—mismanagement which cannot be explained away more than Lord Halsbury's prizing of the army when he expected war, his reduction of the skilled staff at Woolwich, and his cutting down of the artillery. M. Briand's visit to Rome is a case very much to the point. The Italian newspapers have told us plainly enough that the Rome Government suggested the formation of an Allied War Council to be far back as April of last year, three or four weeks before Italy decided to enter the war at all. Even if Italy had not made this proposal, we are still entitled to ask why such an elementary precaution had never been thought of by our authorities. Would it not be ridiculous if four or five partners in a business house committed various departments of the firm to engagements of a difficult and complex order without first taking counsel of one another? Of course it would be; but such proceeding would be tolerated. A squad of Portuguese boy scouts might be expected to show more sense. Yet the campaign has had to sprawl from 1914 to 1916 before a definite attempt is made to ascertain exactly what Italy desires as the result of her participation, in the sense. Yet the campaign has had to sprawl from 1914 to 1916 before a definite attempt is made to ascertain exactly what Italy desires as the result of her participation, in the sense of...
War Notes.

In "Press-Cuttings" this week will be found a letter by Mr. Bertrand Russell which contains a reply to some remarks I made about his lecture's "Notes." The first and last paragraphs are based on a misunderstanding. I was not responsible for the sub-title given to my article, and the "final exhortation" which he mentions did not refer to him but to other pacifists who were his fellow contributors in the volume of essays on a "Pacifist Philosophy."

The part of the letter, however, which is concerned with the criticism I did make, shows that he has entirely failed to grasp the real nature of this particular attack on pacifism. It is perhaps worth while while again trying to make the matter clear.

He complains that my criticism shows such profound misunderstanding of his lecture that I must have been reading the "Daily Express." Might not this somewhat faded form of retort have been left to the lesser lights of pacifism? Its only point is the implication that I am a somewhat stupid and crude person. But even if I were, what has that to do with the matter? All that is relevant is the correctness or falsity of the arguments I put forward. The psychology which lies behind this favourite retort of the minor pacifist is perhaps amusing. The most characteristic thing about them is that they are all of them, people who mistake the fact that they hold certain opinions for the entirely different thing—intellectual superiority. They thus form a little orthodoxy of superior people, and they tend to look on all attacks not as due to real objections springing from intellectual difference, but as the crude gesture of the "outsider." The use they make of the "Express" reminds me of a scene in one of Peacock's novels, in which an abstract discussion about God is recorded. A man was stationed behind a curtain with instructions to shout "The Church is in Danger!" whenever the argument seemed to be going against the defender of religion. In this case, it is only necessary to shout "You read the 'Express,'" and the necessity for a serious consideration of the objection is avoided. By thus convincing themselves that all opposition is due to crudity they may be confirmed in their belief that theirs is the only possible belief, and in thus disguising the real nature of the opposition they have to face, they are preparing for themselves unpleasant surprises, not only about war, but as to the future course of democracy.

I greatly resent the accusation that I have entirely failed to understand the lecture. In the first place, Mr. Russell is a very lucid writer, and, in the second place, he would, I suppose, be the first to admit that the main contention of his lecture was not exactly novel. It expressed a view of the springs of human action which I first saw worked out in any detail in MacDougal's "Social Psychology." [In listening to the lecture, I recalled with some amusement a meeting in Mr. Lowes Dickinson's rooms in Cambridge a few years before the war, when one very well-known pacifist made this extraordinary remark: "The unfortunate thing is that people like MacDougal, who have worked in Germany, persist in thinking that there is every probability of a war"]

In what way exactly have I misrepresented him? He complains that I falsely suppose that he looks on the dispute as one between Impulse and Reason. "'North Staffs'... begins by suggesting that I regard the bellicose as moved by impulse and pacifists as moved by reason... My whole lecture, of course, very largely, was concerned to represent both sides as moved by impulse." Now, I entirely agree with the last sentence, but I fail to see that it in any way proves that my version of the lecture misrepresents it; it only shows this if a certain assumption is made. The matter at issue can perhaps be made evident in this way. Two distinct questions should be separated, a theoretical and
Impulses. Irrelevant, until the Reasons which we say justify war among the pacifists and their opponents, I was thinking of the theoretical question, of the dispute about the ethics of war. Is war ever justified? In a controversy about this theoretical question a reference to impulse is irrelevant. Reasons on one side should be opposed by reasons on the other. But the pacifists do not discuss the matter in this way. They seem so entirely unable to imagine that war may be justified by impulse, but to direct it to life and growth, not to death and decay, etc. . . .

I admit all this; and if I had said (in reference to this practical problem) that the pacifists wished to meet Impulse by Reason, I admit that I should have misrepresented Mr. Russell. But I was not thinking of this practical question. When I spoke of the differences between the pacifists and their opponents, I was thinking of the theoretical question, of the dispute about the ethics of war. Is war ever justified? In a controversy about this theoretical question a reference to impulse is irrelevant. Reasons on one side should be opposed by reasons on the other. But the pacifists do not discuss the matter in this way. They seem so entirely unable to imagine that war may be justified by impulse, but to direct it to life and growth, not to death and decay, etc. . . .

My complaint is, then, that in dealing with theoretical questions Mr. Russell gives many Reasons why wars are evil, and only deals with the Impulses that made men think them justifiable. He never seems to admit that any real Reasons exist on this side. He ought, on the contrary, to have dealt with the Reasons on both sides. He now claims, in this letter, that he has in various other pamphlets dealt with Reasons why wars are evil. He refers me to "Justice in War-Time," where he will find that I have set forth the detailed discussion which I presupposed in this lecture." I may say at once that I have bought this pamphlet and find very little indeed of this "detailed discussion." What I do find is repetition after repetition of an account of the nature of impulse. It is not very clear, however, what Mr. Russell really intends here. Does he mean merely that my ethics are quasi-rational, while pacifist ethics is objective; in other words, is he still thinking of the dispute as one between Reason and Impulse? Apparently not, for he continues: "The difference of opinion will seem to be ethical . . . its real basis is a difference of impulse. . . . No genuine agreement will be reached . . . so long as the differences of impulse persist." But even this is ambiguous. It may merely be meant as a psychology of the matter, i.e., that impulse might be accepted as correct. It might be true to say that the pacifists' ethical views are based on a difference of impulse. But this kind of discussion leads nowhere. I can retort that the ethical reasons which lead pacifists to condemn war are also quasi-rational grounds for the indulgence of certain impulses.

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merely an attempt to give a quasi-rational ground for the indulgence of certain instincts, and I retort that the same is true of his ethics, must the matter rest there? As he is debarred from saying that pacifist impulses are better than the low atavistic instinct behind the opposed ethic, he can only say that pacifists misinterpret.

All this is very surprising, and seems to show that Mr. Russell has completely changed his views on this matter. In his "Philosophical Essays" he rejects "the widespread ethical scepticism which is based upon observations of current ethical invasions." If X says A is good, and Y says A is bad, one of them must be mistaken." I do not say that the quotations Mr. Russell gives from his lectures are sufficient in themselves to prove that he has completely changed his conception of ethics, but it is clear that it is only on the basis of such scepticism, that his statement that the difference between the pacificists and their opponents is only superficially an ethical one, can be justified.

But if he has changed his views, I think that this was only to be expected. In any system of ethics may be distinguished (1) the nature of the concept of 'value' or 'good' on which it is based; and (2) the scale or hierarchy of ethical valuation it establishes. Without going into the matter here, we may assume that there is a certain connection between these two things. The predominant ethic of the last two centuries, the humanist, rationalist or utilitarian, did not look on values as absolute. It could only conceive of certain things as 'good' or having value, in their relation to Life; they lead naturally then to pacifist ethic: Herbert Spencer's pacifism was a perfectly logical development from his conception of ethics. I think it demonstrable that the objective conception of ethics, and the scale of values which lie behind it, are two inevitable conditions, for the fulfilment of which we must receive the most solid guarantees. Firstly: that the powerful Allies we should have would treat us fairly, not only throughout the period of occupation, but also at the final reconstruction of the world; and, secondly, we should be given certain proof that these same Allies will be able and willing to keep a resentful Germany in check for, say, the remainder of the century. Those grave doubts settled we can start considering whether we might perhaps do worse than join the Coalition, so as to be in at the death and echo the huntman's hip burry. But the points I raise embody cardinal objections; and, to me at least, it seems extremely doubtful if along this road we shall ever get beyond the realm of supposition. One thing is certain: we must receive the most solid guarantees.

If you are single-minded, your aim is high and noble. But supposing this object satisfactorily (I might add. miraculously) achieved. What then? Do you believe that Germany's continental supremacy once gone, no other ambition would rush forward to occupy the empty throne? Her power is tainted. That I never contradict. But she is a colossal figure in the European to-day, and if her proportions are to be reduced, will that not mean adding to another's stature?—Nature, we know, abhors a vacuum! The Brotherhood of Nations, you eagerly reply, will take her place. Underestimating the strongest among you will take the helm, of course. You see the issue is not so sharply outlined as the Allies largely advertise.

In the course of time other aims will inevitably crop up. Projects now kept wisely in the background—but just imagine the powers. Where is their base in the world? Their weight and significance, we shall see a thing or two. It is all very fine to cry out from the house-tops that the world will not be safe against a recurrence of these horrible

Holland and the World War.

By W. de Veer.

X.

(Third and last letter from the man in Rotterdam to his friend in London.)

Rotterdam, June 12, 1916.

Dear W.—A street-organ under my window has just sung out to me: "Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" The announcement was quite appropriate to its own horrid noise. Beastly things they are! But it sent my thoughts London-wards, reminding me that I could not well leave your April letter unanswered any longer. I have re-read it, and the warlike spirit seizes me again. I regret my laziness, or whatever it has been, of the last few months. I had no intention of ignoring your last interesting contribution to our polemics, nor have your arguments knocked the stuffing out of me. As a matter of fact, your adulation of the British, your enthusiastic survey of what we, Dutch, are supposed to owe them, left me cold. You failed to convince me that Holland, by remaining neutral, shows any want of international morality (if such a thing exists.). To your gibe that I am giving evidence of gross neglect of cosmopolitan duty, I answer: Fiddleticks! If it could be proved that the Allies, now joined by Italy, were inspired by common to us all and by nothing else, then, of course, the difference of opinion between you and me would be reduced by 90 per cent. at once. But even so, there are two inevitable conditions, for the fulfilment of which we must receive the most solid guarantees. Firstly: that the powerful Allies we should have would treat us fairly, not only throughout the period of cooperation, but also at the final reconstruction of the world; and, secondly, we should be given clear and certain proof that these same Allies will be able and willing to keep a resentful Germany in check for, say, the remainder of the century. Those grave doubts settled we can start considering whether we might perhaps do worse than join the Coalition, so as to be in at the death and echo the huntman's hip burry. But the points I raise embody cardinal objections; and, to me at least, it seems extremely doubtful if along this road we shall ever get beyond the realm of supposition. One thing is certain: we must receive the most solid guarantees.

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craving for power-a vanity; but agree that, unless
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suitably be carried out.

inconsistency

"Might is Right" secured our Colonies for us
inconvenient.

beneficial to the native our domination may have been

and chances of success. Applied to affairs of State, this
self-satisfaction—seemingly permissible—may easily
overlook a wrong done to others. With the individual
is in a different matrix. He may indulge in recklessness,
but to-day or to-morrow he will have to foot the bill, and
will, maybe tardily, repent. Also, in most cases, he is
under strict control. Society will not take kindly to his
pretensions. The man who tries to use his fists by way
of Force and of Destruction. The only condition
required. It is the diabolical pretence of Germany that
she may cleanse herself of mud and mire, and become, and
looking upon the Finns and Poles as an infernal
nuisance, quickly find some sophism to cover up their
inconsistency.

In Russia is not the only spot on which to turn our
瘤eare searchlight. Let it flash over Holland, too.
"Might is Right" secured our Colonies for us; however
beneficial to the native our domination may have been
in our own eyes, it has never rested on the free choice
of those concerned. Here you, as a Dutchman—judged
by your standards—bear an equal share of blame. Must
we shell out, and withdraw entirely from the East? The
same remarks apply to every conquered country, in
Europe or elsewhere. But the objection continually
holds good that the moral prestige of the conqueror
would be damaged were he to restore to the original
inhabitants what he had taken from them. The Duma is a
arse; it only exists on

sufferance. The Tsar can and does suspend its activi-
ties, whenever they are too pronounced, and, therefore,
inconvenient.

If, after the war, the Finns and Poles appeal to
France and England to be delivered from the oppressor,
what will the champions of "Justice for All," reply?
Request their Ally to be fair, and at his: "Mind your
own business, please!" take up arms again to crush
tyranny in Russia, as it will have already been crushed
in Germany? Or will they drop their altruistic jargon,
and, looking upon the Finns and Poles as an infernal
nuisance, quickly find some sophism to cover up their
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Russo-German is not the only spot on which to turn our
searchlight. Let it flash over Holland, too.
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Europe or elsewhere. But the objection continually
holds good that the moral prestige of the conqueror
would be damaged were he to restore to the original
inhabitants what he had taken from them. What re-
sponse would your plea of "common human interests"
find in these and similar cases?

When peace negotiations come along, the conquered
Central Powers will have to part with stolen goods?
Right you are. But what about the contrast provided
by accumulations of equally suspicious origin in the pos-
session of the Allies? These ought to be similarly
dealt with; but although here and there discrepancies
of the kind are mentioned, the public conscience,
though it may be sufficiently aroused to insist upon their
being smoothed away. National pride and the unsatisfying
habit of subordinating aesthetic to material considerations will
find a way out of the dilemma by deciding that in this
one case the idea, for many obvious reasons, cannot
suitably be carried out. So one might go on putting
questions, to receive the same unsatisfactory replies.
And as we ask, the conviction grows that the crushing
of Prussian arrogance would not be followed by an era
of modesty and moderation to be established by the
victors. Yet unless they also are prepared to make
real, far-reaching, voluntary sacrifices, how is humanity
to be conducted to the goal of a better mutual under-
standing? The war has already worked wondrous
changes. The old idea of the British and the French
So, at least, we are informed. But when the fighting
is over, the point will be, not whether one is on good
terms with one's allies, but with mankind at large—
including former adversaries.

When what was carried to excess should be considered such a
scandals thing, I fail to

principle at the root of the Entente Cordiale, I know, is that
the nations concerned should treat each other as is
the custom between all decent individuals; but to lay this
down as a fixed, general rule would surely harm the
various imperial interests. To create an atmosphere in
which the delicate plant may live and grow, you must
promote international intercourse on a far larger scale,
and with much warmer intentions than ever planned
before. Between persons, justice is the fruit of
contact, of interchange of opinions, of claims from the
other side that, lest all intercourse should become
impossible, could no longer be ignored. For its full
establishment between the nations, much data, and an
inexcessant flow of mutual kindness and esteem will
be required. It is the diabolical pretence of Germany that
she will bring about the same result through the agency
of Force and of Destruction. The only condition
others must fulfil is that we must blindly credit her
superiority, and . . . her highly moral reasons . . .

It is a fact that morality, though ostensibly banished
from the realm of Real Politik, plays none the less an
important rôle in the explanations vouchsafed by rulers
to their peoples—and to neutrals—of their acts. This
is, perhaps, a favourable sign, showing that even an
incurable self-worshipper like Wilhelm of Hohenzollern
has some faint notion of responsibility, a vague con-
sciousness that a sort of public conscience may have to
be appeased, though he must look upon it as a
negligible quantity that can never seriously impede any impulse
of his own. He it is who is responsible for the present
setback in the rapprochement which, I am with you
there, was beginning to spring up between the nations
—where has split the civilised world into two gigantic
influence, to warn it. This has often been proved
admissible. Society will not take kindly to his
kill . . . ; he may indulge in recklessness,
way we go by before this fresh mountain of hatred, suspicion,
and potential will have been removed from the thorny road along which
poor struggling, ever deceived Humanity is forced to
travel.

War is an unmitigated curse. As well ask me to
believe in the advantages of a good old-fashioned fight
between families or clans as to share the view that war
is a thing all virile spirits ought to welcome. I admire
and respect the mere physical courage it takes to
carry on cheerfully, rather than ignore his country's just call.
But who he makes the same self-deifying move without
first being satisfied that the cause is really just, I don't
adire at all. The great objection to compulsion (not
from the standpoint of military necessity but as a psy-
ns is, that from the person concerned all opportunity
of acting on an eventual discovery that his national
leaders are deceiving him and that the war declared
or provoked by them is by no means inevitable, is taken
away. Germany's attitude was gaining in its rational
possible by her huge army, bound to obey the order.
Go out and kill! If there, as in England, the voluntary
system had been in force, no such myrmidons would
have been available. Would the half million or more conscripted socialists have volunteered? As it was they had to go; mostly so bewildered that the lying news, disseminated by an ostensibly highly patriotic Government, came as a relief. Amidst the confusion attacked they had to go; mostly so bewildered that the lying news, disseminated by an ostensibly highly patriotic Government, came as a relief. Much has been said of the fatuity of the Pacifists à tort et à travers. They are certainly out of place just now in a belligerent country. There they would constitute a national danger. But neutrals may be allowed to hold a larger view than those engaged, who, for this reason, are bound to be one-sided. In theory all the combatants are pacifists. Their writings, their speeches are full of declarations not only that Peace was not disturbed by them, but that they are anxious to conclude the moment their adversaries will accept their terms. As long as we, neutrals, don't trouble them with attempts at interference, I don't see how they can complain of what we think or say among ourselves. What objection can there be to a foreign statement of opinion that war in general is as wicked as it is ruinous? Discussions of that kind, you say, like those of the Holy See—so anxious to become a Temporal Power again!—play into the hands of Germany, by laying part of the responsibility for the conflagration (as a thing wicked in itself) on the shoulders of the Allies, and are, therefore, a grave breach of neutrality. I don't agree with you at all. Why, in his abhorrence of the terrible things that are going on, should a discussion of the possibility of preventing their recurrence prevent a man fully realising it was Germany who began the present war? If such discussions are not to be taboo'd for ever, I don't see why they should be forbidden now. For now is the time—now that we are so nauseated with what we see and hear that we promise ourselves some day to forget it, never to be lured into the belief that war, after all, has its good side; affording us an opportunity to differentiate between real and pinchbeck values—a splendid exhibition of genius, energy, and valour.

I am not in the least ashamed of Holland's non-participation in the general slaughter—that she sits tight while the guns roar. For us a general offensive is impossible. So what more can we do than be ready to repel an eventual attack?

In conclusion, there is the Roman Catholic question. In Holland we are not a political unity, and never have been. But that opens too wide a field to enter now. I will just say en passant, that the only person I have heard suggest that, after the war, Germany might wish to reward us for having remained neutral, was a Roman Catholic (not a priest). In Clerical circles, he indifferently explained, the addition to Holland of two Belgian provinces would be very welcome. A million more Dutch Roman Catholic voters would mean that for political purposes they would be numerically stronger, with the Protestant minority out of power for good and all. The Roman Catholic Party here is, of course, highly organised, and is (of course, too?) politically pro-German. Now, do you understand?

Love to both of you,
Yours,
A.

*(To be concluded.)*

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More Letters to My Nephew.

**My Dear George,—**My visit to Placentia ended suddenly. Once again, a horse and rider clattered over the cobble stones of the patio, and once again Rafael's practised ear detected the stranger. Smith announced a messenger to see me. Hard on his heels entered Boyle, the beaming constable who keeps watch and ward over our little district. I was naturally astonished. "What brought you here, Bert?" I asked. "The Attorney-General, sir, sent me with this," he handed me a letter. "After all, I shall want your evidence in the piracy case. Would you kindly come quickly? Yours as ever, L. Talbot." I handed the note to Rafael, who broke into loud laughter. "Tony! Tony! Little did I think that any friend of mine would ever be involved in a piracy case. I am greatly distressed. Really, you know, you don't dress the part. You look much too benevolent."

What do looks matter? I knew a person in my young days, with his superiorities and other trimmings on he looked positively angelic. He could have married any woman in the congregation. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. But he never missed a prize-fight. "Yorke-Powell knew more about the ring than any other man. Anyhow, you mustn't change the subject. Tell me how you became a prize-fighter."

"The story began thirty years ago, when Nick Murphy, a rapscallion Irish tailor, deserted his ship at Belize. He was a big, bearded, powerful man, a drunkard, a gambler and a swashbuckler. He worked at practically every kind of job, earning good money. Then he would let out and paint the town red. He finally found himself stranded at Stann Creek. Here he met a mulatto woman, Isabel Burgos. She must have been physically enticing. Even now, her body is supple and her movements lithe. She works on his estate, washes, cooks and makes coco-nut oil. Isabel's father was white, and her mother half-white. Isabel's colour is light mahogany. The mother had some property worth, perhaps, two thousand dollars. Nick wanted the woman, and she wanted Nick. But the mother stood guard. 'If you want my daughter, you marry her,' she said. Nick didn't want to marry; but he wanted Isabel. 'Put down five hundred dollars, ye skulkinfnt, and I'll take her to church.' So the bargain was struck. "Nick bought a mule and cart with part of the money and started a 'blind tiger' with the balance. Oddly enough, he became sober, and having saved some money and made himself popular, obtained a licence. Then he added a three-quarter billiard table and a dancing-hall to his stock. Three children were born, the oldest a boy, and two girls. Then Nick's affections began to wander. His wife was jealous and their life became a little hell. One night, Nick turned his wife and children out of the home acquired with her money. A day or two later, another coloured woman was installed. There were endless police-court proceedings for alimony, for assault, for brawls. Finally, the D.C. got sick of the whole Murphy ménaige and told them to be gone and not to bother him any more. The result was that the woman failed to get alimony, and was left in peace with her concubine. To continue the parental story, Isabel joined a buck nigger, whilst Nick changed in peace with his concubine. To continue the parental story, Isabel joined a buck nigger, whilst Nick changed..."
at the thought of her boy Jim sailing his own boat. I laugh. 'Why, Isabel, you must have been very pretty when Nick married you.' Isabel laughs, too: 'Not so bad, sir.'

'The time when Nick Murphy's fires abated and he longed for permanence and comfort at home. As money came, there came to him a sense of that racial pride he had so long forgotten. Just then, so fate decreed, Juanita Carillon crossed his path. Her husband, a drunken brute, had behaved after his kind. Juanita may have been uccupied in having a child with a white woman. Nick found her one night sleeping on the sand under her husband's house. He said to her: 'You have had enough; I have had enough; come to me, Nita.' So she went to Nick and they were happy. She rejoiced in the security of his strong arm; he at last knew something of home comforts. Moreover, she helped him in the shop, and watched carefully over his interests. He dressed better than ever before, and walked more confidently in the company of white men. Then he wounded his foot on a rusty nail. He and she doctor it together. He liked her nursing, reveling in the unaccustomed feminine touches. But neither realised that the foot was growing worse. Finally, they called in the doctor. Gangrene, you fool! why didn't you tell me at once? You have confused the case. Juanita wept bitterly, for she felt guilty. 'If I'd been black, you'd have got the doctor at first; you trusted me because I was white.' 'Never mind, Nita; I'll just get the foot off. Keep things going till I come back.' Nick felt strangely happy in comforting his white woman. Had she been one of the earlier ones, he would have kicked her about the room with his sound foot.

'So it came about that, as the gates of death closed upon Nicholas Murphy, the doors of Heaven opened to the enraptured gaze of James Murphy, his son lawfully begotten. Father and son were: for a moment lifted out of the common herd that they might together touch tragedy. Heaven seemed to come down. When Nick shook hands with Jim. He is dying; the property will soon be mine,' said Jim, swimming on a wave of jubilant triumph. He built castles in Spain as he waited the lawyer's summons.

'Be sure that bad news travels swift to pain or dismay. Three days after Nick's burial, Isabel rushed, breathless, into Jim's cottage. 'He has left everything to that woman,' she sobbed, wiping her eyes with her petticoat. Jim could not say anything; he was very slow of speech. He clenched his fists, and felt as though he were falling into the void. Shaken and irresolute, he looked out on the sea. A gentle South-easter roughened the glinting waters. 'I'm going to Shann Creek to see about it,' he said, his eyes glowing in pain and anger. So he put some food and clothes into his 'patkey,' walked down to the shore, where waited, ever ready, his sailing dory. Isabel kissed him goodbye. In a minute he was on the water, sail and jib set, his hand with sure touch on the rudder. His last glimpse was of Isabel, again with petticoat to weeping eyes, and Stella standing at the cottage door, impassive, uncomprehending. So

'A few minutes after landing at Shann Creek Jim met Vicente Flores, prize-fighter, scamp, cut-throat, but vital and plausible and intelligent. They went into Murphy's saloon to drink rum. Jim paid for it. 'It ought to be your mother's boat; old Nick owned it. Brought in on it many a keg they sent.' So Jim, innocent of the...
any sinister intent. Early next morning, Vicente and Jim were busy at the Store buying things to barter, or on the boat making ready, taking in luggage and provisions, and tuning up the engine. At eight o'clock, old Ricardo D’Almeida and his French Creole woman, Josephine, came aboard. The dorey was hoisted, the anchor weighed, and Jim went unsung to his fate.

‘For nearly two days, the ‘Iabel’ (under sail to save the gasolene) glided down the coast, past ‘Dead Man’s Point’ and ‘Pirate Cay,’ with a light but fair wind. Most of the time Jim and Vicente lounged or slept in the bow, occasionally stirring to luff or haul closer. Jim lounged in a deck-chair, sometimes snoozing and trilling to a French song. Ricardo passed the time reading a Spanish aphoristical novel, his gimlet eyes now and then casting a glittering glance at Josephine, comparing her charms with the heroine’s. At length, impatient of slow progress, he spoke roughly to Vicente, ordering him, with an oath, to start the engine. Vicente rose indolently and went below. Soon came the thugging of cylinder and piston, speed obtained at the expense of silence. I like to think that what followed was done in hot and not cold blood. Some words, rough or smooth, passed between the old man and the young ruffian.

In an instant, before Jim had realised it, Vicente struck Ricardo a blow, which stunned him. Jim rushed forward, his arm a blur, water out of a cup that stood on the cabin’s poop. Josephine, thoroughly frightened, grew hysterical. Ricardo soon revived. Vicente’s prize-ring experience had taught him to avoid half-measures. With quick decision, he roped Ricardo’s legs, tying the hands behind the back. Josephine, on her deck-chair, shrieked, for the dead body was sunk, Jim and Vicente were masters of the ‘Isabel.’

Jim entered Barrios harbour under power. Oddly enough, their papers were found to be correct. The strain relaxed, they soon made the money spin on liquor, gambling and women. Then, one evening, Vicente told Jim that a woman had been rescued from a cay. ‘We’ve got to get,’ he said. ‘They made for the open sea, and for weeks sheltered among the cays (islands). Finally, money and food all gone, they discussed plans. ‘We must sell the boat,’ said Vicente, ‘who’ll buy it?’ ‘The Chief,’ said Jim. Thus, one morning, Jim and Vicente walked up to my house to offer me a motor sloop for five hundred dollars. I declined, knowing Vicente of old. The police soon raised the hue and cry, Jim and Vicente were arrested, and the boat seized.

‘Jim will stand in the dock and jurinta will give evidence against him. Because Jim was suddenly conscious of his white blood and saved the woman we will hang him—to uphold the law and teach all niggers a lesson.’

Not once did Rafael interrupt. I think he was a little moved by my recital.

‘That story certainly began thirty years ago,’ he said. ‘You ought to write it out for the benefit of your political nephew. It has some bearing, I fancy, on heredity and environment.’

‘It’s the deuce of a long story to write. Hélas! I must beg you to understand. Had a ripping time. I will always connect you with the song of the husbandman.’

‘What’s that?’ asked Rafael.

‘Somewhere in the Bible:—

‘The hay is carried
And the tender grass sheweth itself,
And the herbs of the mountain are gathered in.

The lambs are for thy clothing,
And the goats are the price of the field;
And there will be goats’ milk enough for thy food,
For the food of thy household;
And maintenance for thy maidsen.’

‘It sounds like a benediction,’ said Rafael.

‘Let it be one, with all my heart,’ I answered.

We stepped down to the patio. My horse, Paddy, pawed impatiently. I tested his belly-band and mounted, while Rafael patted his neck. Then our hands clasped. In a few minutes we were plunging down the winding road.

And so home.

Your affectionate uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Men at War.

III.

One is ever surprised at the tender youth of some of these warriors. Lying in bed with their girlish complexions, and always spoken of by the Sisters as poor boys, after having been dressed and tucked up they give the ward the look of a school dormitory. But pull down the bedclothes, and their wounds tell a brave tale of bloody fights. Lads who in civil life bring around the things from the grocer, have here passed through deathly struggles, which are only nightmares in the thick of it, and had bayoneted several Germans, and all he remembered was the extreme ease with which a bayonet enters the human body. ‘But you must be nippy in getting it out again, Sir, or else they have you. In and out quick—just like that!’ He had taken a prisoner, too, who seems to have impeded his further activities. It is very difficult for a man who wishes to surrender at the last moment, I am afraid he has a bad time. In that dreadful clash and tangle,
with every thought and muscle centred in killing, it must be nearly impossible to switch off on to the altruistic plane. The usual moral inhibitory apparatus is practically non-existent. It seems that the only thing to do is to fall down, and if down wounded, to lie perfectly still. Rather difficult if you are being jumped and trodden on, but the slightest movement and the bayonet stab follows—for who can tell but that though down you are not still intent in killing—as many are. Besides this—we have a whole day with one just then—unless one is making a hobby of collecting them?

To the popular mind, of course, surgery at all times consists in lopping off legs and arms, and here the practically the only operation, and there is some perfection still. Rather difficult to operate, but is one ever justified in estimating the worth of life to any man? We strive to preserve it at the cost of all else. And the ultimate life of such a maimed creature? The whole nation should do him honour—but will they? He at the best will have a limp to remind him of his many escapes. His muscles relaxed. He seemed to be on the road to recovery, but is one ever justified in estimating the worth of life to any man? So we strive to preserve it at the cost of all else. And the ultimate life of such a maimed creature? The whole nation should do him honour—but will they? He at the best will have a limp to remind him of his many escapes. His muscles relaxed. He seemed to be on the road to recovery, but is one ever justified in estimating the worth of life to any man?

It is wonderful the fight against death which some men put up. A Dublin Fusilier had a bullet through his chest, with a very badly damaged lung. His right foot and left buttock were shattered, and his left leg muscles relaxed. He seemed to be on the road to recovery, when he nearly died of bleeding from his wounds. He remained hopeful through it all, and ultimately will, no doubt, recover with nothing but a limp to remind him of his many escapes. His chief concern now is to rejoin his friends in the trenches.

This life with the regiment has a great fascination. A young soldier during an attack was clubbed on the left shoulder. He had a very misty recollection of what happened to him, but the one thing he was quite sure about was that he had bayonetted the Boche who clubbed him. He carried on with a painful shoulder, and got back to his lines, and remained with his regiment, although he lost nearly all power in his left arm.

In the course of time he got leave, and while home he visited some officer friends at a hospital near the South coast, where he happened to come under the notice of the medical officer, who promptly put him into bed for treatment. He objected strongly to this, because, he said, he could not desert his pals in the trenches, and the next day, having managed to get his clothes, he decamped. Reaching a port, he joined the leave boat, and got back to his lines, and remained with his regiment, although he lost nearly all power in his left arm.

The early part of the war was a splendid time for these unauthorized journeyings. At Nantes I attended to the small wound of a sergeant, who, in the general mix-up at Mons, had got separated from his men. Wandering about in the dark, he chance across his own regimental wagon, ready horsed, and left stranded in the retreat, and hitched up to it was the Colonel's charger. He disliked the idea of leaving regimental property behind, and so he started off in the dark and made for the West. At one time he accompanied a German regiment along the road for some miles. Having reversed his cap, to look more like a Boche, he drove steadily along. The Germans, absorbed in singing patriotic songs, luckily passed him by, and he managed to get a road to the left, and so got clear of the enemy's right wing, and by hiding, and by being fortunate, he managed to avoid the Uhlans. After many escapes he reached Amiens, and found it evacuated by us, and so pushed on to Rouen. This, of course, was also empty of English, and Nantes was his next objective.

There was now no necessity for hiding by day, and so the sergeant's journey became a progress through the French countryside. He took by-roads and was fished in all the villages, and he and the Colonel's charger had a royal time. To the simple folk he represented the British Army, which had not been seen thereabouts for several hundred years. Ultimately, he reached Nantes, having wandered right across France, and handed over his charger. His wound was of no account, and he soon left to rejoin his regiment on the Marne, full of very kindly feelings for the peasantry of France and their astonishing hospitality.

There is no doubt as to this hospitality in Western France, and as it often took the form of bottles of rum, it had a disturbing effect on our soldiery. It was one of my unfortunate lot, as the only officer of the original train, to be put in charge of twenty-nine Irish Garrison Gunners of enormous size who were proceeding to the front, and who had been fished into a great state of conviviality by the countryside every time the trains had stopped. I got them all singing into the railway carriages, and hoped to lock them in, but unfortunately there were no locks on the doors. I impressed on the sergeant in charge, who was in much the same state as the others, the necessity of keeping a firm hand, and he told me that, that he and his men would do anything for me—anything! The journey took all night, and the train stopped very often, and every time it stopped, twenty-nine Garrison Gunners got out and spread themselves, and when, with the assistance of various excited French railway officials, I had collected them all again and packed them behind the train, a time by the sergeant and most of the twenty-nine that they would do anything for me—anything! I had a busy and exciting night of it, and things generally were complicated by some joyous French ladies, who were fellow-passengers, and to whom the twenty-nine exhibited a very gallant attitude. I handed them over near Paris, and we had a very affecting parting. The sergeant, overcome by his strong feelings, wept, and his men crowded round, and in a great atmosphere of rum I was fared to Paris. A German passenger train came in full of worthy city gentlemen, the pink of respectability, and my last view of the twenty-nine was their crowding into first-class compartments, and sitting on the edge of the seats with these city gentlemen, breathing rum on everybody, but otherwise behaving as thorough gentlemen.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

What is the matter with the repertory theatre movement is that it is still anti-Victorian. Like the hypnotised fowl, it sits gazing at the chalkline and refusing to step over it. It forgets that Edward, of dubious memory, has reigned, and that George, the industrious, is now upon the throne. To it, and to it alone, Victoria is still there; it pants to be free, and in 1906 there is freedom (as there was at any other age of man), but its obsession holds it fast. To be "advanced" does not mean to behave like a free man, but to register progress by the extent of the revolt against Victoria and all that her name connotes.

Progress by "looking backwards," comparing "our generation" with "your generation," is a very tedious process to those who sucked in Ibsen with their mother's milk, and suffered from wind as a consequence. Dramatically, at this moment, we have a choice between Ibsen and Congreve, between a satirist and a comedian, between one who is bound to "the body of this death" by his desire to reform it, and one who is free to exercise his gifts and does exercise them like a free man. Manchester, we know, is famous for its "nags"; but it is not surprising that Miss Horniman should plump for Ibsen; but if Captain Frank Stanyon's "The Joan Danvers" is only Ibsen's "The Pillars of Society" as it appears to a man in khaki, Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Caroline" derives, by a much more delightful route, from Millamant in "The Way of the World." I am not suggesting for one moment that Miss Horniman ever had the chance of refusing Mr. Somerset Maugham's play; but her production of "The Joan Danvers" does show quite clearly that she regards as meritorious the imitation of Ibsen.

The consequence is that "The Joan Danvers" is one everlasting wrangle between "our generation" and "your generation." "Our generation," it seems, has its "natural instincts," which "your generation" does not permit, to express themselves. Apparently these "natural instincts" had expression in being late for breakfast, in surreptitious meetings with and marriage to a young man, in telling lies, in not going to church, or to do house-work. In fact, "your generation" wants to do whatever it likes, and not to do what anyone else likes; it wants something for nothing, and "nags" all the time about it. To show that this is a perfect rich and proper ideal for "our generation," Captain Frank Stanyon shows "your generation" as a hypocrite, a tyrant, and a murderer. But surely "your generation" has read Ibsen by this time; and instead of allowing its beloved son to stowaway on the coffin-ship, it would get rid of its detestable daughters by sending them for a pleasure-trip on the boat. But, no; the hypnotised fowl sees nothing beyond the chalk-line; and the daughter remains at home to quarrel with her father and to call him names while the son goes out to drown. So the dreary debate goes on until the sailors return alive, when the female portion of "our generation" refuses to forgive its father, while the male portion only grumbles about the food provided on his father's ship.

The defect of this sort of drama, apart from its conventionality and imitiveness, is that it gives reality to what it detests by attacking it. James Danvers never lived except in Captain Stanyon's play, and he ought never to have lived at all. He is a Cubist monster, a four-square untruth, who neither pleases the eye nor the mind. Attack him as much as one likes, set the whole of "our generation" against him, there is no inspiration in him; and revolt against him is only a form of slavery to him. If only the repertory theatre would send him in one of his own coffin-ships, and let him, like a Viking of old, die on his own deck and be forgotten, we might get on with the drama. This "showing-up," this exposure of can't, is not even the beginning of drama; it arises from a lower level of thought than the artistic consciousness, it springs from the most elementary perception of difference between precept and practice, and it makes "most tragical mirth."

Luckily, Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Caroline" is at hand. The theme is at least as old as Ecclesiastes; indeed, if I wanted to treat the play seriously, I would call it anti-Buddhist, although marriage is not always the Nirvana that Caroline seemed to think it would be. But the play, in spite of its stimulating references, is not a contribution to thought, but to gaiety of spirit; and as a corrective to what the repertory theatre calls Victorian sentimentality, it is much more potent than anything that the repertory theatre can produce. The theme, as I have said, is of all time, but its treatment throws more light on the characteristics of this century than anything that I have ever seen. Its frivolous treatment of marriage is, of course, common to light comedy of all ages; but what a characteristically twentieth century touch is Caroline's reason for parting from her husband. "My dear, he had adenoids," in its curiously scientific precision, no less than its apparent frivolity, is characteristic; it expresses everything, foolishness, frivolity, vanity, a set of values; it describes not only the woman but her generation. "Irene Vanbrugh says it. Mr. Maugham repeats the touch effectively when he makes the doctor diagnose her malady as inexpert middle-age.

Victorian sentiment ended with the possessive case; indeed, we might say English sentiment, for did not Browning write "The Statue and the Bust" to show the truth of Shakespeare's remark "In delay there lies no plenty?" But "Caroline" exists to show the opposite, to show that to for ever desired is delightful, but to be for ever possessed is to be undone. They had loved each other for ten years; they had come to love loving each other—but this is Byron.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover; in all the others, all she loves is love, which grows a habit she can never get over, and fits her lovelier than an easy glove.

But when the husband at last dies (not of adenoids, but of cirrhosis of the liver), it is expected of them both that they should marry. The scene of the proposal is the most brilliant piece of light comedy that I have ever seen. Two people who have been lovers for ten years, and are now confronted with the prospect of marriage, are in an awkward situation as can be imagined. There is nothing to be done but to laugh at it, and the laugh comes legitimately from the woman, and is echoed by the man in a real relief of his feelings.

I have not the space to detail the play; and its wit is best enjoyed in the theatre, where it obtains its best expression by the perfect acting of the whole company. But when Caroline discovers by experience that she is not desirable now that she is attainable, the necessity of becoming desirable by being unattainable becomes clear to her. Failing the ten-years lover, she practically proposes to her three-months lover; but youth and beauty is invited out to do house-work, and sympathy is not possible, and cannot come. Finally, she propose to the doctor, who gets out of it very neatly by announcing to everybody that her husband is not dead; and leaving her to make the best of it. She accepts the fiction, and fortifies it by some delightful lying; and finds his lovers at her feet again. Now that they have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, each can go on extracting pleasure from his misery, living his own life and retaining the delights of her company. Caroline is wiser even than Millamant, for Millamant married a wit, which was foolish; but Caroline will not marry even a fool, which is wise. She has made courtship immortal, and has thereby received the graces of life. Mr. Maugham is to be congratulated on his play, and on the actors of it.
Readers and Writers.

Though there are more theological works published annually than any other kind except novels, I do not know that they are read. A moment or two's reflection calls to mind only some half-dozen or so that have emerged from their private beat in our generation. Seeley's "Ecce Homo" was one of them; and this, if I remember, was followed by "Lax Mundi," which I read with intense misunderstanding as a boy. Thereafter Mrs. Humphry Ward held the pulpit with "Robert Elsmere," until or before Drummond published his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Except for Ullingbird's "Personality, Human and Divine," the general reader, I imagine, has read no theology since, until controversy sized a little over the Rev. R. J. Campbell's "New Theology." A correspondent has, however, directed my attention to "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," the work of an anonymous author which has made some stir. First published in 1900, it has been thrice reprinted (which is a theological success!) and now appears in Macmillan's Shilling Theological Library. I have bought it and read it.

The opening pages convinced me that the author, whoever he may be, is a sincere man, an earnest man, but, at the same time and for all his assumption of sweetness and light, a professional theologian. This is to say that he takes, of the Bible in particular, a view which is essentially the view of a professional. For example, in an early page of his work he writes that "it is clear that God's chief dramatic purpose in the battle between Jesus and the Church of His day was to make plain the difference between true and false Christianity as all that. Is it in the professional, on the contrary, a professional quibble? And, again, in his closing passage he writes: "Would not many a repentant yet dubious soul rejoice if bidden to nestle in the downy under-feathers of divine protection amid the winds of doubt?" It may be so, but not, I think, in response to this particular imagery, which, beautiful as it is, where it occurs in the New Testament, strikes the reader to-day as borrowed and somewhat bedraggled plumes. This kind of sectarian language is all the more prominent by contrast with the thought I have conveyed, elsewhere. This, however, is only one instance of the many difficulties encountered in the course of the book. The rest I must leave.

It may not be possible to write theology with the lucidity and common-sense of Voltaire, whose "Dictionnaire raisonné de l'histoire universelle" (in two volumes, three francs each, of the Librairie des Bibliophiles, Paris) I have just been reading. But, after all, why not? Newman did it; so, too, did Matthew Arnold. And is not Plato profound in the simplest idiom? In the "Dictionnaire," as, I suppose, everybody knows, Voltaire selected subjects for treatment in a semi-academical form, but he was really the political and religious topics of the day. A most ingenious plan. I have made a special note of his article upon the idea of Wickedness. He does not at all believe in Original Sin, nor, even, in the commonplace of it, that human nature is essentially corrupt. Nothing, he says, is worse conceived. On the contrary, he would have all men assured that they are born good. If a soldier is encouraged by being reminded that he belongs to the glorious and holy profession, he may not be equally effective to say to every individual: Remember your dignity as a man? The theory, moreover, that men are by nature evil is disproved, he contends, by simple arithmetic. Calculating the population of the world and the number of wicked men it contains, Voltaire arrives at the conclusion that not more than one in a thousand of mankind is really bad. How absurd, he says, to build a dogma upon this minority and to hurl it upon the rest. For there can be no doubt that hurled it the theologians will. Paradoxical as it may seem, "O Lord (I am reminded of the prayer of the considerate minister), the doctrine of Original Sin and of the consequence need for human humility corresponds with, even if it does not engender, a disposition to punish and persecute in the name of righteousness. I'll learn ye to be a twaddle? The humanist doctrine, on the other hand, that accepts the original purity, and hence the re-perfectibility of man, while apparently involving punishment and discipline, actually, as in Voltaire's case, corresponded with a most tenable view of things. Voltaire, of course, carried the war a little further. "Pagan religion," he says, "was the cause of comparatively little bloodshed, ours has covered the earth with blood. Ours, of course, is the only good, the only true religion; but we have done so much harm with it that if we speak of other religions we ought to be humble."

In the second volume are reprinted Voltaire's "Letters from England"; of which the twenty-fourth deals with Swift's project for an English Academy somewhat on the model of the French. Voltaire was much interested in the idea, which but for the death of Queen Anne might have materialised. In its founders it would have had a much superior establishment to that of its French model; for whereas the French founders were men like Chapelain, Collenet, Cassagne, Fayet and Cotin, who wrote before the style of the French language was fixed, the leading English writers of the day—Swift, Dryden, Bolingbroke, Congreve and Pope—had themselves fixed the English language by their own writings. Queen Anne, unfortunately, is dead.

The Complete Works of Walter Bagehot in nine handsome volumes (7s. 6d. net each). Volumes are now on my shelves, though without thanks due to the publisher, who, in fact, has treated THE NEW AGE somewhat scurvily. After a close reading of several more of Bagehot's essays, my admiration for him, I find, is becoming tempered with judgment. He is all that I have thought and written of him in these columns before; but he reserves in his complete works no further surprises; there is, in fact, an end to him. Of some authors, praise be to them, the more you read of them the less you comprehend them. They are imitable as the sky. But to others there is a bound near or far, and Bagehot is one of them. The bound in him, I think, will be discovered most easily in his Letters in defence of Napoleon the Third's Coup d'Etat of 1851. Admirable, sensible, sane as they are, they rest upon essentially bourgeois assumptions from which Bagehot never escaped. The assumptions that popular stupidity is an indispensable condition of political freedom, that the best guarantee of duty is that you should have no alternative social action, that a government is only when no other order can be popularly conceived—these are, without doubt, the working hypotheses of governing classes generally, but their necessary outcome in administration is repression of thought, and in the man who makes them it is an overthrow of Bagehot's theory. I think, the practical maxims of class-politicians for the philosophic maxims of statesmen.

R. H. C.
AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

MONDAY.—Women haven’t many privileges, but one is surely the choice of shaking hands with a new acquaintance. A bow is only the polite acknowledgment of an introduction, but a handshake is the formality of it. The bow, in other words, is only a christening process; but by the latter you are confirmed into the faith of friendship. Then, there were some who forces a woman to shake hands on introduction—you can’t very well overlook a hand jutting out at you like a policeman’s—is robbing her of her electoral right on quite an important point. For once having shaken hands with a man, by intention or inattention, she is committed not only to acknowledge him in future, but to meet him on the footing of intimacy a handshake establishes—a footing which, left to her choice, she very possibly would never have brought about. Moreover, the man who offends in this way offends as much again as the woman who resists the urge up to that point of accepting the socially supposed precedence of men, and thus the man is presuming to offer his hand to his social superior; while the woman, it may be urged, is at worst only waiving her privilege in condescending to be friendly (or, as I should call it, familiar) at sight. To the man who thinks it still doesn’t matter, I will ask aloud what others will ask of him without words. Is he in such a hurry to shake hands because he thinks it well to strike before you have time to be on your guard? and claims sanctuary in extenuation of future crimes? Does he apprehend that if you knew him you would certainly not shake hands with him? Is he so short of friends that he needs must lose no time in snapping them up? Does he mistake this breach of convention for jollity and naturalness?

WEDNESDAY.—Women may flatter themselves that at the end of the war they will have earned the nation’s thanks by their war-work; and when disappointed they will doubly reproach men with the usual ingratitude. For where the limelight is focused on them, so I’m told. Women’s is to attract? But the uniform of the late despised. But much good it does them. I would wager that half the unwelcome to women’s work. No taking on the garment with the job! Surely the designers of feminine frills and laces could, at request, design becoming feminine uniforms—if uniforms they must be! For if the doing of men’s work involves the adoption of men’s manners and even of their costume, how, please, shall we discover the superiority of women’s work? Can, please, we are to benefit by men’s suppersession? The other day a Suffrage paper billed (but not cooed) it forth that the woman who casts a shell can cast a vote; or, in other words, can decide if, when, and at whom the shell is to be cast. Nonsense! At least, the world will say, until women prove by their way of working that they can dabble in man’s mud without themselves becoming man-muddy. The hands that rocked the cradle will have lost their cunning to rule the world, and the shells they cast will be boomerangues! No, rank—good manners are a condition of the acceptance of good work—and in particular in the case of women, whose road to success in war is lined on both sides with sharp-shooting prejudices. And are we not at war against these effects? (Booos!) Kultur is not to make us belittle ourselves. Is it not our destiny to exalt our own? A man drew: (I mean) women doctors—docthyselves! We expected better taste from you, the Grand Conservators of Good Manners. And better taste means better women. If not, it will have been a useless act performed with grace worth ten without it. There is a Provost Marshal vested with supreme power to enforce proper manners among soldiers. Then, since of equal urgency, why not a W.C.P.M.G.M.W.W. (Women's Council of Provost Marshal General? NO. NOT a thousand times—it will have been a useless act performed with grace worth ten without it. Anyhow, settled Norah, he makes good dinner!—a Women’s Council (NO, NOT a thousand times—it will have been a useless act performed with grace worth ten without it. The man, therefore, who forces a woman to shake hands on introduction—she roared, like a bull in a china shop. Then Joan declares she has seen khaki women come into the trembling earth like a Colossus. “Company Drum-major” twirling her staff with the finesse of a practised moustache-hand—horrid sight! Man and woman awfully, you keep thinking how loathsome he is, and can’t stand, you keep thinking how nice he is; and, again, can’t eat in consequence. The few times I have dined with George? I asked Norah the other day. I don’t see much in him. That’s just it, said Norah; neither do I—which leaves me perfectly free to enjoy your dinner. You see, if you like a man awfully, you spend all your time thinking how nice he is; you can’t eat a thing. For instance, when I’m with—well, never mind whom—but he talks to me, I feel that actually I neither want nor need to eat. S’pose I’m feeding on him, or something! Then, in the case of the man you can’t stand, you keep thinking how loathsome he is, and, again, can’t eat in consequence. The few times I had dinner with J. J. his manners simply murdered my appetite. But George I neither like nor dislike sufficiently for him to disturb me in any way. Efin! You’re a rascal, Norah, said I: but there must be truth in your wretchedness, for I’ve observed that with George you grope—poor kid! And now I know why it is. The things he says are just amusing enough to me: company without diverting; while his manners are nicely fitted to every dinner emergency. George, in fact, is a perfect little Ludicrous, as a good dinner should be. Anyhow, settled Norah, he makes a good dinner!
Views and Reviews.

Democracy Again.

It is only about twelve months since a rather angry discussion of the defects of democracy took place in "The New Age," and concluded, if I remember rightly, with protests. Such discussion is premature; and on the present occasion I am going to bring it up again. The discussion that is going on, beginning elsewhere in the Press is at least timely, and is worthy of a little notice as these columns. It may be admitted, as the "Nation" asserts, that these doubts of democracy would quickly pass away if the discussion were to evolve a great new idea. This is the chief defect of democracy, that its thoughts are dictated by its moods, and that instant success is its only test of the value of anything. These doubts would as quickly pass if the Allies suffered a great defeat; but they would pass into a certainty of the necessity of the most rigorous despotism. Democracy has the military psychology, it is always overwhelming at the decisive point; while civilisation demands the artistic sense of fitness, to use no more force than is necessary to secure the desired purpose. The figure by which Germany is being represented at this time, that of a wild beast flinging itself vainly against the walls of its cage, knocking out a brick here, bending a bar there, and terrifying the whole neighbourhood with its roaring, represents much more accurately democracy than the ages of "organisation;" but the "Nation" rebuts it, events fall upon it, and then it discovers the truth of Rousseau's remark, that there is no form of government so strong and continuous a tendency to change to another form, or which demands more vigilance and courage for its maintenance as it is."

I need hardly remark that, at the present moment, we are not living under a democracy; but that the democratic idea still prevails even the discussion of its defects proves.

The chief quarrel with democracy is, of course, that it is incapable of organisation; but the "Nation" rebuts this charge by using the "awful consequences" argument, and the organisation of the mass of the people as proof of simian intelligence, rather, inaply, for the German State is not a copy but a model. If we were to develop this abusive simile to its conclusion, we should find democracy committed to the unicellular organism, as democracy, with its belief that one man is as good as another, and perhaps better, devoted its efforts to the "good European," not one of whom is capable of becoming a "good European," not one of whom is capable of taking the large European view. At first, when Joffre was prepared to retreat to the Pyrenees if necessary, there was a glimmer of European strategy; but a little success reduced him to his original state of a Continental militarist, and he began to "nibble" after the Battle of the Marne. We are waging a Continental war with men who have never been trained to be more than Nationalists. We have never cared for men, although men are necessary to secure the things that we desire; and now that we want the greatest thing that democracy has ever desired, the man who could get it for us is not forthcoming. Democracy is justified of its children.

Sonnett.

From the Spanish of Lope de Vega (1562-1635).

As when with ribbon to his fingers tied At the little child his tamed bird restrains, As confident as though the bonds were chains, He lets the captive stretch its pinions wide.

And when it breathes in freedom from the breeze, Divides the fragile day by the its infancy, And thus the sky with paling breast retreats, Sad, liquid eyes pursue it o'er the trees.

Yes, love, with thee whilom, in youthful day, My soul was lifted high with fancied rain, And all was held as by a single hair.

The rising wind my glories scattered away, Wand in my hands; saw a rope remains.

Of strength enough to finish my despair.

Trioleau.
REVIEWS

Life in a Railway Factory. By Alfred Williams. (Duckworth. 15s. net.)

The author has worked at Swindon for twenty-three years, and has taken notes during the whole of that period; and this book is the result. It has all the defects of its origin; it is practically impossible to tell what things are true, and what things are false. The author is a quondam railway employee, and as such is qualified to write about Trade Unionism. His remedy for labour unrest is to replace the present system of wage fixing by a system of cost accounting. He is right in saying that wage fixing means that the workers could appear on Monday morning, quite fresh after a two-days' rest. The author writes without perspective, and he seems always to be contradicting himself. The truth is that the workers are fresh as they were at the beginning; they are never fresh, never absent, never fatigued, they can work forty-eight hours a day without turning a hair. But when the author reflects that they are ignorant of the past, that they are simple and the opposite thing about the smiths. They are never fresh, they cannot strike a blow, they cannot eat their food, they do not earn their money, they are bad-tempered. The author is always in superlatives: everything is correct, and he corrects the romantic judgment of the working-classes. His remedy for labour unrest is to replace the present system of wage fixing by a system of cost accounting. He is right in saying that wage fixing means that the workers could appear on Monday morning, quite fresh after a two-days' rest. The author writes without perspective, and he seems always to be contradicting himself.

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is sure to be found in his usual haunts because he would want to allay suspicion. Clues? Scotland Yard has no use for them. Crime is only committed by criminals. Scotland Yard knows everything about criminals, therefore it can select instantly from its large and varied assortment a criminal to fit the crime. The evidence follows, and the man is convicted. It is all done by organisation, by telephones and tube-railways, and steel-grey eyes and grey hair, and things of that sort. Scotland Yard detectives do not look like detectives; they do not, as did the poor cook in Mr. Jacobs' "Skipper's Wooing," "walk like bloodhounds"; they look, walk, and behave like business men even with a taste for bad company. They know the "crooks" and the "crooks" know them and love them; they are the "crooks'" best friends, friends in disguise sometimes, but still friends, and a "crook" has never been known to say: "Come in any shape but that." However he comes, the Scotland Yard detective is always welcome. It is all done by kindness and organisation. Why, Scotland Yard even takes photographs of the criminals and impressions of their fingers; and treasures these mementoes with loving care. Mr. Dilnot does not tell us that the "crooks" drop in casually for a chat, with whisky and soda and a cigar; but we expect that that happens frequently. It is good for them to be there, among their friends who love them, and try so earnestly to reform them, and besides, the sight of all this peaceful industry, without haste but without rest, must be a good example to these poor men with one idea and no co-ordination. Apart from this idyll, Mr. Dilnot gives brief and illuminating accounts of the training of the policeman, who, for a few weeks, exercises all the qualities of an Admirable Crichton and the temperament of an Archangel. It is wonderful when you think of it that the clumsy clodhopper from Cumberland, let us say, should be converted into the gentle and accomplished guardian of the King's peace in about two months at Peel House; but so it is. It is all done by organisation, intelligence, tact, and steel-grey eyes which twinkle or flash according to the mood. There are other chapters about police stations, the river police, public carriages, and the Lost Property Office, every one of the activities of Scotland Yard being, in the opinion of Mr. Dilnot, so vast in scope and so intricate in detail that the successful performance of it alone would justify the fame of our head-quarters of police. But all its activities are performed with equal efficiency, and words fail to describe such a collection of excellences. None the less, we do wonder how it is that crimes are committed, that criminals do escape, that public carriages are not always safe, that licensed drivers are not always efficient.


Marvellous! Halfpenny Marvellous! The things that Mr. Machen can discover in the papers would strike us dumb with amazement if we did not remember that "those that hide can find." But in spite of this reflection, it is marvellous that the old legends should serve Mr. Machen's turn so neatly. We have scarcely recovered from the effects of the story of the vast in scope and egoistic conceit of that regiment of what Stevenson called the "blind bow-boys") against Von Kluck's cohorts than we are asked to turn to Wales to observe the results of a temporary return of the Holy Grail. So far as we remember, the results were the complete cure of a case of consumption, the forgoing of a hard bargain by a Welsh solicitor (nothing but a miracle could explain this), and the conversion of an Evangelical pastor to ritualistic practices. After that, the Grail departed; perhaps because it knew that Mr. Machen would run down to investigate. But as we have had the Bowmen at Mons, and the Grail at Llantrisant, may we suggest that Mr. Machen should discover the Wandering Jew in Lombard Street and bring to the consciousness of Cockneys a sense of the mystical presence. Not only Mr. Machen will then "greet the Unseen with a cheer."

Pastiche.

At Worship.

The Temple stands in Leicester Square. The darkness of night lends a little dignity to the building. A searchlight throws up an immortal gleam to the stars, and in comparative darkness the worshippers make their way to the Temple.

Yet there is enough light to reveal the ugliness and the artificiality of the women who pass into the building.

Inside the temple the electric lights are merciless. Tier after tier filled with worshippers who look expectantly towards the altar at the end of the Temple. Women there are, gorgeously dressed and with pleasant perfumes about them, chattering and laughing in a hard manner. The men sleek, well-brush'd.

Some of the worshippers attempt to hide their souls from the glare of the lights by appearing indifferent or bored: but the dead souls peep out from behind the masks. Answering the baton of the conductor, the musicians play some light, trivial melody and the service in the Temple begins. The curtain is drawn from the front of the altar, the offering to the worshippers is made.

A long procession of women's legs dancing and walking, legs in semi-transparent silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. The offering is of women's legs—and it is called a Revue.

"TO EVE AND HER DAUGHTER, YVETTE."

You walk and walk and tea with us,
And sometimes smile—

(But, witch of a woman!—where is your soul The while?)

You talk of the trivial things of the day,
And we reply—

(But your soul's in a silent place where never our words Come nigh).

Your body's a beautiful thing and strong,
With a Greek god's grace—

(But, ah! could we but see your unfaithful soul's Strange face!).

We look in your haunting eyes and seek Your secret there.

(If we could but know you, the lore of all love Were bare!).

We touch your hand and the warm pulse throbs In our hearts anew.

(Dead women of all dead days are here In you!).

We call you Eve, and try to think It's only your name.

(But the word is magic, the world-spell ever The same).

Your body's fire has flamed to flower— (Who could forget Caressably gentle and kissably sweet Yvette!).

So—regnant woman of women to us We go our ways.

(remembering, pondering, fruitlessly murmuring Praise!).

T. W. COLE.

Anticipations.

"There can be no doubt that a share in labour control will solve every difficulty that may arise in connection with the worker's problem. Why was it left for the 'Mail' to initiate such an idea? Where was the New Age with its vigorous and esoteric concept? At last we have absolute proof of the intellectual bankruptcy of our so-called 'revolutionary' journals... "Royal Road Reader."

“When Mr. Stoggett rose to speak, a man at the back of the hall jumped upon a chair and waved a copy of the New Age. There was such commotion. Mr. Stoggett stood his ground bravely and pointed decisively at the pernicious rag, which he denounced in right round terms."
Current Cant.

"I returned the proof of a poem to Swinburne and suggested an alteration."—George R. Sims.

"The teachings of the politicians and even the priest are in some quarters still suspect; mostly quite unreasonable."—The University Extension Bulletin.

"After the war, England, so far from being impoverished, will be richer in everything that constitutes real and true wealth."—Lloyd George.

"Gladys Cooper appears in many costumes during the play, including a dressing gown over her pyjamas and a bathing dress."—Daily Sketch.

"Lord Derby is like a jolly schoolboy, blue-eyed and plump."—Home Chat.

"Nothing but margarine has entered my door since the war began."—Dr. Saxby.

"An old sea captain, noticing that the engine of a train on the London and North-Western Railway bore the name 'Dachshund,' wrote to the company suggesting that as an act of patriotism the name should be changed. The engine has now been renamed 'Bulldog.'"—Times.

"The predominance of woman after the war will be very beneficial."—Miss Frankie Franklin.

"The greatest and most beneficent effect of the war will be the unloosening of the shackles that have bound women for so many centuries."—Miss Amy Grant.

"It is pleasant to know that if a good poet gives his life for his country, his verse is appreciated, which is to say that there is a steady demand for Mr. Rupert Brooke's last volume, '1914 and Other Poems.'"—Daily Chronicle.

"If you wish to help the nation to economise, order your Daily Mail from a newsagent."—Daily Mail.

"Let us pardon the gods who made us men, for they have made us poets!"—Richard Aldington.

"Pretty girls take Carter's Little Liver Pills."—Lloyd's Weekly.

"Unquestionably the Guild Socialists and Syndicalists, the vanguard of self-conscious labour, by their doctrines and intrigues hope to affect something more than is either just or profitable."—Land and Water.

"I expressed surprise that Norway should have social problems."—Harold Beggie.

"So when I am told that Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter has over two million readers I conclude that her books must be well worth reading."—C. W. in Bookman.

"For there is nothing so destructive to clothes and complexion as love."—Louise Bregel.

"A Genuine Scotsman will lend you any sum from £2 to £2,000 without security within one hour."—Glasgow Evening News.

"The man who refuses to take off his hat to the King is a traitor to his country."—Recollecting Officer, Strand.

"Raeamakers keeps the World's conscience from falling asleep. He is worth an army to the Allies. To keep in touch with Raeamakers' work is essential to being well informed of the progress of a new and vital moral factor affecting the issues of the war."—Land and Water.

"A man to win the war. Mr. James Douglas names a genius for whom England is waiting."—Daily Mirror.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir,—The writer of this letter has been what is called a "citizen", but is glad that "the Age" is a "tit-bit" for the man who has "served" under arms. I have invariably read—and understood fairly well, I hope—everything it contained, always reserving your "Notes of the Week" as a "treat" for the last. (As it happens I should have read them first.) Ever since the publication of "National Guilds" I have read those "notes"—in the belief that their writer collaborated in "National Guilds"—that some spirit that a thirteen-cent wind-mill would read—or should have read—his Bible. But The New Age of December 2 reached me a few days ago, and embittered, I am, but fruitless attempts to understand an article entitled "A Notebook" by T. E. H., I turned, in a more critical humour than usual, to your "Notes of the Week." And, Sir, their perusal in that frame of mind has convinced me that you are not the man you were if ever you were that man. I am satisfied, in fact, that you either know as little about modern industry as Mr. Lloyd George, for some wise purpose of his own, pretends he knows, or that you are trying to frighten the British public into "Guild Socialism" by devising new terror for old capitalist scarecrows. Fancy, for example, reading a statement like this in the "New" or any other "Age": "If the capital value of the United Kingdom were loaned to the State, could the State safely saddle the public with a debt so colossal that the interest on it alone would equal our national production? It assuredly could not.

Now, Sir, let the imagination of a very young crow the sight of a figure dressed up in a tattered coat and a top hat, with a pair of arms made of a discarded shovel handle, sticking out as if crucified recently for interfering with the public welfare—especially if you could contrive a miniature wind-mill to revolve rapidly on the top of the hat—doubtless appear a very dreadful thing. But when he has seen a middle-aged crow sitting calmly on one of the outstretched arms of such a figure, peaceably picking, through holes in the tattered coat, the very straw with which it was stuffed—the minia
ture wind-mill—while all the world would say, like "hellee"—and casting an occasional eye on the revolving wonder, as if to see how the wind lay.

In like manner, to the imagination of a novice in public economy, it must appear a dreadful thing that the debt of Great Britain should be within actual measurable distance of being "so colossal that the interest on it alone would equal our national production." For my part, I am inclined to doubt the efficacy or the wisdom of your "National Guilds" and "blackleg-proof" unions. I know a good many railwaymen out of work since January, 1914, and therefore, potential "blacklegs.

For my part, I am inclined to doubt the efficacy or the wisdom of "National Guilds" and "blackleg-proof" unions. I know a good many railwaymen out of work since January, 1914, and therefore, potential "blacklegs." Would it be any consolation to them to see the railwaymen of South Africa form a "blackleg-proof" union to keep...
them out? And for what? Not to raise wages, or reduce hours of labour—and so get the unemployed taken on—but in order the management and help to reduce working costs—and, incidentally, their own members. As it happens, they have a "joint management" of the time being existing in a certain company. They have what is called a "suggestion scheme" under which anyone clever enough to devise something that will enable his company to save a certain amount, or bring in more work, or make his comrades—or more likely of himself—gets a "prize" of five or ten bob. Fortunately, owing either to the instinctive wisdom or the inherent stupidity of the management, not to the judiciary of the "suggestion scheme," only the most senseless proposals are ever submitted or accepted.

Do not imagine that I have failed to understand your scheme. I have read it. But in the course of your letter, you have stated that I have not really had the chance of exercising my opinions. I most emphatically deny that, and, in order to get a share in the management of that kind in operation at present. Members. As it happens, they have a "joint management" in order to allow you to create more "blacklegs." I feel for one thing that after forming your "National Guilds" by means of "blackleg-proof" unions, you could only prevent the creation of more "blacklegs"—I assume the present only aim of that scheme—by reducing the losses of the labour of the Guild members in order to counterbalance constant improvements in productive processes. I want to see the "blacklegs" first absorbed into industry by this very process. Then, by all means, let us have "National Guilds," or what you will.

H. J. POUTREY

"CENTRAL EUROPE": A NEW STATE

Sir,—In your issue of February you make reference to the proposals regarding the new "Central Europe" generally associated with the name of Dr. Friedrich Naumann. Your three-line summary of Dr. Naumann's proposals is quite sufficient for our present purpose. I must admit that there is much in his argument which might be advanced by way of elucidation. The first indications of this proposed Central European policy were noted by careful readers of the German newspapers and technical organs as far back as the winter of 1914-15, when it appeared to have realised that no further wide successful policy were noted by careful readers of the German newspapers and technical organs as far back as the winter of 1914-15, when it appeared to have realised that no further wide successful

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fascinating in this scheme; but from our point of view there is much that is dangerous in it also. We have seen in the course of eighteen months' fighting how far the leading Powers have been engaged in the destruction of their political and economic control of both the Central Empires, plus Turkey and Bulgaria. What is now suggested is the following: in consequence of these defects as shall be remedied by a much closer connection of the countries concerned, by the organisation of industry and agriculture, and by the placing of the political trust in the hands of both the world, it might be shown to be of use for purposes of military and economic aggression, free trade in Central Europe being counter-balanced against the world. Perhaps at a later date I may have an opportunity of explaining in your columns some further developments of this unique scheme.

Henry J. Northbrook

**LETTERS FROM HOLLAND.**

SIR,—It should not be necessary to request you to acknowledge your responsibility for the line, which "confuses the issue." Please to let this letter act as your deputy and transfer this terrible load of blame from my innocent, to your guilty, pen.

H. Howard Locke.

**ENGLAND AND TURKEY.**

SIR,—It is unnecessary for Mr. Pickthall to recapitulate his pro-Turkish views in the last three years. We all know it now, and I repeat that, even on Mr. Pickthall's own partisan showing and with his special pleading, he cannot compare with that for an alliance with Russia and our other present Allies. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Pickthall can still maintain his assertions that England has so often been offered the control of Turkey's affairs, when we now know the duration and extent of German financial influence in Turkey. There are some things beyond the power of politicians even in the existing organised countries; revolutionary countries dare not run counter to economic forces.

It is equally futile for Mr. Pickthall to explain that my letter containing the evidence of his many inaccuracies showed me to be inaccurate in a single unimportant fact. By a slip, which may be equally apportioned between me and your sub-editor, one date (and one only) in all my letter was wrongly given. Mr. Pickthall will find no other inaccuracies, search as he may. But I will undertake to find as many more terminological inexactitudes in his articles and correspondence as your readers might desire. I mention only one here.

Mr. Pickthall has persistently asserted that Lord Hardinge is unpopular in India as a Russophobe. Yet not only has his whole term of office been marked by his exceptional popularity (I have been an Anglo-Indian in his time and have the opinion), but the recent appointment of a Viceroy has led to an appeal in the chief Indian papers for a further extension of his term of office.

A. H. Murray.

**CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.**

SIR,—The Non-Conscription Fellowship is satisfied, and it would seem justly, that the Prime Minister has entirely misunderstood the position of the conscientious objector. They refuse to be projected by their consciences into barbed wire entanglements instead of trenches, and into mine-sweepers instead of mine-layers. It is pointed out, for instance, that just as the mine-sweeper is expected to abolish some mines, it is not expected to suffer others—those, namely, laid by its own side. Service on a mine-sweeper is tantamount, therefore, to deliberately countenancing the existence of engines for the destruction of human life, and being one of the means of this destruction, and which you possess the means of rendering innocuous, is not in essence, it is argued, distinct from giving active assistance in the work of destruction. It is more generally recognised that the line between combatant and non-combatant duties is no hard and fast affair; the one shades into the other by imperceptibly, and it is really impossible to draw any satisfactory line whatever between them.

Just as the limits within which one can be said to be engaged in the taking of human life are not easy to define, so the distaste, to use the mildest word, which so many feel at the prospect owns no single source. The feeling, it seems to me, is, heterogeneous; nor is it always necessary to invoke belief in the deity to guarantee its sincerity.

With many it is induced purely religious. They can conscientiously countenance the existence of engines for the destruction of human life; but to have a part in giving active assistance in the work of destruction, "Thou shalt not kill" except "Thou shalt not kill," no gloss in the shape of an exemption certificate granting uninfamy supersedes it. Many, however, for whom it has yet been inserted in any of the texts. Their conscientious objections, then, simply take the form of refusing to be forced to break the Commandments. Others feel a moral prohibition against the whole work, and therefore, if they are able, they call conscience therein following the example of Bishop Rutler.

As, however, we do not know what conscience is, in the sense that we cannot describe it (for we are always being assured of its uniqueness—that is, the impossibility of any error of any form, and of terms of any other), it will be very difficult to prove that we possess it, for we may be talking about something else all the time. Still, that does not alter the fact that it is possible to have conscience.

With others it is a matter of culture. The idea revolts them aesthetically. Indeed, there are many motives, to some of which we may afford approval, and to others not. Whatever the grounds, however, the fact remains that conscientious objectors decline to be projected into mine-sweepers, and are emphatic in declaring their resistance to the clause.

They are immediately overwhelmed by the objections of those who, possessing a smattering of political science, thunder about political obligations and duties to the State, as though the fact that such duties are nourished on J. H. Green from their childhood upwards, and were thereby invested with the authority of these philosophers. The philosophical argument thereto grossly misinterpret is simply this: Man is a social being. It is only therefore by existence in Society that he can develop his full nature and realise all that he has time to be. Beyond, therefore, the more obvious benefits, such as electric light, cheap literature, and education, which he receives from the direct intervention of the State, and in so far as he consents to it for such civilisation as he possesses, for the security from violence guaranteed by the laws, and for that development of his personality which contact with his fellows alone can produce.

Such benefits entail corresponding obligations. A man should be prepared to give his services to the society to which he owes his full nature and realise all that he has time to be. Furthermore, democratic government is based on the consent of the majority. It is therefore the duty of a minority not actively to obstruct the general will of the majority as embodied in government.

Such is the perfectly valid theory which is dictated to countenance the coercion of conscientious objectors. Admitting the truth of the theory, we may dispute its application.

Consider the most rigid and conscientious supporter of the doctrine in question, who, unable to acquiesce in the duties which the State seems likely to require of him, and disapproving of its general policy, is unwilling any longer to receive the benefits the State be

B. N. Trouncer.

* * *

FEBRUARY 24, 1916
them out? And for what? Not to raise wages, or reduce hours of labour—and so get the unemployed taken on—but in order to enable the management to reduce costs—and, incidentally, their own members. As it happens, they have a "joint management" arrangement, the idea behind which is that anyone clever enough to devise something that will enable the management to get rid of one or two of its comradely—a "prize" worker—shall get a at five or ten bob. Fortunately, owing to the instinctive wisdom or the inherent stupidity of the workmen, or to the just management of the employers, with the most senseless proposals are ever submitted or accepted.

Do not imagine that I have failed to understand your scheme of things. I have, of course. I have even studied it closely and admire it very much. But much as I admire it I feel that there is something wanting. I feel for one thing that after forming your "National Guilds" by means of "blackleg-proof" unions, you could only prevent the creation of mere "blacklegs"—I presume the present supply would be starved out meantime—by reducing the hours of labour of the Guild members in order to counterbalance constant improvements in productive processes. I want to see the "blacklegs" first absorbed into industry by this very process. Then, by all means, let us have "National Guilds," or what you will.

**CENTRAL EUROPE**: A NEW STATE.

Sir,—In your issue of February I see you make reference to the "National Guilds" which are generally associated with the name of Dr. Friedrich Naumann. Your three-line summary of Dr. Naumann's proposals is quite explicit, but there are one or two comments on the subject which might perhaps be added by way of elucidation.

The first indications of this proposed Central European policy were noted by careful readers of the German newspapers and technical organs as far back as the winter of 1914-15. The first symptoms of this movement appeared in the works of the Marne and had failed in his attempt to reach Calais. From that time, now more than a year ago, the Germans appear to have realised that no further wide-spread offensive on the western front could be made, and in consequence they turned their attention to the east and south. This was especially the case after the stringent blockade inaugurated by our Order in Council of March 11, 1915, in consequence of which it became the main object of German policy to "break through the ring." Towards the end of the summer the supply of foodstuffs began to be felt rather acutely, and it was at this period that the "Berlin to Bagdad" proposals began to become very popular in Liberal and Conservative political circles.

At this point Dr. Naumann appeared on the scene with his proposals. I should perhaps say in passing that Dr. Friedrich Naumann is one of the most remarkable and brilliant economists of modern Germany. While still a young man he abandoned the church for politics, and he has been for years one of the best known members of the Reichstag. His essays on artistic subjects and on Asia—development.

...
Minister decided to take the very bold step of entrusting the work to various Unions. A foreman from each Union, such as the Plumbers', Carpenters', Joiners', Shipwrights', Electricians', Builders', Mourners', Painters' and Dock Painters' was appointed. The Minister decided to make each of these foremen responsible to the construction branch of the Navy Department. He intended to entrust the department to buy the whole of the material at first cost for these Unions to handle. The Minister added that he realized the step was a very bold one. To entrust the Trade Unions with the work was a revolutionary step. He had, however, personally asked each foreman to do the fair thing towards the department and to the men, and the foremen had promised that this would be carried out. The Unions selected their own foremen, and they were gratified to think that the Minister had given them a chance to show what they could do when entrusted with responsible work.”—"Melbourne Age" (Australia).

"Let us suppose that our newspapers realise their high calling. They will not only give us honest news. They will also try to evoke and to express the best of the national spirit, to sustain the nation's unity of purpose, to stimulate the courage and the endurance of the men and the women of our land. We must not be satisfied with less than the fair thing towards the department and to the men, and that this would be carried out. The Unions selected their own foremen, and they were gratified to think that the Minister had given them a chance to show what they could do when entrusted with responsible work."—"Melbourne Age" (Australia).

"The cultivation of science demands not a keen eye for profits, but a sincere love of knowledge, an intense passion for discovery. You cannot apply the methods of the counting-house to the laboratory without inviting disaster."—"Free Thinker".

"The profits of shipowners are criminal. A year ago shipowners held up coal-owners to public obloquy. The Italians, our Allies, are justly furious at the cost on the Tyne, and I know many of them, there is absolutely no reason why freights should not be controlled as completely as railways are controlled. The weight of the shipping vote, however, especially in the Board of Trade, tells against cheap freights. Profits are being piled up by all shipowners outside the big liner companies."—Arnold White.

"Millions of pounds are lost every year in this country through workers not being encouraged to suggest improvements in manufacture."—Mr. SIR RUMFORD RUSSELL.

"Fitting out transports. Unions entrusted with work.

... The experiment of entrusting the various Unions concerned with the work of fitting out transports had been decided upon by Mr. Jenson, Minister for the Navy. As stated in the 'Melbourne Age' last week, he has decided to terminate the contract for the work existing with a private firm and to entrust the work to the Union which was made yesterday by Mr. Jenson. He said that he had decided that in future this work would be performed by the dockyards. During the eleven months the work had been entrusted to a private firm, who were receiving a certain percentage of all costs of labour and material for such supervision. As this was found of late to be very unsatisfactory, the..."