NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If people are disposed to be put off with superficial explanations they must expect, when events prove them wrong, to pay in the future for their intellectual laziness and dishonesty. Things are as they are, and no mere opinion about them alters them one way or the other. That we were persuaded at the outset of the war that the Germans would not or could not fight may be recalled by a glance at the Press of those days; but our then pessimism has had no effect upon the facts themselves; for here we are, after eighteen months of war, still engaged in the struggle which everybody thought would long ago have been over. The disposition, moreover, to prefer pleasing opinions to facts argues an unwillingness to do what is proper as well as an unwillingness to see what is true. For, as a rule, the pleasing opinion allows us to do less than the real facts would demand, or, at least, to be satisfied with some very partial remedy. And thus it comes about that when our lazy calculations have been falsified we are not only mentally disappointed but we are as unprepared to meet the new situation as we were the old.

To millions of people, no doubt, the renewal of the trouble upon the Clyde last week came as a most unpleasant surprise. For some months now they have been under the impression, fostered by the most mendacious Press in the world, that the last settlement of the Clyde Labour problem was final, and that everything was working smoothly. That the last settlement, being of the nature of a lie, since it absolutely ignored the real grievances of labour, could not possibly stand, seems never to have occurred to the ordinary citizen. The men had been got back to work, and their demands must needs, therefore, have been satisfied! What a shock, then, was it to discover that the trouble still existed! But not only, we say, does the grievance remain, but recurrent trouble may be expected of it while it does remain. We would even go so far as to say that the more recurrent the trouble the more likely is the grievance to be made known and to be remedied; for it is an unfortunate fact, arising from our national intellectual idleness, that until a grievance becomes a trouble, a recurrent trouble and a considerable trouble, the sufferer remains unheard and unhelped. What is the trouble upon the Clyde? It is no other than the trouble that is pressing upon Labour everywhere at this moment; and not, we would say, upon Labour alone; the grievance that private profits are being made out of the forced labour of workmen in the production of the munitions of war. Turn that idea about as much as you may, argue it drunk or sober, put it before any man in its senses, convass it among every class of citizen, try it upon strangers in the street or the train—only one response will ever come upon it—that profiteering in war-goods is vile. But if it is vile for the mere spectator, what, we ought to ask, must it be for the more intelligent workmen whose labour is forced to become an accessory in it? To hear that blood-profits are being made is bad enough—for it knocks all the idealism out of the war and very nearly all hope for England out of the heart—but to be compelled to make them for the vile persons who collect them must be a torture of the benches as great as the torture of the trenches. How, indeed, some men of our acquaintance continue under the moral strain we often wonder, and that others break down occasionally we rather admire than regret. For, in truth, there is not much that is heroic in the will to continue in a false position, even when some good is involved in it. If the evil were inseparable from the good—if, to take the present case, profiteering were indispensable to making munitions—the men might put up with the former for the sake of the patriotism in the latter. But it is not true. Profiteering is an excrescence upon patriotic production. It is a costly parasite.

It is claimed, of course, that by the Excess Profits Act the Government has restricted profits and thus brought the evil of which workmen complain within the reasonable compass of tolerated inhumanity. The contention, however, is another example of the pleasing lies that do duty for truth in public affairs. For, in actual fact, whatever may be the case in theory, the net profits of our war-manufacturers of all kinds, after the special tax has been deducted, exceed the vast majority of instances the profits made during peace. It is, therefore, an exercise in dust-throwing.
to ask men to believe that profits have been "restricted" when, in fact, they are greater than ever they were before. Greater, too—and this should never be forgotten—on production which, in the first place, is for purely private use; and in the second place, is a grievous national necessity! To make profits upon productive production and for the comfort of the nation is, perhaps, only a venal offence against economic morality; at any rate, we do not expect everybody to conform to it. But for our commodities, land, etc., to profit by a necessary national war is a crime in the eyes of all men. Even the mere "restriction," therefore, of such profits is a compromise with something universally repugnant; and when, in addition, the home workmen are employed, real wages are less than before the war. And, in the second place, what is true of the commodities, nowhere have wages been forced up to anything like their economic level. Other commodities than Labour, it is clear, command their economic price in the market regardless of any difficulties this may entail upon consumers. Wheat has "struck" on an average once a month during the war for a higher wage or price; and so have innumerable other commodities. Labour, on the other hand, being, unfortunately for itself, a commodity having the discourse of reason, struck for a higher price and has not struck again. Remember this, therefore, to the credit of Labour when the accounts of the war come to be made up: that Labour not only endured the spectacle of profiteers raising the prices of their commodities, but refrained in the general scramble from raising its own price beyond the minimum upon which it could live. 

It is the habit of the Press, of course, to pronounce every man who strikes, no matter from what cause, disloyal and unpatriotic. And no question how many men simultaneously strike, or what explanation of their action there is. But for the Press, it is an over-heated mendacity may be expected of a journal the way by pronouncing the strike the fruit of "a doctor turned politician, Dr. Addison, had prophesied, they one and all attribute it to anything rather against trade-unionism than against their employers. This, however, is met by the further defence that, if the capitalists are making profits, so, too, are the workmen; and hence, it might seem, have more cause to complain than their brethren at home, may easily be allowed. But there is wanting to them one grievance which their industrial fellows have, and which, in itself, really outweighs every other circumstance of discontent—the misuse of their patriotism for personal profit. That single fact apart, and we say that the home workmen are quite as patriotic as the men who are in the ranks; and, moreover, that their "striking" is to be taken as rather the reaction of offended patriotism than as aggressive individualism such as their employers are guilty of. For note that in several instances where Unions have had to forgo strikes and even any increase of wages for overtime, promised that their employer was the State itself or, at least, a man who would dispense with private profit. And, again, to the best of our knowledge, there has as yet been no single strike in a State or national industry. It is not evident that the grievance leading to a strike is not, therefore, the work itself or any lack of will in behalf of the war, but the grievance we have already referred to? Surely that should be clear to everybody. The difficulty, however, naturally arises when, under these circumstances, employers with their eye upon profits put too great a strain upon workmen with their hearts upon patriotism. Having affirmed their concern in the war and offered their services to the nation with without limit, workmen have found over to employers whose lips talk patriotism, but whose purses speak a different language. These swinish individuals turn to their own profit not only the needs of the nation, but the sentiments of the workmen who love their country. "All right," they will say, "you claim to be patriotic; prove it by obeying us in every particular to our own advantage; object, and we will denounce you as liars and traitors." With how much under this rack the workmen have put up it will take us years of elucidating history to determine. But made with the charges now particularly formulated against the Clyde workmen. Recently it was everywhere being said that the system of private profits during war-time and upon war-munitions was offensive, and even the "Daily Express" joined in the popular demand to put an end to it. To-day, however, all this is forgotten in the Press, and the workmen who alone remember it are condemned for continuing of the same mind as yesterday. But because a grievance which was for a while well advertised has ceased to provide leading articles it has not necessarily ceased to exist. As a matter of fact, the grievance in question is exactly at this moment what it was when the "Daily Express" declared it to be intolerable. Is the same thing intolerable one week and tolerable the next? And merely because the victims of the grievance do not cry out continuously, are they to be presumed to have forgotten it? Judging, however, by the comments of the Press upon the Clyde strike, you would think that the Press had never in all its days condenmed profiteering and prophesied true patriotism from its maintenance during the war. For now that the trouble has come which they prophesied, they one and all attribute it to anything rather than to the cause they once saw clearly enough. Listen to the vamped-up explanations that have been offered of an event the meaning of which is as plain as the nose upon a face. The "Times," for instance, led the way by pronouncing the strike the fruit of "a disloyal agitation." "The strikers," said Lord Northcliffe's organ, "have been instigated by a small number of self-appointed agitators for the express purpose of crippling the national cause, hindering the prosecution of the war, and sacrificing the lives of our men... They are the enemies of society." Such obviously over-heated mendacity may be expected of a journal the which proclaims itself as the organ of an enemy of society itself; but, unfortunately, it can be paralleled in the speech of that doctor turned politician, Dr. Addison, of the Ministry of Munitions. This Ephraimitic official had no shame in reading aloud in the House of Commons statements of this kind: that the policy of the strikers was to compel the Government to repeal the Military Service Act and the Munitions Act; and that their movement had no connection whatever with any industrial grievance. Mr. Lloyd George, as became a man who had but mastered the name of the Clyde Workers Committee (he referred to it as a "Society"), tried even a longer flight in Welsh imagination: the strikers, he said, were bent on an industrial revolution, and were striking rather against trade-unionism than against their employers.
For what of truth there is in all these charges we confess that we are greatly surprised. How excellent, indeed, would be if we could be convinced that, apart from the general grievance, the Clyde workmen have remedies in their mind so specific as their critics attribute to them. But the fact is that, except for a little theorising on the part of a few very intelligent workmen, the Clyde movement is an ignorant collection of ideas, any other body of citizens. All that they know is that their position is that of the nation against the Clydesmen is, may be seen from the text of the men's statement itself. There you may read, clearly set out, the specific acts that led to the strike, among which we, who would much like to discover one, can discern none capable of conversion into revolutionary ideas. On the contrary, save as the last straw that indicates the burden already on the men in possession of the best information. How absurd, moreover (and, unfortunately!), the charge of ideas against the Clydesmen is, may be seen from the text of their statement. There you may read, clearly set out, the specific acts that led to the strike, among which we, who would much like to discover one, can discern none capable of conversion into revolutionary ideas. On the contrary, save as the last straw that indicates the burden already on the men, it is the whole dispute seems to us to have no significance; and its importance has been grotesquely exaggerated as a movement of ideas. Lastly, it should, however, be noted what a difference a Guildsman or two would make, in the estimate formed by the workers as to the general principles of industrial organization. In the same week that saw columns devoted to the strike upon the Clyde, the strikes of ten thousand dockers at Liverpool, and of twenty-five thousand jute-workers at Dundee, were almost unrecorded. The contrast is a tribute to somebody—to whom? * * *

The disgust with which the intelligent behold Sir Edward Carson climbing into Conservative favour in the intensity of the public war, the debt on the increase, may be increased by his ushers' remedy for the Clyde strikers—prosecution for treason. Treason, we should have thought, was the last word in the language Sir Edward Carson would employ against any man, seeing that with the full weight of the state behind him, his house of Vere would be shivered. Furthermore, it induces an atmosphere of which natural causes will produce quite enough before this generation is in its grave, the atmosphere of repression in union with revolt. While, as we say, we attach little realistic importance to the Clyde strike—or any other strike within the wage-system itself—for they must fail—the importance to be attached to the temper from which it arises is considerable. Men under comparatively slight provocation can strike during the war. What, in the name of comparison, may they not be expected to do during peace under such conditions? And as peace is likely to bring? Embittered by the reflection that the war has lined the pockets of the employers, and again, the experience that peace means the resumption of low wages and unemployment, the workmen may, we fear, be disposed more to senseless riot than to intelligent revolution. And if the atmosphere in which they are to be left with their employers, and again, the experience that peace means the resumption of low wages and unemployment, the workmen may, we fear, be disposed more to senseless riot than to intelligent revolution. And if the atmosphere in which they are to be left with their employers, and again, the experience that peace means the resumption of low wages and unemployment, the workmen may, we fear, be disposed more to senseless riot than to intelligent revolution.
Conscriptionists ask for all the cloth there is, we may fairly ask what sort of coat they mean to put out of it. And nobody has yet told the nation this. A million men are here, another million are there, a third million are in training, a fourth million are under attestation; and still more men are wanted, with never an explanation offered of the why and the wherefore. Of the public confidence that offers up men on demand at this rate there has been a great deal; but it has its limits. Very soon, we believe, the nation will ask to know whether the Government knows what it is about.

But equally important as a test of the urgency of general military Compulsion is the association with it of the general Compulsion of Capital. The 'Daily Chronicle' writer, we observe, credits the first suggestion of the Conscription of Wealth to the motive of revenge; but, as the journal involved, we must deny the charge. Our object in proposing the Conscription of Wealth was economic in the first instance and only became political when it appeared that the Compulsion of Men was to precede, and perhaps never to be followed by, the equally necessary Conscription of Money. As a test, simply, of the reality of the belief that the Conscription of Wealth is necessary, no finer ground could be devised than the coupling with it of the Conscription of Wealth; for not only could the Conscription of Wealth be objected to on its own account, but its urgency could be shown to be precisely as great as that of the Conscription of Men. If, therefore, there was a military reason for conscripting men, its advocates would not boggle at proving it by conscripting capital as well. But if not, then neither the one nor the other was necessary. We suggest, in view of the demand for the extension of Compulsion, that the same test should be once more applied: are the Conscriptionists so sure of our need of men that they are prepared to support the equally necessary conscription of money? For, once more, if they are not willing to spend other people's money in the war, neither should they be able to spend other people's lives. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the proof of the motives of the conscriptionists is in the paying.

Two matters of a minor character that have been discussed during the week may be briefly mentioned. One refers to special allowances to be made to married recruits. Upon this it may be remarked that since military science knows no distinction between married and single, but only between the fit and the unfit, a distinction of pay and allowances is not a military concern either. On the other hand, it is evident that military science has not dictated events down to the present day. The other matter is the treatment of the Conscientious Objector. This has been, with rare stupidity, left to the intelligence of tribunals who appear to have followed their own whims to the neglect of the plain Act of Parliament as well as of common sense. But the Conscientious Objector is not such a metaphysical being that he cannot be defined and tested by the definition. Freed from doctrines, religious, humanitarian or social, which are strictly irrelevant to the general case, the Conscientious Objector is merely a person who is under a vow not to take human life. Men capable of taking and keeping any vow whatever: are men of character; men capable of taking and keeping this vow are among the good character. When found they had better be let alone.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdä.

It is not often that I venture to refer to matters of home interest in this column, and then only when they are directly connected with the subject of foreign affairs. This week I have one important point to mention, rather, two points which are directly connected, although the connection may not at first seem to be obvious. A War Council has just been held at Paris, and Mr. Asquith has gone on a further journey to Rome. Of the decisions reached at the War Council it is sufficient, at present, to say that they were of almost exclusively military significance, and that Mr. Asquith's statements and pledges at the meetings could not but be founded on his statements and pledges in the House of Commons. One of the latter, let me recall, was to the effect that he had consented under the pressure of necessity to the introduction of the Military Service (No. 2) Bill for the conscription of single men, but that he did not favour any extension of this system, which, if it came about, would have to be undertaken by other hands than his.

This statement of the Prime Minister's has often been discussed in the newspapers; and, in so far as any statement ever made can be said to have cleanness and binding force, that statement has those essential qualities. It was, therefore, with very considerable surprise that the representatives in London of our Allies as well as of neutral countries interested in an Allied victory saw Sir Edward Carson emerge from his interview with just as Mr. Asquith took his departure and lend his name to a campaign associated with the application of conscription to all men of military age, married or not. Is a further controversy to be started on this basis? For, if so, it may be promised that, so far as my own work is concerned, the discussion of the subject is fairly certain to be conducted without much respect for the foolish men who have once more interfered in military matters without knowledge of the subject, without facts, and without ideas. So far as military science is concerned, the justice or injustice of enlisting married men with heavy personal and business responsibilities does not arise. The critic or interpreter of international affairs must consider such questions as this with regard to their bearing on the general situation abroad; and from that essential point of view I can only say that the re-starting of a conscription propaganda in this country is one of the most unfortunate events that could have happened to hinder and to prejudice the successful waging of the war.

Mention has been made by other contributors to The New Age of the acute economic distress and anxiety already caused by over-enlistment—a point, let me add, which I ventured to hint at myself many months ago. But the public has not been informed at all with respect to the feeling of dissatisfaction which exists among our Allies and friendly neutrals on account of the serious slump in imports of essential importance. Italy is clamouring for coal. France can get no coal at all from her mines, which are in the hands of the enemy. Italy and Russia have been deprived of their usual supply from Germany. The armies of all our Allies, without exception, are very badly off for underclothing and uniforms, which they cannot get on account of the over-enlistment of textile workers in this country. Leather is scare for the same reason, and huge quantities of better goods are being imported, at vast cost, from the United States. That is not all. It is impossible to prevent some discussion of our internal affairs from taking place in France, Italy, and Russia; and the governing classes
in these countries realise perfectly well that another
country, they are not only sure to have a

glorious moral effect throughout the world. As it was, the
effects of the last one were never fully made known
to the British public, and for a good reason. The adula-
tion of the inspired newspapers must not be mistaken
for the real feelings and beliefs of authoritative persons.

...In addition to all this, it becomes a matter for serious
surprise when it is found that directly the Prime
Minister's back is turned his invertebrate opponent rushes to
the House of Commons and proceeds to take part in
an agitation which every Parliamentary correspondent
describes as likely to lead to a crisis. Mr. Asquith has,
quite definitely, declared that he will not call a party
to compulsory service for unattested married men. Sir
Edward Carson approves of this project; the Liberal
War Committee approves of it; the Unionist War Com-
mittee have approved of it, but may decide to change
mind. The Unionist Members of the Cabinet are cer-
tainly opposed to the plan, if for no other
reason than that the Prime Minister is opposed
to it. The assumption to be drawn is that Sir Edward Carson is prepared to view the resigna-
tion of the Prime Minister with equanimity. A deter-
mined attempt is being made to force on a discussion
of the whole question again in the House of Commons
before Mr. Asquith returns. The procedure has created,
to express it mildly, a very bad impression abroad. It
may be taken for granted that Mr. Asquith made no
promises at Paris, and that he will make none at
Rome, which are not based on his House of Commons
statement regarding unattested married men. It is to
be presumed that the other soldiers and statesmen
who, for the real feelings and beliefs of authoritative persons.

Asquith resigned on the question of compulsion most of
his followers would follow him and reconstruction would be
inevitable. I do not say that some form of recon-
struction would not be beneficial; but I do say that no
other Government could do brilliant deeds. And I add
that reconstruction in the circumstances I have outlined
would be intolerable to the best elements in this country
and in the countries of our Allies. On my soul, I could
almost wish that Sir Edward Carson might defeat Mr.
Asquith in order to have the point brought home to him
by actual experience.

It is useless, I know, to warn Sir Edward Carson.
He is impetuous and headstrong, as a vain and ill-
formed dogmatic person always is; and the Markhams
and Dalziel and Amerys with whom he is expected to
work have the mind of a suburban grocer. Sir Henry
Dalziel, to give an instance of the forehead of brass,
exhibits his character well enough in having his own
speeches in the House printed verbatim in his organ,
"Reynolds' Newspaper," at the request of members
readers." That disposes of him. Unfortunately, it is
not possible to dispose of the problem of the unat-
etted married men in so easy a manner. All that can be
said, for the moment, is that this act of Sir Edward Carson
is frankly regarded abroad as the act of an
anti-patriot and disloyal subject; and, to tell the whole
truth, Paris, Rome, Bucharest, and Amsterdam are able
to point, with some justification, to a movement organ-
bised by Sir Edward Carson some three years ago which also
did not appear to be in harmony with the views of the
Government. It is not entirely without the merits or demerits of Home Rule. The precedent is
there, and foreign nations are pointing to it. I have
done my preliminary duty in setting forth these facts, and
I should say, then, that the modern economic view
in its widest aspect requires, as the working ideal of
any given nation, that the resources, material and
spiritual, allotted to it by Providence should be utilised
in its widest aspect requires, as the working ideal of
the various classes within the community itself
the responsible discharge of certain functions in
return for their enjoyment of certain privileges, so, though
not yet only vaguely, we are beginning to
ask, as
whether the Russian failure

But the question to ask is whether the Russian failure
to yield the world according to her means arises from
natural depravity or from comprehensible and remov-
able causes. For if, on the one hand, it arises from de-
fect of character simply, we cannot hope for better re-
sults until Russia is virtually re-colonised by a dif-
ferent race—by the Germans, for example, who, in fact,
were doing it before the war pretty rapidly. But if,

* For an extended treatment of the ideas here sketched
see "Russia at the Cross-roads," by C. E. Bechhofer
Kegan Paul, of which I have read the MS.
on the other hand, the causes are discoverable and remediable, then it is our business to understand and remove them. What do you think?

I am rather disposed, in view of the revelations of Russian literature, to attribute Russia's failure to a natural defect of character. There must be something fundamentally wrong with a people whose literature reveals these characteristics—and I do not hypothesize. 'The first is whether the whole of Russian natural defect of character. There must be something Russian literature, to attribute Russia's failure to a order in which literature and life should be, placed-

Yes, that is a possible view; but I do not think it is the right view. Two questions, indeed, must be answered before it can be entertained even as a reasonable hypothesis: What is whether the whole of Russian
time absent. And the second question concerns the
come and
the right view.

The major part of Russian literature, I should say, when even it appears most objective, is really subjective and polemical. It is, in this sense, the appeal of Russia to the world: it is one long complaint.

Certainly the melancholy to the last degree, like wolves howling across the steppes. Say, rather, like prisoners in Siberia enumerating their woes and bewailing their confinement: for Russia is, I think, the Siberia of all Europe, and the Russian Mind is a European convict.

In what way?

Why, in this: assuming that in a national literature we can hear, if we listen carefully, the expression of the hopes and fears, the joys and sufferings of a people; and assuming again that you and I are right in being struck by the despair and melancholy of Russian literature, as of prisoners entombed; ought we not to conclude that, in some way, not the Russian character, but the Russian situation, is to blame, and that, in fact, Russia is what her literature leads us to conceive—a prisoner in Europe?

We might if there were corroboration of it elsewhere in literature.

There is abundant, I think, and much more than I can offer you in a brief conversation. But let us look at the map. See, here is Russia—look at its giant-form lying like an immense cloud over northern Asia and spreading down to the Black Sea. Do you observe any particular feature its situation?

None in particular, save that, to judge from its extent, it must be rich in every natural means of wealth.

Oh, it is; here at the very door of Europe is another New World of illimitable richness awaiting development. When America is exhausted Russia can be called in to redress the balance again. But do you notice nothing else?

Please direct my attention. Well, it seems to me that the outstanding feature of Russia is the fact that, vast as her territory is, she is landlocked. Here, away to the North, is Archangel, frozen for half the year. West is the Baltic, with its exit held by Sweden and Denmark. Away in the far East is Vladivostok, unprofitably remote for export. And South is the Black Sea, of which the mouth is held by Turkey. Was ever a giant so confined?

But surely the Baltic and the Black Sea, though their exits are in alien hands, are exits nevertheless?

Doors of which the keys are in the hands of Russia's gaolers, the Baltic and the Black Sea, and we, by exercising their power to turn the lock whenever it suits them! Do you realise that for three years during the last six the exit of the Black Sea has been closed to Russia? And that for almost as long the exit of the Baltic has been closed to Russia?

It is an unfortunate predicament for Russia; but, after all, is it not inevitable?

Ah, now you have hit upon the secret of the melancholy of Russia—the sense of the inevitability of her fate. To my mind the fatalism and the melancholy of Russia are a consequence of her immurement within Europe, and of the apparent impossibility of breaking out of her prison. They are not, as you were disposed to think, radical vices of the Russian character, but moods induced by national circumstances. We should see, I venture to predict, a revolution in the Russian spirit follow upon the liberation of Russian commerce.

Look, for confirmation, at the intellectual renaissance that followed the establishment by Peter the Great of his western window at Petrograd. Then, for a brief spell, the Russian prisoner had hopes of escape. The Baltic was free. But, alas, it was not really free; and Russia subsided again into morbid Slavophilism, from which only fresh attempts to break loose have periodically awakened her. The set of her territory, moreover, points to the South, and not to the North or East, as her way of escape.

South? You mean, of course, the Dardanelles? Yes, for look once more at the map. Do you see that the system of Russia is southwards? But in a vast land-territory rivers are the natural carriers of commerce, and their direction determines the natural direction of trade. In choosing Petrograd for his centre Peter was flying in the face of geography. Presumably he thought the Baltic an easier exit to freedom than the Dardanelles.

If I understand the tendency of your remarks, you are claiming for Russia, as the price of her co-operation in the present war, the freedom of the Dardanelles— is that what it amounts to? Price implies that the Allies are to pay it; but I do not look at it so. Rather I would say that the Allies happen to agree upon a common object, the fulfilment of which is essential to their respective separate purposes, of which the object of Russia is the freedom of the Dardanelles. Each of the Allies, as I have before explained my view, has one object for itself and a second object in common with its partners. But that is a very different thing from putting a price upon the support of each.

You do not contemplate, then, a separate peace for Russia? No more than for France; for the condition of Russia's advantage from the war is the common advantage first of all. I believe that Russia will remain faithful to the end.

But the freedom of the Dardanelles is not a slight matter; it involves, does it not, other interests than those of Russia alone? What of Turkey and the repercussions of the fate of Turkey upon our own Moslem subjects? What of England itself and her position in the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and in the Near East? What of the Balkans?

Of course, you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and the release of Russia will certainly give rise in the process and in the sequel to an immense number of problems. I shall be quite ready to discuss them. In the meanwhile, the world-problem is actually the drift of the war. For, as you can see, we simply cannot allow Russia to remain in dog-in-the-manger possession of a sixth of the surface of the globe; nor, on the other hand, can we turn her out. Having, therefore, as I think we have, discovered the reason of Russian apathy—her land-locked situation—we must, at any minor cost, remove it in the interests of the world.

Well, under your promise to discuss these minor problems I will leave the subject of a free port for Russia, and move to matters of foreign and domestic interest. If we have had much to fear from Russia bound, should we not have to fear Russia loose a good deal more?

I think not; but the very contrary. In the first place, my opinion is that most of the menace of Russia has been the consequence of her attempts to break loose. All we, her gaolers, have mistaken her efforts to free herself for efforts to aggrandize herself. We thought she was on conquest of territory. I believe
she was bent on a free port. In the second place, I would have you note that the Russian autocracy differs from the Prussian oligarchy in several pleasing respects which make its future less threatening than the past. It is historic in origin—and hence does not arise from will, but from necessity. It is inefficient and half-hearted, as if it doubted itself; there is no claim of divine right in its philosophy. Lastly, it is not supported by the Russian intellectuals; and hence the future is not with it. On these grounds I have less fear of Russia than of Prussia. Indeed, I think I see the signs of a constitutional revolution in Russia even before the war is over. The Tsar opened the Duma in person a few weeks ago. Now let the Alliance open Russia.

A Pathological View of the Hyphenated States.

V.—PARALYSIS.

The practical non-existence of any formative influence, neither anaemic nor neurotic, is the effect of rendering the United States powerless in the face of the problems which modern communities have to solve. Nowhere in Western Europe is it possible to observe so clearly the complete art of ignoring and disregarding facts as in the United States and Canada. Superficially, there is a great air of progressive activity, but this constant probing of moral and industrial conditions is by no means to be identified with a well-considered desire for improvement, and an intelligent conception of progress. Innumerable commissions, committees and boards of inquiry supplement the researches of yellow journalism, and encourage the espionage of private social reformers, but what has the country to show for this? Probably the greatest number of bungled, unsolved and misunderstood problems of any industrial community of the same rank. The country is by no means to be identified with a well-considered desire for improvement, and an intelligent conception of progress.

When statistics show an increase in the practice of lynching, it is unnecessary to apologise for referring to the subject of America's coloured population. Evidently, Northern frightfulness merely served, but did not solve, the question which made the Civil War the open demonstration of hyphenated Americanism. When North and South met upon the issue of slavery they set the precedent for all subsequent action in matters of hyphenation. In fact, on that occasion there crystallised the whole spirit of present-day American life. On the one side, the blind disciples of theoretical democracy prepared to ignore the realities they had not the courage to confront; opposing them, the "practical business men," determined to ignore theory, in favour of the solid facts thrust upon them, by the persuasive hand of self-interest. Characteristically, the democratic theorists had the national welfare as their ostensible purpose, while their adversaries were ready to sacrifice nationality for real profits. Equally characteristic of both is the fact that the former obtained an essentially theoretical victory in their fight for Rousseausim, and the latter have never been at a loss for the means of nullifying the fruits of that victory.

A most diverting example was furnished by a distinguished professor of English literature at one of the best-known Universities. When the war in Europe this Virginia was able to express his doubts hyphenation by declaring wrathfully that Germany's conduct in Belgium has been admirable, compared with that of the Northern invaders, when the territory of the Confederacy was laid waste. His animosity towards the Allies did not exceed his rancour against the enemies of his youth. The South has not forgotten its military defeat, nor will the structure and composition of Southern life permit it to do so. Economically, socially and intellec-

sents neurosis. The one finds its expression in intellectual cant, the other in moral hysteria. Were it possible for the South to protect its gaols against the infractions of lynchers, it might be found that most colored people would be more at home in the position of frank inferiority accorded to them than in the horrible hypocrisy of the less morbid, but more hypocritical, North. Unfortunately, the guardians of Southern law and order are unable to prevent even such wholesale assassination as the forcible removal of five negroes from prison by a gang of lynching patriots. Consequently, the victims of that original hyphenation, the Civil War, have no particular enthusiasm for either party, being equally deprived of the privileged illusions conferred upon or denied to them. The negroes vegetate in filth and poverty, suffering the same fate as the white negro before the pundits have half recited their facts. Unfortunately, the guardians of Southern law and order are unable to prevent even such wholesale assassination as the forcible removal of five negroes from prison by a gang of lynching patriots. Consequently, the victims of that original hyphenation, the Civil War, have no particular enthusiasm for either party, being equally deprived of the privileged illusions conferred upon or denied to them. The negroes vegetate in filth and poverty, suffering the same fate as the white negro before the pundits have half recited their facts.
tually the Confederacy is as real a factor to-day as it was half a century ago, but the amiable Yankee habit of accepting political facts as if they were to come into operation. Politically, the South has no independent existence in the federal scheme of things, therefore its real heterogeneity is eliminated from “practical politics.” The European war has served to bring the South into prominence, because of the dissimilarity of its effect upon North and South. Whereas the former has benefited by the demand for munitions, the latter has been injured by the embargo on cotton. Obviously, in such a conflict of vital interests it is vain to talk of a national point of view. The geographical variety and economic organisation of the Hyphenated States contain elements of irreconcilable antagonism, which effectively preclude the hope of evolving a national policy in a world crisis like the present. Add to this the normal warfare in a society based upon profiteering, and the paralysis of the national body is revealed.

Since these are the main forces upon which the country revolves, we need not be surprised to find that they have, if possible, increased the miseries engendered by the indigenous affection for grandiloquent irresponsibility. The general conditions of labour are a true reflection of the philosophy which believes in the success of disunion is the secret of success. Everyone, every trade, every race, every industry, for itself, and went beside the advocate of discipline or collective action! The sedulous devotees of the cult of individualism, with their private illusions of potential millionairiness, are not likely to disturb the oratorical periods of those whose interest it is to decorate this tawdry altar of true Americanism. In a congeries of unrelated individuals and races the ego is predisposed to the assumption of unlimited possibilities. Consequently, the one genuine product of the hyphenated genius is a barbarous and idolatrous faith in the efficacy of the unregulated play of competition.

While the embryo Rockefeller industry makes at the pace set by “speeding up” experts, innocent of such chicaneries as restrict the duration of the working day elsewhere, the prophets of laissez-faire proceed unhindered. The over-worked and under-educated are content to purchase these gold watches and pearls on the instalment plan, to fill their homes with those weird “sets” of edifying literature, sold everywhere as furniture, pending the inevitable arrival of unapparelled wealth. Meanwhile, their masters, the profiteers, are well supplied with whose installment-paid luxuries make them the fitting recipients of the eternal verities of the politicians and Press. When the latter conclude from the absence of such possessions that the unfortunate workers of the is in a bad way, the subject attaches itself significantly to what has been said of the divergence of North and South, inasmuch as its worst aspects must be attributed to the Southern States. Of the millions of children, under fourteen, employed in mines and factories, the majority belong to those States which were hastily thrust into industrialism by the beneficent impetus of Northern democracy. Naturally, in a country far behind Europe in its social development, these latecomers are even more primitive in their conception of industrial progress. As a result the cotton factories and canneries of the South are in the stage of unenlightened freedom which existed the indignation of Lord Shaftesbury, in the glorious days of Manchester Liberalism. By slow degrees laws are being introduced which impose elementary limitations as to age and hours of work, but, by general admission, the absence of a national attitude towards them, failing that, State inspection—has made these laws inoperative. In the State of Georgia it has not yet been possible to procure even this theoretical recognition of the rights of childhood.

It may be noticed in this connection that Georgia is one of the chief guardians of the lynching tradition. Atlanta was recently the scene of the notorious Frank case, in which an innocent Jew was finally lynched, having been seized in prison while still weak from the wounds inflicted in a previous attempt to murder him. After many months, given up to a most revolting exhibition of collective sadism, the Southern gentlemen of Georgia vindicated the honour of a twelve-year-old girl. Had the attention of the world not been absorbed by greater events this American Dreyfus affair would have been a valuable contribution to a diagnosis of the American complex. The unbelievable ferocity of the prolonged campaign against Frank, the obscenity of mind which sustained it, and the criminal methods employed—all these were the high lights illuminating characteristic features of American civilisation. For the present it will suffice to notice that the age of the murdered factory girl, which gives a peculiar horror to a disgusting crime, merely served as a pretext for inflammatory sentimentality. The obvious moral of the case, being remote from the vicious hysteria of lynching ethos, does not appeal to Georgians. There they prefer the pleasures of the man-hunt, with its accompanying themes of sensationalism, morbid emotionalism and physical intimidation, to the intelligent application of humane ideas.

Listening to the amiable reflections of the professional moralists, and observing the nervous reactions of the disbelievers of the dilettanti of progress, it is not easy to escape a sense of paralysis in the forces ostensibly shaping the evolution of the Hyphenated States. Nobody will seriously argue that the chaotic conditions which distinguish every department of life, and sharply differentiate each race and State from the other, can be countered by the anaemic philosophy of evangelical theorists. Nor will the naïve enthusiasm of recently “emancipated” provincials be of any greater assistance. This vast population, which has just exchanged actual for uncontrolled from without they will submit helplessly to the extirpation of freedom in the name of Liberty.

E. A. B.
Little Epistles.

IV.—TO A MAN OF AFFAIRS.

DEAR ADAIR,—It is curious that whilst they speak of Brown, Jones and Robinson as "business men," your friends always refer to you as "a man of affairs." The distinction, if subtle, is real; but I do not find it so easy to define. Wherein do you differ from those worthy souls, Brown, Jones and Robinson? Is it a difference of degree, of temperament or of function? Certainly of degree; for whilst they confine their activities to their own particular businesses, you carry on your business and, in addition, you have your fingers in several other pies. Your work is more varied, has a wider range, than theirs. But would your work be so varied unless you possessed a different temperament? I think not. They lack imagination; you have it. And imagination, I presume, is an important factor in temperament. It carries you beyond the confines of your own immediate and personal responsibilities; you become a member of society. Important matters, such as the choice of a Parliamentary candidate, the building of a railway or a dock, you count. When some big scheme is broached, its promoters say: "You are the man!" I often observe that you always give good advice—and come in on the ground floor. You differ, then, in degree and temperament from the ordinary business man. As to function, I am not so sure. Possibly yes; for you become a sort of fly-wheel in our industrial and political machinery; you regulate speed and influence direction. We may agree that the fly-wheel has a definite function.

Anyhow, without completely analysing and defining you, there can be no doubt that you are more intelligent, more imaginative and more influential than the ordinary, very ordinary, business man. I am, therefore, justified in assuming that, in critical times like these, your thoughts and actions are of great importance. But a doubt oppresses me. You have imagination; have you vision? They are not the same thing. You remember the Biblical adage, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Now, in this sense, "vision" connotes a spiritual quality to which imagination may be blind. From a concrete fact your imagination may soar; but with vision you seize a truth deeper and more enduring than mere fact. You may protest that I want you to be not only a man of affairs but a prophet. I do. It is a time for prophets.

I think you will agree that yesterday has passed beyond recall. Before the war, one could predicate a condition of things to-morrow not dissimilar from yesterday. There was a stability of social and economic conditions. We could make our little plans for the morrow and sleep soundly, free from any fear of immediate disaster or fundamental change. We cannot do that now. We shall not be able to do it when peace comes. Our social fabric may still stand, but the fly-wheel has not been turned. Have you ever seen a town after an earthquake? I was in Kingston, Jamaica, soon after that earthquake. Some buildings were down; others were riven and rent as by lightning. The streets looked like trenches in Flanders. I dare say if one flew over the place in an aeroplane it would seem as though nothing had happened. The closer view dispelled any such illusion. Our earthquake is not only material; it is spiritual. As a very clever man of affairs, what are you going to do about it?

You will, I know, absorb me from any suggestion of criticism. I do not use the word "criticism." I do not attach, of course, any dogmatic meaning to it. I think it means a quickened sense of what can only be perceived in the world of the spirit, of espirit in the best French sense. If you catch my meaning, you will, I am sure, agree that we have recently undergone a profound spiritual change. It would need a far subtler pen than mine to describe it; but this is true: young men have suddenly understood that life, if it is to be lived with dignity, must have a more definite purpose than was the case with them in those irretrievable days before the war. Making every allowance for mob psychology, for the love of adventure, for the pursuit for change from the drudgery of a destroyed civilization, the disappointed, for failures, we may definitely assert that the vast majority of the army has been touched by an overwhelming sense of danger to the national spirit and destiny. That is putting it hardly, almost cruelly. But consider what it means. All through their earlier years they had done very much what everybody had done—worked at their trades, occupations and professions, played their games, flirted, loved, married. They put by for a rainy day, saved money to provide a home, waited for a birth, braced themselves for a death. Ran riot occasionally on a cup-day or at election times. Enjoyed their holidays boisterously, or sedately, according to mood and circumstances. Were content to learn enough to live by. And but satisfying. Suddenly the bolt falls. Too vados? Come, what are you living for? The question is asked at the sword's point. Make up your minds quickly; the Goth is at the gate! They are suddenly shaken out of their comfort, their complacency, their sense of superiority. In such an emergency quick minds move quickly; the Goth is at the gate! They are suddenly yes; the English tradition is in their blood. They troop into Flanders and France. They do not die with a theatrical phrase on their lips; they do not live on rhetoric. Life is experience, struggle by the grim reality of war, to return to the sombre reality of peace. They ask, with greater precision, unobstructed by the pressure of danger, what they have been fighting for. For this! For the English tradition! For their nation, their race, their faith. They ask, with greater precision, undisturbed by the pressure of danger, what they have been fighting for. For this! For the English tradition! For their nation, their race, their faith. And the answer is hard to give. It is the dilemma of present-day capitalism. It carries you beyond the confines of the ordinary world of material things. As a capitalist, in strengthening its grip on the body politic, exhausts itself in the process. In other words, capitalism cannot now earn large and secure dividends without a great reservoir of skilled and generally competent labour; but a Servile State precludes any such possibility. An impasse! It is the dilemma which marks the culminating point in capitalist development. Skilled and competent labour had, prior to the war, discovered this vital fact; I do not think it will be forgotten after the war. Thus, if you prophesy more truly than I, then the system, of which you are a pillar, is damned; if I prophesy more truly than you, the system is equally damned. But the spiritual chasm between the two prospects! Think of it, I beg. For myself, I stand to my guns. Our fighting men will return with eyes wide open. They feel they have been fighting for themselves and not for you and your class.
"A music terrible, austere,
Shall rise from our returning ranks
To change your timidity of fear,
A brave, loyal story from your heart;
And on the brooding weary brows
Of stronger sons, close enemies,
Are written men of a brawn of iron.
And swift usurping dynasties."

Nevertheless, the psychology of the soldier turned civilian is by no means an open book. Two tendencies struggle within him. He has learnt, on pain of death, that manliness is an attribute, not of the lips, but of the heart: He has learnt that he must obey and that discipline is in his blood. But war, veterans desperately in earnest. The Paris Commune from the civil point of view, is the negation of law and order; the unseen discipline of the Army; the Statute Book is fundamentally different from the Statute Book; the Wireless, which is really only a matter of arrangement. They not only fought to abolish the formal slavery but to establish a commercial system on free labour. I have met and known dozens of them. Without exception, they were grave and serious; thoughtful men, slow of speech but of iron determination. Walking once with such a veteran—he carried an open wound to his dying day—down Broadway, New York, we met a procession of strikers. "His eyes glittered dangerously. "Do you think," said he, "that I fought with the Polish slaver?"

You are acute enough to answer that we may be, both of us, equally wrong and equally right; I will concede you more. Let us assume that we have an army of a million men. I will grant that three and a half millions return indifferently willing to fall back into the old industrial rut. But what of the remaining half million? If our soldiers have learnt nothing else, be sure they have learnt the supreme value of organisation. Imagine what half a million disaffected soldiers, comprehending fully what can be done by an organised group, can do! One thing certainly: they can appeal to their fellow soldiers with enormous effect. Come to think of it, our soldiers know one thing more: the force of high explosives. Compare your static dignity on the rule of law with the dynamic appeal of half a million veterans desperately in earnest. The Paris Commune would be child's play compared with it. The profiteers would assuredly stand no chance. Finally, a word in your ear: no army would fire on its old comrades. Come to think of it.

Let us now take a stroll on more familiar ground—trade and finance. The cost of this war to Great Britain will not be less than two thousand million pounds. Two thousand million pounds! Now, hold your breath, while I tell you a new thing. They are such dizzy heights; it is less than nothing. "What?" you exclaim, "all that vast sum less than nothing." I will tell you a little story. Some years ago, in a Western hotel, a friend of mine was lured into a poker game with three other men. They were sharp. I warned him, but he flattered himself he could hold his own. The game proceeded, several of us looking on, most of them amused. I could not rescue him from his peril. To have done so would have invited gun play. Gradually, they cleaned up every cent of his ready money, and he was dispensed with. I.O.U.'s with a third of a million on the end, he had lost two thousand dollars. "You quickly found out that they were sharks?" I said to him. "Yes," he answered. "Then, why didn't you pull out?" "Because," said he, "I knew that I could only lose what I had won. But I thought I might as well go on amusing myself at their expense." That game precisely resembles war. We have spent our ready cash and we are issuing I.O.U.'s which will never be repaid. Never, absolutely never. Germany is bankrupt. She will slough off her war-debts and start again tabula rasa. This will enable her to compete with us unless we follow suit. We intend to beat her at trade as we have beaten her at war. We cannot do it with such a handicap. We may go on paying interest for a generation or two, but the whole financial fabric must ultimately crash down. That is the fundamental fact of the situation. As regards the finance in which you are interested, you will be wise to husband your present resources. Financial London is milled dry; there is no more coming from that quarter for a decade. In our case, it is the spoils the victor made by the war contractors. But we must set against those two factors: (a) that their machinery must subsequently be scrapped; (b) the losses incurred by the mercantile community as a whole.

So much for practical matters. "Business as usual," eh? Very unusual, I fancy. So unusual, indeed, that men are thrown back into a deadly serious inquiry into the elements of trade. Unless I mistake the signs of the times, you are discovering to their consternation and horror, a slender underpinning of the existing regime. He was. Why? Because he fought for it. But 1865 is a long time from 1916. As a man of affairs, it is your business to measure that distance. Our men are not fighting for capitalism. A time will surely come when they will understand that German capitalists fostered this war on the German Government. If you doubt it, read the Pichon memorandum in the French Yellow Book. It is the most illuminating and suggestive official paper yet published. And so I beg you not to go away with the foolish notion that our returned soldiers are fools.

A music terrible, austere,
Shall rise from our returning ranks
To change your timidity of fear,
A brave, loyal story from your heart;
And on the brooding weary brows
Of stronger sons, close enemies,
Are written men of a brawn of iron.
And swift usurping dynasties.

"In the Army, for such a muddle somebody
Or, "In the Army, we did things
Of stronger sons, close enemies.
"In the Army, we would shot him out of band!"
Or, "Had some rascal held up us for profit like
That in the Army, we would have court-martialed him!"
Look out! In 1917 or 1918 millions. When they reach the home, they will be scrutinising things at home to the refrain: "In the Army."

And so, in God's good time, we shall again produce wealth under normal conditions and distribute wealth under normal conditions. We shall have got back to the elements. There will be no room for abnormal
The Function of the Advocate.

"The advocate discharges a function vital to the very existence of civilised society." That is the pronouncement of a shining light of advocacy. It is passing strange that no solicitor ventured to challenge this bold assumption of a function rightfully belonging from all time to his order. Before the great pyramid was built, notaries in Babylon, seated in the temples, were drawing up marriage settlements, wills, leases, indentures and contracts of every description. The notary— who corresponded to our solicitor—performed a function obviously vital to the existence of this service. But when disputes arose, the retainer asked, "was not the advocate called in to state a case before the tribunal?" Certainly not. It was held that the man responsible for the preparation of the case was the fittest person to explain it to the judge if the suit himself was unacquainted with the scheme of the Court. The same might be said of the retainer there. Where, then, did the advocate come in? He did not come in at all. He was not recognised. He is not mentioned. He found no place in the highly civilised society of Assyria.

China, in an interesting fashion with the unique distinction of having been contemporary with Assyria, and now being contemporary with ourselves. China's attitude to the advocate is unsympathetic to the point of taboo. Professional advocacy is deemed taboo. Professional advocacy is deemed not only sufficiently vocal, but oppressively voluable. There was no answer to this. There was no escape from it. Aristotle's respect for professional advocates was the greatest respect, which extends to him who skilfully prepares it. The advocate's ascendency. All defects of the system which he subserve class interest rather than minister to personal liberty. The powerful servant soon became a ruthless master.


Among the Romans (who were pre-eminently a nation of law-givers) we find the advocate tolerated rather than welcomed. For professional advocates, corresponding to our solicitor-performed an indispensable function obviously vital to the existence of this service. But when disputes arose, the retainer asked, "was not the advocate called in to state a case before the tribunal?" Certainly not. It was held that the man responsible for the preparation of the case was the fittest person to explain it to the judge if the suit himself was unacquainted with the scheme of the Court. The advocate's ascendancy. All defects of the system which he subserve class interest rather than minister to personal liberty. The powerful servant soon became a ruthless master.

Proceeding on more insidious lines and of infinitely slower growth, the beginnings of the cult of advocacy date from the Norman Conquest. A foreign judiciary speaking no word of English offered an immense stimulus to advocacy. Other circumstances of evil omen for the laity lent powerful support. There was no codified law in Normandy in 1066, nor for seven centuries thereafter. In this country the Normans found a body of codified law, the Common Law, the most important advance made in the legal domain since the time of Justinian. Norman lawyers (who introduced witch-burning and the various ordeals by battle, fire and water) were utterly incapable of appreciating the progress which the islanders had made; and, moreover, the interest of the invading harpies condemned it. The advocate detests codified law as the fraudulent trader hates standardised weights and measures. The Code was incontinent destroyed. Chaos came again; and its perpetuation up to the day is at or for the advocate's ascendancy. All defects of the system he exploits increases his fees by rendering him indispensable; they also provide an appearance of justification for his claim to superiority over the function of the advocate. Differing widely in externals from the blatant dominance of the Junker the stealthy ascendancy of the advocate is not less harmful. Both have a common characteristic; they are in essence parasitical; insomuch as they subsist class interest rather than minister to the public welfare. A collision between these rival parasitisms was inevitable. One ignores all values except gross, material facts; all inconvenient facts, according to the other, may be explained away by sophistry or soured under the rhetoric. For a decade and more this policy worked but a little change; the Continental belief in it would keep us supine and lethargic when "The Day" dawned. They place grave disabilities upon the advocate. Our surrender to him bespeaks our decadence. The misinterpretation was inevitable.

The function of the advocate being clearly demonstrated as parasitical in his own domain, an extension of that characteristic in politics was inevitable. So too is increasing rapacity, because progressive degeneracy is a law of politics. It is not for us to estimate the proclamations at the advocate. The laity is to blame. The host is responsible for the parasite; the host produces him. Tolerance is complicity. But the parasite must not whine if the host makes a clean sweep of the conditions which have conduced to make him an unworthy Trustee of Empire, and a fraudulent custodian of Justice.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. Miles Malleson's play, "Youth," has already been reviewed in this journal, and the reviewer has left me little to say of its performance before the Stage Society. The perfection of the performance only revealed the inconsistency of the play; a young man can do all the other critics. I must insist on that fact), and, like most young men, he is in at least two minds, and uses two methods. He has a sense of comedy that is really valuable; his play with the facts of life behind the scenes is really delightful, and the scene wherein Deacon is jilted while in the act of sticking on a false whisker before appearing in the play written by his rival is handled with the sure touch of comedy. But, apparently, Mr. Malleson prides himself not on his real gift, but on his message; he imagines, quite wrongly, that he has something to say about sex, and then all his skill deserts him. No muse attends on propaganda; and Douglas Hetherly talking about "the things they hush up"—is as dull as Tolstoy inquiring into the sexual relations of his friends. The handling of the theme is awkward; the thing to be got from it by the method of plain statement, nothing but the plain matter of fact that Mr. Malleson himself dislikes. When Woodsworth said that "the matter always comes out of the manner," he emphasised an important fact; if Mr. Malleson had not wanted to be so orthodox, he could not have created this intolerable person with his everlasting question: "How did you manage?" He occupies about half the play, and illuminates neither his own mind nor that of anyone else; on the contrary, he obliterates our enjoyment of the undoubted gifts of his author. Mr. Malleson should leave to his critics the provision of wet blankets.

It is a pleasure to turn from the subject of sex—which has been done, and done to death in this manner, on the stage of the repertory theatre—to the comic possibilities of those persons called psychical mediums. The melodrama of magic has been well exploited on the stage, from Prospero to Svengali; even Shaw had to take seriously his "Mrs. George" in "Getting Married"; but it is only slowly that we are realising the humour of these abortive genii. Perhaps Browning was in a temper when he wrote "Mr. Shedge," because the spirits had proclaimed his wife the greater poet (a supernatural courtesy that was none the less bad). Certainly, he made Sludge unnecessarily mean in character, and has exaggerated his brutality with "right fingers and two thumbs." But when Mr. Wells invented Chaffery in "Love and Mr. Lewisham," he made a real advance in temper and in treatment; instead of the justification and explanation of cheating made by the cringing Sludge, Chaffery's avowal and admiration of his own tricks remains in the memory as a scene of very pleasing comedy. Unfortunately, Mr. Wells stultified his conception by the assumption (shared by Mr. Maskelyne) that the phenomena were all fraudulently produced; the assumption kept him on the level of fact, and gave him no chance of developing the fantastic attributes of his conception. Chaffery remained a conjurer with a Nonconformist conscience, and a clientele that was certainly not orthodox.

But in "The Mystery of the Savoy" Sludge and Chaffery; he is a psychometrist and a comedian. Is he a true psycho, at times? Mr. Hackett evidently agrees with Browning that the medium has flashes of real inspiration; he sees in the first act, when Beverley sits in the chair last used by the widow of the murdered man, and, entranced, announces that she has stolen and hidden the document that will prove the innocence of the condemned man, is an instance. The scene in the third act, when Beverley reconstructs the crime, evidently begins as a genuine example of his gifts, but ends by his pointing to two women as the murderers, and forcing the real murderer (who was one of the two) to confess. Apart from these two instances, the play has acted as only Mr. H. B. Irving could act them. Beverley is a fantastic humbug, "talking" shamelessly when put to the test (as a consequence, his patron becomes his opponent, and his opponent, his patron), stealing cigars and drinks, and plying his knife and fork with murderous skill. Most materialists are shocked when they hear of a medium having flashes of inspiration; but the most materialist of all, Mr. H. B. Irving, could act them even morbidly. But in "The Barton Mystery" at the Savoy Mr. Malleson prides himself more, even, than Chaffery did; and in the hands of Mr. Irving the charlatans becomes a work of fine art. One knows not which to admire most, the comedy of the "test," or the drama of the reconstructed crime; Beverley, true or false, is incomparable. He will go on for ever, deluding and divining, a figure of wisdom in a lively folly; and delighting himself with the credulity of mankind.

In another vein of fantasy is Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." It is a dream rather than a play, but it has a continuous theme treated with that whimsical, and sometimes wanton, tenderness that is the mark of a man with the name of Barrie. It is a hard thing to destroy the fantasy of a child; the only way in which a fairy tale can stop being a fairy tale is by coming true; and Barrie cannot deny even to Miss Thing, the little servant girl, the realisation of her fantastic identification of herself with Cinderella. The story must come true, if only in a dream, before the child can see life and see it whole. That she almost dies of pneumonia as a consequence of dreaming on the pavement is the touch of reality necessary to the theme; the fairy prince becomes the sympathetic policeman whose proposal Cinderella refuses when she has his assurance that he will propose again. That curious blend of matter of fact and matter of imagination, of make-sure before or after you make-believe, runs through the play; and produces that bewildering effect of fantasy in reality, and of reality in fantasy, that is characteristic of Barrie. The two worlds of fact and fiction inter-penetrate; and to these children of the spirit the truth comes tenderly, and tenderness becomes true.

Even the Zeitgeist serves his purpose, for Cinderella is very patriotic. She does her "bit" in the war; minds (in wooden boxes) the babies of the Allies, mends coats, prescribes for the sick, shaves, and (the tender touch again) comforts a woman in distress, all for a penny each. A queer, whimsical, practical little woman is Cinderella, very jealous of Venus of Milo until she measures her feet and finds that her own are smaller. Indeed, by the side of the all the fantastic reality of the first two acts, the dream scene seemed almost real; its humour was certainly much more obvious, for even Cinderella's question, "Which of you has the ninety-nine" when they sounded you, was answered when the Lord Mayor thrusts the thermometer in her mouth, and her temperature, moral or physical, was declared to be ninety-nine. The last act establishes Barrie to bring some wounded soldiers into the play, when Beverley is a probationer who is a lady of title, into the piece; and to say some nice things about the breaking down of class feeling. But it is Cinderella we all wait for; and when she is wheeled on in her bed, and her policeman proposes and gives her a pair of engagement rings, we feel that the fairy tale has come true. Among an extraordinarily good company of actors, it is difficult to select; but the performances of Miss Hilda Travell as Cinderella, Mr. du Maurier as the policeman and the Prince, and Mr. O. B. Clarence as the artist, must be particularly mentioned.
Readers and Writers.

"There are some people," said Demosthenes in one of his orations, "who always ask impatiently what is to be done," "If they had any intention of doing it," he continued, "they would be the most useful of men; but unfortunately they want to be something, buy or steal. Would you believe that they are as many as thirty? On the other hand, from inquiries made and information casually conjectured, I have the assurance that of not one of them have the sales appreciably increased in consequence of my recommendations requiring further effort. In Matthew Arnold's phrase they want to be made to "glow" with the amiable feeling that something somewhere is good, but they have no intention of making its acquaintance closer by report. I need not say, perhaps, what a bad habit of mind it is; nor point out that it is precisely the sin of apathy of which our predecessors, that they have preserved the Marxist vocabulary while allowing themselves to become completely estranged from the thought of Marx. They talk of revolution when all the while they mean only evolution. And not without some personal object either! 'The leaders who foster this sweet illusion [that of immediate reform by political action] see the situation from quite another point of view than that of their followers; the present social organisation revolts them just as it creates obstacles to their ambition; they are less shocked by the existence of the classes than by their own inability to attain to the positions already reached by older men, and when they have penetrated far enough into the sanctuaries of the State, into drawing-rooms and places of amusement, they cease, as a rule, to be revolutionary and speak learnedly of 'evolution.'" It is to this end that the doctrines of Violence in any form are denounced by personally ambitious leaders. The violence of a proletarian movement, when it is spontaneous, is incalculable; there is no telling to what lengths it might go. But not only calculability is necessary, but control of the movement as well, if the leaders are to be able to dispose of it to their own advantage. For this reason they have preserved the Marxian vocabulary while allowing themselves to become completely estranged from the thought of Marx. They talk of revolution when all the while they mean only evolution. And not without some personal object either! 'The leaders who foster this sweet illusion [that of immediate reform by political action] see the situation from quite another point of view than that of their followers; the present social organisation revolts them just as it creates obstacles to their ambition; they are less shocked by the existence of the classes than by their own inability to attain to the positions already reached by older men, and when they have penetrated far enough into the sanctuaries of the State, into drawing-rooms and places of amusement, they cease, as a rule, to be revolutionary and speak learnedly of 'evolution.'" It is to this end that the doctrines of Violence in any form are denounced by personally ambitious leaders. The violence of a proletarian movement, when it is spontaneous, is incalculable; there is no telling to what lengths it might go. But not only calculability is necessary, but control of the movement as well, if the leaders are to be able to dispose of it to their own advantage. For this reason they have preserved the Marxian vocabulary while allowing themselves to become completely estranged from the thought of Marx. They talk of revolution when all the while they mean only evolution. And not without some personal object either! 'The leaders who foster this sweet illusion [that of immediate reform by political action] see the situation from quite another point of view than that of their followers; the present social organisation revolts them just as it creates obstacles to their ambition; they are less shocked by the existence of the classes than by their own inability to attain to the positions already reached by older men, and when they have penetrated far enough into the sanctuaries of the State, into drawing-rooms and places of amusement, they cease, as a rule, to be revolutionary and speak learnedly of 'evolution.'"

With these hints of what the book contains I will invite my readers to examine it and never, if they fail to do so, to charge me with mere negation again. "Reactions on Violence" is translated admirably by one of my occasional colleagues, Mr. E. Hulme. The translator is by no means untouched by the spirit of the original, which has indeed undergone a good deal of revision at the hands of the author and the translator. R. H. C.
Monday.—Now gaze on this picture. If last week I—comes the woman who—a skirt impaled here, a blouse entrenched there—hair—keep darting hole-picking eye-shots at you from over entanglement—a slipper on outpost duty under the bed—miserable lot with her hostess’s more prosperous penurious little neatnesses for me!). On the same—have leaving her room the picture of an Amazonian skirmish referred to the duties—though an unlimited service of ,cigars, stamps, whisky, that decides into which class of guests you—night garments flung out like a street casualty—(I’ve been accustomed to servants, I have: none of your letters that he had stayed in every country house in—pins bespattered about like shrapnel—a ribbon};

Tuesday.—It is still the fashionable thing to talk of the delights of travelling, but very often travelling is no delight, no thanks to the exceptional people permitted to travel here—for I must say the average person is an extremely good-humoured companion. Against the obnoxious Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Passengers, members of which should impose the duty to eject from carriages all who—talks with an aim to establishing his personal acquaintance with every name in Debrett—makes himself at home (with your wife)—is so determined to have a good time that no one has time to have one—And so on, till, indeed, I can well imagine a score of reasons why it was said of a notorious man of letters that he had stayed in every country house in England—once!

Wednesday.—I have a friend, who shall be nameless, whose excessive kindness is the unkindest cut of all. She insists on paying for your meal and hers, though you and she know that you have the greater possessions. She insists on dragging you to a theatre she declares you will enjoy—happening to hate theatres. She insists on re-arranging or tidying your room when she is admittedly too tired to move (and you too busy to want her to!). She insists on taking you away for a week-end, afterwards stating in public that, of course, she didn’t want to go, but that the change was just what your health needed. She insists on staying up till dawn, patching your blouse, which you assure her you will never wear again. If you dare to feel cold she instantly thrusts her own coat upon you and begins coughing. If you come in late she gets out of bed without telling you, and just as you are going off to sleep wakes you up with a nice glass of hot milk, you happening to hate nice glasses of hot milk. If you have a headache, she, with a much worse one herself, owns (but never mind me!), humilies you by much and unwanted kind servitude. Or, unbeknown to you, she will invite someone you particularly didn’t wish to see, to meet you at dinner, or will send your unauthorised love to someone you have, for very good reasons, long ceased to see. To disturb your—If you are away she writes every day imploring you to do the same, if only a line to assure her you still love her! And, as like as not, she pays you a surprise visit, upsetting all your own plans, and at the cost to herself (she tells you) of money and time she can ill afford! No wonder if my friend suffers the same praise as the man—of whom it was said: He hasn’t an enemy in the world, but his friends can’t stand him! Really, if unselfishness is taught as a virtue to the selfish, I wish someone would teach selfishness to the unselfish. Not until the righteous cense from troubling will the wicked be at rest!

Thursday.—If it were not for the feminine label on the cover it would usually be difficult to decide whether the writer of a book is a woman or a second-rate man. For the fact is that women writers’ standards of values are so similar to men’s that no variety of gender is to be found in the outlook and matter of their books. It was hoped that the entry of women into art would produce a new factor in culture. We had gazed our fill at men’s women and men’s men. It was for women to hold up the other side of the mirror and give us the woman’s view. Now, said Art, we shall see a new world peopled with women’s men and women’s women. But has that hope been justified?—by scarcely a paragraph. For there are still no women novelists, but only men novelists disguising—only novels by women, and will you see one woman’s picture of life? Ransack the work of past women-authors, and with the exception, perhaps, of Jane Austen and one or two others (whom I cannot recall!) you still will find no woman’s vision of man, nor would the men writers have been so successful in their portrayal of women and women’s ideas that they have left nothing for women to accomplish? Scarcely—judging by women’s contemptuous criticisms of their efforts.
But while I hear women novelists laud at the women drawn, say, by Meredith, and know some who pool-pool horri-bles, and homilies, clothing, they still have made no attempt to correct them by example. On the contrary, they are still content to follow slavishly in men's pen-prints, imitating without improving. Why? Is it to draw men's approval and praise? I appeal for a new race of women-writers to right the wrong, and to portray people and things as women see them. Men have written themselves up to such an uncorrected extent that we (and they) have got into the habit of regarding the whole as a sordid, familiar instance of the declension of a young idealist in the melee of common experience, and as such to dismiss Doran on the strength of it as a silly fool and the girl as an uncommon strumpet. But against this labour-saving illusion of Fate, however, that remains to be unfolded, as distinct from the apparent, nature of Fate would reveal us a friend where we suspect a foe. Certain it is that men in the past have found the idea of Fate lost no dignity, but, on the contrary, gained by the experience. To have faced Fate was, in fact, like facing Death, a possible condition not of the loss of real pride, but of the loss of false pride, and hence to the establishment of the real. Looking at it in this way, and without shading our eyes, what could we desery in the lineaments of Fate? In the first place, we could draw a distinct line between that section of Fate that is history, and the section that is still to be written in events. Of all the past it is true to say that it cannot now be otherwise, for the future will be. And this assumption is none the less certain, of future Fate, even in the most favourable circumstances, we must needs be absolutely certain. Another differential feature of Fate future lies in the fact that exertion can determine it; or, at any rate, can appear to determine it. Even the most convinced of the freedom of the will cannot delude himself into the belief that his exertions can determine the past. What belief men have, therefore, that they can determine the future is necessarily the outcome of their free-will, since, if they grounds were the same, the pride would create in them the illusion that the past no less than the future is within their control. It follows, I think, that in actual fact the two sections of Fate are different in character; even if in no other respect than this the past Fate is that phase of the illusion of free-will, while Fate future is susceptible of it. But is the difference no more than lies in this sus-
ceptibility? Is it true that, appearances apart, Fate future is actually as unalterable as Fate past? And that our belief that it is not, however readily it can be entertained, is an illusion? As to this, I reply that, however we answer it, the question is a nonexistent one. We cannot, that is, be absolutely certain that either Fate future is already determined, or that it is determinable by our will. All that we can do is to be pragmatic about it, and to be equally prepared for one or the other. It is clear that a pure agnostic re- frains equally from denying or affirming the existence of God, but lives, if he is wise, as if either proposition may turn out to be true; so our true fatalist, looking to the future, will refrain from denying that Fate future is either determinable, or determinable by our will, as if either may be true. But it will be seen that this attitude appears to involve us in an antimony of spirit: for, on the one hand, we are obliged by its very nature to act as if Fate future were determinable by our will; and, on the other hand, we are required to act as if it were not. To act as if it were is, however, precisely not to act as if it were not; and we are thus brought to the dilemma that while reason persuades us that either view of Fate future may be true, and hence that both must be prepared for, to prepare for one is not to prepare for the other. How are we to reconcile the conflict? My answer is that it is to be reconciled by the distinction we have already made as regards time. For when shall we be in one of the two views of Fate is correct? Plainly only when the event has passed. But by that time the event will be Fate indeed; and it will no longer be in the future. Then, indeed, we shall be able to say of the event that it is Fate; but even then we shall not be able to say that, from the standpoint of the moment before it, it was Fate. Fate was; Free-will is. And only as the events that are presently being seen are actually different; and that the dividing line is the Present. But of such different things ought there not to be different names? Why call by the same name events past of which our knowledge may be absolute, and events future of which knowledge is impossible? Suppose that to the past, the no longer even theoretically determinable, we leave the name of Fate; and to the future at least possibly determinable? I suggest the name of Will. What has been is; what will be. And as a final reflection on this part of the subject I hazard this metaphor: Fate is the corpse of Will. As we see it, Free-will is a spirit in perpetual materialisation. If we now advance a further step, but he unknow-able future it leaves behind it a trail of known events. These, since they are created, we call Fate. But will be the creator.

**EPIGRAMS.**

**BY EDWARD MOORE.**

To H. G. WELLS.

Sex, the new miss, biology, the moon,
Toys, a Utopia (presumptive boon),
Aircraft, this war, the inevitable workers—
You've writ of every thing, from God to sharks.
And now, like Alexander, you look round
To see if some new planet can be found,
Stocked with fresh "themes," fresh "publics" to confound.
In vain. Cheer up, H. G., here is a plot
To gain new fame for old: rewrite your lot
From first to last—already they're forgot.

To W. B. YEATS.

Remember, when you rave of mist and bog,
Bog is a name for slush, and mist for fog.

To JAMES STEPHENS.

Stephens, from foolish vanity desist!
Your bog's inferior, second-hand your mist.
April 6, 1916

The New Age

545

MIDDAY.

"Do This, That and What Not—" granted the Manager to Mr. You're-not-paid-to-think, whose paralysis is somewhat cured. The powers of evil have used that the paralysis of the limbs might be suspended awhile; from the moment the tram stopped in the city. Their Wickednesses claim the wretch for worse; so he is delivered with loosened manacles to the office. Though a caterpillar on some sweet leaf in the dewy glades now lifts its face to the untainted sky, Mr. You're-not-paid-to-think at the same moment bows his head before the Manager till his collar cuts deep into his chin, and he reverently performs the sacrosanctities of This, That and What Not. "What's this?" cried the Manager, for he found What Not boggled. "I thought—" "You're not right to think, I told you, etc., etc., etc., etc." Thundered of Jove, the Manager's voice crashed even to the outer office. "Blockhead," he shouted, and Mr. You're-not-paid-to-think went from explanation to excuse, and from excuse to apology.

The caterpillar in its splendour sprang his head at the Manager, for he found What Not boggled. "I helped," said one voice. "Of course, it is not my business," said another. "Yet I'll make a resolution—" "Great heavens, cried Light, terrified. "He's thinking!" "Some promethean fire, spirit, cinder had touched the brain. Revolutions terrified, paralytics. On the right a big-bellied creature with weak-backed young thing that sits crushed up in its chair. The Death Sheet gleams ahead (some madmen call it the Living Sheet). O Light, strumpet, you are here at your pranks, but you will ever be cozened, for all your images will smash as before. There is a ticking, a scrap ing that of a deadly beetle, but the paralytics cannot hear it. Their eyes are tied by writhing threads to the Death Sheet. Their tongues are torn out, the ears are caulked, but there are motions—It is a lie! There is not even motion, for the paralytics have no comprehension of the same. See on the Death Sheet how these figures come, move and go! Yes, but for our wretches there is no motion. The figures come and go, it is true, and had the beholders not lost the sense for Motion it would be well enough.

But their minds are motionless; so stagnant that they are unable to imagine a movement. On the Sheet is shown all coming and going. Behold!"

PHOTO PLAY. PART ONE.

Figures come and linger. Action says they must depart, so we have a detailed journey from each scene to the next. Automobiles are ordered to carry the poor paralytics' minds over every yard. Steamships swim, Aeroplanes fly burled with the blighted brains. These creatures no longer feel motion. As their stomachs carry them from to-day to to-morrow, so ghosts of machines must lift their minds from that comma to this full stop.

PHOTO PLAY. PART TWO.

We can believe that when Drama died she did not once think the Scene-Shifting, the nephew of whom she had hoped, would inherit her Stage to squander her wealth, and do nothing but reproach her person. But here we live to see Scene-Shifting supreme, and an inconsiderate dog he is! The paralytics gape at his prodigality. He runs to the ends of the earth to bring Nature to them in her good form, but very anemic. Pity the poor paralytics! How can they follow the theme when they are imaginationless? Ask them to see the fields of France in a wooden O! Ask them! and they'll see Nothing in your wooden O. They can only see the fields of France in the fields of France—fields of fields.

PHOTO PLAY. PART THREE.

Even Time does not exist for our miserable spec-tators. They cannot imagine a second. In part three the chief figure is pressed for time. He must put on his boots before he may leave the Sheet to chase an enemy who hides in rocky ground three yards of film ahead. Pity the poor paralytics! How are they to succour them. She shows the hero lacing his boots. She crams the Sheet with his legs from knees downwards and includes his hands. The hands, two harlequins, perform acrobatics on the laces. Pity the poor paralytics! Righto, says the Film, and she doesn't miss the threading of a shoe-hole. Very wonderful to be sure. The paralytics are shown everything and see nothing. By Caliban, etc. Do not swear, Sir, hide your spleen. Very well, let us write an epitaph, so—Here lie the Imaginary Forces murdered by the Edison's and their gangs at the instigation of the Devil; and men like the Duke of Manchester. Ask them of pickled onions and cheese, and later he dreams that he is the Manager, ordering someone to do This, That and What Not.

EPIGRAMS.

By Edward Moore.

To John Masefield,
Masefield, that you of navvies write is meet,
For sure your verses limp on navvy's feet.

To Lascelles Abercrombie.
A critic sang your praise, and by-and-by
Ridiculed Glynn: now, why, I wonder, why?

To Gerald Gould, Critic.
In truth, your censure, Gould, is hard to bear;
So is your praise; this mph, at last, I'll swear.
But which is harder? I could answer this,
Could I but tell which praise, which censure, is.

To W.H. Davies.
What wondrous sympathy your book inspires!
The more you tramp, tug more your reader tires,
Grow winnower page by page, and mile by mile,
Perchance he reads pedestrian in your style!
Views and Reviews.

Men, not Things.

The statement of paradox is usually an amusing exercise of the mind, which sometimes has the effect of revealing an unsuspected aspect of a truth. When Shaw said, for example: "The Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule": he not only made us chuckle, he made us aware of the futility of the attempt to find an absolute and invariable standard of judgement of actions of men. But the paradoxes of Señor de Maeztu have not always been amusing, not really amusing; one could smile at his truisms, at his emphatic assurances that right is right, that might is might, that two and two are four, and so on. But when he proved that pacifism was wrong, and that militarism was a greater wrong still, when he twisted the phrase, "the economic interpretation of history" into "the historical interpretation of economics," denied the reality of the first and asserted the reality of the second, one became aware of the fact that not all paradoxes are amusing. In the summary of his creed that he has published in this journal, in the issues of March 16 and 30, his fundamental paradox is apparent. He denies to men the reality of their qualities, and attributes those qualities to what he calls "things." "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," is not a new doctrine, nor is it a particularly inspiring one; but it is the doctrine propounded by Señor de Maeztu.

It was inevitable that he should base this doctrine on a mechanical conception of man; you cannot exalt things, create a new idolatry, without degrading man; and there can be no doubt that Señor de Maeztu, who has declared that not da Vinci but his "Gioconda" was the marvel, and that, in a hypothetical shipwreck, he would save the picture and not the man, is simply an idolater. The objection to this conception is precisely the one that a moralist ought to find prohibitive, viz., that the moral sense of mankind has repudiated it. The reality of their qualities, and attributes those qualities to what he calls "things." "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," is not a new doctrine, nor is it a particularly inspiring one; but it is the doctrine propounded by Señor de Maeztu.

It was inevitable that he should base this doctrine on a mechanical conception of man; you cannot exalt things, create a new idolatry, without degrading man; and there can be no doubt that Señor de Maeztu, who has declared that not da Vinci but his "Gioconda" was the marvel, and that, in a hypothetical shipwreck, he would save the picture and not the man, is simply an idolater. The objection to this conception is precisely the one that a moralist ought to find prohibitive, viz., that the moral sense of mankind has repudiated it. The reality of their qualities, and attributes those qualities to what he calls "things." "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," is not a new doctrine, nor is it a particularly inspiring one; but it is the doctrine propounded by Señor de Maeztu.

As applying Señor de Maeztu's objective test (which, after all, was stated by Christ: "By their fruits ye shall know them"), the moral sense of England repudiated the system, insisted on the recognition of the workers not as "hands," not as cotton-spinners, but as men. It was in the name of humanity that the Factory Acts were passed, and modern Socialism arose to resist the degradation of man to a function. "A man should not be a silkworm, nor a nation a host of caterpillars. The robust rural Saxon degenerates in the mills to the imbecile Manchester spinner—far on the way to the spiders and the needles." That is the verdict of history on this philosophy of the functionary; and Señor de Maeztu's own demonstrations of the effects of the German heresy add emphasis to it.

I do not want to pretend that Señor de Maeztu's "things" are necessarily and always material things; indeed, he has emptied the content of man into his conception of "things," so that we find relations credited with reality, while the persons related are, if not ignored, at least, materially reduced in importance. Thus, "human solidarity can only exist in things"; and if we read on to discover what things it exists in, we find that it exists in human solidarity. For "friendship, or love, or community of interests or ideas," do not "make us associate"; they follow from the association. In order of process, these "things" are not primary but ultimate; and cannot be thought of absolutely. No one ever has perceived, or ever will perceive, "friendship," for example; friendship is an election, an interpretation of disconnected phenomena in the terms of one's own subjective experience. Friendship, as a thing, expresses a constancy of relation between two men, which is not perceived objectively, but is read into facts to explain them; and the objective test of men by things breaks down. Indeed, the paradox of basing "the primacy of things" on the "end" or purpose of the instruments that create them must be apparent.

The further we go into the consideration of "things," the less clear does the conception become. To say that Christianity is a thing on which the Church is founded, may justify Señor de Maeztu in describing the Church as an instrument and Christianity as an "end"; but it affords us no standard of judgment of the nature of things. The Church is undoubtedly a thing; but what is Christianity? Apparently it is a thing to be, which the Church was constructed to bring into being; for he has already told us that the Church is "not the shadow of a man [Christ], but a society of men around a thing [Christianity]" that is to say the imagination to which Christianity is manufactured by the Church, which was founded on Christianity. The paradox is not mine, but Señor de Maeztu's; and it arises directly from his introduction into "things" of qualities and powers that are purely human.

Apart from his paradoxes, there is little in his doctrine but an elaboration of the Jesuistical teaching, "The end justifies the means". But even here he speaks with two voices. If man, in his opinion, was created ad hoc (I wish he had told us what is the purpose of man; apparently it is association for the creation of things), associations are even more clearly created for the achievement of certain ends. How those ends may be best achieved, how the means, the instruments, may be best adapted to that purpose, is, he tells us, a question of right; "the authority of right is that which best secures the end of a nation." It is a fundamental paradox, of course, an adaptation of means to ends which reduces ethics to a mere doctrine of efficiency. But he also says that "the ends are divided into good and evil," and that is a conception that obviously could not have been presented objectively by his contemplation of things. From whence, then, does he get his moral judgment of the "ends"? Obviously not from things, but from men; the very moral test that objective ethics was to discover in things is discovered subjectively in men; and morality, as he tells us, is based in physiology, is instinctive choice and rejection of those things that foster or imperil the existence of man. There is no objective ethics, no pravity of things.

But there is this consistency in Señor de Maeztu's creed; it is a conception of an imaginary society of imaginary men associated in, by, and for the manufacture of imaginary things—justice, for example, the desire for which afflicts Señor de Maeztu like a perennial thirst. What justice exactly is, is not clear to him; if it is an objective thing, its precise character ought easily to be discovered. What is clear is that if you want justice, you must fight for it; and whichever side wins, justice will apparently triumph. This may be the last word of objective ethics; it is a mere resemblance to trial by battle; and I suspect that Señor de Maeztu's Utopia is really that metaphysical Nifelheim to which Huxley likened the philosophic schools.

A. E. R.
The Last King; or The New France. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by R. S. Garnett. (Stanley Paul. In two volumes, 245. net. Illustrated.)

Dumas’s life of Louis Philippe is here, for the first time, translated into English. It is a series of rather incredible anecdotes. The author seems to have been present at every crisis in the life of every august person, and even when they thought themselves alone he was apparently peeping at the key-hole or concealed in the cupboards. The events are strung together by moral reflections on the vanity of pomp and power. Yet it is all so cheerfully and naively done, so full of spirited pictures and high sentiments, that no one would have the heart to quarrel with it.

One wonders vaguely why Dumas troubled to write a life of Louis Philippe. His vein was the heroic, he might have waxed eloquent over a Henry IV or a Louis XIV, but the “citizen King” was rather small beer for his monumental tankard. It was not then a case of hero-time, translated into English. It is a series of rather reflections on the vanity of pomp and power. Yet it is worship, nor was he actuated by a desire to calumniate, he have waxed eloquent over a Henry IV or a Louis XIV, all so cheerfully and naively done, so full of spirited

He despises rather than hates Louis Philippe, and moralises while his sympathies are with the lovers of liberty, the picturesque figures of the noblesse fascinate him irresistibly.

But, it is often easier to accomplish a revolution than to secure its fruits. The restored monarchy was far from satisfying the partisans of liberty. In 1822 Régner wrote:

De son arbre civique
Que nous est-il resté?
Sceptre sans maîtresse.
Fi de la liberté!
A bas la liberté!

“So true it is that France is always the same,” said Girardin, “sow liberty and tyranny will spring up.” Indeed, the Duc d’Orléans stood out as a progressive amid the reactionaries surrounding Louis XVIII. When Napoleon returned from Elba, he said: “It is the Duc d’Orléans who has been dethroned by my return, not Louis XVIII.” Nevertheless, in 1830 it was a very near thing, and the Duke stayed safely in hiding during the storm, emerging timidly and getting only a very lukewarm reception from the populace at the Hotel de Ville. From then till ’48 he was liable to be dethroned any year, and every year there were martyrs for liberty. Isolated risings, conspiracies, plans for assassination brought many to the guillotine, while many died fighting in the streets.

The “citizen King” had partisans, but inspired no real loyalty. He alienated the middle-class by his arrogance, while he appealed neither to the imagination nor the affection of the people. A king remote like this was like you and me, and had a mutton chop every evening for her dinner.

Dumas quarrels bitterly with Louis Philippe for his pacifist policy, the only possible policy at the time, when any aggressive action on the part of France would have meant a European coalition against her. Moreover, he advocates a system of barefaced annexation. When Duperiti-Thuars ordered Queen Pomare to take the flag off her palace, Dumas comments, “This was speaking in a high tone, as befits France. The account of the strikes at Lyons and the brutal behaviour of the military is the most thrilling thing in the book. Dumas describes the system as a “spiral composed of three stages;” at the top 800 manufacturers, in the middle 10,000 managers, at the base, that is to say, supporting the whole weight, 40,000 working men. Then, like hornets round a bee-hive, parasitic commission agents and providers of raw material. Imagine the commission agents living on the manufacturers, the manufacturers living on the managers, the managers living on the working-man.”

Unfortunately, in ’88, he follows his King into exile at Claremont. It would have been more interesting if he had carried his work further and given us some account of the National Workshops. In the appendix is a pamphlet he once published concerning the arrest of Emile Thomas. This is of great interest, but there is still need for much to be written on this point, for Thomas’s own “Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux” must of necessity be influenced by party feeling.

An Inquiry into the Statistics of Deaths from Violence and Unnatural Causes in the United Kingdom. By William A. Brend, M.D. (Gribin’s 38. 6d net.)

It is perhaps unfortunate that, before reading this book, we should have read Mr. Ingleby Oddie’s angry retort to Dr. Brend. The tendency to read into figures the meaning that we want to extract from them has, no doubt, imperilled the validity of some of Dr. Brend’s deductions; and his desire to minimise overlying as a cause of death has undoubtedly misled him in this case. His argument that “the figures appear to show that in districts where the proportion of post-mortems is high, and where they are conducted by expert pathologists, very few cases of deaths attributed to overlying occur, is vitiated by Mr. Oddie’s statement of fact concerning the district which Dr. Brend selected for special attention. According to Dr. Brend, in this district “previous to 1907, the deaths from overlying averaged about 25 per annum. They suddenly dropped to 2 in 1907; none in 1908; 2 in 1909; 3 in 1910; and 2 in 1911. In 1912, there was a change of Coroner. In 1913 the deaths from overlying rose to 13, and in 1914 they have jumped up to 20.” Dr. Brend assumes that the new Coroner has reversed the practice of his predecessor, and that these deaths are wrongly diagnosed either because no post-mortem has been held, or the autopsy has been inefficiently made. Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the Coroner in question, tells him that “during the four years of my Coronership, I have held exactly fifty inquests in which verdicts of overlying have been returned. In every single case a post-mortem examination has been made, either by expert pathologists attached to the teaching staffs of London hospitals or by experienced and trustworthy divisional surgeons and general practitioners.” Mr. Ingleby Oddie is, therefore very sceptical of Dr. Brend’s deductions from his statistics; and indeed, unless one studies the evidence given at the inquest, it is impossible to pronounce certainly concerning the cause of death. And not always can this be done. But that is part of Dr. Brend’s main contention. He has made this inquiry really to show that there is a case for the reform of our statistics. All these details about variations of nomenclature, variations of boundaries, variations of registration authorities, are given to show
how impossible it is to use the unco-ordinated statistics of this country for any practical purpose. If Dr. Brend's suggestion that Coroners' reports of inquests should all be sent to a central authority, who would extract from them the required information, had been accepted, he would not have made this blunder. No separate figures of post-mortems on infants are published at present; with the consequence that Dr. Brend assumed that the difference between these two sets of figures was due to a different practice in the matter of notifications. This contention can be established; the need of uniformity in area, in time, in description of the cause of death, he demonstrates beyond cavil. His case for the general reform of the Coroner's Court, for making it not a Court for the detection of crime, but a Court of Inquiry into preventable deaths, cannot be gainsaid; and its value to public health officers and to legislators would be far greater than is its present value to the police. Dr. Brend certainly expects far more from his suggested reforms than we do; we doubt whether any set of statistics based upon public inquiry could really determine with the precision he desires whether deaths from burning among children could be reduced by an alteration of the dress material or the style of the costume. The adoption of the "drill" costume should be urged upon its merits; it cannot, we think, derive any additional sanction from the fact, yet to be determined by more precise investigation, that flannelette is inflammable, or is no more inflammable than any other material likely to be used.

In Slums and Society: Reminiscences of Old Friends. By James Adderley, Hon. Canon of Birmingham. (Fisher Davenport. 6s.)

We regret that the Rev. Mr. Adderley should object to being called "Father" in print; the title is so convenient, and so appropriate to his humour, that we apologise beforehand for any lapses from consideration of his express desire of which we shall probably be guilty. "Father" Adderley has had a varied experience of men, most of it apparently jocular; and his book abounds with good stories. The best is probably this one about Temple: "A certain Mrs. Quiverful said to the Bishop: 'Oh, my lord, I do believe you haven't seen my last baby!' 'No, and I don't believe I ever shall!' In his anecdotal mood, Father Adderley is always amusing; but he does not often rise to this level of recollection, where memory becomes creative. His reminiscences range from Oxford to Birmingham, taking the Brotherhoods, the Settlements, and the Churches by the way. The book is divided into two divisions, of which the first, "Ecclesiastical," is much the best. Father Adderley's judgment of ecclesiastics and of ecclesiastical movements is much sounder, and more critical, than are the opinions he expresses of well-known Socialists, for example. His chapter "Socialist," is one unending and mostly undeserved Adderleyation of such people as Will Crooks, George Lansbury, the Webbss, the Snowdons, the Bruce Glasiers—"all splendid people," he calls them. A little of the criticism that he wastes on his Bishops would do these people no harm; he could find remarkably little of his own humanity in the proposals of the Webbss, for example, and his succumbing to the "stupendous knowledge" of Mrs. Webb is a sin against his own intelligence. He could construct a better system with three anecdotes than the Webbss have put together in the thousand and three bureaux. This promiscuous praise of Socialists makes us wonder what is the value of his compliments to us; how can he admire these Socialists and yet incline rather to the Socialism so ably presented week by week by G. K. C. in "The New Age." When your treasure is, there let your heart be also." The chapter entitled "Dramatic" has many fascinations; actors like F. R. Benson and H. B. Irving are worth knowing, but here, Father Adderley lapses into extravagances over Arthur Bourchier, a man who may have had a future at Oxford but has no past in London. The great foreign actress who told him: "You have two really great actresses on your stage, the two Vanbrughs, Irene and Violet," suffered from the same failing of wholesale commendation. We have only one great actress, Irene Vanbrugh. But we should have liked to see the Rev. J. C. C. Brend when Father Adderley suggested that they should act together in London; the "New The-Oliver-Lody" was a poor joke compared to this. There are many opinions scattered through this book, as well as in the chapter devoted to them, which are interesting, as ritual, religious drama, Sabbatarianism, and the Continental Sunday, are dealt with in that peculiarly sensible and jocular way that seems to characterise the modern Christian. With one of his tributes we unreservedly agree; G. K. Chesterton's genius would be an asset to any cause, but he can scarcely be regarded as an asset to Anglicanism. But Father Adderley's Catholism is really Catholicity, and he has a right to enjoy the greatest Christian comedian since St. Francis. G. K. C. does not preach to the birds or the fishes, but to the pigs of modern times, apparently with no more effect but with much more humour. It is a very entertaining volume, and some of the ideas sketched in it are worth developing in another form.

The Devil's Devices, or, Control Versus Service. By Douglas Pepler. With Woodcuts by Eric Gill. (The Hampshire House Workshops, Hampshire, Hog Lane, Hammersmith. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Pepler attempts to show, in the Chestertonian manner, that the Devil's Devices are summed up in the word "organisation," and that the Devil's object is efficiency. The Devil is, he thinks, trying to eliminate all the evils, and to make universal all the goods, of life; as Emerson put it: "The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a one end, without an other end." The effect of this "taking thought for your life," this standardising of healthy efficiency, according to Mr. Pepler's opinion, to make life not worth living, to destroy the element of adventure not only in the great but in the small things of life. His general complaint was sung years ago by Gilbert: "Oh! don't the days seem awfully long when what goes right and nothing goes wrong; and isn't life extremely flat, when there's nothing whatever to grumble at." To this state Mr. Pepler thinks we are drifting, with our Care Committees and School Clinics, Labour Exchanges, Juvenile Advisory Committees, and so forth. He cavils at the proposed abolition of the parlour, at the Insurance Act, at political economy, at all science and metaphysics, at vegetarianism, and total abstinence, at all the Aunt Sallies that Chesterton throws an occasional brick at. The trouble is that he does not do it so well as Chesterton does; he is not so sound on the point of efficiency. Mr. Pepler's genius would be an asset to any cause, but he has not written so many opinions scattered through this book, as well as in the chapter devoted to them, which are interesting, as ritual, religious drama, Sabbatarianism, and the Continental Sunday, are dealt with in that peculiarly sensible and jocular way that seems to characterise the modern Christian. With one of his tributes we unreservedly agree; G. K. Chesterton's genius would be an asset to any cause, but he can scarcely be regarded as an asset to Anglicanism. But Father Adderley's Catholism is really Catholicity, and he has a right to enjoy the greatest Christian comedian since St. Francis. G. K. C. does not preach to the birds or the fishes, but to the pigs of modern times, apparently with no more effect but with much more humour. It is a very entertaining volume, and some of the ideas sketched in it are worth developing in another form.

The New Age April 6, 1916
Pastiche.

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA.

1. Miss Jane Harrison.

I have never been to Russia. I shall never go to Russia. I shall go to Russia.

The Hebrews say 'JUGUG', or, to put it in good Latin, "ut ergo et quisque," though, of course, the Greek & muen muen is more to the point. It really is a come-down for a Muscovite said to the Ukrainian . . . .

II. Mr. Rotheray Reynolds.

I am sitting in a room, don't you know, sipping a little cup of coffee with two rolls and one pat of butter. Mademoiselle Fifi, the daughter, read in your First Russian Book that the Russians have explained to us the other day that in Russia coffee and rolls are considered one of the privileges of the aristocracy and of foreigners. Come down, indeed! I said to her—"and she understands me better. Just at that moment the Archbishop of Pskov swept into the room. You would never have guessed that he was wrinkled, old, my dear, because the face he had was like that of three young Nonconformists. Of course, I esteem the Archbishop Vladimir as the saint in whom he was wearing a yellow tie. I must confess that I was disappointed. (From "My Polish Pals.")

III. Mr. John Foster Fraser.

I am staying in the most luxurious hotel in Petrograd. The harmonious sounds of the dinner-bell assail my waiting ears. In the lounge a red-jacketed band is playing regimental airs. "Cats howl, come along and up and wash us up"; the words of the refrain echo in my ears as the red-jacketed band is playing regimental airs.

I suppose that, after all, the best way to bring home to English readers the effect of the war on Russia is to tell a few Jewish funny stories. One old man in a hotel called me and said, "Do you know what a Jew's heart is like in war-time?" "No, I don't," I said. "Don't you know what a Jew's heart is like in war-time?" he said, "you are wonderful, you write a most lovely English, unlike any English I ever read before, and now I know you to be a good thinker too." . . . .

C. E. E.

ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS VERSUS VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS.

Now that the Government has decided to close the Museums and Galleries in the interest of National Economy, and that political celebrities and journalists have commenced to inveigh against the "Victory" campaign, singing is the kind of intellectual amusement we may expect:

PROGRAMME

The Empire Palace of Varities.
Matinee in Aid of the Aerial Defence League.

(1) Overture: O, that I had the wings of a dove—Hy. Ford.

(2) Cov. the Lightning Cirkustant, will depict Mr. George Lloyd, the greatest Conjuror of the Age, converting Mangel-wurzels into Silver Bullet.

Mr. Boffler discovering a settled conviction.

Mr. Batchelor, of the "Weekly Mischtrach" as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces.

Mr. Harold Pegbie joining the Sportsman's Battalion.

Mr. Rusk wit his salary.

Mr. Miezza-Honey, the celebrated Illusionist, presents the dazzling spectacle "The Great Illusion—Gold."

(4) B. E. C., the Poet Laureate of the Halls, will recite his latest composition:—

"The married man's last hope."

(5) Mr. Boffler in a short and powerful sketch by Mr. Temperton-Tilling, "Zeppis that pass in the night."

The scenery has been specially painted by Mr. Chis- tome-Workill.

Mr. Henderson, the Artist with the wonderful deal will sing when he will shew the people?

(6) Mr. Horatio Shote получил a side-splitting Vien- tional Sketch, with his life-like dummy of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, "From a Barber's Chair to a Bishop's Chair."


Part 1.—The organisation of our Air Service.

Transfer to War Office.

Re-transfer to Admiralty.

Collecting data re destructive powers of enemy's aircraft in Eastern Counties and Midlands.

Producer's Note: Data still incomplete. Immediately results are tabulated a White Paper will be published.

Mr. Horatio Shote received a side-splitting Vien- tional Sketch, with his life-like dummy of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, "From a Barber's Chair to a Bishop's Chair."

Scene 1.—The Street of the Fleet.

Scene 2.—A Gamblers' Den.

Scene 3.—The Isles of Unrest.

Conclusion: Grand Transformation Scene, "The Sleeper Awakes."

THE PROGRESS OF LETTERS.

A: "Swiftly progress our Writers of To-day."

B: "And for good reason—downhill all the way!"
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT IS HUMANITY?

Sir,—In your last issue the writer of the “Notes of the Week,” mentioning the well-being of the working classes, asked himself a little more. It is common, in British and French journals and reviews, to see frequent references to “humanity,” and to “brotherhood” in a German paper. Many of the writers asked articles by de Maetzu will serve as an example. In the latest instance to hand the “Deutsche Tageszeitung,” March 23 Count Reveentlow quotes from an English paper which he says is concerned with “humanity.” He at once stops quoting and asks: “Humanity? What is that?” In another German paper, I believe it was the “Tägliche Rundschau,” which says it knows nothing of humanity, it is obviously a curious phenomenon. In speaking of humanity in connection with Germany, I think your leader-writer must have quite overlooked the nature of the German State and the consequent mode of thought prevalent among the German people. The supermorality of the German State is as much taken for granted as it is humanity. It is customary for German writers to become irritated when they set “Humanity” on a pedestal. The “Post” makes a feature of giving every day a “German Saying” for the encouragement or use of any requisite degree of docility. The “Kölschische Zeitung” of March 29 you may read a speech of Karl Heine, whose importance as one of the German Social-Democrats is second only to that of such men as Liebknecht and Ledebour. Heine, making reference to the recent split in the party, says: “The split did not mean that the class struggle was to be turned into a struggle against the State-in-Itself; for the State was regarded as the highest and most direct form of a lowering of ‘the political prestige of Germany. The destruction of the German State, even if it only took the form of a lowering of the political prestige of Germany among other European countries, would affect the British, the French, the Austrian, the Italian, the Austrian, the Armenian, the Russian, and the French. It is pleasant to see that his inclination is toward the German State and that his article is written in German, and it has the approval of all sections of the population.

Indeed, this is too mild a manner of putting it. The supermorality of the German State is as much taken for granted by them as by our own people, and it has been demonstrated that two and two are four. It is not a dogma that may be questioned; or, if questioned at all, it must only be refuted with greater positiveness than before. Permit me to give you another instance of German trust in the State. In the “Kölschische Zeitung” of March 29 you may read a speech of Karl Heine, whose importance as one of the German Social-Democrats is second only to that of such men as Liebknecht and Ledebour. Heine, making reference to the recent split in the party, says: “The split did not mean that the class struggle was to be turned into a struggle against the State-in-Itself; for the State was regarded as the highest and most direct form of a lowering of ‘the political prestige of Germany. The destruction of the German State, even if it only took the form of a lowering of the political prestige of Germany among other European countries, would affect the British, the French, the Austrian, the Italian, the Austrian, the Armenian, the Russian, and the French. It is pleasant to see that his inclination is toward the German State and that his article is written in German, and it has the approval of all sections of the population. The destruction of the German State, even if it only took the form of a lowering of the political prestige of Germany among other European countries, would affect the British, the French, the Austrian, the Italian, the Austrian, the Armenian, the Russian, and the French. It is pleasant to see that his inclination is toward the German State and that his article is written in German, and it has the approval of all sections of the population.
I am well content that Mr. Pickthall should have his sympathy so long as I have his approval. But, as he truly says, I am not to refuse to refute Mr. Pickthall in his eyes and mine, but to persuade the public that Mr. Pickthall's case is wrong, false, and misleading. On these grounds I answer Mr. Pickthall that the readjustment of the controversy against me by the violence of my methods. Mr. Pickthall, on the other hand, his gentle manner and patience, makes people incline to believe in the right of it all. Mr. Taylor may remember Lamb's excellent account of a Populart Fallacy that "of two disputants, the warmest is generally in the wrong." Lamb wrote that "coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting times than the appearance of this philosophic temper."

Mr. Pickthall has suggested several times that I have lost my temper. A more careful observer would not detect any of the usual results of such a wish. On the contrary, far from dashing to hot-headed conclusions and spiteful guesses, I have endeavoured to examine every defence which Mr. Pickthall has offered and have always given chapter and verse for my attack. I have discovered, and shown him to be indifferent both to consistency and to my exposures of his inconsistency. To take one instance, a letter which had the advantages to be right with the event, he had at one time expressed his opposition to the dispatch of a British expedition to Serbia, then, a little later, he had been dispatched and a greater force, and then, later still, turned again and said it ought never to have been sent. What was Mr. Pickthall's explanation to your readers for this inconsistency. It is a decadent etiquette that he wrote his article at fever-heat without calling attention to it. It is a decadent etiquette that he happened to prefer my method of violence of my methods. Mr. Pickthall, on the other hand, is as often the result of the usual diplomatic channels. In another issue of the same paper last week, Mr. Percival Phillips, "Daily Express" Special Correspondent, writes: "One way of improving the Boche is to blow him up by a mine."

In another issue of the same paper last week, Mr. Phillips should see an oculist before he ventures to criticise the coup which netted them is a triumph of landscape which forms my sector. I grabbed the infantry outlook's rifle and pumped five shots at the face as quickly as I could pull the trigger and work the lever. The face withdrew.

Leith Hill Woods.

Sir,—I cannot tell you your correspondent "Q. S." who is responsible for cutting down the firs on Leith Hill, but I inquired the cause of the felling, and was told the trees are used as trench and dug-out props. I have seen loads of fir lengths, suitable for that purpose, leaving Dorking Station. "Q. S." might learn who is responsible, and write suggesting a replanting.

A. E. B.
Press Cuttings.

Material wealth is not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end. Its value depends not on the amount of the total wealth, but on the proportion of that wealth which is available for the use and benefit of the community. While the true aim of life is not material, but spiritual, the harmonious development of the individual is only possible if he can provide property for his material wants and maintain a reasonable standard of living. Material wealth, while a means, is an essential means, the necessary basis of a healthy life. And in modern times, in a well-educated and united community, where a sufficient basis of material wealth should be possible for all except the worthless, it should be possible for everyone who is willing to work and find the means to live the life of a decent citizen.—"The Round Table.

We can develop within our whole body politic and economic a greater sense of the community. The capitalist has got to look beyond his own interests to those of the community. He has got to learn that the community is vastly more injured by the discontent and poverty and depression of their highest point, if there were a united effort in the service of the community by the forces of capital and labour. There, if there were a properly balanced distribution of wealth, it should be possible for everyone who is willing to work and find the means to live the life of a decent citizen.—"The Round Table.

Despite the lack of votes and of Trade Union facilities for collective bargaining, sometimes loosely claimed as the chief factors in the rise of wages, domestic servants have increased their wages almost more than any other class. They have got to have more than low wages and restricted production. On the other hand, the working man has got to broaden his vision and work his hardest for the community. Especially has the skilled man to abandon many of his present cherished occupations within their capacity. We cannot escape the conclusion that, very shortly after peace is declared, there will be certainly several—perhaps six or seven—millions of men to be disbanded from the Army and Navy, with the result that tens of thousands of riverside workers, and all who depend upon their activity, will find their employment discontinued. To the (literally) millions of wage-earners who have none; nor to public opinion, for it has never deserved the rise of workers in the last half-century. To what is the chief factors in the rise of labour threatens his own position, he is entitled to maintain in various parts of the world, and however cautiously and considerably the reduction of the Army and Navy may be effected, it is clear that many hundreds of thousands of men enlisted "for the duration of the war" will be thrown on the labour market during the first twelve months. The "intellectual" papers have devoted much space to the writings of sympathetic men like T. New Age writers and Rowland Kenney and others who seem to think that the great war has found the weak points in the existing social system, and that employers and employed, when they have come through the cleansing fire of battle, will return and forthwith set about building a new world. The three or four thousand women, too, who read economics in our own halting way and hard-fought process, running along the lines of evolution and following economic laws—there are some of us who read economics in this country, and that employers and employed, when they have come through the cleansing fire of battle, will return and forthwith set about building a new world. The three or four thousand women, too, who have been brought into wage-earning employment because so many men are away will not all go back to idleness or domesticity, nor will employers want to lose them. Add to these the tens of thousands of partially disabled men, whom we shall all want to employ in new occupations within their capacity. We cannot escape the conclusion that, very shortly after peace is declared, there will be certainly several—perhaps six or seven—millions of men and women simultaneously running and down seeking employment. No industrial dislocation of like magnitude has ever been experienced here or in any other country.—"New Statesman.

The "intellectual" papers have devoted much space to the writings of sympathetic men like T. New Age writers and Rowland Kenney and others who seem to think that the great war has found the weak points in the existing social system, and that employers and employed, when they have come through the cleansing fire of battle, will return and forthwith set about building a new world. The three or four thousand women, too, who have been brought into wage-earning employment because so many men are away will not all go back to idleness or domesticity, nor will employers want to lose them. Add to these the tens of thousands of partially disabled men, whom we shall all want to employ in new occupations within their capacity. We cannot escape the conclusion that, very shortly after peace is declared, there will be certainly several—perhaps six or seven—millions of men and women simultaneously running and down seeking employment. No industrial dislocation of like magnitude has ever been experienced here or in any other country.—"New Statesman.