THE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHATEVER may be concluded as to the probable duration of the war from the renewed demand for still more men, the reflection must at once occur that all previous calculations are beginning to be falsified. From the expeditionary and territorial forces which at one time some Cabinet or other imagined would see us through, to the formation of the New Armies and the introduction of the National Service Acts, each step has been preceded by a calculation that made it appear that each step would be the last needed to be taken. Yet every final step has turned out to be merely a penultimate; and at this moment the very last step of all, which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George themselves agreed would settle the matter, is about to become in its turn merely the precedent of still another. Now, we have not only nothing to say against the object for which these successive demands upon the nation are being made, but we have really nothing to urge against the demands themselves. In a war of the present magnitude it is ridiculous to suppose that when once in we can be in with only a single foot. We must either be all in or all out. On the other hand, there is no reason to yield ourselves indiscriminately to the appeal of the military authorities and to leave to them the manner of taking as well as the numbers of the men to be taken from industry. From their point of view, which is naturally purely specialist, it is a matter of indifference what becomes of the nation, provided that men and munitions continue to be supplied to them in sufficient quantities. But from the point of view of the civil authorities, just what is a matter of no concern to the military is of special concern to civilians, and all the more for the neglect of such matters by the military people and their supporters in the Press. What industries, other than munitions, shall be carefully maintained it is first and foremost the business of the civil authorities to decide. And what industries, again, shall be allowed to fall into desuetude during the war is a matter not for the recruiting but for the administrative authorities. It is in precisely this respect that, in our opinion, our administrative authorities have not only gone wrong, but practically abdicated in favour of the military. For while energetically maintaining the military supplies of men and of the industries that produce munitions, they have left to mere chance the maintenance and distribution of the remaining productive power of the nation. The anomalies into which in consequence the nation is thrown are obvious enough to the most casual observer. At the same moment that more men are being called for and the really necessary productive organisations are complaining of the intolerable drain upon their labour, literally thousands of merely exchanging, profiteering and luxury-producing organisations are allowed to continue in full swing as if, in fact, they were as essential to the prosecution of the war as the most indispensable of industries. Surely the proper course to take, however, is to overhaul industries and no longer merely men; and to "comb out" the parasitic trades instead of continuing to "comb out" men indiscriminately from all trades. The question should be no longer what men we can dispense with, but the more scientific and nationally profitable question what industries and businesses we can dispense with. Everybody must, indeed, have examples of these under his eyes. You cannot walk down a street of a town or even of a village without coming across businesses employing labour for no other purpose than competitive profit. Bond Street is the example de luxe. Would it not be as well, before bleeding the vital organs of the nation any further, to divert the labour currency from these secondary ornamentations of society into the primary channels and so save ourselves the general impoverishment that otherwise is certain to be brought about? We plead for a Grand Assize of the nation's industries, and for the suspension of the industries in the order of their national dispensability. That, and not the haphazard "combing out" of men from all industries alike, is the step that has become urgent.

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The most striking example of parasitic industry still going strong after two and a half years of war is, of course, the drink trade. Not only does this industry employ half a million people directly, but its tax upon the labour of the community in its raw materials and in its carriage by road, rail and ship, amounts to some-

thing like the cost of the maintenance of several army corps. But as well as this, its reactionary consequences are themselves sufficient to require its suspension even if the actual labour and cost were nothing whatever. What we mean is that if a free present were made to the nation of all the drink that is being consumed, the economic cost of the luxury would still be far greater than we can afford. Calculations made by the new "Strength of Britain League" prove, indeed, that the cost from this point of view of the drink trade is rather greater than less than its cost in direct labour. It absorbs a considerable amount of labour at both ends, and is altogether, therefore, parasitic throughout. What, however, has been done to relieve the nation of the burden the brewers and their victims place upon us? Regulations, we know, have been imposed and multiplied upon the retailing of drink, but nowhere that we can learn have either brewers been compelled to close down or the amount of drinking been seriously diminished. In other words, the labour and cost of the industry, both as to its manufacture and its consumption, remain much what they were when the war was first begun. But is it reasonable that farmers of wheat should be crying out for more labour at the same moment that brewers and distillers should still be employing men? And is it economic or any other kind of sense to drain agriculture and other such necessary industries while only, at most, equally draining such an industry as drink which is worse than unnecessary? The reply is obvious; but the excuses for it are said to be many. They may, however, be summed up in this: that thanks to the corruption of politics during the last half century, our leading politicians are little better than publicans, while our chief publicans are also weighty politicians. Far greater disasters, therefore, than we have yet met with will be needed to induce our beerage to consent to the suspension of their trade.

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Mr. McKenna's appeals for thrift, for carefulness in the use of labour and materials, continue to be made and continue for the most part to fall upon deaf ears. It is true, as we have many times pointed out, that the reason for thrift is that there are not enough goods and services to go round *at the old rate*. But it is not true that mere exhortations to thrift, however accompanied by reasons, will have any effect save upon the minority of decent people in the nation. These, we believe, are as thrifty by this time as they ought to be. We know, indeed, of many cases of over-thrift the pathos of whose position is that each fresh appeal from Mr. McKenna induces in them still more strenuous self-denial. But in the meantime their sacrifices are, as it were, annulled and more than annulled by the licence they appear to give to the more greedy, libidinous and reckless of our population. How to control these is the question; and, as far as we can see, there is only one reply to it: Taxation. No greater mistake, in our opinion, has been made throughout the war than when it was decided that the major cost of the war should be raised by loan instead of imposed by taxation. Not only has it played into the hands of the wealthy classes by providing them with a gilt-edged investment; not only has it produced an artificial prosperity in the flush of which the most sober have become extravagant; not only has it disguised from the nation the reality of the disaster of the war; not only has it sown the seed of after-war problems whose harvest will be almost as bitter to reap as war itself; not only has it set an example of financial economy that every spendthrift may henceforth plead; but, worse even than any of these things, it has accustomed the unthinking, the careless, the selfish and the base, to regard the pre-war standards of living as compatible with war and continuable during the coming peace. That, we say, is a disastrous consequence above all others, for it acts as an incentive to expenditure to-day and to the resolution to continue expending at the same rate to-morrow. Few people, in fact, have yet realised that they are to be poorer for the war and for some time after it. Few have realised that their old standards of living are to be permanently reduced. To preach thrift to them, therefore, while it appears that the means of expenditure are still at hand, is necessarily to preach a Utopian morality. Why should they spare when their incomes are so little reduced? Above all, when the preacher is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who could take the money by taxation if he really wanted it? The last man, indeed, to preach thrift with any effect is Mr. McKenna. Let him tax and he need no longer preach.

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We are accustomed to judges professing an ignorance of the meaning of common words; it is the chief stock-in-trade of their wit, without which they would be hard put to to raise a laugh even in their own courts. It is another matter when the Chancellor of the Exchequer pretends that he does not know the meaning of a forced loan. Then it is no longer wit, but something else. Faced by the simple fact that the commodity of credit—a monopoly, like so many others, of a small class of wealthy people—is rising in market-price beyond the ability of the Government to obtain it in the necessary quantities, Mr. McKenna professes to be ignorant of the very means of procuring its use on reasonable terms which have already been employed to procure the use, let us say, of wool. The commandeering of the total wool-supply of the country at a fixed price was, in effect, a forced loan; and all that is implied in the phrase when applied to the commodity of credit is that credit, like wool, should be commandeered by the Government at a fixed and reasonable rate of interest. That the credit is there to be commandeered nobody with any intelligence will deny—we shall see, indeed, that as its price rises credit will come slinking out of its holes to obtain it. That it is as indispensable as wool, as easily commandeered, as easily "held for a rise," and as likely to be while a rise is possible, are also matters of common sense. Then what is to prevent its disclosure followed by its commandeering at a fixed price—except Mr. McKenna's pretence that he does not know the meaning of a forced loan? Once more, however, the excuse will be offered that credit is a commodity sui generis; and that what applies to the likes of wool does not apply to money. We are economists, however, and we deny it. Money is a commodity in common with commodities. But we realise, at the same time, that its possession is peculiar to the governing classes who, indeed, claim to be sui generis.

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The official inquiry for which the contractor, Sir John Jackson, has asked may, if it is ever held, throw some fresh light on the scandal with which his name is at present connected; but what it cannot do is to alter the plain facts of the case which are that Sir John Jackson began his contracting "for love" and ended it with a profit of £170,000. With the means by which he is said to have converted a patriotic offer into a profiteering demand, or the inducements held out to him by the example of other contractors to change from "love" to business, we have only a small concern. For they have been proved to be part and parcel of the whole system of private contracting, and, indeed, of capitalism in general. How hardly shall they that have contracted habits of profiteering slough them on any appeal whatever, we have seen in the course of the war during which contractors have offered all their sons and yet continued to make profit out of supplying them with munitions. What, on the other hand, is our immediate concern—for the rich are always with us—is the folly of leaving private contractors and their abilities "private" during the war. Why they should not be called up for service and put upon pay like other men we cannot understand; or why, over and above a fixed rate of pay they should successfully demand, like any travelling tout, a commis-

sion or profit. Does anybody believe that Sir John Jackson, relatively to any high military supply officer, is worth £170,000, against, say, £1,000. Is he a hundred and seventy times the service of a Brigadier-General? On the contrary, it is certain that there are in the Army at this moment officers working for a modest pay with whom Sir John Jackson would compare badly in ability and with national spirit not at all. Something, it is obvious, is rotten in the State that can obtain superior services for pay and inferior services only for an exorbitant commission. And that thing rotten is the existence of profiteers at all.

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We looked with the expectation of being amused for the comments of the "Spectator" upon Mr. Runciman's proposal to set up a Commission to buy wheat nationally on behalf of the civil population. For had not the "Spectator" maintained that our supplies of wheat and the price to our consumers might safely be left to the ordinary laws of Supply and Demand; and had not Mr. Runciman specifically announced, as his reason for creating the Commission, that "supplies during the coming year could not safely be left to private enterprise"? And, surely enough, we did not miss our amusement; for, beyond recording the appointment of the Commission, Mr. Strachey (Hat off!) made no comment whatever. This, we conclude, is the manner of the gentleman-journalist, to shirk every contradiction into which events prove that he has fallen and to come up smiling in reliance upon the courteous forgetfulness of his readers. Let us who remember turn our gaze from his distress. Mr. Runciman's Commission, however, will not in itself have any of the effects upon prices expected from it unless, as we have urged before, the monopoly of Supply is employed to determine the retail price. In reply to Mr. Wardle, Mr. Runciman did, it is true, declare that "the Government had no intention of bringing wheat here and then allowing the advantage to be filched from the consumers." But the sufficient answer to this was, in the first place, the decision of the bakers at once to advance the price of the quartern loaf; and, in the second place, the obvious preparations being made by the retail trade to keep the price at its maximum as long as possible. Until, in fact, the Government commandeers the great distributing agencies and deliberately competes in the retailing of flour, the present retailers will reap where the State has sown. Whereupon Mr. Strachey will turn round and tell us that, after all, the State scheme has failed.

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The Irish situation has been complicated by the lies that have largely made it what it is. Every English politician seems to lose even his modicum of truthfulness when dealing with Ireland, so that at this moment the Irish people is like a Tartar that cannot be taken or let alone. For the immediate impracticability of applying to Ireland the National Service Acts—which, it is admitted, would run in Ireland under Home Rule without legal let or hindrance—the cowardly postponement of Home Rule itself may first be blamed, and, next, the failure of the Die-hard Peers to keep faith with Mr. Lloyd George's promises of only a temporary exclusion of Ulster. The effect of these has been to put up the backs of the Nationalists who, after all, are the chief organised power in Ireland outside Ulster. Without the Nationalists, however, the application of compulsion to Ireland is impossible; and with them, but at their price, it seems equally impossible. The alternative is, therefore, to ignore them and to apply to Ireland for recruits without their co-operation. But this, again, is likely to prove fruitless; and hence we come back once more to the position that the Nationalists must be placated if Ireland is to submit even to a considerable voluntary recruiting. On the whole, the price that England has had to pay for the performances of Sir Edward Carson is a shade or two above their value!

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WRITING in THE NEW AGE last week I ventured to emphasise the fact—now, I think, more generally admitted—that any discussion of peace terms at present was premature. The German offer of peace, I added, the offer which Mr. Lloyd George's statement to an American journalist forestalled, concerned the West only, and left a settlement with regard to the East out of the reckoning altogether. "The German Government," I stated,

> would be quite satisfied to compensate Belgium, to leave France, and even to hand Lorraine over to France, if by doing so it could conserve the interests which it went to war to ensure to itself for ever, namely, the interests of Germany in Turkey-in-Asia and the maintenance, essential therefor, of a direct route to Turkey through the Balkan Peninsula. The French, British, and Russian Governments cannot consent to German domination in Asia Minor in the form it assumed between the late 'eighties and the outbreak of war; and it follows that they cannot agree to an unsatisfactory adjustment of the Balkan question.

* * *

Compare this with a declaration in the "Daily Telegraph" five days after the appearance of this article (October 16). Dr. E. J. Dillon, telegraphing from Florence on Saturday last, said:

> So important for Germany is the maintenance of communications between Berlin and the Near East that she is ready, as I know, to make peace to-day on the basis of the evacuation of France and Belgium, but on condition that she and her confederates be permitted to deal with Russia and the Balkan States. For if the upshot of the war left her the makings of an Oriental empire reaching from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, she would consider this result worth the sacrifices made.

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As this distinction is likely to become more and more important, I lay stress on the diplomatic view of it. For at least three years before the war broke out emphasis was laid in this journal on the extreme importance of Germany's interests in Asia Minor. It would certainly be to the advantage of the German State (and incidentally to the advantage of German iron-masters) to secure possession of the French iron and steel works on the Alsace-Lorraine border, as well as of the French and Belgian iron-ore deposits; but these advantages would be sacrificed, at a pinch, for the much greater advantages of expansion in the Near East. But the key to the Near East is the Balkan Peninsula; and in the message I have just quoted Dr. Dillon lays stress, as I have done myself, upon the outstanding importance of the Balkan theatre of war at the present moment. The plans of the Allies on the intervention of Roumania were simple and comprehensive. The main Roumanian attack was to be directed towards the Passes; for only in this way could the Germans be prevented from rushing in between Brussilov's left flank and the Roumanian army. General Sarrail, it was believed, could advance and hold the Bulgarians in check—indeed, it was at one time believed that some understanding could have been reached by the Sofia and Bucharest Governments. And, of course, a Russian army was to enter Roumania by way of giving adequate support.

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"The truth is," writes Dr. Dillon, "that during the last six weeks mistakes have been committed and splendid opportunities lost." The truth, in a less vague form, is that all these plans collapsed, and, what is worse, the causes of their collapse were preventable. So far back as August it was known that King Constantine had been warned that Germany had provided a huge army for the invasion of Roumania if it should ever become necessary; and the Greek Court and Government, knowing that Berlin seldom threatened in vain, undertook to concentrate a force in Sarrail's rear, so that the invasion of Roumania might be the signal

for a joint attack on Sarrail's forces by Bulgarians and Greeks. If the German Government had been in our place at that time, there is little doubt that the "neutral" King of Greece would have been deposed instantly, and quite possibly shot. Such a drastic course would have been excessive in the circumstances; but there is no reason why the seizure of the Greek fleet and of the Piraeus-Larissa Railway, instead of being left to the middle of October, should not have taken place two months previously.

* * *

Apart from an advance by General Sarrail, what steps could have been taken? The Russians could have sent an army. They have, in fact, sent a division or two, but not the army of three or four hundred thousand men required. The reason is clear. It was stated by General Kuropatkin in "Le Temps" more than a month ago, and quoted subsequently by Colonel Repington in the "Times" and by myself. The Russians cannot advance, cannot send men anywhere, because they have used up their shells. They are, incidentally, in need of heavy howitzers and mountain-guns; but their great requirement for two or three weeks has been shells. I wish this point could be rubbed into our House of Commons. The Russians want shells and guns, guns and shells; and then more guns and more shells. They look to us to provide them—to us, the greatest manufacturing country among the Allies. I am not going to indulge in recriminations respecting the scandals of every kind associated with our munition works. I am willing to give even Mr. Lloyd George, as well as his successor, Mr. Montagu, credit for the best intentions; but the fact remains that our munition works are not turning out enough material in proportion to the gigantic staff they keep employed—not nearly enough. I will say no more on this point for the moment. But I should like to add that the talk of "combing out" munition workers for the Army in the face of our Allies' demands for war material is ridiculous, and should not be heeded by the responsible authorities.

* * *

The situation in Roumania, for the moment, is this: the Roumanian forces have been driven out of Transylvania, and they now hold only one small pass on the frontier. Their rapid advance of the previous four or five weeks counts for nothing. Falkenhayn is now preparing for a spring at Bucharest. On the Dobrudja front the position of our friends is rather more hopeful, though still nothing to boast of. The combined Russian and Roumanian forces have just managed to check Mackensen's advance; but less than eighty miles separates him from Falkenhayn. Furthermore, Mackensen has advanced sufficiently far towards the Cernavoda-Constanza railway to be able to bombard it, as he is, indeed, doing. Practically all the railways in Roumania converge on Constanza, and towards the north, where the Russians have been trying to operate, there are no railways worth speaking of. The Germans throughout this war have devoted their greatest scientific attention to the railways, wherever they may have been. It may be recalled that more than a year before the war, I drew attention in these columns to the German railway system on the Belgian border, which was obviously strategic and not commercial. The same remark, of course, applied to German railways everywhere else—to the connecting links of the Bagdad system; to the railways in German Poland, in East Prussia, on the Dutch and Danish frontiers. Our own wiseacres refused to believe that railways mattered; but, though they have learnt a bitter lesson, I sincerely wished they had learnt it sooner. If the advantages of railways had been appreciated at an earlier stage in the war we should have saved thousands of lives, and probably prevented, into the bargain, the overrunning of Serbia. But, I repeat, the immediate necessity is to provide the Russians with unlimited shells and guns.

A Visit to the Front.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

V.—A MILITARY BASE.

ON the day following our visit to the Flanders front the motor-car brought us to another of the bases of the British Army in France. The department we first saw was the repairing factory. It is obvious that besides the repairing factory there must be innumerable other factories which provide the Army with non-eatables—nails, horseshoes, tins, wires, wheels, picks, shovels, razors, trench-opening machinery, knives, screws, needles, plates, forks, spoons—and that every one of these articles has to be produced by hundreds of tons, and must pass through a central organisation, whence it is distributed to each of the armies, and thence to each of the Army corps, and then, again, to each of the divisions, and afterwards to each of the units, all of which pre-supposes, besides the producing staff, an immense personnel entrusted with the distribution, and with the guardianship and control of the distribution. But the repairing factory is more interesting for a foreigner, for the sight of the things which have to be repaired give one a better idea of the quantity of new things an army needs.

The repairing factory has been established in the suburbs of a French town. And it is a new undertaking, an undertaking never before established in the rear of an Army in the field. It took its rise in the sight of the immense amount of things lost on the battlefield. It was thought that they could all be utilised more or less. And as soon as the Army had been immobilised in the trench warfare, somebody thought of collecting all the used-up material and repairing it. Nowadays the repairing factory is one of the biggest institutions in the British Army. Rifles, guns, gun-carriages, range-finders, harness, uniforms, boots, helmets, gas-masks, tents, are all brought to this basis in three or four goods-trains every day, mostly to be repaired here, or, in some cases, to be sent to factories in Great Britain.

A few data will give some idea of the scale of this workshop. Horses' bits are cleaned by machinery, in an immense drum which shakes them from side to side, one against another. After a few minutes' mutual rubbing, they cast off their rust, and come out as white as silver. Machinery now saves the immense efforts which cavalry and artillery soldiers usually devote to cleaning the iron parts of harness and spurs. The gas-masks are repaired in another department. A woman can darn hundreds of these little sacks in a day. We have seen I know not how many, but nearly two hundred women are employed in this department alone. That explains why gas no longer frightens. There is not a single soldier without his mask. In the tin repairing-shop we saw more than a hundred workmen. An equal number in the harness shop.

The boot repairing-shop deserves a paragraph to itself. In the heaps of old boots you see many specimens which look as if nothing could be done with them. There is nothing more pitiful or more putrid than a piece of a rotten old boot. It must first of all be washed, not only with soap, but with disinfectants which do not burn the leather. This part of the work is done by women. Afterwards it passes to the hands of the shoemakers. There cannot be fewer than seven hundred workmen sawing and hammering over their machines. But in order that the machinery may be thoroughly utilised, three shifts are worked daily. In this workshop the blows of the hammer never cease for an instant. And thus it is possible to return to the front every week some twenty-five thousand pairs of boots, nailed, lined, and brand new.

Besides this, they repair rifles, guns, machine-guns, and the material captured from the enemy; and a number of wheels so large that they have a department of their own. And there are furnaces and forges, and

casting-shops for the smelted iron, and a carpenter's shop for the broken shell-cases, and a cooper's for repairing cartridge-barrels. And there are even more complicated workshops for mending periscopes. This factory did not employ, at the beginning, more than a hundred workmen. It now has several thousand, and produces its own power. Diagrams on the walls indicate the efficiency of the establishment. Not only does it repair more things every day, but the increasing division of labour daily augments the productivity of each workman. In addition, it employs several hundred French women.

We observe that the women, as they work, alternate with the Marseillaise old popular songs, love-songs. They sing in chorus, softly, with poor voices, not badly attuned. The love-songs are pretty, but the women always return to the Marseillaise. The officer who accompanies us to do the honours of the establishment does not understand why the women never stop singing the Marseillaise. "They sing it all day," he tells us, "they sing it all the year round. I can't understand why they don't get tired of it." We journalists look at one another as we hear this exclamation of the English officer, and on this point an argument arose among ourselves that evening.

My colleagues were inclined to believe that the British officer's surprise was due to his not understanding what the Marseillaise meant for the French soul. It is the song of an invaded people rising in a body against the invaders. It arose before the invasion, in the years of the Revolution. It has been revived now by the analogy of the circumstances. It expresses the decision of a peaceful people, which would rather appeal to arms than suffer the dictation of the foreigner. It expresses the energy born of the revolt of the spirit against injustice. It is the soul itself descending into the arm to transform itself into strength. Hence its greatness.

But the British officer understood all that quite well. He knows very well that what the Marseillaise says is a profound and moving truth. But that is precisely why he feels hurt as he hears it morning and evening. Englishmen do not like to exhibit pompously their deepest feelings. They are ashamed of that. A French hero is one who can accompany his heroic action with the heroic gesture that best expresses it. An English hero, on the other hand, is one who accompanies his heroic action with a humorous or humble gesture, by which he says: "What I have done is nothing in particular." Germans and Frenchmen sing in this war great patriotic songs, like the Marseillaise or Deutschland über Alles. The British soldiers sing a love-song, such as Tipperary, which makes not the slightest reference to the war; and as soon as Tipperary was on the point of being turned into a patriotic song the British soldier ceased to sing it. An Englishman does not like to proclaim his patriotism at the top of his voice, exactly as he does not like to say that two and two are four or that night follows day. His uniform and his conduct testify to his patriotism. But he likes to speak of more trivial things. That is why many foreigners think him insensible to great ideals. That is not the case. He simply thinks it unnecessary to proclaim them. He is afraid that if they are proclaimed they may degenerate into mere rhetoric. What does surprise the Englishman is the fact that the French can sing the Marseillaise and really and truly feel it. What surprises the Frenchman even more is the fact that the English can fight with the courage they are now displaying without expressing their feelings in patriotic songs. Before the war perhaps no two nations in the world were more different from one another than the English and the French. If they come to understand one another, they will be able to understand the whole world.

After lunching with the officers we were taken to a harbour and shown the provision stores. In these stores are built up the "cathedrals of preserves," a phrase coined by my friend Señor Valle-Inclan, the Spanish stylist. You may walk in a straight line for half a mile between the solid walls of wooden cases containing the 500,000 tins of jam, the 300,000 of meat, and the 300,000 of onions. Every day a score of steamers from all points of the compass arrive at these stores. I saw meat from Fray Bentos, onions from Vallbona, ham from Ireland, pork and beans from Canada. There are mountains of tins containing the "iron rations," i.e., the rations taken by every soldier to the trenches, but not eaten unless by order, which is given only when supplies cannot be brought up.

The principle on which the British commissariat works is to vary the food of the soldier as much as possible. Man is omnivorous, and as soon as he specialises in his food he spoils his digestion. The statement that the British Army is the best fed seems to me to be true. At the beginning of the war it was usually added that it was the army that wasted more food than any other. But there was some exaggeration in that. The English are not frugal. They produce much; they consume much. But economies are made everywhere. A regimental cook told me that in one month he had saved 8,000 rations. That does not mean that the soldiers are on short commons, but that the cook had observed that they did not eat everything he gave them; and by taking a little off each ration he had saved the English Treasury the value of 8,000 rations—a respectable sum. That is only a detail, but it shows that the organisation is being rapidly perfected. The English began to make their army by a system of giving it everything in abundance and in excess. Everything the soldiers needed; and, in addition, anything they fancied. Later on they began to suppress the surplus and useless things. In the end there will be a perfect adaptation of resources to necessities.

Do you know that a bakery can be an interesting thing? The master-baker received us at the door in a khaki cap, with white jacket and trousers and brass buttons. A manufacturer in love with his business and his function, modest, patriotic, and satisfied to command hundreds of bakers. "Bakers, attention!" he cried, when we entered the factory. And the great procession of white figures stood to attention. "Carry on." And the procession of white ants resumed its task. "Everything is done here by hand," said the master proudly. At one side is the train, from which an endless file of men discharge the sacks of flour sent from Canada and pile them up in vast store-rooms. In another great hall the flour is kneaded with leaven. The heaps of dough go down canals, are cut and carefully weighed, are divided into loaves each weighing two pounds and a half, a two days' ration; go to the oven, are kept for twenty-four hours, are distributed, and are eaten in the trenches precisely four days after leaving the oven. It is fine bread. The same as we get in our château. From this bakery alone come 240,000 rations every day.

This bread is made by workmen who enlisted expressly to bake bread for the Army. They are all, or nearly all, professional bakers, like their master, men who dress in khaki with the same pride as those in the trenches. Perhaps you may see a white-haired man pass by beside a youth, and the master will tell you that they are father and son, who enlisted together in order that not even the war might separate them. Nobody speaks; the great ant-hill never stops. Neither fatigue nor boredom can be noticed. Every baker prides himself on doing as much as two men in peace time. There are no strikes. Every workman is working with the clear knowledge that he is not working to enrich an employer, but to serve the nation. We have the impression that British individualism is quite compatible with the most strict and military discipline. The generals speak with pride of their master-baker; the master-baker of his workmen and apprentices. These, of the Army. The common work! The thing in common!

We have to return to the château. We are to see the Somme battlefields on the following day.

Social Organisation for the War.

By Professor Edward V. Arnold.

VII.—THE DISSENTIENTS.

FOURTEEN nations are now engaged in the Great War. In eleven of them the people are working as one man under the direction of their Governments. In Austria and Bulgaria the Governments suppress all opposition. In Great Britain alone the war is essentially a war of volunteers. Those who desire to take part in it receive sympathy and support from the Government; those who object to it, or are on the other side, receive equal sympathy, and at least passive support.

It is our contention that a volunteer war, magnificent as its results may be in certain directions, is inadequate to the crisis. To secure safety the British people must organise its whole strength, not merely a part of it. History provides us with a warning. In 415 B.C. the Athenians, under circumstances at least as favourable as those of Great Britain to-day, launched their expedition against Sicily. It was based upon the voluntary principle, equipped by voluntary subscription and manned by volunteers. It never doubted of success, but it met with catastrophe, and its failure marked the end of the political independence of Hellas.

It would be a libel on our Government to suggest that its members are still angling for the votes of those who object to the policy it has adopted; but we cannot question the direct statements of its members that they do not, and will not, attempt to lead the nation in its present crisis. If, therefore, the people is to be organised for war, it must organise itself. We have pointed out the main features of an organisation which will correspond to the true organic factors of the nation, and which may be trusted to face great questions as they arise. It remains to indicate the lines on which it may be possible to deal with the great bodies of objectors, who together constitute about one-third of the nation, and of whom the most conspicuous are the Sinn Feiners, the Pacifists, and the advocates of the Class War.

Besides all these we have the individual objectors. Capitalists who are out for profit, workmen who shrink from regular industry, mothers who dread the risks of soldiering for their sons, are everywhere the opponents of a policy which calls for self-sacrifice from all citizens. Even larger is the number of those who, after two years of war, are still only half-conscious of its reality; who assume that "somebody" will see them safely through it, and that peace will certainly come next week. But all these objections are negative in character; they awake no enthusiasm and produce no organisation; they are hindrances but hardly obstacles.

The objections that are really serious all come from men who have ideals. Some stand for Ireland, some for Labour, and some for Peace; all of them disown allegiance to the British State, except just as far as they individually may agree with its action. They take their stand upon their "conscientious convictions"; and yet none of them are individualists. They readily place their services, and even their lives, at the disposal of the organisations which attract their allegiance. Three years ago all of them were agreed that "the majority must rule"; to-day they all claim "the sacred right of rebellion." But under one formula or the other they are devoted to their respective causes, and will not easily be diverted from them.

We may fairly describe all these objectors as "dissentients," for they admit that they are out of harmony with the general feeling of the British people. The term implies no reproach. In a country in which Government is designedly made weak, and the destiny of a nation entrusted to currents of opinion of which no one can anticipate either the strength or the direction, all initiative must necessarily come from minorities. To treat such minorities with abuse or violence is inconsistent. Each one of these dissentient groups may be possessed—nay, very probably, is possessed—of a principle which is destined some day to transform the British Empire. Each of them possesses a programme; and in a programme there is at least an attempt to reason, and a protest against "muddling through." The objectors are an immediate cause of weakness to the British Empire; they may be in the future an element of strength.

Our first duty to dissentients is to examine their contentions and to recognise those elements which are true, even when this makes it necessary to abandon cherished prejudices. Such prejudices in this case are the individualistic theory of the State, including the doctrines of Representative Government, and of the Happiness of the Greatest Number. According to this creed a State is an aggregation of individuals, each seeking his own happiness. If each individual has a vote, he will use it for his own happiness; the majority will, therefore, use it for the happiness of the majority, and, thereby, the greatest sum total of happiness will be secured. All of us have been brought up in this creed; but do we believe it?

Clearly the dissentients do not. None of them question that a majority of individuals in Great Britain are in favour of war with Germany; but they do not, therefore, admit that the war will be good for the majority, or that it will produce happiness. But even if it were admitted that the majority could please itself, they say that that is nothing to them, because they are not in sympathy with the majority. To a Representative Government which represents only their opponents they see no reason to submit.

I, for one, agree with them so far. It is not for votes or majorities, for Representative Government or for the happiness of the greatest number, that we are fighting. It is for a cause, an ideal. It is for England as she has been known to us in the history of the centuries, for the law of Europe as we conceive it in the centuries that are to come. This ideal does not promise us individual happiness; it demands from us effort, thought, self-sacrifice. We did not make it; we worship it. We cannot force it upon others; but we are free to hold up its light so that all to whom it makes a call may be drawn towards it.

It makes that call to great numbers of the dissentients. There are Irishmen to whom England is a name for loathing, and who yet are drawn towards the ideal of European law. There are pacifists who hate war, and yet would gladly do something to build up a future peace. There are advocates of the Class War who would gladly destroy Capitalism, and yet draw back from destroying England.

We can, therefore, point out to the dissentients that we, too, have a cause, and we, too, have consciences. A man does not obey his conscience the less because it is in agreement with the conscience of his neighbours. There is an individual conscience, and there is a collective conscience. Let us again gladly admit that many dissentients give evidence of this, and testify their admiration of those who are making sacrifices in a cause that is not their own. Such good feeling diminishes the bitterness of civic strife; it should make us still more anxious to reach the common ground that underlies our differences.

For it is a bitter thing that so many dissentients should be at strife with the British Empire at war; that they should be taking part, passively, if not actively, with the forces that are making for its destruction, whilst yet they are all sons of Britain. Their parents were married under its laws; their childhood was nurtured under its guidance. They have been kept safe till now by the protection of its Army and Navy; they have earned their bread (few of them are counted amongst the poor) under its economic system. They have now grown to maturity, and have their own thoughts. They judge their mother severely. What she has done for them was her bare duty; what she has neglected to do for them is her eternal shame. Let it

be so. Will they take the last step, and turn aside in indifference whilst the stranger plunges his knife into their mother's throat?

We have ourselves provided them with too good an answer. For from the first days of the war the highest political authorities have assured them that not only is Great Britain absolutely safe, but also that her victory is certain. These things are not true; they are the statements that the British public has desired to hear, and therefore politicians and Press alike have eagerly competed in repeating them. The whole course of history protests against the assumption that war is safe: nation after nation, dynasty after dynasty, have perished in their fancied security. But further, to give point to this phantasm of certain victory, it has been necessary to suppress wholesale the great facts of the war, and to gloze with foolish comment the remainder. Only the diligent student of the map of Europe has been able to see which way the war has tended.

This policy of deception has at least been disastrous in its moral effects on our dissentients. Quite logically they have argued that if a British victory is so certain, there is no call upon themselves to sacrifice their lives or their principles to secure it. Quite naturally (though not justifiably) it has occurred to them that the present is an excellent opportunity to wrest from a weak Government the concession of their special objects, and that they can do so without endangering the result of the war. It is possible that if the truth had been laid before them from the beginning, if they had realised not only Britain's cause but Britain's danger, they would have hesitated to cut themselves off from their allegiance. It is, at any rate, our business to see that no mistakes on our side hinder them from returning to it; indeed, we must, and shall, welcome their help if we can find some side of our national life in which they can consent to be with us.

If, indeed, any of the dissentients sincerely believe that the victory of the Central Powers would be for the good of humanity no common ground is possible. There is much to be said for this view in the abstract, and it is held by men of considerable reasoning power, as, for instance, Herr Houston Chamberlain. In theory, however, no State permits its members to change their allegiance in time of war. Personally, the present writer would gladly see permission given to all who hold this view to quit this country for Germany, and to serve the State which they hold to be in the right with all the privileges of belligerents. On the other hand, they can claim in law, but not in reason, the right to exercise the franchise and share in controlling the policy of the country in which they were born. If they exercise that purely technical right they must expect to meet with opposition.

But such dissentients are few. With others it must be a matter of regret that offers of co-operation have been made but not accepted. Thus, offers were made on behalf of the Irish Nationalists to provide for the Home Defence of Ireland against all comers; and on behalf of Trade Unionists to demand no increases in wages if the prices of food were maintained at pre-war levels. It is not for private individuals to judge whether these particular offers should have been accepted at the time; but it is right that the spirit which prompted the offers should be appreciated.

We much regret that the State has not found its pacifist dissentients prepared to accept reasonable terms. Here, at any rate, the State has made concessions which are substantial. The law excuses pacifists from combatant service; the interpretation of the law goes much further, and excuses them from all services directly connected with the war. Yet there remain pacifists who make the claim that on a mere statement of "conscientious objection" the objector shall be relieved from all obligatory national duty, and who, in practice, declare it immoral for them to plant potatos because they are thereby prolonging the war. These objections are perfectly logical; but their logic points to a denial of all claims whatsoever by the State upon its individual members. Such a denial cuts at the root of all social life, and is an outrage to the collective conscience: to give way to it would make impossible all that further organisation of the nation's resources which it is the object of these articles to advocate. So far the State cannot dare to go.

Yet even so it is a loss to the nation that it should be at war with its pacifists, and a loss to the pacifists to keep up their defiance of the nation. Their just influence is thereby forfeited, and the guidance of British policy more than ever thrown into the hands of those whose passions have outrun their reason. For peace does not come of itself, nor of a mere cessation of warlike activity; as our industrial struggles have shown us, it involves a careful study of conditions and an intricate balancing of claims. Peace is made, not born. In these articles at least we do not refuse our respect to the efforts of those pacifist writers who have studied the history and ideals of the German people, who read German newspapers, and who cull from them and offer for the information of Englishmen those passages which are to us least provocative. There have always been Germans to whom this war has been a war of defence, and who desire to live in peace and friendship with all the world. Politically they are powerless in their own country, but they may not always be so. The time may come when Germany may offer us a reasonable peace, and there is a substantial risk that we may refuse it. Such is the contention of the writers of various pamphlets issued under the authority of the "Union of Democratic Control," and the peace-views which these writers advocate do not seem to differ substantially from those to which independent expression has been given in these articles. It is, on the other hand, a national calamity that aspirations which point not merely to the destruction of the Prussian military domination, but also to the humiliation and ruin of the German people, are daily voiced by our popular Press, and defended by men in high position in papers of the standing of the "Times" and the "Spectator." These utterances are not merely discreditable to the British nation; they constitute a posthumous justification of the charges which our worst enemies have laid at our door, and confirm the resolution of the German people to resist us to the last. So far they have not been endorsed by our Government: on the contrary, the Prime Minister has plainly expressed his approval of the ideal upheld by the President of the United States, according to which the belligerent States will in the future form part of a united community bound together by the ties of international law, and the United States itself will become a party to the bond. England is pledged to no aim which goes further than this. But when the passions of war are roused the advocacy of any kind of peace is difficult; and it becomes more difficult than ever when the advocates allow themselves to be mixed up with those who are thwarting the efforts which this country is rightly making to maintain its fitting position in the council of the nations.

But even after we have made every allowance for the position of dissentients, the British State has the right (though it is incapable of strict definition) of imposing its will upon its individual members, and that right it will find the means to make good. We desire to see the dissentients come in, take up their proper place as British citizens, and help as they best can in the nation's life-struggle. But if any of them finally refuse they cannot look for continued tolerance, nor is it certain that Government will always be weak. Three times in recent years constitutional practice has been set aside by soldiers to avert national catastrophe; and three times the nation has condoned the act. The excessive license now claimed by individuals may some day produce a reaction in which constitutional government will for the time disappear altogether.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

HERE we bring to an end our survey of our country's strength and weakness, in the light of the teachings of

history. We cannot expect to carry our readers with us in every detail, but we shall attempt to sum up the principal conclusions with which we invite them to concur :—

(i) England is at war for the maintenance of the principle of European law, as against the doctrine that Europe is to be ruled by its strongest State.

(ii) In order to maintain that principle England with her allies must show herself stronger than that State, and thus produce a Balance of Mights.

(iii) By entering into the struggle England has placed herself in danger, and even her ultimate victory is not yet secure.

(iv) England cannot afford to trust her defence to volunteers, but must organise herself so as to make every element of her strength tell. She has the right to demand the best services of all her citizens to provide herself with men, money, munitions and food.

(v) In organising herself England must build upon the existing facts of her social life. Local boundaries have now largely lost their significance, and the dominant fact is the strength of the great Trade Societies.

(vi) Trade Societies, both as regards employers and employed, should therefore be more simply and more completely organised; they should be recognised as nations within a nation, and made corporately responsible for their services.

(vii) The ultimate authority of the State should be upheld over all its members, whether corporations or individuals, even at the cost of life itself.

Lastly, some explanation is due as to the choice of the words "England" and "English," used throughout these papers in the Continental sense. They are justified only as an historical reminiscence. We think and speak as members of a community for which as yet there is no name; for it is wider than Great Britain and even than the circle of the Entente Powers. It is the union of all those, even amongst our present enemies, who are reaching out to form the great peaceful community which we hope, even against hope, will be the outcome of the "terrible war."

The Bogey of Infant Mortality.

By Margaret Macgregor, M.A.

I.

WE want men—and we are faced with a falling birth-rate! We are daily losing an increasing number, not of men merely, but of picked men, men of the greatest physical fitness and of the highest moral spirit, and the problem of replacing them confronts us. So far but one practical solution of the problem has been attempted: a campaign has been inaugurated for reducing the rising rate of infant mortality. We are going to make good the loss of the most highly endowed and gifted of our race by saving from premature death the least fit infants of the slums!

The pitiful inadequacy of this solution of the problem is obvious, and, if it were the only possible one, our race would be surely doomed, but, happily, we have vast resources of mental, moral, and physical wealth, which, if used for the glory of the Empire, will raise up a generation of men worthy of those heroes who are passing on the battlefields of three Continents.

The number of only sons in the daily casualty list demonstrates this, and exposes the most serious menace to the strength of England, the excessive limitation of the families of the upper and middle classes. We have too long shirked frankly facing this fact, and in our anxiety to continue to shirk it we over-estimate the value of the reduction of the infant mortality rate as a source of race recuperation, and ignore the evils that must, under existing conditions, inevitably accompany that reduction.

Infant mortality is admittedly a produce of the slums; it is in the slums that babies die, and mercifully, I think. Who, with any care for the individual, would wish to keep a child alive in an English slum? For myself, I thank God for the children who never live to become conscious of their surroundings, who never know the hell "that lies about them in their infancy," for there, literally, "Shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy."

To interfere to keep children alive in an over-crowded slum is to add to the sufferings of those that live, and to rob them of air, and food, and clothing.

The mothers of the slums are at the mercy of an uncivilised reproductive instinct, they marry young, and their children are born quickly without any regard for their mother's ability to bear them healthily, or for their father's ability to provide for them. By the merciful action of the law of the survival of the fittest those least able to withstand the evils of foul air, dirt, and disease perish in the first perilous year of infancy, and make life more possible for their hardier brothers and sisters, and it is no cause for regret that with care and good food they would have survived that critical year, unless the care and food can be continued, and that without detriment to those who live. But there is no magic elasticity about the wages of the working man, they do not expand conveniently to meet increased demands upon them, the money that will adequately feed two children will only half-feed four, and the house that will give decent conditions of living to four children will be over-crowded with eight.

Let us by all means in our power do everything to remove dirt, ignorance and disease, to make mothers fit for motherhood, and the world fit for human life, but, in the meantime, let us cease to make a bogey of infant mortality. We want men, it is true, but we want healthy, vigorous men; any others are a source of national weakness; it is not quantity alone, but quality that counts. Even for the low militarist valuation of men as "cannon fodder" a certain standard of physical efficiency is necessary.

We are surely in danger to-day of regarding with too much importance the mere vital spark, however much it may be obscured by disease of body or mind. How often in our hospitals one sees the feeble flame of life kept alight by medical skill, when in the interests of the individual and of society it would be more merciful to let it flicker out! A triumph of surgery means so often a useless and painful prolongation of life for the sufferer and a burdening of the State. To have life is not to live except from the physical point of view.

For nearly two years we have been cheerfully sacrificing for the preservation of the Empire the finest men of our race, and leaving the meaner spirited, the unfit, the diseased, and the imbecile to create unchecked the England of the future. The children who live, not the children who die, are our most pressing problem, the children who are growing up to fill our gaols and asylums. We cry out in horror because 210 out of every 1,000 children born die before they are a year old, and we regard their deaths as a potential loss of 210 healthy and useful citizens, but these children who die are those who if they lived would have the least chance of becoming healthy citizens, and their very living would have aggravated the evils of which they are the victims.

The high rents and the large families of the town poor create over-crowding, and lower the standard of living, and, therefore, of efficiency. When a mother and her four children are found living in a room 8 ft. by 8 ft. in area, and insufficiently ventilated, and described by the Borough Coroner as "unfit for a dog or a donkey," one can only rejoice when Death takes one of the children, and leaves more breathing space for those who live. Yet 6s. a week is the rent of such a hovel, and six shillings a week is a large proportion of any working man's wages.

Frankly, I see no hope for the amelioration of the working classes till Malthusianism, hitherto exploited

by the rich for their own selfish ends, regulates the size of the families of the poor. Not only that, but the State must train and endow mothers, so that motherhood, even though dignified by the name of "marriage," shall not be the curse it now is to millions of women.

"Curse" is not an exaggerated term, as anyone with an inside acquaintance with the lives of the poor knows. Motherhood is a curse to some women when it spoils a season's hunting; can we wonder it should be that to women to whom it means semi-starvation?

"Two are enough for any working man," a bricklayer's wife said to me the other day, proudly displaying her second beautifully kept and nourished baby. "His food costs me five shillings a week," she added, significantly.

She was a mother with no need of welfare centres to teach her how to feed and keep her child, but, with all her knowledge, she could not have kept half a dozen children like that.

Women may know the value of pure milk, but when it is 6d. a quart the knowledge is probably superfluous.

"I know it is no good telling them to give their children plenty of milk, even with the 'generous' Government allowance of 2s. 6d. a child," a friend whose life is at present devoted to the "Soldiers' and Sailors'" wives said to me the other day. How to make 2s. 6d. cover food, clothes, and that bugbear of every family exchequer, boots, for a healthy, growing child, is a problem for a financial expert, and yet one hears on every hand that the average woman of the working class has never been so well off! There is no getting away from the very disagreeable truth that the poor cannot afford properly to feed and clothe large families. The result is that even with the relief that infant mortality affords we get impaired physical efficiency from insufficient feeding, and consequent race deterioration.

The returns of the Army rejections will, no doubt, throw some light on to this vital subject.

If the country wants the large families of the poor to add to her national efficiency, she must not only teach the women how to feed their children, she must help to feed them, and she must ensure conditions fit for them to live in, and more than this, she must interfere to check the birth of those that weaken and destroy that efficiency.

Our slums are an expensive luxury, but we shall have them as long as the diseased, the dissolute, and the feeble-minded are allowed promiscuously to propagate their species, and to create that underworld in every city that disgraces civilisation, and holds it back.

Experts tell us that unless something is done to check the increase of the feeble-minded, England will be a lunatic country in a hundred years, while the Report of the Commission on Venereal Diseases calculates that 10 per cent. of the population are syphilitic!

While the eugenically best part of the population are restricting their families, children are being born freely to the feeble-minded, the drunken, and the diseased. This must inevitably lead to degeneracy, since all three types transmit to their descendants defects of mind and body that vitiate the fitness of the race, and make them also a heavy charge upon it.

It is as imperative to-day, for the sake of the nation, to cut off the lines of inheritance of the unfit as to secure the propagation of the fit, and, from the point of view of the individual, an even more merciful task. No appeal seems to me so pathetic as that which appears from day to day in the "Times" for "children suffering through no fault of their own."

Peace has her horrors as well as war, and while the horrors of War are lightened by their transitoriness, the horrors of Peace go on from generation to generation; they are waiting even now to curse millions yet unborn.

The bogey of Infant Mortality need not frighten us; let the babies die till they can be healthily housed, and fed, and clothed, and what right have we to interfere to keep one child alive unless we can ensure for it, without robbing others, food and clothes and the chance of a decent start in life?

Not to the over-burdened mother in the over-crowded tenement in the slums should we look for the recruiting of the race, but to the women of the upper and middle classes, who, with a rich inheritance to pass on to another generation, are wilfully restricting its endowment to one or two individuals. The babies who are never born are England's greatest loss, the children who would have come into the world with every advantage, both of heredity and environment, and whom the women of England refuse to bear. Why?

Psycho-Analysis and Conduct.

III.

MOST psycho-analysts imply that there need never be any repression. But since they do not generally distinguish between different stages of forgetting, it is not certain that their position is so opposed to popular ethics, as it often pretends to be. This is the case, for example, with Mr. Holt in the book to which I have already referred. He talks constantly about the opposition of integration and repression, and the necessity of pursuing the first and avoiding the second. Taken as it stands, this would involve (1) that an object is always discoverable (at least, theoretically) which will satisfy all wishes which claim satisfaction; (2) that no wish is such as to demand repression either (a) in its own character or (b) in relation to other wishes. I have already said that I regard the first of these as incapable of rigid proof and, besides, as extremely improbable.

The second is more interesting. One is inclined to suspect the influence of the crude popular fallacy that "nature," undistorted by civilisation, is always right. Possibly only vegetarians and conscientious objectors have ever held this explicitly; but that a man should disown a doctrine does not mean that he is not influenced by it. There are people who seem to think that only moralists—an inconsiderable and perverted class—take exception to the modest collection of sentiments with which we make our appearance in the world. I should have thought that if evolution means anything, it involves that most of us had inherited from our pre-human ancestors desires and tendencies not altogether suitable to the estate into which we are now called. In which case integration becomes a more complex process than it looked.

We may, in fact, take it as certain that experience even in the animal is a process which does not leave unmodified the original wishes (to use this very general term for the sake of the argument), even if it does not cause some of them to disappear completely. Holt seems to think this possible without repression, if certain conditions are satisfied. One of these is that the wishes should gain satisfaction. If this is not a mere re-statement of the result, it must be further explained. Another is that at each stage where a wish is checked (e.g., when a child "learns" not to put out its hand to a flame), it should be by a perfectly natural reaction at the lower stages and by an understanding of the reasons involved at the higher. To drag in an external authority is always to run the risk or perhaps incur the certainty of dissociation. This, of course, is Herbert Spencer's doctrine of punishment over again, with perhaps a more limited function allotted to authority. In practice I do not think it nearly so important as the Freudians imagine, chiefly because in the cases they generally discuss (those referring to the beginning of sexual experience) they altogether exaggerate the degree of definiteness with which certain wishes are really present in the mind of the child.

These two conditions are so fundamental to the theory that they must be regarded as compatible with one another in spite of their apparent contradiction. This

plainly means that the choosing of certain wishes must be consistent with all wishes obtaining satisfaction. Part of the explanation of the paradox is to be found in the distinction between two senses of forgetting which I have already discussed. Holt does not draw it explicitly, but its assumption is necessary to save the position from a contradiction no one could have overlooked. There is autonomy where the reasons for refraining from satisfying a wish are known and recognised by the subject as his own; it is not driven into sub-consciousness by the Censor, but remains a part of the normal self.

This, however, is only part of the explanation. If there were nothing else, mental stability might not be endangered, but to say that the wishes all got satisfaction would be a wilful misuse of terms. It would only mean that we recognise they didn't get it, or did not pretend to ourselves falsely that they did. It is impossible to get further without discussing the interrelation of wishes among themselves. Is each wish a unit, equally independent of all others? Or are there affinity and groups among them so that one may be substituted for another so far as satisfaction is concerned? There is a distinct suggestion in Holt's work of this notion of unchanging units. The source of it is not hard to discover; it is that he imagines that anything else would involve the acceptance of the doctrine that terms are constituted by their relations, so that we could know the nature of X only by knowing the relations of X to everything else. I agree that the latter view is false, but I do not see that we must therefore hold that the relations which enter into all wholes are exactly of the same type.

We might, for instance, raise the problem of the interrelation of wishes from the side of their value. The behaviourist view tends to regard all wishes as equivalent in value. Morality then consists in satisfying as many of them as possible. Each of them simply happens: it is a specific response on the part of the nervous mechanism to a feature of the environment. Differences in value, so far as the phrase has any meaning, correspond to differences in complexity. X is a way of dealing with a completer situation than Y. It is itself integrated, compact of a number of synenergic reflexes, which mutually augment one another. Again, the discharge of one wish may ultimately lead to further integration than the discharge of the other, and this is the real test of Value. It is a secondary concept derived from that of behaviour. I should myself regard this as sufficient to condemn the view as a theory of ethics: it labours under the defect of not recognising an ultimate difference among values which must simply be accepted. There can be no proof on a point of this kind. All we can do is to clear away misunderstandings and make certain so far as possible that both parties to the dispute have the same thing in mind. The easiest way to do this is to refute something else, which *is* capable of disproof, and which we may suppose to be connected with the view to which we object. So the most cognate criticism of the view which Holt represents is to consider the interrelation of wishes from the psychological side. Even if a man holds that description is the only possible way of dealing with mind or anything else, he cannot very well deny that wishes differ in respect of generality, and may be roughly classified or even ordered. They do not, that is, fall into groups the elements in which and the arrangement of which are fortuitous in the sense that the only account possible of them is purely historical. On the contrary, it is at least partly because of the specific character of a wish X, because it is X and not Y, that it occupies the place it does in the make-up of a man's character. One may maintain this energetically without being committed to any particular logical doctrine at all: and that they tend to overlook this internal character of wishing is a defect of many psycho-analysts.

It is not possible to ascertain from Holt's book what exactly is his view on the matter. Freud's is in the main not doubtful. Wishes, he implies, are not mere particulars: they make their appearance in a general form. Hence, if one suggested satisfaction proves impossible, another can take its place. This principle, I should think, is almost a commonplace in some of its applications. The older psychologists meant something of this sort when they talked about "the expulsive power of a new affection." (I think the phrase is Bam's.) A wish X having for its object A may be satisfied by object B if A and B belong to the same general class, or have certain features in common. The relevant features in a particular case will naturally depend on the special nature of X. That is the simplest case. A more complicated and important type would occur where two apparently opposed wishes X and Y get satisfaction by the discovery of another wish Z more general than either, of which X and Y may be regarded as particular cases. Neither X nor Y is satisfied in the primary form in which it presents itself, but there is no repression. The general objection to repression is that it draws off energy which is required for other and more important matters. But in this case the energy both of X and Y is transferred to Z, and there seems no reason to suspect any leakage.

The details of a process of this kind are familiar in recent psychological writing, and an appreciation of it seems independent of disagreement, even on important points of general psychology. An admirable collection of examples is to be found in Mr. Shand's recent book, "The Foundations of Character." The American behaviourists are less satisfactory, for the examples which they regard as most typical are those which involve merely the accommodation of opposed wishes to one another or the mutual augmentation of those which do not come into conflict. They do not recognise at all definitely the possibility of satisfaction by substitution. In this respect, Holt himself is opposed to Freud, and to some of his fellow-disciples. The most marked tendency among them is to try to get hold of general wishes of which all the others may be regarded as sub-forms, or even to derive all wishes from a single general wish, a primitive craving or libido, which gradually develops itself and produces different responses according to differences in the situations with which the organism (or the self) has to deal. C. G. Jung is the most prominent representative of this tendency, but it is widely diffused.

A psychological theory of the Freudian type seems to demand something of this sort, in order to round off its representation of the self. It begins by suggesting that some of the psychical events, the meaning of which we are accustomed to think obvious, really depend on a secret art in the depths of the soul. If we are not to accept certain instincts or impulses as distinct and ultimate, something must be supposed to form the germ from which they came. It is, of course, another matter to argue that this enables us to prescribe an end towards which the activities of the self may be directed. There may be such an end, definable in a sketchy fashion. But it could be brought into connection with the primitive craving only by means of a metaphysical theory I should reject.

Be that as it may, the possibility of the vicarious satisfaction of wishes seems essential to a developed Freudism. It does not seem possible to say, a priori, how far such a process can go, or how complete the substitutional fulfilment can be. But it seems clear that the majority of people do succeed quite unconsciously in affecting a transformation of this sort. The ordinary chances of fortune and the limitations of time and space lay a man open to the sudden cutting-off of organised groups of wishes. That he can recover stability means that some other, probably more complete, purpose of his has taken over the now surplus energy, instead of its flowing uneasily into its old channels. Freud calls this process "sublimation," and there can be no doubt of its great importance.

M. W. ROBIESON.

Industrial Notes.

ATTENTION has already been directed in THE NEW AGE to the fact that the increase allowed to the railwaymen has been added to the war bonus, and not to the weekly wages; since the former is expected to come to an end with the war, irrespective of the condition of prices. It hardly requires to be emphasised that war bonuses bear no relation to war profits, and can be paid by practically every firm without the slightest hardship. On the other hand, profits must inevitably continue even after the war has come to an end; for there is bound to be a large immediate demand for manufactured goods, coupled with abundance of labour. It follows that workmen should insist either on the retention of the war bonuses indefinitely after the conclusion of peace, or on the Government's taking steps to reduce the cost of living to the normal pre-war level. Clearly, this latter demand could only be of a formal character, since the official Report on Food Prices shows that the Government do not propose to take any such steps. In this connection I suggest that it is or should be, the duty of Trade Union secretaries to make themselves familiar with the circumstances of the recent strike of dockers in Stockholm. The men demanded higher wages or a bonus, and stopped work while the unusual situation due to war conditions was considered. The strike was settled last month by the masters agreeing to pay an extra twenty per cent. on all earnings, including overtime money; but it is expressly stipulated that this war bonus is not to come to an end with the war, but is to continue "until the abnormal food prices at present prevailing have disappeared." (Cf. the Stockholm paper "Aftonblad," September 18). It is taken for granted that this means a permanent increase in wages, for there seems to be little likelihood that food prices will fall after the war—at all events, to any great extent.

* * *

Another point which ought to be of great interest to English Trade Unions is mentioned in the Vienna labour organ, the "Arbeiter Zeitung," of September 21. The writer, in a lengthy, but closely reasoned, article, proves that war, which "injures the health of the population generally by underfeeding, privation, wounds, and increase of venereal disease," inflicts special ills on the working classes :—

The shortage of working-men leads to the employment of women, children, and old or weakly men on heavy work; and the same cause makes even the slightest relaxation for workers impossible. The employment of women and children with insufficient nourishment (wages are high compared with peace-time wages, but their purchasing power is much less) is in itself likely to bring about mischievous results; but the effect of keeping them incessantly at work is often simply frightful. Hitherto feeble workers have left their work from time to time and gone on the sick list. . . . But now employers sternly forbid any interruption of work. High prices and high wages (relatively to sick pay) form an additional inducement to go on working as long as one can. This explains what is at first amazing, namely, that though the healthy men have gone into the army, and the sick benefit societies are largely composed of old and feeble folk, the number of claims for sick pay has diminished (in proportion to the number of members) in 1915. Workers dare not go upon the sick list. But the results are already visible. In the last few months cases of sickness have notably increased in number. Workers are already used up and fall to pieces. Moreover, the number of deaths is already very large, relatively. Both facts indicate a deterioration in the health of the working classes. And this, alas! will continue.

* * *

These causes are also operating here. Feeble workers are urged to overstrain themselves; women and children are forced into factories; home care of the sick worker ceases. The result is, for the time being, a diminution in the number of sick claims, followed by a disproportionate demand on relief funds for sickness and death payments and other allowances—and that at a time, of course, when the financial position of Trade Unions is weakened by the demands of the Army for men. These exceptional circumstances are being taken into account by the German and Austrian Governments —in the case of Germany the Social-Democrats are naturally endeavouring to secure economic concessions (there is no talk at the moment of political concessions) in return for their support of the Chancellor against the extreme Junkers. It is all a question of bargaining; and it suits the Social-Democratic Party at present to bargain for extra relief for the wives and other dependents of soldiers, and for other relief measures likely to benefit the working classes, rather than for political advantages such as the modernising of the Prussian franchise. I mention this because of the apparent unwillingness or inability of English Trade Unionists to bargain at all. What is necessary, in my opinion, is not merely a much greater display of intelligence on the part of British Trade Union leaders, but also a much closer supervision of their own affairs by the workmen themselves. There is no reason why the Government should not immediately be called upon to allocate special relief grants to such Trade Unions as could present a case for claiming them—just as, again, there is no reason why it should not be made obligatory upon employers to continue war bonuses after the signing of peace pending some form of social and industrial reconstruction. But workmen may make up their minds to it that these things will not happen so long as the Goslings of the Labour movement are permitted to write platitudes in capitalist papers, and to split hairs about workshop control.

* * *

It is announced in the papers (October 7) that the National Conference on coal (joint meeting of coalowners and workmen) will be held in London on October 24. On October 23 there will be a meeting of the Miners' Federation. Speakers for the Government—they may even include Mr. Asquith—will point out the heavy demands on the coal supply, the need for greater production, and so on. As I have already stated in THE NEW AGE, it is pretty evident that coalowners are determined to do their utmost to get rid of every possible Trade Union restriction. Will any of the Miners' delegates, I wonder, remind the joint meeting of Lord Rhondda's new combine, whereby over eight million tons of coal are henceforth to be produced annually under his single control? For, in spite of Admiralty restrictions imposed two years ago, by far the larger proportion of South Wales coal is still under private control and bringing in handsome profits. Lord Rhondda has stated publicly ("Sunday Times," September 9) that "faith must be kept with Labour," that is to say, in the matter of restrictions; but he indicates, as I have previously remarked, that "new conditions will undoubtedly arise" which will render impracticable the Trade Union regulations hitherto in use. May it be suggested that advantage might well be taken of the joint meeting just announced for discussing a point like this? For the miners' leaders—even they—if left to their own devices will be so much overwhelmed in the presence of the great that they will be unable to recollect that they have a duty to discharge towards their fellows in the pits.

* * *

Nor is that all. Where war bonuses are concerned, miners are in no different position from other workers drawing bonuses in addition to wages. Will the question of war bonuses be discussed at the joint conference? It may be replied that the joint conference has been called to discuss, not war bonuses, but: "the needs for maintaining the coal output to meet the requirements of our industries, particularly in the production of munitions, the requirements of our Allies, which are equally imperative, and the securing of surplus coal for sale in neutral markets to sustain the rate of exchange in financing the war" ("Daily Telegraph," October 7). That is why the conference is being called—by the employers. But are we to assume that because the employers see fit to discuss these matters with the men,

the men are not to raise problems of their own which they can discuss at the same time with their employers? I fear I have no patience with one-sided arrangements, or with the stupidity of Labour leaders who cannot turn a situation to their advantage and to the advantage of the men they represent. HENRY J. NORTHBROOK.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

III.

WHEN some soldiers came back from Flanders after the Sinn Fein rising and saw the ruins of Sackville Street, they called Dublin "Ypres on the Liffey." I am bound to say that I found the devastation quite in keeping with the slums and the general decay of the city. Now that whole blocks of the biggest houses have been razed to the ground, the vile hovels which used to be concealed behind them stretch out without interruption to the other parts of this slum-city. If I had seen a fine, broad street in the centre of Dublin, as the photographs show that Sackville Street was six months ago, I should have been staggered at its incongruity with these surroundings. Now ruins and slums rot together.

I could never understand from the newspaper reports how the Sinn Feiners managed to do what they did with so few men. I see now that I was not making sufficient allowance for the smallness of Dublin. Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Transport Workers' Citizen Army, though situated on one of the city's busiest quays, is only a stone's throw along the river from Sackville Street, Dublin's main thoroughfare. Thus, when the Sinn Feiners rushed the Post Office, which is a huge building at the river end of Sackville Street, they and their comrades at Liberty Hall already dominated the chief portion of the town. The Law Courts, another Sinn Fein stronghold, are a few hundred yards past Sackville Street farther up the river. The other "forts" ran in a chain through the city, with only small distances between them.

Were the Sinn Feiners fools, to look for an independent Ireland by way of a rising? Their aim is thus stated in the Easter Sunday proclamation :—

> We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished, except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

Sympathisers with the Sinn Feiners point out that, since the Act of Union in 1801, Ireland has gained no reforms without the aid of force.

> Remember still, through good and ill,
> How vain were prayers and tears—
> How vain were words till flashed the swords
> Of the Irish Volunteers.

Only the threat of an armed rebellion, they say, won the emancipation of the Catholics; cattle-driving and the moonlight shooting of their agents destroyed the power of the landlords; but for the Fenians the Land Act would not have been won. The Sinn Feiners' hope at Easter was that Dublin would hold out until the rest of Ireland heard the news and joined in. Then, with the whole island in arms, England would find herself powerless at the moment to put down the rebellion.

To understand what broke this plan, we must briefly consider the history of the present Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army. We remember that, first of all, the Carsonite Ulstermen armed to defend themselves against the imposition upon them of Home Rule. They got their arms by gun-running and smuggling. Then the National Volunteers were formed in opposition to them, and armed themselves in similar fashion. At the beginning of the war, the Nationalist Parliamentary Party claimed to nominate a large proportion of the committee-men of the National Volunteers. Upon this the Volunteers split. The nominees of the "Party" took their places on the committee, and the National Volunteers fell in line with the official Nationalist movement. But a large section broke away and founded the Irish Volunteers. This body, it is now clear, really consisted of two groups. There were, first of all, those who felt that the claims of the Party to control them were really preposterous, inasmuch as the original creation of an armed Nationalist force was virtually an act of protest against the ineffectiveness of the Party's politics. These formed one section of the Irish Volunteers. The other group was, of course, that of the real Sinn Feiners, the extremists. The president of the new force was Professor MacNeill, who, I am told, was as unpractical a leader as could possibly have been chosen.

Another armed body of men was the Irish Citizen Army, founded by Larkin and Connolly. After the Dublin transport strike in 1913, these two leaders determined that the transport workers should never again be caught unprotected. Connolly, therefore, formed and led the Citizen Army, and, by never allowing more than a hundred of its members to be seen drilling at any one time, he deceived the authorities about its numbers.

It would seem that, just before Easter, Professor MacNeill discovered within the committee of the Irish Volunteers the existence of a secret and oath-bound camarilla which was plotting an armed rising to take place at the Easter manœuvres in conjunction with the Citizen Army. He protested vehemently and took immediate action to defeat the plot. First he dispatched The O'Rahilly (the head of the O'Rahilly clan) and others of the leaders who remained loyal to him to take word to all the country headquarters of the Volunteers, warning them against participation in the manœuvres. Then he issued the following notice :—

> Owing to the very critical position, all orders given to Irish Volunteers for to-morrow, Easter Sunday, are hereby rescinded, and no parades, marches, or other movements of Irish Volunteers will take place. Each individual Volunteer will obey this order strictly in every particular.

Professor MacNeill's energy destroyed the Sinn Feiners' hopes of a united national insurrection. Is it not amazing, in the face of these evidences of his endeavours to stop the rising, that Professor MacNeill escaped execution only by the skin of his teeth? His prosecutors actually pretended that the order reprinted above was designed only as a blind, to deceive the authorities. Yet it is not denied that it deceived equally the Volunteers, and split their forces. Alternatively, said the prosecution—Alternatively is good!—Professor MacNeill was led to publish this order by the news that Sir Roger Casement's plans had miscarried; actually *a leading question* on this point was permitted to be put to the witnesses at the professor's trial! The evidence, it is said, that saved his life was that of a man in whose house the committee-meeting of the Volunteers had been held on Good Friday, and who had heard his indignant protests against the conspiracy he had just discovered. Some people say that it is well for Professor MacNeill to be in an English prison, since, if he were free in Dublin, he might be assassinated by Sinn Feiners in revenge for his splitting the insurrection. But such a crime is unlikely, since in one of the bulletins issued from the Post Office during the rising, the commander-in-chief of the insurgents absolved the professor thus :—

> Of the fatal countermanding order which prevented these plans [of a general rising] from being carried out, I shall not speak further. Both Eoin MacNeill and we have acted in the best interests of Ireland.

Yet Professor MacNeill has been sentenced to imprisonment for life!

The O'Rahilly returned in his motor-car to Dublin to find that, despite all Professor MacNeill's efforts, the secret committee had forced a rising. The O'Rahilly disapproved of it and foresaw its failure—he himself had helped to make it fail—but, when he saw his colleagues at the head of their men, he felt it cowardly to desert them, and entered the Post Office to them. He was killed in the fighting, the one truly tragic figure of the rebellion.

Now, it is very improbable that, even without the warnings of Professor MacNeill and The O'Rahilly, the whole of Ireland would have supported the Sinn Feiners. We have seen how the Irish Volunteers at Dublin were really split into two groups, the extremists and the anti-Redmond men. There must have been a similar division throughout the country. Probably, the extremists only would have risen.

Certainly, risings did break out in certain districts. To take one instance, the city of Wexford was in the hands of the insurgents. A twelve hours' truce was agreed upon with the English commanders, and the insurgents' leader was driven up to Dublin in a motor-car, shown the hopeless position of the Sinn Feiners there, and brought back to Wexford before the truce expired—another sign of the smallness of Ireland. When he told his companions what he had seen, they immediately capitulated.

Even supposing what is unlikely, that all Ireland had risen as one man, would independence have been won? I think not. Ireland would have been blockaded by a fleet, and, within a few days, starved into surrender. It must be remembered that Ireland does not feed itself, but imports annually vast quantities of foodstuffs. It is true that, by a thoroughly comprehensive and exact scheme of rationing, the island might have held out longer, but such an organisation was impossible without long forethought and preparation. We see, then, that even had everything turned out as the Sinn Feiners desired, even had there been nobody in the country but firebrand extremists, any rebellion was doomed to fail as completely as that of Easter Week.

Sinn Feiners say, if they could have roused the whole country to demand independence, public opinion throughout the world would have forced England to grant it. Is this true? There would certainly have been men prejudiced against and men prejudiced for England's inevitable blockade of the Irish coast. But reasoning men in Europe and elsewhere would, it seems to me, have discouraged the rebellion. First, they would say, England's intervention in the war and preoccupation with it should have saved her from a stab in the back, as the armed rising in Ireland confessedly was—Remember, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Secondly, a Home Rule Bill had been passed by Parliament before the outbreak of the war and was due to come into operation upon the declaration of peace. It may have been inexpedient of England to postpone the inauguration of Home Rule until the end of the war, but no one can deny that this plan has its advantages; at least, it appeared—falsely, perhaps—to prevent the dispersion of energy from the central Imperial affair of the war. Again, in the middle of such a war, England could hardly be expected to allow a new and independent nation to spring up on her flank, against which she would have to establish an entire system of military defences. For these reasons alone, foreign opinion would surely have condemned an Irish insurrection in war-time.

But, if we had waited until after the war, say the Sinn Feiners, the brutal Saxon would once more have had her armies ready to crush us. True, we reply, but do you not realise that any armed Irish rebellion at any time, either in or out of war-time, is bound to fail *by starvation?* The matter rests there: while Ireland, as a whole, is not independent of foreign food-supplies, no armed rising can possibly succeed.

Readers and Writers.

PROFESSOR LIPSON has already laid National Guildsmen under an obligation by his excellent work upon the "Economic History of England." Now he has added to our debt by his study of "Europe in the Nineteenth Century" (Black, 4s. 6d. net), in the course of which he illustrates with a good deal of recent detail the proposition that economic power precedes and determines the character of political power. This is not, perhaps, the novelty Professor Lipson intended us to understand by his introductory note and sub-title. The new method of writing history which he claims for himself is that of taking singly each of the main European nations and of reviewing their history in relation to the events common to all of them: a method comparable, perhaps, to that of Browning in "Sordello." Nevertheless his superior novelty in my opinion is his explicit assumption of the priority of economic over political causes, and his application of this order of events to the foreign policies of the chief European nations.

* * *

There is no doubt whatever that in taking this point of view Professor Lipson brings himself, as no other living historian has yet done, within the current modes of thought. Too often, it appears to me, historians, even of recent events, contrive, by adopting the values of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to conceal from their readers the reality in history, or, at any rate, such reality as we now look for in current events themselves. I was turning over the other day, for example, Mr. Herbert Paul's "Modern History of England," the latter part of which narrated and professed to analyse events which are within my rational recollection. But how ancient he made it all seem; and, strictly speaking, how unintelligible. Rightly or wrongly we demand to-day to see economic causes at work, and to be allowed to measure political results by their economic factors. And from this point of view, and with this modern light thrown upon it, we expect nowadays history to be written. Saving, however, Mr. Belloc in a few fragments, nobody has properly done it before Professor Lipson; and even Professor Lipson has done it only cursorily and in regard to the foreign politics chiefly of the Continental nations. The gain, however, even from this limited field of experiment, is considerable; and I should certainly advise students of national guilds to add this volume to their library and its illustrations to their memory. Let me, by way of example, copy out a few of Professor Lipson's comments. Remarking upon the two revolutions of 1688 and 1830—grand events according to the bourgeois historians—he says: "Alike in 1688 and in 1830 no real advance was made in the direction of democracy, since the political changes were unaccompanied by parliamentary and economic reforms without which democracy must remain a transparent fiction." And, again, of 1848, he says that there was "the dawning consciousness [I doubt it, by the way] that economic issues are the controlling factors in society, and that true democracy must rest on economic as well as political foundations."

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Elsewhere, too, we pick up some useful information—information, I mean, which is not easily accessible in the histories written by men under the obsession of classical or capitalist economics. I do not remember, for instance, having read before so complete an exposure of the trick by which the bureaucracy fastened upon Louis Blanc the discredit of the national workshops during the French Commune. It is a commonplace of the critics of Socialism that Socialism, as they say, was "tried" under the Commune and that it failed; and we have been taught that it was Louis Blanc's schemes that came to grief. It is difficult not to be disgusted with this perversion of history for capitalist purposes when the real fact is made known that Louis Blanc was himself the enemy of the national workshops and prophesied their failure; and

still more when we realise that the enemies of Socialism deliberately misapplied Blanc's theories for the express purpose of making them ridiculous. Read the following protest of Louis Blanc and do not forget that the hand by which he fell is active to-day: "The national workshops, he said, were nothing more than a rabble of paupers whom it was enough to feed from the want of knowing how to employ them. . . As the kind of labour in these workshops was utterly unproductive and absurd, besides being such as the greater part of them were utterly unaccustomed to, the action of the State was simply squandering the public funds, and its wages alms in disguise." Has Mr. Webb, I wonder, read that? In his chapter upon Russia Professor Lipson throws light both upon Russia and England—as a good economist-historian should, for economics is universal while politics is only national. "The grievances," he says—referring to the agitations of the middle of last century and onwards—"were mainly economic, but the Social Democrats, who generally assumed the lead in any industrial dispute, usually contrived to introduce a political element." Was it perchance with an eye to our political Labour leaders that this was written? An even graver warning, however, is contained in Professor Lipson's account of the means by which the Russian bureaucracy attempted to re-establish serfdom—an industrial serfdom this time. "The first step," he tells us, "was taken in 1886, when a breach of contract by a hired labourer was made a criminal offence." That sentence alone is worth reading Professor Lipson's book to come across and to understand. For 1886 substitute 1915 and for the Russian bureaucracy read the Ministry of Munitions, and who can then doubt the direction in which events are moving in England?

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The lectures and articles by Professor Edward V. Arnold which have been lately appearing in these pages have now been re-printed in book-form and published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin at one shilling net. Simultaneously with their appearance I understand that Mr. de Maeztu's work, "Authority, Liberty, and Function," which also, as my readers know, was serially published in these pages, will appear in book-form (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net). It is not for me or for any New Age writer to cry up the wares of our colleagues when these are already better known than any other of us could make them. And my poor recommendation, I am afraid from long experience, would even have the effect of discouraging rather than of stimulating the sale of any book whatever. Nevertheless, I do my duty, though the heavens of silence fall about my ears; and I venture to recommend these books as books to be bought.

* * *

Presuming upon the acquaintance I have made with my readers in the foregoing paragraph, I become in this even more personal. We are within a week of the conclusion of the nineteenth volume of The New Age. Pardon me, I do not propose to glance backward over the travelled way. There the volumes stand and nobody need trouble himself with the trouble they have been to produce. My present concern is with the present. You have all heard the pitiful story of the rise in the price of paper, the rise in the cost of labour, the rise in the cost of everything—have you considered that for The New Age, which was before the war just about level with its expenses, the story is rather more than pitiful—perhaps tragical? For as well as having to meet increased expenses upon a fixed price, we, more in proportion, probably, than any other journal, have lost readers on account of the war—for was not The New Age, above all, a journal for eligibles of every noble kind? Very well, an arithmetic sum is all that is needed to illustrate our present condition. We shall not die! Oh no, we shall not die! Yet sometimes I think that death would be preferable to always dying. Have you caught my meaning? A few hundred new readers or a few hundred pounds—which, both or neither?

R. H. C.

Germanism and the Human Mind.

By Pierre Lasserre.

(*Authorised Translation by* Fred Rothwell.)

IV.—THE POSITION OF KANTISM.

I can hear an objection and shall be told that I have no right to judge the philosophy of Germany by its ugly and caricatural monuments, and that there is Kant, who alone would suffice to establish the philosophic glory of the Germans. Is not Kant a truly great philosopher? Does he not belong in any way to the world philosophy? Schopenhauer treated his successors, more especially the "stupid Hegel"—der geistlose Hegel—with the utmost contempt. Of Kant, however, he spoke as of a great man, though he was bitterly opposed to him on many points.

Let us not separate, shall I say, what ought not to be separated. Undoubtedly, between Kant and his successors, there are great differences, altogether to the advantage of the former. Kant belongs to a time when, in conformity with the wise rule laid down by Plato, no one permitted himself to approach philosophy "without being a geometrician." He knows mathematics, physics, and the natural sciences; his ideas on the origin of the world, without approaching in importance those of Newton and Laplace, are yet not to be despised; he is a highly trained mind, a true savant. Fichte, Schelling and Hegel are encyclopædic blunderheads, burdened with a mass of jumbled and ill-digested knowledge; they have no practical acquaintance with any science or art; in vain should we look in their writings for some reference to a really exact and precise definition or notion. As far as possible, Kant expresses himself in the forms of the reason: he defines and analyses, explains, discusses and demonstrates. The language of his successors is bathos, wherein the idea, powerless to reveal itself clearly, depends for its understanding on the vague suggestions of words and images. It is these writers who introduced into philosophy the supremacy of the phrase, and created the detestable kind of writing, which, transplanted into France by Victor Cousin, and wedded by him to the redundant forms of Latin rhetoric, became that "oratorical philosophy" so severely and so justly reviled by Taine. All these differences, however, and the privileged situation resulting from them for Kant, by no means exclude—and this is the main thing, that which most concerns us—the solidarity and continuity of the doctrines. The systems of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, their frightful manner of philosophising, are the carrying out of a principle which sprang from Kantism. They are the fruit which Kantism could not fail to produce. Kant is a gardener who respects the traditional arrangement of the garden; all the same, he prepares and sows the seed from which springs the monstrous plant which will speedily overrun and devour everything.

I would also say, did I not fear to be too lavish of comparisons and metaphors, that Kant is the inclined plane along which German philosophy glides away from the common ground on which the doctrines of the West rose towards their distinctive sphere, and from which this philosophy was destined only too readily to lead away European thought.

This transition comes about along two paths, two paths not independent of each other, but bound together and interconnected: the Kantian theory of Duty which may be called the theory of the interior God, and subjective idealism.

A.—The Interior God.

The starting point of Kant's ideas is scepticism, or, rather, the empirical relativism and religious incredulity of the eighteenth century. As he himself expresses it: "Hume aroused me from the slumber of dogmatism." He begins by agreeing with Hume's criticism which overthrows religious dogma and metaphysics by denying the human intellect any power to reach realities of an

order superior to Nature. Man has contact only with Nature where everything is changing and shifting, where everything depends on innumerable conditions which themselves are natural, where only relatively are there stability and permanence. We know only that which is relative. The ideas of Absolute, Eternal, First Cause and Final End correspond to no object whose objective existence we can legitimately perceive or think. Manifestly, there is nothing German about this theory. It can be traced back to a very ancient tradition of the world.

As I have to touch upon the subject of Kant's moral teachings, I refer the reader to an admirable and famous article by my regretted master, Victor Brochard, in the "Revue Philosophique." To my mind, nothing better has been written in France on the question. Philosophy, no doubt, is ancient as metaphysics itself, by whose side it is seen journeying across the centuries. This is the doctrine of the Greek "sophists," of the Epicureans, of Lucretius, of Montaigne, of Bayle, of Locke, of Gassendi, of Fontenelle, of Buffon, and of Voltaire, as it was to be that of Auguste Comte, of Saint-Beuve, of Renan, and of Taine. The most important change introduced by the eighteenth century is the brilliant self-affirmation of this doctrine.

The main causes that contributed to this result appear very clearly to be the following: the progress of the experimental sciences, and the conclusions which philosophers think themselves authorised to infer therefrom regarding the origin of the world and of mankind, a logical evolution which has brought the intellectual élite of English protestantism to the adoption of free thought, the passion for propagandism shown by this élite and by our own encyclopædists, and the weakening of those authoritative institutions which repressed the public criticism of religion. These data, these reasonings and influences have caused the ancient faith to be succeeded by a state of impiety. And this latter, Kant begins to regard as legitimate and justifiable. Begins, I say, though I do not thereby mean that he professed certain ideas for a time and then adopted different ones later on. We are dealing with a logical commencement, a first step, an initial dialectical stage of his philosophy.

To this stage belongs the Critique of Pure Reason. Here Kant in his turn demonstrates the relativity of all knowledge, though in his thesis he introduces apparently scholastic complications, which, to my mind, render this work far inferior in itself to the sum total of the equally negative analyses of Locke, Condillac and Hume: complications with a bias, and inspired less by the study of the problem under consideration than by the intention to prepare for and to involve certain side issues, willed and chosen beforehand. Kant, shall I say, unites with the theory of metaphysical and religious negation, certain obscurities, protected by which he forms a mental reservation to free himself and escape from them. This theory is for him one of the "moments" or phases of wisdom: the intellectual, "theoretical" phase. In comparison with pure intelligence, the speculative reason, he admits that all affirmation concerning the beyond is vain and incapable of successfully defending itself against criticism. But, on the other hand, from the practical point of view, how are we to dispense with such affirmations? What becomes of morals if man has relations only with Nature, and consequently has lessons to learn from her alone? The absolute obligation of duty falls to pieces. What becomes of human destiny if it is not related to the absolute, the eternal? As Alfred de Musset expresses it, Kant declared the heavens empty; but Musset is half a line wrong: Kant does not mean that nothingness is the end-all.

Nor is this pre-occupation of his German in its nature; it is human, and has something universal about it. It corresponds to a problem which was not invented by Kant, for his problem depends on a fact whose reality it is all the more impossible to deny, because, by reason of its broad correlations and consequences, it has exercised, and will, doubtless, yet exercise for a prolonged period the greatest influence over the destiny of Europe. The development of incredulity in the eighteenth century was no fleeting episode in history: it has continued. And for the modern epoch the result has been a veritable crisis of religion, a crisis of Christianity, the direct testimony of which is everywhere seen in the literature of the nineteenth century. On the one hand, a philosophy which excludes faith in supernatural or metaphysical realities shows such power of progressive penetration into men's minds that several of them regard this faith as henceforth condemned to irreparable decadence. On the other hand, Christianity, which abounds in the supernatural and the divine, has, by the avowal of all born Christians, contributed so fundamentally to civilisation by the amelioration of the masses and the quality introduced into certain feelings that the incredulous person is forced to ask himself whether its elimination might not entail both on societies and on individuals a disastrous loss of dignity, whether it might not be paid for by the triumph of materialism and vulgarity. Speaking more generally, religion throughout history appears to us to be closely connected with the development of the supra-animal life of the human genus. And the rationalist or positivist discipline of the intellect, which, nevertheless, is one of the manifestations, one of the perfections of this higher life, is destructive of religion.

Various are the mental attitudes of those who understand this vast and mighty conflict. Some expect that it will result only in an extensive return to the traditional faith and institution. Others dream of some mysterious elaboration of the future whereby the broken unity and harmony of human nature may be made over again. Lastly, other bolder spirits delight to admit that Christian humanity might save from the wreck of its old beliefs all that tenderness of soul which was contained therein. The question is still critical. I here express no personal feeling as to the fundamentals of the subject. My object is simply to show the essential and dominating part it has played in the direction taken by German philosophy from the time of Kant, and in the strange European destiny which that philosophy has thereby had.

Kant conceived of his philosophy as a remedy for the modern religious crisis. From this, and at bottom from this alone, has his philosophy obtained its credit and authority. Its influence has been felt far more in its object and religious orientation than in its doctrinal substance and intrinsic value. The design inspiring it has caused it to profit by a recommendation proportioned to the uneasiness felt by many minds at the rupture between science and religion, between a reason whose critical irreconcilability refuses to accept the supernatural and the supernatural aspirations of Christian sensibility. The formula of the intention, however, does not always determine the quality of the act; there are remedies and remedies. Some remedies are worse than the evil; this is the case with the Kantian remedy.

How does Kant set about abolishing the contradiction between religion and reason? He makes it no difficult matter when he misrepresents as he pleases, and if I may say it, demeans the data of the problem. He demeans the respective requirements of the two antinomic powers to be reconciled, and blunts their edges. He makes reason less scrupulous and exact as to truth, he makes religious feeling more accommodating as regards the quality and dignity of the thing offered to its fervid worship. He disturbs the clearness of reason and the purity of religion. If his solution really possesses this character, as I will show that it does, who will not agree that what it offers is extremely burdensome? Who will not see that his solution could prevail and spread only at the cost of the impoverishment of human nature from which it takes its finest powers and its noblest and most

precious acquisitions both in the domain of the intellect and in that of the feelings? The religious crisis will have been solved in some way, though to the detriment of intellectual and moral civilisation; its solution will have been sought below the level to which the higher portions of humanity had attained. It will have culminated, not in progress, as we should ardently wish, but in a reaction.

Every crisis prepares the way for ruinous disturbances. Crises in one's health at times cause us to adopt rash cures which lull the patient's sufferings at the same time that they hasten the ruin of his organism. Political crises favour the ambitions of agitators; they hand over to the inferior elements of society the means of acquiring power. It was under cover of the modern religious crisis that Germanic barbarism assumed intellectual supremacy throughout Europe. I hasten to add that the idea of barbarism should in no wise be connected with the person of the respectable Kant. I impeach the nature of his conception and the fatality of the consequences it bore within itself.

. . . . .

Kant claims that he has preserved man in possession of that supernatural, eternal and absolute reality with which Christianity has made him accustomed to feel himself related. His critical philosophy, however, has swept this reality from the face of the heavens. What is he to do? He transfers it to man himself. He says that man finds it within his own self. He does not say that man has some distant communication with it, proportioned to the pettiness of a finite being; that his soul is touched with the point of a ray that emanates from it and blends with all the perishable elements whereof it makes for itself an element of immortality. This would be in conformity both with the Christian tradition and with Plato. This, however, Kant is unable to say, for it would mean pre-supposing the existence of that metaphysical heaven, of that transcendence of which we can know nothing. He wishes us to make acquaintance with the Absolute only in ourselves and confines it wholly therein; he gives it our conscience as its heaven and its temple, the law of Duty as its expression. Conscience prescribes our Duty for us. It does this not as an act of obedience to a Will superior to man, and which would have a sacred right to rule him, not as the means of bringing our conduct into accord with our most lasting aspirations, and of realising the utmost wealth and beauty of our nature, not as an expression of social necessities or good manners, the condition of our interest naturally, and the instrument of our true happiness. If Duty bound us to one or the other of these claims or to all of them at once, it would be a thing subordinate to another thing, whereas it is absolute and sovereign. It reveals itself to us by a "categorical" decree which has no ground or reason except in itself; that is the characteristic of divine decrees. Conscience is God.

The sublime element in this theory is illusory and false, based as it is on the deceptiveness of appearances. The sense of duty is not the superhuman. . . . I may say inhuman . . . thing that Kant makes of it. Instead of being based on itself alone, it allows itself to be decomposed into its two factors: Nature and education. Our nature comprises attractions both for evil and for good. Education, under the inspiration of religion, tradition, experience, good morals and good sense, enlightens and directs the attractions for good; it represents to us what must justify them in our eyes; the discipline of childhood, by oft-repeated appeals to reason, to fear, to honour and to the feelings, tends but to make of the preference for good an invincible habit of the whole soul, and it is the force of this habit which, when there arise sharp conflicts between duty and passion, is expressed by the sense of an imperative which will not brook being violated. This is what the most modest and the most familiar knowledge of man shows us.

True, we must not judge what is familiar to Germans by what is familiar to Frenchmen. This knowledge of man which we receive from our classics, and which we breathe in the air of society, corresponds to a high degree of civilisation. Amongst the illuminating qualities which distinguish the man of true culture, I will not say from an ignorant man but from a barbarian, those which enable him to see human nature as it is, are the most characteristic, because they pre-suppose not simply a keen intellect, but also a soul that is refined and capable of moderation. The fundamental lack of "psychology" for which Nietzsche reproached the Germans, and of which the world has recently witnessed so many proofs, is due to this. I see it most flagrantly in the theory of the categorical imperative. Only a German could have given to the human idea of duty this aspect, which is more monstrous than divine. Only a German could have blended so much subtlety with a manner so full of hidden tendencies for perverting the true nature of things, and introduced into a notion like that of duty the perturbed water in which it was imagined that God lay hidden.

The very character of the principle which Kant gave to morals tainted all its practical applications beforehand. When duty, speaking generally, is conceived as resulting from the totality of our relations with Divinity and humanity, with fatherland, Nature and ourselves, the notion of what it requires of us in the variable positions wherein life places us may be deduced easily enough. But if the idea of duty is thus isolated from and erected above everything, if it is regarded as the only fixed point in a world given up to universal mobility, how are we to deduce from it any reasonable precepts of action? Such a conception inevitably leads us to do away with contingencies in the determination of duties, and it is bound to produce either the vanity and conceit of a virtue which knows only itself, and, therefore, turns to the worst of all vices, or else scorn for the real obligations of humanity, regarded as beneath the sublimity of the interior god.

Kant deified a human fact, and this is a serious matter. He made of it not a demi-god, not a god amongst other gods, like the amiable dwellers in the Hellenic Olympus, but actually the one, absolute God. True, this fact was Duty, and that was better than if it had been passion, brutality or violence. But to do it, Kant had been compelled to pervert the real and true notion of duty; one needed only to proceed in the same way with any other tendency, disposition or impulse of the soul, and to surround it also with a favourable obscurity, to be equally justified in bestowing on it the supreme title. Fichte refuses to make distinctions: the self, the whole self becomes the centre, the universal ruler of things; and the German romantics, unanimously appealing to the authority of Fichte, choose from amongst all the manifestations of the self that one to which they are pleased to attribute the honours due to divinity. To one, this is a glorified passion; to another, contemplative reverie and indolence. When the Napoleonic invasions and the propaganda of Prussia have succeeded in restoring the unity of German patriotism and inspiring Germany with dreams of endless nationalist ambitions, what is divine in the German is all that he possesses of a German nature, to the exclusion of the rest. We have quoted Fichte's dogma along these lines. But we must not attribute less importance to the formal adhesion given thereto by Schleiermacher, one of the men who exercised the greatest influence in the nineteenth century over the theology and the religious sentiment of Germany. In his Addresses on religion intended for its critics, Schleiermacher literally teaches that true religion can be understood and felt by Germans alone, that it is especially a sealed book to the English by reason of their cupidity, and to the French on account of their frivolity and immorality. Is there any great difference between such propositions and one that would set forth Germany herself as the object of religion? This is the origin of the pangermanism of the intellectuals.

(To be concluded.)

Letters from France.

XI.—AN ARISTOCRACY OF INTELLIGENCE.

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-Show,
Played in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

THUS old Omar. He had no delusion about Life. He was more like one who, deeply "sunk in the seas of his own soul," understands that he is in the midst of the only lasting building substance. Omar was in fact a "knower," but not in the Nietzschean sense. He was very near to himself indeed, so near that he deserves a place among the aristocracy of intelligence. What is this particular form of aristocracy? Well, it is something quite different from what the exponents of the Nietzschean body and mind doctrine are labouring to unload. It is not a form moulded in wrong ideas of elevation, grandeur, and nobility of speech, and yielding a superman stuck on a cothurnus of will, wearing an offensive mask of self-sufficiency and making himself audible through a foghorn of brutal insensibility. It is not a form coloured by confused notions of individuality, character, temperament and disposition. Or a form wrapped up in a genealogy of morals that may be used to whitewash all the old devils that have a comely face and a body to match, and to consign positive genius with ricketty legs to everlasting damnation.

The thing that matters is the sensibility to power. This is a greater thing than the will to power, with its extreme accessibility to misinterpretation. The sensibility to power is, I think, the only fount of that commanding ideal which should form the sap of the little kingdom. It would not be difficult to show, if necessary, how abundantly rewarded are the possessors of this sensibility and the finders of its particular kind of subsistence, provided they are in a position to keep watching their little kingdom long enough. The aristocrat of intelligence is, then, a highly sensitised instrument for receiving and transmitting ultimate truth according to his pre- and post-natal experience. It is not too much to say that we are all aristocrats of intelligence at bottom; such is our Nature inheritance. And what we truly feel is the soul of intelligence in external things. The more intense the feeling the more powerful the objective rendering of this sensible Nature. So the poet recreates Parnassus around him; the painter, Olympus; St. Augustine, his City of God; the hero, his shrine of hero-worship; the galley-slave, a hell wherein he manufactures his master's morals according to the Nietzschean theory that all is good to the superman and all is bad to the base and sordid "soul."

Now an aristocracy of the kind is needed to apprehend and apply the principles of regionalism; and this in varying degrees of intensity and efficiency. Men are not likely to group themselves off on a high common level of vision and interpretation—even if it were required. The most to be hoped for is that in the event of the possibility of the perfect regional achievement being admitted, it will be realised according to the measure of the general perfection. Let us trust that the future will witness communities of workers combining to realise the total soul of their environment; so functioning as one Man, as the Olympian circle may be said to function as one God, while preserving the sum of the man that is in each of them. Thus given the embryonic Gods and Muses, Zeus, Athena, Demeter, Dionysus, Urania, Erato, Calliope, Thalia, and, above all, Polymnia, the first principles of the desired structure would be worthily framed and hung where they might send inspiration thrilling through the whole world.

What are these principles? Simplicity, unity, continuity, concentration, co-operation and harmony. In economic terms: (1) insight into the natural resources of each little kingdom; (2) subsistence on these resources; (3) reaping a full return from their cultivation; (4) achieving equality in the sight of "God." Or in regional terms: (1) looking to the particular god in Nature as the model of perfection; (2) the labourer to see the inner value of his sphere of labour and to avoid judging the sphere by external values. Hence follow (3) concentration of natural vision on regional potentialities; (4) unity of natural effort; (5) simplicity of natural aim; (6) intensity of natural power. Or, if we want them æsthetically stated we may turn to M. Charles Brun's lecture on "Les Arts Méditerranéens." Here we shall find that (1) architecture is the predominant form of art, all other forms being subservient to it; (2) there is one Art. Therefore there are not "major and minor arts." Wood, stone, or iron used with intelligence yield the same art result no matter what we call it, a statue or a carving. To continue to speak of "applied arts" and "fine arts" is to contribute to endless confusion; (3) forms of art should be differentiated. These differences are to be determined in regions, each having its individualised expression of place, people, and occupations. The object here is to indicate the architectonic basis of regionalism. I believe every little kingdom has this basis. It is easy to fix on the Master-builder. There is Nature waiting, plan in hand. Easy also to determine the apprentices. After the War there will be a great number of persons with restored sensibility and liberated energies, for the land. Injured and mutilated soldiers are now being technically re-educated by French societies specially organised for the purpose. Workers of all kinds get free by economic advance to the highest activities. Or, as the matter-of-fact planner would say, provided with "houses and gardens, and of the best, with all else that is confluent with them towards the maintenance and the evolution of their lives." It is thought that the moment the worker is restored to the main stream of highest activity, and with a clarified vision, he will unhesitatingly demand and create noble surroundings with "temples of his renewed ideals surpassing those of old." Let us hope so. But it must not be overlooked that the industrial age has produced an enormous amount of waste human population, such as the casual labourer. It is no use saying to these wasters, "This is the high mark for you to aim at," because they are incapable of aiming at any mark. The only thing to be done with them is to let them die off as the conditions of living become unfavourable to their survival. Then there are the professional and artist classes, who ought not to need much pressure to send them to the fields of France once their attention is drawn off money-wealth. The true artist does not require an external incentive to fashion the best that is in him, that is real-wealth; it is only the pseudo-artist who lives to produce saleable things. He may be trusted to perish with the casual labourer. Besides these three classes, the soldier, professional and unprofessional classes, there is another town-bred class that will be ready to do something regionally right and good too. In his brief psychological study of the French temperament, "France and the War," Professor Mark Baldwin remarks that since the days of Gambetta the French have been losing respect for the military point of view which makes the soldier the centre of things, temporal and eternal. He offers this and other facts, such as the popular opposition to the Three Years' Compulsory Military Service Bill, as indications that France was not in a military state of mind when the War began, in order to refute certain German allegations to the contrary. If it is true that France was anti-military then we may believe that it was pursuing a direction of Life under conditions which made an exodus to the land both possible and highly probable. For the way to lasting peace lies through the new regionalism.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Views and Reviews.

A PROPHET OF WOE.

AN article in the current issue of the "Nation," entitled "Mankind's Alternatives," reminds us that, whatever happens, the pacifist will not forgo the prophecy of woe. To him, man never is, but always to be, cursed; the worst war is always the next, and the fear of that war will, the pacifist thinks, compel mankind to choose the shining way of peace. The failure either of his prophecies or of the facts of war to effect any such reformation does not diminish the ardour with which the pacifist enjoins upon us the necessity to choose; like another Hamlet, he has only one method of stating his case, the melodramatic method of alternatives. "Look here, upon this picture, and on this." On the one hand, he piles up the consequences of war until the whole earth is overshadowed by calamity; on the other hand, he details the consequences of peace until we seem to see heaven upon earth. He creates a Utopia or a Tophet by exactly the same method, by ex parte statement, by a process of deductive logic—by the careful elimination of details that would conflict with his conclusion. "By a judicious selection of facts, you can prove anything," says Cardinal Newman; you can even prove that war is war, and peace is peace, and ne'er the twain shall meet. Therefore, choose ye this day whom ye will serve, Mars or Massingham; flee from the wrath to come (always to come) and federate, legislate, abnegate.

In this case, the wrath to come is aerial. Mr. Prevost-Battersby has recently scared the readers of the "Observer" with his prophecies of the awful consequences of aeronautics. Science (that impersonal demon) will improve airships so rapidly and so successfully that they will be able to carry tons of most horribly explosive material, and drop them exactly upon the architectural monuments of the great cities, wipe out whole towns with a single bomb, and make the surface of the earth uninhabitable by man. If men fly, mankind will have to delve; and for fear of what may fall from the sky, live a subterranean existence like a horde of dormice. The writer of the article in the "Nation" develops this thesis into a nightmare comparable only with that of Mr. Wells in "The Sleeper Awakes"; and warns us solemnly that "this is no fanciful picture, but the natural result of the present and future wars, if nations allow themselves to be befooled as in the past."

But if the picture is not fanciful, neither is it imaginative. Imagination, as distinct from a process of deductive logic, would see the same impersonal science that developed the airship developing the means of defence against it; and just as in shipbuilding we had a running contest of improvement of guns and armour, so we may expect a development of the means of defence against attack by airships. Nor does it follow that these means will be limited to anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes; Ulivi was an impostor, but the possibility of firing explosives at a distance by means of a ray remains to be developed, and these terrors of the air will probably be as dangerous to their navigators as to the people who on earth do dwell. But however the menace may be met does not matter at this stage; what man invents, man can destroy, and a fighting chance is all that he needs to save him from fear. The prophetic calamity never comes, because man is an adaptable animal; and also because he is not really confronted with alternatives. Peace or War, Life or Death—these are not really alternatives, but corollaries. Out of the state of Peace come the issues that War decides; Life sows, but Death reaps, and the crop is perennial.

But if he is not confronted with alternatives, he is not called upon to renounce. Mr. Prevost-Battersby, dreaming only of the terror that flies by night, asks for an international agreement to abandon flying for ever. Maritime cities might, with equal reason, call for an international agreement to abolish warships; indeed, if we wish to be scared, there is no lack of objects of terror. The lathe that will turn a cylinder may be adapted to turn a shell; therefore, let us have no lathes. The spade with which Cain tilled the ground served as a weapon with which he killed his brother; therefore, let us have no spades. But the hand that can grasp a tool can also clutch a windpipe, or be doubled into a fist that, striking in the right place, can kill a man; therefore, let us have no hands. If men are to refuse to fly because flying machines may be made into most formidable engines of war, they may as well be asked to refuse to talk, because talking may lead to quarrelling. Indeed, Christ did make this demand when He said: "But let your communication be Yea, yea: Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Push this logic to its extreme conclusion, and life becomes impossible because death is inevitable.

But we are not really committed to any such conclusion; all that emerges from these considerations is the assurance that the prophet does not see the future, but the logical conclusion of his premise. He assumes that the particular direction of the spirit that he observes will be permanent, will work itself out to a certain end; if men choose war, the end thereof is annihilation, if men choose peace, the end thereof is life. But no purpose persists to its logical conclusion; man has survived the blood-feud, a far more formidable danger to his existence than the national wars, and his moods alternate. Even Hotspur, after killing his six or seven dozen Scots, washed his hands and went to breakfast, grumbling to his wife about "this quiet life." Warriors have homes, even military aviators have nests; and there is no valid reason to suppose that we shall have nowhere to lay our heads. Peace may be regarded as the state of preparation for war, war as the protection of peace; they are not alternatives, but necessary conditions one of the other. Therefore, like the pessimist in the definition, we must choose both of the two evils.

But the writer of the article in the "Nation" does not arrive at this conclusion. Having scared himself from the surface of the earth by imagining devastation raining from the sky, and finding existence underground incompatible with Liberal principles, he quotes Mr. Edward Carpenter's pamphlet, "Never Again," and consoles himself with the reflection that mankind will, from sheer horror of the consequences, refuse to wage war one with another. The "practical" suggestions are, of course, the federation of Europe, the abolition of Conscription, and (whatever this means) "the peeling off the old husks of the diplomatic, military, legal, and commercial classes, with their antiquated, narrow-minded, and profoundly irreligious and inhuman standards." These are mere trifles; any pamphleteer can give Europe not only a new system of government but a new heart, and Mr. Carpenter, it seems, insists that only the upper classes are in need of reformation. The rank and file have already won his approval; and they have, he thinks, only to be informed of his proposals "to see the path to safety and order, and, perhaps, take it, though at the cost of bitter struggle and upheaving change." This seems to be a prophecy of revolution, and revolution, technically, is not war. It must, therefore, be peace; which is a strange conclusion to a pacifist argument.

A. E. R.

New Lamps for Old.*

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

IN reading this short account of every side of Armenia in the past and present by an Englishman, I forced myself to be as other people and not as of the persecuted, and, therefore, had to look long before I found anything to be more than mildly proud of. I found something which looked like Marathon, when in A.D. 451, at the battle of Avariar, 60,000 Armenians defeated 220,000 Persians; but the victory did not save the Armenian independence. I could find no Henry V, no thorough-going Richard III. I felt a sort of thrill on reading of my royal namesake, Tigranes the Great, "King of Kings," and the mightiest monarch of Asia, but even he could not arrange his Greatness to last until his death, that he might die like Henry V in the proud certainty that he could hold as much of other people's property as he could take.

We have had bad luck in our kings. One of them, indeed, Senekerim, must needs make a gift of his whole kingdom to Basil II of Byzantium. I wish we had had a Charles II. He would have taught Armenia not to take herself and her religion so seriously: for, as I read on, I feel that the proud, serious tenacity of my people to that faith in Jesus, which St. Thaddeus and St. Bartholomew brought into Armenia—they were meddling with fire, these two, but they did not know it—the first nation in the world to accept Jesus, though Mr. Williams rather mildly evades this with his oft-repeated "one of the first," has been the primary cause of their national ruin. There is an ironic similarity in the causes of the outcast miseries of the Jews and Armenians—that the Jews have lost their nationhood because they have so seriously disbelieved in Jesus, and the Armenians have lost theirs because they have so seriously believed in Him. But though this has been their ruin, yet, as Mr. Williams very correctly points out, if the Armenians had not so tenaciously clung to their religion in their ruin they would have been lost, swallowed up in the great peoples around them. Yet, fastidious though I made myself, I found something to be proud of. In the days of Tigranes there were 30 million Armenians, and now, all the world over, there are only 4 million—and they are still Armenians! Heaven knows what they have to gain by clinging to their nationality. Perhaps it is the same spirit as that which made the men of Zeytoon, 20,000 strong in the fastnesses in the hills, resist the Turks for 500 years, refusing to pay taxes, or to give conscripts to the Turkish Army—till now in this war when they were inveigled out by the threat that the country round about would be laid waste—and have disappeared.

Mr. Williams has divided his book into three parts, of which the first is "The Land and the People." Now, while no Armenian is conceited enough to imagine that his country is worth going to school about, yet, as part of the human race, he expects not to be asked if Armenia is somewhere at the tag-end of Morocco. The author very briefly points out the main geographical interest of the country, its very great natural wealth in minerals, which no one has yet attempted to develop; also the ancient boundaries which once stretched from the Black Sea to the Indus, embracing what is now known as Afghanistan, and, with the help of two excellent maps, the modern, and, in case of autonomy, the future boundaries.

Throughout the historical, the second part, one feels that Mr. Williams has given too much space (though he could not give it too much importance) to the Church. He remembers the Church too often at the expense of the people, who are much more interesting. And the history of the Armenian Church is, like all the others, but one long series of tiresome squabbles about details of doctrine and ritual with the Roman, Greek, and later, though the author unaccountably forgets this, with the Russian Churches.

Throughout the whole book Mr. Williams seems to be worried by the fact that people have been saying nasty things about the Armenians: and in his very well-meaning eagerness to defend us he makes the usual mistake of defending us too thoroughly. This is playing into the hands of Mr. Pickthall, who has proved to his own satisfaction before now that whereas people have exaggerated a little, they have exaggerated altogether, and that the Turk is a much maligned and slandered fellow. Mr. Williams makes the amazing statement, and in italics, that the Armenians have no feeling of revenge towards the Turks; this is grossly unfair to the Armenians. The point is not whether the Armenians are any worse or any better than, let us say, the English, but that they are just as good. It is fortunate that the individual Armenian is so created that he is economically independent of both sentiment and slander, and that he is quite too sensible to get a swelled head at the nice things said about him, and has too real a knowledge of his own worth to be depressed by the nasty things.

It is in the last and third part, in dealing with the modern problem, how it arose, and how it can be solved, that Mr. Williams' book is most interesting: though he is, quite reasonably, much too much of an Englishman to allow the casual reader anything but a vague glimpse of the fact that there was very little to choose in the effect between England's and Germany's indifference to Armenia in the last century. If the Treaty of San Stefano of 1878 had stood, if England, Germany, and, in a lesser degree, France, had not ruined it through their fear and jealousy of Russia, and created from its ruins the Treaty of Berlin, "a diplomatic triumph for England," many thousands of Armenians would not since then have been massacred. Reading a history of the last century it cannot fail to strike one that the attitude of England towards the Near East—it was a Far East then—was compromising and hypocritical, and that when she looked at Turkey she saw only her 60 million Moslem subjects in India. Germany, more brutal yet more obvious in her sentiments, saw Germany. The calculated extermination of Armenians began, Gladstone spoke in vain, for his colleagues still saw trade, Russia, and India.

In giving his reasons for Armenian autonomy, Mr. Williams is quite sane, though to the ordinary person, I should imagine, not very convincing: and he seems to me quite extraordinarily optimistic as to how the Allied Powers, like so many benign uncles, will give Armenia to the Armenians. The main reason for autonomy in Armenia is obvious—fundamentally, Armenia for the Armenians, or there will be still more trouble, which is the only reason Mr. Williams seems shy of giving—while the main reason against, besides, of course, the fact that Russia and Turkey are temporarily in possession, is ridiculous. There is a pretty phrase current among certain "authorities" that the "Armenians have no aptitude for self-government," that their national fault is jealousy. As an Armenian one admits that their national fault is jealousy, and, further, that in the way of intrigue they are, when put to it, a nation of little Richelieus. But considering that the national fault of so many other peoples is an absolute incompetence to govern themselves with even a minimum of safety, comfort and happiness, and that there is no nation in the world (England least of all) which has not at one time or another made a very thorough mess of itself, it is an impertinence to say "that the Armenians have no aptitude for self-government." And they will begin with the advantage of having their eyes fixed on their own country and not on other people's. Mr. Williams makes no defence like this: he is splendidly meek, almost annoyingly so in such a time when everyone is wondering just how hard they can hit other people. And, very unfortunately, Mr. Williams hits no one but the Armenians.

* "Armenia: Past and Present." By. W. Llewellyn Williams. (P. S. King & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

Pasticbe.

IN TUNE WITH THE LOBSTER.

(Suggested by the testimonial of a young American mother to the virtues of Christian Science.)

Eternal Father, who renews
The frequent claws that lobsters lose,
Replace, we pray Thee, in Thy ruth,
Replace my baby's knocked-out tooth;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad shouts of praise from him and me.

P. T. K.

IRONICAL OCTAVES.

By ANTONIN KLASTERSKY.

(Translated from the Czech by P. SELVER.)

(1) *A Letter to the Editor.*

Herewith my story, "Treachery," I send.
It's true—the hero dies in poison-throes;
But this, to spare our readers, we'll amend—
Let's save his life, and marry him to Rose.
Spelling's a thing I cannot comprehend,
For crack-brained pedants are my deadly foes.
Print it forthwith! In front, not near the end!!
And, in advance, your payment I enclose!!!

(2) *In the Footsteps of the Great.*

To think of Goethe's pranks and amorous glee,
And Shelley's loves! And Byron—fickle wight!
And Chateaubriand, too! My gracious me!
Yet my one wife is my bed's one delight.
Oh, curse the jealousy of which she's free!
But something must befall. They shall indite
This crimson thread in my biography:
He chucked the servant's chin one dusky night.

(3) *Drawing-room.*

The daughter of the household thumps away.
The local tattle's probed by sundry chits.
Three gentlemen play cards. A noisy fray.
Clumsy! The weeping slavey culls the bits.
The doctor reads some verse: "The Death-Knell's Lay."
Applause. Departure. "Well, the doctor's wits
Have left him!" "What a salty joint to-day!"
"Ah, but the fish was prime!" some guest admits.

(4) *Art.*

I penned a mighty epic-poem of yore,
But afterwards observed that it was naught,
And burnt it; but with *one* book I forbore,
Which was a gem of sentiment, methought.
Later, with deeper care, I read it o'er,
And quoth, "Its point in satire could be caught!"
But now—the reader gleefully may roar—
Only an epigram, in fine, I've wrought.

(5) *Funereal Rites.*

He is no more, alas! So great, so rare!
His merit gleams, a star in gloomy sky.
See, what black edges all the papers bear,
And in the streets half-mast the flags will fly.
The grateful nation! Not an inch to spare
In sorrow's dwelling. . . . Hear the widow's cry—
While, round the pressmen, crowds are jostling there,
Their names for publication to supply.

(6) *Official Soirée at Prince X's.*

The prince bids welcome. Sombre garments mate
With flash of uniforms. All ranks are here.
Some stand in clusters, others sit in state.
Flunkeys with wine and lemonade appear. . . .
Heels click and clash. See some bald baron prate
His tittle-tattle. Laughter. Some get clear
In starving pangs, some empty many a plate—
Cigars cram someone's pockets at the rear.

(7) *From a meeting of the Common Council.*

This worthy man will soon be fifty. . . . Sirs,
I think . . . in him such qualities we meet . . .
A patriot . . . it everywhere occurs. . . .
A house we'll buy him . . . cheaply, all complete. . . .
I've one for sale. . . . His life is full of burrs;
Let his old age be jubilant and sweet. . . ."
Rank opposition noisily demurs:
"No house! But after him we'll name a street!"

(8) *To Czech Poetry.*

Once not a hair of yours durst slip aside;
Staidly attired, you let no tress be shown;
But then you loosed your locks, and far and wide,
Like birch-boughs in the breezes, they were blown,
Dishevelled thus—but there is naught to chide;
My ample love for you has never flown,
Whether your hair is trammelled or untied—
If but the locks you show us are your own.

THE FUTURE OF THE FORM.

"Kindly sign the white form and return it to Desk 14, Counter 10, Room 12, Section D, Floor 7. Then bring the pink counterfoil of the yellow form, and fill in, as instructed upon the back, age, nationality, birthplace, birth-time, occupation of parents, whether single, married, or a widower, number of children, official or natural, and where they are being educated. Thanks. Now produce your magenta form, and hand it in at Counter 15, Room 10, Section M, Floor 12. The clerk will, in exchange, give you a red form, which you will bring back to me. Don't lose your brown form, but retain the counterfoil for registration and reference. . . . Now produce your Registration Card No. 4, and attach same to White Form No. X124A.B.5, retaining same for reference."

"I see."

"Where's your Day Sheet?"

"I—I—I—er——"

"Let's see your papers."

"Yes—er—I——"

"Ah, here we are! National Existence Form No. 4X1456."

"I—er—yes—er——"

"Attach this form to the yellow counterfoil with your Registration Form No. 1. *That's* it. Now let me see."

"Yes—I—er—er——"

"Take this card up to Room 50, Counter 16, Desk 4, Section C, Floor 2, ask the clerk to file your brown form with Registration Card No. 1, and give you a check-pass marked A2B4. Take this to the next counter and purchase sixpenny existence stamp, affix same to your yellow counterfoil, and keep it for general inspection at the end of the month."

"Yes—thanks—awfully! I—er—er—I——"

"That will be 10½, please. Thanks—1½ change."

"I—er—er . . . where . . . did you say? . . . ah, yes!—and . . . oh, I see! . . . ah! . . . oh, yes! . . . ah! . . . er—er . . . ah, yes! . . ."

ARTHUR F. THORN.

SENSATION.

(From the French of Arthur Rimbaud.)

On sunny summer evenings I shall wander down a bridle path,
The tall corn-blades will fondle me the while I tramp the turf;
And dreaming, I shall feel the chilly sweetness on my idle path,
And as a wave the wind shall lave my naked brow like surf.
I shall not speak a word, no thought shall fill the heart or head of me,
But love shall flow and fill my soul with its o'er-brimming tide;
And I shall wander far away, a gypsy in the tread of me,
As happy there with Nature fair as lover with his bride.

WILFRID THORLEY.

VIRTUE.

Not laurel, nor the people's loud comments,
Nor yet the statuary by princes raised,
Can alter Virtue; for, however praised,
She still remaineth pure, and still presents
The same mild aspect; for these monuments
And epitaphs, in gaudy flattery phrased,
Are not the lights from Virtue's beacon blazed,
But only shadows of the true contents
Falling upon the ground. Then mourn thou not
If neither monument nor loud applause
Greet thy sweet song, for they are shadows all.
True virtue by the soul must be begot,
And by the soul is praised. Then never pause,
But sing thy living song whate'er befall.

COLCHESTER MASON.

Home Letters from German Soldiers.

Translated by P. Selver.

(17) Verdun: the fall of the Camp des Romains, near St. Mihiel ("Münchener Neueste Nachrichten," September 28).

With the approach of darkness, our infantry dug themselves in 70 yards in front of the fort, where they took up a position favourable for storming purposes. Brr . . . the bullets were already whizzing round our heads. Things were getting lively on the Camp des Romains—the violent crackle of rifles . . . greeted the attacking party, and did not cease doing so until the fate of the hill on the Maas was sealed by capitulation.

The 16th Pioneers, who were allotted to us, began their elfish activity as soon as evening came on, especially in the tangle of wire obstacles surrounding the whole fort.

The storming began on September 25, at 5.30. On the previous evening the fort had been declared as not yet "ripe for storming." Nevertheless, the order for the attack was given, and the attack succeeded.

After overcoming the wire entanglements, the storming columns went through breaches and gaps on to the outer rampart, and from there to the main trench, into which the storming-ladders had been let down. The main trench is, I hear, 12 yards broad, and 8 yards high on the outer edge, 7 on the inner. From the depths of this trench, the infantry, who were pressing on behind, raised the storming-ladders to the opposite bank, to the main rampart, which was taken with spirited courage.

It hardly needs to be specially stated that all these operations were carried out in the teeth of the enemy's fire. Projectiles rained upon us from every gap, loophole, and subterranean abyss. It was a life-and-death struggle at close quarters. The pioneers, equipped with hand-grenades, stench-bombs, and fire-brands, literally fumigated the enemy out of his crannies. Those who were not shot or put to flight were buried alive in their subterranean coigns of vantage. But even when the main trench was taken, the firing of isolated marksmen who kept in hiding did not stop. However, after the supplementary troops supplied by the 6th Regiment of Infantry (Amberg) had also reached the main rampart, the French realised the uselessness of further resistance, and the negotiations for surrender began. At 8.20 in the morning they were completed. Camp des Romains was ours. After the surrender, all the subterranean dwellers in the fort ascended to the light of day. From every corner emerged the defenders—artillerymen in blue uniforms with black caps, infantrymen in blue and red. Many of them had large, yellow-black burns on their faces and hands. At the place where they were assembled, they sank down docile and exhausted. The fort had had a garrison of over 800 men, of whom over 500 surrendered.

An inspection of the fort after the surrender showed us the huge damage which the mortars had caused. In the ground there were gaping holes of incredible depth, and the vaultage of the fort had suffered in the same manner. There was an extraordinary amount of ammunition available. In the casemates there were provisions to last for three months at the shortest; preserved meat was stacked up in batteries; there was sugar by the hundredweight, wine and spirits by the barrel; and they had even a special bakery.

According to the conditions of surrender, the brave garrison was permitted to leave with military honours; the officers kept their swords. The French were allowed till 2 in the afternoon to attend to their wounded and to bury their dead. They were permitted to take with them all baggage, that of the officers included, but the military maps were kept by us. At 2 in the afternoon the prisoners were marched off. They marched out from the western gate of the fort in column of route, two big detachments, and two groups of wounded followed. There was also a woman among them—probably the wife of an official. She was poorly dressed, with a shawl over her head. Last of all came the officers; among them walked the commandant, an old French colonel, stick in hand. The Bavarian flag was flying from his fort. We stood in parade order by the side of the street which leads from the Camp des Romains to St. Mihiel. Twice we presented arms—once for the men, once for the officers, and twice we lowered our colours.

On the evening of the same day we entered St. Mihiel, which ever since has presented the appearance of a captured town. . . .

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(18) Trench life in the East. Narrative of a sergeant-major ("Berliner Tageblatt," November 18).

. . . For some three weeks now, "my world" has been the trench on Hill 123 in front of M. near W. Only from time to time do we cast a glance over the parapet on to the surrounding district—rarely to spy out the Russians who are lying opposite us at a distance of 1,200 to 1,800 yards, and now that their first onslaughts have been repulsed, they do not trouble us particularly—but to make sure that there is still something else in the world besides damp clay. . . To the right, a pine-tree on the hill, in front of it a Russian trench. Occasionally a fine day-break, a blood-red sunset, that flings a glow on the ruins of burnt farmhouses between the two battle-fronts. But for the most part, a monotonous landscape, wrapped in dreary grey, not the kind of thing to cheer you up. . .

So you are restricted to your home if you want to escape boredom. This home consists of a dug-out, which I share with a sergeant-major, a corporal and seven privates. My place is a little over one yard wide, high and deep, and has a narrow cavity for the feet. You can only sleep sitting, or lying down curled up. It takes some time to get used to it. . . If anybody had told me once that I should have to put up with a hole like this for three weeks, I should simply have said he was insane. But we manage quite well. The damp walls are abundantly upholstered with straw. . . . After a first few days of hunger and thirst, when we only had coffee at 3.30 in the morning and dinner at 6.30 in the evening—the field-kitchen could only be brought up under cover of dusk—and the bread rations entirely or partly gave out, profuse plenty is now our portion since direct communication with the field-post has been set up, and regular traffic with Wirballen and Eydtkuhnen has been started through the agency of the officers' servants. In addition, after having been repeatedly and fruitlessly prohibited, cooking in the trenches has at length been allowed, as the need for warm food and drink on cold rainy days proved to be irrepressible and imperative for the preservation of health. The reason for the prohibition was that some careless fellows produced such a smoke in lighting a fire that it was feared we should offer good targets for the Russian artillery, from whom we have had enough to put up with on our hill, and thus downright challenge them. For nothing causes the soldier more annoyance than when he sees the enemy cooking with the utmost composure. I shall not quickly forget the furious expression of my corporal, who is at other times such a bright and cheerful lad, as he pointed to the Russians and said: "The swine are cooking down yonder without turning a hair. It's an awful sight." . . But now we've learnt smokeless cooking. Expert hands have fitted out cooking quarters, even an iron kitchen-range was dragged out of a burnt farmhouse and set up. Now every day we have broth, tea and coffee, sometimes also preserved peas with potatoes and grilled bacon—a choice dish. Only the fetching of water causes some difficulty, as the water has to be baled out from a turf-pit which is uncovered against the enemy's fire. The parcels from home, of which my communicative neighbour has a particularly copious supply (but didn't he do a lot of letter-writing, and how emphatically he described our privations!), even enable us to hold solemn breakfast parties. Now we have—on one morning—white bread with sardine-paste, sardines in oil, ammunition-bread with butter and ham, or sausages of all kinds or tinned meat . . . . rye-bread with Tilsit, Dutch or Swiss cheese, cheese-wafers, port or red wine with it, and a good cognac and a cigar to wind up with. "Lad, lad, you'd never believe what you can eat when you're in the fresh air all day like this"* said a worthy fellow from Verden (in Hanover) in my dug-out when he witnessed our aforesaid princely banquet. . . . In other respects firm confidence holds its own everywhere in the trenches against the slight inconveniences of the situation. The love of joking is never extinguished, and many a neat jest goes the rounds. The "bays" (buchten), as the dug-outs have been nicknamed, are provided with facetious inscriptions: "Villa Bellevue," "The Fat Bertha," "Petrograd," . . . .

I have just received orders for an officers' patrol. The idyll is ended, and duty once more asserts its rights. At any rate, it isn't raining. So, good-bye!

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* Plattdeutsch in the original: "Jong, Jong, du glöwst nich, wat man freeten kann, wenn man so den ganzen Tag an de frische Luft ist."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WORKSHOP CONTROL.

Sir,—It is seldom one can find anything to criticise in your "Notes of the Week," but I feel I must break in upon your remarks regarding the responsibility in the matter of Labour organisation. I grant you every possible credit for your continual supply of splendid ideas, but, though the framing of ideas is a rare and difficult matter, no less so is the getting them put into practice. If only half the ideas which have been put on paper had reached the stage of actual practice, we should probably have been well on the road to the millennium by now. I happen to have been present at the National Guilds League meeting (though not a member myself) when Mr. Cole outlined his views on workshop control. I must confess he put up a very attractive case, bearing well in mind that he strongly emphasised that the acceptance of the grant was not to be accompanied by any hampering conditions and that Trade Union control was not to be imperilled in any way. His point, as I understood it, was that Labour is at present inexperienced in the matter of management and the crumple up of Labour's representatives in face of the offer of joint control absolutely endorses his view. It was nothing short of fear of responsibility arising from total lack of experience. Now, if, as I have already suggested, the educated, skilled salariat will not come forward and assume its natural responsibility as leaders of Labour (instead of kowtowing to private Capitalism and devising its means of strike-breaking), and Labour itself has no capable leaders, what is to be done? All that you vouchsafe us so far in what is a real problem, and perhaps the greatest problem of all, is editorial thunder. May I therefore ask you what is to be *done*, with special emphasis on the "done"?

T. C.

* * *

Sir,—As a humble member of the N.G.L., I regret that our secretary should not have received the criticism in your editorial of September 28 in a more friendly spirit. Your scorn for that thin end of the wedge to which he and Mr. Cole were for the moment directing their attention may or may not be deserved. This is a question of policy on which my opinion is of no value; but, anyway, when the house is on fire, one cannot stop to quarrel with a man who is helping to put it out, even if he does tell one rather roughly that one is not very brave in facing the flames.

For my part, I think that this is not the moment for an insidious Fabian policy. Those who believe that the only social reconstruction worth fighting for must be *based on a transference of industrial control from Capital* to Labour should, just now, be shouting their creed from the housetops. This must be done, of course, not by reiterating a stereotyped form of words, but by driving home the truth in each class and coterie in the particular language that is current there. To the trade unionist we must show (1) that a fair share of the produce of his labour cannot be his as long as the Capitalist is allowed the first claim, and (2) that he can oust the Capitalist only by replacing him—i.e., by seizing his function and his responsibility.

To the public we have got to explain patiently what we mean by "Labour control," to show that it does not involve the actual management of business undertakings by workmen any more than the present system involves their management by shareholders, who would be at least equally incompetent, that then as now the actual management would be in the hands of an expert, the only difference being that the board of directors to whom the expert is answerable for results would watch over the interests, not of a body of shareholders, but of the public, and especially of that section of the public whose interests are at stake, not only as consumers, but as producers also.

Our business is to prove that the Capitalist is merely a survival, an obsolete organ of the body politic, and we have got to make this evident from all sorts of different points of view.

Your clear and cogent statements in The New Age, even though they may be a little scornful now and then of your fellow-workers, are far too valuable and inspiring to be carped at by a body like the N.G.L., which is out for the big job of preparing a mould into which civilisation may be poured while it is still liquid from its present awful melting-pot.

A Member of the N.G.L.

THE ORGANISATION OF WEALTH.

Sir,—Professor Arnold in his article, "The Organisation of Wealth," published in your issue of 12th inst., says, "Under our present social conditions, the money required to pay the principal or interest on any National Debt can only be drawn from the same saving classes which have themselves furnished the loan; and the loan is, in fact, a mortgage on the accumulated capital of the nation, to be repaid out of the proceeds of that capital."

We might allow that the State will receive the money with which to pay off the debt from the same people who are the State's creditors. But we must remind Professor Arnold and men like him, who do not like to be faced with a clash of interests, and who wish to avoid all thought of an economic class war, that the "savings" of the "saving class" are not, as a rule, savings in the sense that a man who works extra hard and produces double the amount of things necessary to supply his needs might call half of the result of his labour his savings. The "savings" of Professor Arnold's "saving classes" are the real "savings" of the working classes; the amount of commodities produced by labourers over and above the cost of their hire. On *these* "savings" the loans are financed, and from these "savings" the loans will be repaid. For Professor Arnold to confuse the money the workman receives as hire and does not spend with the money the owners of the tools take in Rent, Interest, and Profit is to make a bad blunder. I suspect that he confuses the thrifty labourer with the capitalist in order to hide from himself that which he knows to exist: an absolute division of society into two economic classes.

In your issue of 5th inst. Professor Arnold shows the same fear and inability to face a fact. For my own part, I prefer the present system, with all its wrongs, to a system by which I should be a member of an association in which my employer *as a capitalist* would also be a member; and not only a member but a member having, *as a capitalist*, superior status in the "upper chamber" of the association.

H. M. Emery.

* * *

THE ENDURANCE OF WAR.

Sir,—In spite of an intense interest in Senor Ramiro de Maeztu's "Visit to the Front," I must confess to a little impatience at his persistent self-delusion on the position of pacifism. He persistently assumes the idea of the unanimous will of nations. Does he not recognise the fact that the will of every belligerent nation to-day is forcibly limited to a prosperous and cruel patriarchy which stands immune from the hardships of war *behind* the guns? From a similar point of vantage, the Senor has "the intuition that war cannot be so unendurable as it has been depicted by humanitarian novelists—Tolstoi or Zola. If it were unendurable, men would not endure it." He obviously only has in mind "the sons of Oxford and Cambridge, the Latinists, the Hellenists, clergymen, lawyers, physicians"—those perfect products of the hateful policy, "My country right or wrong." But what of the common soldier? Does he not realise that the common soldier has no choice but to endure it? He stands between the guns of his enemies and those of his "friends." Against the former there is just a sporting chance; against the latter there is none. Hence his "will" to endure. Let the Senor draw the confidence of the common soldier of any belligerent nation to-day who has passed through the hell of modern warfare. There will he find complete unanimity.

Is it not a fact that one-half of the duties of any military censorship is devoted to the prevention and suppression of war-weariness? No less is a Parliamentary truce in time of war designed to isolate the voice of the few from the will of the people. Why? A truly democratic people would invite the opinion of every adult in the kingdom respecting the termination of a war no less than anything else. Why do we not?

Who realises the fact better than the pacifist, that to assert the right one has to be strong? With those whom the war hits hardest—the common soldier, the mothers, the wives, and sisters—rendered dumb on pain of death and worse, he faces the diabolical will of a cruel and biased patriarchy.

I have seen it stated that, at a forthcoming election, a candidate will stand for "Negotiation." Will the Senor encourage this procedure and call for fairplay and a free and unhampered expression of the will of the people?

T. C.

RE ANGLO-BOER WAR, 1899.

Sir,—It is a pity to see a serious slip in so accurate a journal as THE NEW AGE, and when it concerns so recent an event as the Anglo-Boer War, it cannot be allowed to pass without correction. The writer of Peace Notes (August 3, p. 329) makes the mistake of repeating that Dutch South Africa a little while ago "was steeped by us in blood and misery." This statement is quite erroneous, and constitutes a most outrageous libel on the British nation, which through its Government enjoined and enforced a most unusual degree of leniency on the generals in charge of operations. As a matter of fact, the total Boer casualties, "killed in action," did not greatly exceed 1,800 during three years of warfare, and throughout its course Colonial journals were filled with bitter complaints of the "undue leniency" shown to the enemy, because they were constantly allowed to trek away from one position to another unmolested, when the guns could have decimated them, or the lancers have put them to utter rout, had it been Great Britain's policy to exterminate, or even severely to punish, the Dutch. To talk of steeping so vast a country as Dutch South Africa in blood, when the total killed amounted to much less than 2,000 (a number they kill in Flanders before breakfast and then report "nothing doing" at the front), is nonsense and most unjust to the Army, which treated the Boers throughout with the utmost consideration, though the soldiers found themselves repeatedly in the unfair position of having to storm trenches and then accept surrenders wholesale at the last moment. Had that war been conducted with more severity, it would have been shortened by at least a couple of years. Those in charge of it were reproached again and again for converting it into something between a polo picnic and a boxing match for points. As for the misery part, the Boers had themselves to thank for it. Though the mortality (quite unpreventable) in the concentration camps was great, what would have been the fate of the Boer nation had Great Britain not had the wisdom and humanity to provide those camps? It would have been almost exterminated. The Boers, moreover, freely abandoned their women and children to British care, well knowing they would be as well provided for as circumstances would admit, and by so doing they were able to keep the field for a couple of years longer than they otherwise could have done. At any rate, "2,000 killed in action" would provide almost enough blood to "steep" Dutch South Africa in blood to the tune of one drop to the square mile, a proportion which would require "some" miscroscope to identify.

AFRICANUS.

* * *

NATIVE SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—In a letter headed "Native South Africa," Miss Werner adversely criticises your reviewer's critique of Mr. Plaatze's book, and with much truth and justice. The Act which was rushed through the Union Parliament with such indecent haste was framed to deprive the native peoples of their economic resource and compel them to labour for the benefit of the big corporations who control the Botha Government. It was part of a deliberate scheme to reduce native wages in this country, and one of the foulest of the many abominations the Botha Government has perpetrated. Although not a negrophil, in the sense that I do not believe in the political enfranchisement of Kaffirs, I, too, like your correspondent, am touched by the loyalty, good humour, and manners of these folk. They are being swindled and exploited by the dirtiest gang of oligarchs and plutocrats that ever sat upon the neck of a people.

It would surprise the British public, who have been hypnotised by the Press into believing that General Botha's administration is peculiarly mild and benevolent, to learn that natives convicted of such comparatively minor offences as ordinary theft and assault are very frequently ordered lashes. The punishment is not inflicted with the cat-o-nine-tails, but with a much more terrible instrument, comparable to the Russian plete. As a local magistrate remarked the other day, "after the fifth blow the punishment is seldom felt." The victim is then usually insensible. A public prosecutor once told me, apparently with relish, that "it cut chunks out of them every time."

Z.

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REGIONALISM.

Sir,—Letter 9 appears to have dropped its memory overboard on the way from France. I told it to say "Rochereau," "Lion," "there are," and so on, instead of which it says "Rocherea," "Leon," "they are," and so on. Stage fright, I suppose.

Mr. Harold B. Harrison needs further correction. He is quite correct to say that reformers are seeing regionalism in the light of new experience, as they might be said to see the three Frankish kingdoms which took definite shape in France during the reign of Clavis. But he is at sea when he says, "God is eternal." Does Mr. Harrison not know that Mr. G. K. Chesterton killed God? He told us that parsons wear black because they are in mourning for God. Rightly, Mr. Harrison should say, apparently the idea that there is a God, is eternal.

HUNTLY CARTER.

* * *

THE NEW DRAMA.

Sir,—Mr. Margrie has fallen into one of the commonest of errors. Because I pointed out the possible existence of an opposite view to his on the subject of Ibsen, "it is obvious," he says, "that 'W. K.' is a keen Ibsenite." Perhaps I am. Perhaps I'm not. But I certainly am a conscientious objector to the logic of the inference. It is an example of the half-baked mind that dubs one pro-German every time one forgets to call a Hun a Hun. I do not go the whole Mr. Margrie—therefore I am a keen Ibsenite!

By the way, there is no need for Mr. Margrie to "stick to it that Ibsen only asked questions." Let him wash and be clean, for I never denied it. What I did deny was his qualification that "any fool" can ask questions.

Mr. Margrie says he would like to know how I would feel if I had been Nora's husband. I will tell him. Hanged well ashamed of myself, I hope.

My excuse for saying nothing about the New Drama—the "real subject" of Mr. Margrie's letter—is my preoccupation with the manners of the New Dramatist. To say the least, they are not calculated to prejudice anybody favourably towards anything Mr. Margrie has to say in Drama; and his claim that "when a man is fighting for his intellectual existence, he cannot afford to be over-nice in his language" is a paradox rather than a defence.

W. K.

* * *

DRAMA.

Sir,—I perfectly understand why Mr. John Francis Hope thinks small beer of me for reading his articles, but I accept his counsel not to do so any more in precisely the spirit in which he gives it. This counsel, moreover, is the only clear part of his letter. For, if there is neither crisis nor phenomenon apparent in present-day stage events, and what we are confronted with is in reality only a "normal absence of tragedy, and not an abnormal presence of comedy," where was the case for Mr. Hope originally to comment upon, where the cornerstone of his article? Above all, why did he remark on the absence of tragedy, and draw attention to the all-pervading presence of comedy, if, in fact, things were as usual? I am disposed, however, to think that, were Mr. Hope to consult another specialist than himself on the subject, he would discover that, far from being normal, the health of the stage is in a most critical condition. If the stage has not tragedy on its boards, it has tragedy at its very doors, in the very absence of tragedy or serious drama. Neither is it only a severe attack of comedy that the stage is suffering from. Drama is in a state of decline. Anyone can tell it is, since it is only to be seen now hobbling along of an evening between the crutches of Farce and Revue.

Mr. Hope appears to lament the fact that the war has not effected a spiritual renascence which should have inclined the people's artistic hearts to tragedy. He contends that it has, on the other hand, merely restored them to their normal state. I lament that the war has created no spiritual renascence in Mr. Hope, but has merely restored him to his normal state—a state of fiddling while Drama is dying. Is it that Hope has left the Drama, or has Drama abandoned Hope?

R. G.

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Press Cuttings.

I had intended to refer at some length to the doings of the Trade Union Congress, which was held in Birmingham during the first week of last month, but after full consideration I have come to the conclusion that, in the interests of the organised workers of this country, the less either I or anyone else says about it the better.

If I were asked to state briefly what was my general impression of the Congress, I would say that it appeared to me like a huge gathering of slaves crying for freedom, while voluntarily binding their chains more firmly on their limbs.

If one did not know that this was but a passing mental condition begotten of the times, one would despair of the working classes. Moreover, there were faint gleams of returning sanity. Courageous high-toned speeches appealing to reason and intelligence, against bellowing madness and hate, were listened to with considerably more patience than at other conferences which I have attended during the war.—W. STRAKER, Northumberland Miners.

Just as Grant's soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic, dominated the elections in the United States for a quarter of a century, so will the men I have seen in the trenches and the ambulances come home and demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England—an England they will fashion and share; an England that is likely to be as much a surprise to the present owners of Capital and leaders of Labour as it may be to the owners of the land.—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

Fortunately for the Allies and for Spain herself, this school of thought found from the start a few powerful exponents in the daily Press. The most effective of them has been and still is Luis Araquistain, of "El Liberal" and "España." The other reputation that has been made in this war is that of "Fabian Vidal," of the "Correspondencia de España." With these must be mentioned Ramiro de Maeztu, formerly of the "Heraldo" and now of the "Correspondencia." His letters from London have provided the most brilliant and, at the same time, most profound interpretation of English thought and conduct under the stress of war that has been seen in any neutral country.—"The Times."

The Department of Labour Adviser to the Government which is now installed in the new buildings which show such a handsome front to St. James's Park, is well worth watching. Its possibilities of development are as great as they are obvious. At present Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. G. H. Roberts have no executive powers, and act in a purely advisory capacity. Their primary function is to tender such advice to other Government Departments as will preserve industrial harmony during the war. This seems a limited sphere, but the two Ministers are quickly finding that their Department supplies a long-felt want. The practice of the Board of Trade has been never to intervene in an industrial dispute unless a strike or lock-out had been actually declared or its mediation had been sought by both parties. The new Department cuts in with expert advice before a crisis has been reached. Trade Unions, quick to realise the value of the new Department, inform it of matters in dispute, and the machinery of Government is at once set in motion. It has already been called upon to deal with such matters as the objections of the boot trade to compulsory insurance against unemployment, the enlistment of skilled workmen, and some of the problems of demobilisation. The Department is clearly capable of great expansion, and it is understood that a definite programme of work will shortly be submitted to the Prime Minister.—"Times."

During the past year or so a few new ideas have been entertained by the general public on the question of Labour and its relation to the State and to society. We have seen that affairs between employers and employed are not the personal things they were once imagined to be. In all matters pertaining to the production or distribution of wealth in any form, the nation is interested to some extent. The war has shown this quite clearly. The railways and munition works had to be unified and generally controlled by the Government in the interests of the nation. Certain articles of food had to be monopolised and distributed under Government direction—all ought to have been! Wherever we have turned we have thus seen that there are—or should be—three partners in industry. There are the employers, the employed, and the general community. We may, of course, have all sorts of quarrels as to the relative importance of each of these partners; we may declare that one takes all the profit and leaves to the others only work and worry, but we must realise that all three are concerned.

It would be easy to write a book on what should be the functions of these three partners; in an article one must confine one's remarks to one of the chief points, and the chief point now seems to me to be the position that Labour is to occupy after the war. We have just seen that a new conception has arisen as to Labour's status. It now demands a share of "control" in industry. It declares that it is inconsistent to its human dignity that its labour should be bought and sold as an impersonal thing. It demands a voice in the conditions under which it must work and live, and, if its "control" is to mean anything but a sop to sentiment, it must also have a word as to the kind of goods it produces, of how they are to be distributed, and where. It must become involved in more than the mere conditions of production; it must consider origins and destinations. In other words, it must, if it exercises any measure of control worth the name, accept the logical responsibility attached to the exercise of power in any form.—"Trade Unionist" in "Reynolds's."

A silent revolution is going on—a revolution which is big with fate, not only for the future of labour and for the future of industry, but also for the future of the country. The balance of forces is changing. There is coming an inversion of the parts which Capital and Labour have hitherto played in their own and the country's development. In these developments the Government of the country will inevitably be driven to take a larger and larger share—in some cases even a dominant part—but at present the signs point to an approaching arrangement between Capital and Labour, in which the latter will assume a more striking role and be accorded a large share of the control of the conditions under which industry is carried on, as well as a larger share of the proceeds. Here, again, it is neither possible nor desirable to go into details at the moment. Revolutions have a knack of going their own way and not working out to a strict programme or on absolutely settled lines.—"The Railway Review."

The military authorities are insistently demanding more men to make good the wastage of war. That is a demand which must be met, but one of the difficulties of meeting it is that we are also faced with a dearth of labour in many industries on which the supply of materials to the Army and Navy depends. If too many men were to be "combed out" of the great textile industries, we might find the Army a few months hence short of cloth. Yet, while there is a dearth, or a dreaded dearth, of cloth for the Army, and while there is an unsatisfied demand for women to work in the mills, we find in every town, according to its size, hundreds or thousands of women doing no work themselves, but busily engaged in buying new dresses. Probably this serious situation cannot be wholly met by taxation alone; but taxation would go a long way towards meeting it, and taxation has the merit of meeting in varying degree all the similar problems that arise. By diminishing the private citizen's power to spend money upon himself the Chancellor of the Exchequer diminishes the private demand for labour, and thus sets free labour for the service of the State. It may be suggested that one of the best ways of dealing with the scandal of luxurious expenditure would be to impose a tax of at least 10 per cent. on the gross weekly takings of all shops selling articles of luxury, leaving the shopkeeper to recover the tax from his customers. There must be something wrong both with the ethics and with the economics of the country when West End shops can advertise hundred-guinea coats.—"The Spectator."

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