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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We hazard the suggestion that the idea of a Truce Conference between the Trade Union Congress and the Employers' Association did not originate with the Trade Unionists. The formal invitation, nevertheless, appears to have come from them; and thus if the hand is the hand of Esau, the voice is the voice of Jacob. But this fact in itself is enough to set the Trade Unions wrong at the outset. For what is their position that it is they, and not the employers, who should be seeking a truce? We know very well that without the co-operation of the Trade Unions not only cannot the war be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, but even the foundations of the reconstruction of peace cannot be laid down. Everything, in short, is so disposed that the employing and capitalist classes need Labour far more than Labour needs them. The invitation to a conference, and, above all, the invitation to a truce, should, therefore, have come from the employers; and all that Labour need have done was to sit still and to wait for offers. But it appears that the Labour movement will never know either its real strength or its real weakness. Imagining that its responsibility is for national industry as a whole—which, in truth, is no more affair of Labour, while it is still servile, than agriculture is of the horses on a farm—and further imagining that the employing classes are possessed of greater power than Labour, the leaders propose the method of conference in which they are notoriously weak and reject the method of economic isolation in which, if only they would persist in it, they are overwhelmingly strong. But such is the effect of the political orientation of an economic movement that the officials of the Unions become, in reality, rather the watch-dogs of parliamentary Capitalism than the leaders of economic Labour. For all their service to Labour directly they might as well be agents of the Board of Trade and of the Employers' Association the Board of Trade so largely represents.

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No further time, however, need be spent in crying over spilt milk. The invitation, presumably, has been delivered, and there is nothing for us to do but to examine the agenda which the Trade Union Congress has drawn up for the Conference. It contains seven items, and we propose to consider them briefly one by one. The first suggestion is for compulsory membership of Trade Unions. Concerning this we must say, in the first place, that though we are ourselves in favour of blackleg-proof Unions, it by no means follows that the *method* of creating them is of no importance. On the contrary, even more important is it from our point of view that the method should be the Union's own than that the Union should itself become blackleg-proof. For what otherwise can be expected of a Union made complete by the compulsory power of the State and the Employers than that those who have made it shall retain the power to unmake it? The favour of compulsion received from the capitalist classes will inevitably place the Unions under the obligation of gratitude, so that, in effect, the completeness of the Union becomes an instrument of Capitalism rather than a weapon of Labour. And this, we say, will certainly result from the co-operation of the Employers in what is essentially the sole business of Labour itself. The second suggestion is for a universal 48 hours week. Here, again, the question must be asked: by whose power is this to be brought about? Is it to be a concession by favour of the employing classes—in which case we can say once more that it will require to be paid for, and probably in utterly disproportionate sacrifices of the liberty of Labour? Or is it to represent a victorious demand of Labour, obtained by its own strength and by virtue of its own will? But in that event there was no need to include it in the present petition. The third suggestion is for a universal minimum wage of thirty shillings a week. And this, if you please, is made in face of the obvious fact that a nominal wage, expressed in pounds, shillings and pence, is no longer, if it ever was, of the smallest value as an index of real wages. What, we ask, have the Labour leaders been thinking of during the last few months to be unaware that a nominal minimum of thirty shillings or of sixty or of a hundred shillings is no guarantee whatever of even a living income expressed in bread and milk and meat and the like? The most striking lesson, in fact, to be derived from recent economic

events is the lesson we have constantly endeavoured to convey, namely, that the economic factors that control the supply of commodities can and do determine the purchasing power of nominal money, and thus, in effect, absolutely fix its value. What is the use of fixing a minimum wage in money when the exchange-value of money remains to be settled by the owners of the commodities that money can buy? And how much better off will a man be whose nominal wages are doubled when he discovers that the prices of commodities are trebled? We do not suggest the amendment of this item of the Trade Union programme or the substitution of sixty for thirty shillings; but we recommend its deletion out and out. The time has gone by for attempting to define purchasing power in terms of money alone.

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A good deal might be said of the fourth proposal on our list—the proposal to leave wages, etc., as they are now—but we shall content ourselves for the present with remarking that it is against all sense and reason. You may, it is true, suspend the law of Supply and Demand in the matter of Labour as in other commodities; but you cannot suspend it for Labour and still leave all the other factors of industry competitive. What is expected to be the general economic situation after the war? Employers, as far as we know, intend to remain competitive with each other and with the rest of the world, and even to become more competitive as regards their rivals in Germany and America. Can they then be expected to agree to suspend competition in the purchase of their labour-power when they are proposing fiercer competition with employers of Labour abroad? On the contrary, they will be able to plead their new competition abroad as an excuse for buying Labour in the cheapest market at home. And not all the barriers put up by Labour will prevent the employers from forcing down wages to the level fixed by Supply and Demand. And look, moreover, at the field which will be open for their bidding. Three or four million men will be returning (let us hope), an addition of a million women has been made to the Labour supply—and in face of this enlargement of the raw commodity of Labour, the Trade Unions are asking for the maintenance of the present short-supply level of wages! But this will only be possible if three out of ten of the proletariat are kept permanently unemployed: in other words, if they are withdrawn from competition. And this is apparently what the Unions contemplate, for their sixth suggestion is the provision of State pay during unemployment. But why, we ask in wonder, is there to be unemployment at all, and particularly in view of our alleged need of maximum production? Is not the very admission of its contingency a sign that the present proposals are inadequate to the situation? And, in the second place, why the State and not the Employers—if not, indeed, the Unions, for whose minimum wage unemployment is to be made compulsory upon at least three in ten of the working-classes? This use of the State, as a kind of free pasture for Labour temporarily unprofitable to Capitalism, is, we must say, a cool proposal to be put up either by Labour or by Capital. What! We, the general public, are to make provision for the waste or surplus or reserve Labour of Capitalism for just as long as Capitalism finds it unprofitable to itself? But why, since Capital is to have the profit of the employment of Labour, should not Capital provide for its unemployment? Must the general public at its own expense maintain an army of workers for the private use of capitalists? That, it seems, is the agreement of Labour with Capital.

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The fifth proposal is to require a general recognition of Trade Unions and the universal adoption of Collective Bargaining. Against neither of these, considered as ends simply, have we anything to say; but, once again, we must beware of defeating the end by the use of the wrong means. The recognition of the Trade Unions is a condition of Collective Bargaining; and Collective Bargaining is an inevitable sequel of the recognition of the Unions. But recognition as a consequence of whose power? And Collective Bargaining to what particular end? For here, once more, it is obvious that the party that pays the fiddler will call the tune, and the tune, it may be guessed, will be one to which he can best dance. Suppose that recognition is conceded as a favour by Employers who have hitherto resisted it—will they not require as a set-off, a voice, if not all four feet, in the settlement of what shall be done with it? Collective Bargaining, we may say, has hitherto been unpopular with employers on account, as they allege, of the inability of the Unions to bind their members. Is it to be expected that, as a concession of favour, the recognition they are now asked to accord the Unions, will not carry with it in their minds the reciprocal obligation of the Unions to "discipline" their members? Most assuredly this consequence cannot be escaped if recognition is brought about by sentiment and not by right; and most assuredly, also, it is this and not the latter motive that the Trade Unions are at present appealing to. The final suggestion of the Committee is leave to deal themselves with the whole problem of women's labour after the war. Think of that, all ye who are moved, as we are, to charge the Unions with a most servile and toadying attitude towards mere employers. And see how brave and responsible they become when the subject before them is only the labour of three or four millions of women! *They* will attend to the question of women's labour, thank you. Leave women to them! But if, as we see, they are themselves cowards towards their employers, what can be anticipated of them but to be bullies towards their economic inferiors? Besides, we do not see the reason for committing half the population to their care when they are unable to take care of themselves against the small class of their own exploiters and employers. The women's problem, like the problem of Labour in general, is fundamentally a social problem, a problem, that is, for society. To commit its solution to another unsolved social problem is a piece of practical logic which it takes a Labour leader to formulate seriously.

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In the whole of the invitation it will be seen that there is no mention of management. Strange, is it not, that Trade Unionists should come before the world at a crisis in history and, while begging like Neapolitans, refrain from offering, let alone demanding, to share in even the smallest responsibilities of industrial management? Yet so it is, while all the world wonders. Speaking at the Miners' Conference last week Mr. Herbert Samuel, doubtless following Mr. Gosling, referred to the "claim" of Labour, a claim which he supported, for "a larger share in the control of industry." "They say," he continued, "and rightly say, that they do not regard themselves, and should not be regarded by others, as mere hired servants, selling their labour for a wage, . . . but as an integral part of industry itself." That is all very well; and we do not doubt that every intelligent man, woman, and child agrees with Mr. Samuel and with us, and would have Labour become what it is—a principal in industry. But look again at the Charter of the Trade Unions which we have been discussing—where is any hint of a larger view than servility to be discovered in it? All the shibboleths of the social reformers of the last twenty and more years are to be found in it. The Trade Union Congress would seem to be the last refuge of "dud" reforms, and its members Bourbons who learn nothing, but forget nothing. For as for any trace of the new leaven or any sign that the war has given them a moment's thought, we might as well turn to the cuniform inscriptions as to the programme put forward by

the Trade Union Congress. Nay, we shall not be in the least surprised to find its members denouncing the doctrines of bureaucrats like Mr. Samuel, and employers like Mr. Chamberlain, as dangerously incendiary and calculated to imperil the maintenance of the wage-system. There, however, the case stands, and we must make the best of it. What is to be done? We can only repeat our warning that the abandonment by the Unions of the right and the will to strike—and this abandonment is implicit in any bargain entered into between Capital and Labour—is not the first step, but the last step, towards the Servile State; and that, if the Unions agree to it, not only are the proletariat lost as a citizen class, but England is lost with them. But why England? it may be asked. Because the set of the world is towards a fiercer quantitative competition than ever—and quality in production will alone put us above it. But quality and a servile class of Labour are in everlasting contradiction.

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On Thursday Mr. Runciman told a Trade Union deputation that the Government was now considering a general minimum wage and the establishment of municipal food-shops as measures to be taken against the rise in the cost of living. The first, however, of these proposals is, as we have seen, of no earthly use, since money—it cannot be too often repeated—is only worth what money can buy, and the price of commodities is fixed without any regard to nominal wages. The step, nevertheless, will in all probability be taken as an excuse for retaining, or, in some cases, for instituting, what is more important to the profiteering classes, namely, a maximum wage. For what has been the complaint of the workers during the last year or two but that while their maximum wages were statutorily fixed with the sanction of the suspension of the right to strike, the wages of some workers have been allowed to fall without let or hindrance? Nothing will, therefore, appear more just, while, in fact, it is simply nugatory, than to concede them a minimum wage in return for their consent to a maximum wage. The second proposal, on the other hand, is more promising —but why stop at municipal shops, and especially since they will take time to establish? There is no reason why, as in Italy, the Government should not commandeer and utilise the services of the co-operative shops, in the first instance, and of the big general Supply Stores, doing a distributive business all over the country, in the second instance. A sufficient machinery to checkmate the food-profiteers is already in existence; and all it needs is to be declared "controlled" and employed in competition with the smaller retailers. To this, or something like it, we believe we shall be driven, and if after another year of war, why not now?

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Our French allies will probably need no warning to take a pinch of salt with the statements made by Lord Derby to the Paris "Journal," on the subject of our recruiting. "We have already," Lord Derby told his French interviewer, "embodied in England all those who were employed in 'luxury' trades." We will not inquire whether this is a fact, but we will simply say without further to-do that it is fiction, and that Lord Derby knows it to be fiction. So far from having "embodied" the Labour employed in luxury trades, the trade in luxury is about as great as it was in the days before war broke out. Still half a million persons are engaged in making and selling drink of one kind and another; there are still considerably over a quarter of a million tobacconists' shops; hundreds of thousands of hands are still employed in turning out articles of profit that have only a minimum of utility at any time; and, finally, if the shops of our Bond Streets are not evidence enough against Lord Derby a French visitor has only to look at our newspapers, still debauched and vulgarised by columns of advertisements announcing the sale of myriad articles of luxury. Mr. Kellaway, moreover, the Parliamentary Secretary of Dr. Addison, has expressed his personal opinion that "before we are through this great struggle it will be necessary to make larger inroads on private trade and to demand greater sacrifices from all classes of our people." But if, as Lord Derby assures our double entente, all our luxury trades are already drained of Labour, what will there be left for Mr. Kellaway to draw upon? But we have no doubt that Mr. Kellaway is right both in opinion and upon the facts. Bond Street must be ruined if the war is to be brought to an end; and the ruin of Bond Street would release an immense amount of Labour.

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The movement for making compulsory the notification of Venereal Disease, which was started by a memorial addressed to the Government last week by a number of "wives and mothers," bears all the signs of excellent intentions destined to be brought to nought by hasty generalisations. Three fallacies at least are to be found in it without any trouble at all; and what a number must still remain to be discovered we will not speculate. To begin with, it is assumed that venereal diseases are comparable in their main respects with other dangerous infectious diseases that have yielded to compulsory notification; and that, therefore, the same legislative treatment may be safely applied to them. But this is to ignore what, in this country, at any rate, differentiates venereal disease, not only from infectious diseases in general, but from all diseases—namely, the psychological factor. Deplore it or not as we may, the fact remains that venereal disease is sui generis; and that nothing, therefore, can be safely applied to it from our experience of any other disease. Next, there is the fallacy based upon the too liberal acceptance of the doctrine that Prevention is better than Cure. The means of Prevention, however, and the means of Cure are two different things; and it may easily happen that the social cost of Prevention may in some cases be greater than the social cost of Cure. We do not know whether the signatories of the present memorial have inquired into the means of prevention which must necessarily be employed if compulsory notification is adopted; but we can assure them that no country with any sense of decency would consider twice about them when once they have been experienced. Cure—even no cure at all—is infinitely better, in our opinion, than Prevention at the price of Compulsion; and we are confirmed in this by the fact that the "Spectator" favours compulsion. Lastly, the memorialists are under the pathetic impression that notification is in itself a step towards cure. Notification, however, is only a means to notification, to the collection of a few more statistics and tables for fools to play with. As the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases have pointed out, notification without the provision of facilities for medical treatment is gratuitous insult without even the promise of repairing the injury. And we may add to this the fact that facilities without notification would do all the work that our memorialists hope to do with notification but without facilities. What is it that at present contributes most to the spread of the diseases in their most dangerous forms? Ignorance, no doubt, in the first place; but the absence of facilities in every sense (accessibility, cheapness, privacy, etc.), to a far greater degree. Increase the facilities and compulsory notification is unnecessary. Leave them as they are, expensive, inaccessible, or disastrously quack, and compulsory notification is useless.

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The provision of facilities is plainly a matter for the State and the medical profession. And nothing would appear simpler, when the State is willing, than to combine the two and to create by their joint services a net-work of facilities that would allow nothing dangerous to escape. Unfortunately, however, the State

at this moment is faced by one of the consequences of its own Insurance Act in the form of a private vested medical interest in disease which no appeal seems likely to affect. Has everybody observed the actual deterioration in character as well as in prestige of the medical profession since the majority of doctors consented to draw the pay of the poor and to live like parasites upon compulsory thrift? As we always foresaw would be the case, the gang of panel-doctors have succeeded in dragging down with them the noble traditions and practices of the divine profession of healing until, to-day, there is hardly a civilian who would give the profession a good name. The exceptional members of the profession who have resisted its demoralisation, and who will, it is to be hoped, one day restore its prestige, are scarcely enough, however, at this moment to enter into a partnership with the State to organise the facilities of which we are in need. Moreover, they will themselves, like all the rest of the community, encounter the opposition—and it will not stop on this side of politeness—of the nest of the panel-doctors. The latter have, indeed, given notice by a unanimous vote passed last week that any measure for a State Medical Service will meet with their strongest opposition. Is the reason for this that, like ourselves, these doctors think that a State Medical Service is not the ideal way of organising a national service? Are they considering a better alternative, namely, the creation of a Medical Guild autonomous within its membership, but responsible as a Guild for the health of the whole nation? We know they are not; grapes do not grow upon thorns; and the panel doctors who have once tasted the sweets of licence are unlikely on their own initiative to return to liberty which implies responsibility. They constitute, therefore, as we have said, an obstacle to the national organisation of medicine and, hence, to the provision of facilities for treating Venereal Disease which only the creation of an independent State Medical Service (with all *its* dangers) can possibly overcome.

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The neutral who has been visiting Germany for the information of Lord Northcliffe may not intend in his reports to reflect upon this country; but it can be imagined with what suspicions of a hostile meaning such sentences as this will be read by our profiteers: "The Agrarian, the great Junker of Prussia," Mr. Curtin says, "not only will not make sacrifices, but stubbornly insists upon wringing every pfennig of misery-money from the nation which has boasted to the world that its patriotism was unselfish and unrivalled." Substituting our monied classes for the Agrarians, and shillings for pfennigs, the sentence is as perfectly applicable to England as ever it is to Germany. And, moreover, we have not come across in the German Press any such defence of profiteering as has been made by Cabinet Ministers in this country. Profiteering, more than any other sentiment whatever, is deeply engrained in the minds of our governing classes, so that it seems never to occur to them—or only as a wild notion of Utopian honesty—that there is anything vile in it. And they stick to one another like thieves against the public interest whenever the private interest of one of them is under attack. Consider the spectacle that was presented for the jeering of our enemies by the appearance last week of Sir John Simon in the defence of the Marconi Company and of Sir Edward Carson pleading in Parliament for fair-play to scoundrelly contractors. Let the one or the other have been a mere wage-earner, and both Sir John Simon and Sir Edward Carson would doubtless have demanded his instant imprisonment, deferring fair-play until after the war. It is the contrast of such things that causes our enemies to rejoice and ourselves to blaspheme; and this both we and they have cause to do daily. The end, however, is not yet. Profiteering and victory over Germany are, in our opinion, not compatible with each other.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

LET there be no mistake with regard to the position on the Eastern front. Brussilov began his great offensive at the beginning of June last with a certain reserve of shells and guns and men. His progress was astonishing even to those acquainted with his plans; but it was so effective merely because he was able to out-gun and out-shell the German and Austrian commanders facing him. It is now no secret that Brussilov has used up his reserves of guns and shells, and, in consequence, can oppose to the German fire only his men. It is no secret also to a great many people who happen to be in touch with the War Office here that Brussilov has sent to us and to France a passionate appeal for more guns and shells, especially heavy artillery and shells to match. I say an impassioned appeal; and it would do no harm to have it published. We all remember the dismal winter of 1914-1915, when the British troops in Flanders had to be content with firing off one shell to the enemy's five or six. Brussilov's position is even worse. At some parts of his line his men have nothing, in the most literal sense, to oppose to the enemy's uninterrupted fire—nothing, that is to say, except their bodies. I say this without fear of the higher authorities; for the facts I mention are as well known to the German General Staff as they are to myself.

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Now, it is impossible to stave off gun-fire with rifle-fire. Further, it is unreasonable to expect any commander to let his men do so for long. General Brussilov has himself seen with his own eyes tens of thousands of his devoted troops blown to fragments because of the shortage of shells and guns. He is not blaming us for it; he is not blaming our French Allies for it. But guns and shells he must have—or retreat. That is final. And the point is not without influence on what we expect to happen with regard to Roumania. We expect the Russian troops to come to the aid of Roumania. Naturally enough. They are next door to one another, Russia and Roumania. But the Russians can do nothing without guns and shells; and if they cannot defend their own line in Russia proper—remember that the week-end communiqués announced a slight retirement across the Shara, in the middle of the line, owing to lack of munitions—how can we expect them to defend the Roumanian line in addition? Give the Russians guns and shells and they will willingly disperse the joint armies of Falkenhayn and Mackensen.

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But how does it stand with our great Eastern Ally? Up to a few months ago—we have it on Dr. Dillon's authority, I believe—Russia's output of shells was only some thirty thousand a month. Mackensen, when he and Hindenburg organised the famous "phalanx" last year, used, on an average, half a million shells a day when driving the Russians out of Poland; and on two celebrated occasions he used seven hundred thousand shells in twenty-four hours. Brussilov was able to do this for a few weeks. Then the reserve ran dry. And it is we who must replenish the ammunition-wagons. Oh, but, say our mandarins, we cannot do more than we are doing in the matter of munition production. In fact, they add, we must do less; for, to apply the expression which Lord Northcliffe has humorously taken from the vermin, we must comb out our munition works and mines to get more men for the Western front. We have all read about this in the Press. As I write these lines, and as you read them, Brussilov's soldiers are being slain by the thousand—literally by the thousand—for lack of the guns and shells which we ought to be supplying. "The Russians," said a neutral diplomatist to me the other day—well known in London

who weighs his words—"the Russians have played the game, if I may adopt one of your English expressions, much better than you know. You must reckon their deeds in terms of millions. They have lost about two million prisoners to Germany and Austria in the course of those heart-breaking winter retreats, with no railways at the back of them, when nearly every officer and man suffered from frostbite. They have lost two million men either killed or so severely wounded that they may be counted out. And they have lost two million men more or less lightly wounded who won't be fit for the firing-line for months to come. There goes the flower of the Russian Army; and God knows it has done its best." And this man was no friend to Russia, either.

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Well: we cannot supply Russia with shells and guns because we want more men for our own front. This, however, raises a question or two; a whole interrogatory. Since the beginning of the Somme offensive in July we have been assured that our losses were relatively small; and it is only within the last week or two that the shriek for men has again arisen. This is disquieting. Another disquieting feature of our advance is the reference in Sir Douglas Haig's recent reports—his reports of the last few days, I mean—to the effect that the number of German prisoners taken was as large as, or greater than, the number of our own casualties. Are we to assume that up to now we ourselves had more casualties than prisoners? And, if so, how many Germans is it reckoned that we killed or wounded in proportion to our own casualties? "Seek out the enemy armies, the centre of hostile power," said General Foch, one of Joffre's best advisers, "to defeat and destroy them; adopt for that end the direction and the tactics which lead to it soonest and most surely—that is the whole moral of modern war" ("Westminster Gazette," October 26). Certainly. But we cannot destroy hostile armies by losing more men than they do. I am bound to admit that the comments made in the German papers on the battles of the Somme are much more level-headed than the comments in our own papers. The Germans have treated the British advance rather seriously, without the usual boasting; but they make it quite clear—I do not insist on their strict veracity—that although the Germans have had to retreat they have lost fewer men than we have. And it is simply not true to say that our losses are relatively small. Look at the casualty lists.

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On the other hand, Señor de Maeztu hints from personal observation, and many participants in the struggle have told me (a fact also known to the enemy) that the British leaders have not yet become familiar with modern warfare on a large scale; they cannot advance without losing far more men than is necessary; and that even at this stage of the campaign appointments to the Staffs depend upon favour and influence rather than upon merit. The French view appears to be that our junior officers—up to captains and majors, let us say—are admirable; but that our senior officers—our colonels and generals—are altogether out of place and incompetent. No blame to them. They were trained for war on a small scale, and it is too late for them to learn to manipulate armies of a million men. I agree entirely with the French criticisms of our military tactics. I go further. After all, these articles are written only in order to help on the war. I say that the mines, transport, agriculture, and munition working in this country should be let alone; that there should be none of the promised "combing out" of munition workers; and that the senior commands of our Army in France should be entrusted to French senior officers. Joffre should command the British Army in France; not Sir Douglas Haig. Thus we should save men's lives on both fronts; for the supply of munitions to Russia must be kept up.

A Visit to the Front.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

VII.—THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

ALLUSIONS have been made to the château where the British Government put us up. It is to be found away at the back of the Department of the Somme, far from the fighting line, among green pastures. Grand old trees let their branches droop on the peaceful melancholy of the country. Some cows are grazing; others lie asleep. Numerous streams, languid as canals, mirror the heavy overhanging clouds. Lazily their waters seek ways to the sea. The old garden was abandoned some time ago. The building is of seventeenth-century architecture. The flowery Renaissance is again seeking the austerities of classicism. There are suits of armour on both sides of the staircase. On the first floor are the family portraits. An expression of will rather than of beauty is stamped upon the ladies, with one exception. The gentlemen, except the most modern of them, who has a pensive brow, appear to be nothing more than the bearers of names which sound well, but which say nothing to our summary knowledge of French history. I fancy a provincial family, with claims to nobility, which lived in the country until the middle of the last century and then preferred the life of Paris.

The honours of the château are done by an English captain in the name of the Government—a very elegant man, very friendly, very good-looking, who speaks French and German like his own language. The servants, silent and attentive, are soldiers in khaki. I thought, so good were they, that I had met them before as waiters in some London club. It was not so. The captain assured me that he had himself trained them. It may, indeed, be so. But I swear to you that they are not orderlies, but rather country-house servants. But the greatest surprise is that of sleeping in this house in these circumstances.

The most subtle of Raemaeker's caricatures depicts the Kaiser awakening one morning in his bed and saying:—"Good God! And I thought it was all a dream." This feeling of dreaming came over me as I thought that the British Government occupied the château, not as a conqueror, but as the defender of the land of France. Among similar fields Joan of Arc was born and bred. For nearly a thousand years the English and French have been fighting one another. During those ten centuries of struggle they have scarcely spoken of one another but to indulge in mutual libels. Almost all the evil which the world thinks of the English has been invented and diffused by the French. Almost all the evil thought of the French has been imagined and spread by the English. If we heeded the French, we should believe the Englishman to be a carnivorous, obtuse, perfidious, and selfish prize-fighter. If we were to believe the English, the French would appear to be a race of lascivious, rhetorical, gesticulating, and cowardly quacks.

Behold these two age-long enemies, united in a life-and-death union, in a common cause. It is a fact; a great fact. But it looks like a dream.

The curé of the neighbouring village visits the château from time to time. A good man, a simple soul. We ask him what he thinks of the English soldiers.

"They are good," he says, "they have good eyes."

What strikes him even more, however, is their simplicity, their childlike nature.

"They are children. They amuse themselves with nothing. Imagine: those who are billeted near me have a gramophone—just imagine; a gramophone! And they spend whole hours listening to the gramophone."

I have heard these words of the curé from more than twenty Frenchmen; and I have heard them a hundred times in the Paris newspapers. What most strikes Frenchmen whom the war has brought into touch with

the British is the simplicity of the British soldiers, their ability to amuse themselves with nothing, with a gramophone, with a ball, with anything.

"And they are not drunkards," added the curé. "I have never yet seen a single drunk man among the British soldiers."

Well, then: this discovery of the simplicity of the English implies a whole revolution in the French soul. Nations do not know one another. They ought to know one another; for, in the end, everything elemental and everything superior is common to them. Hunger, love, the necessity for working, ambition, the wish that others shall work for us—all these are common to them. So also is the highest culture, especially since the time when the cruel national gods were replaced by the unique God whom it is the duty of us all to serve. The only thing that differentiates them is history, which makes us prefer certain virtues at a given moment and other virtues at another. One day we admire courage, for we must have courage to throw back the enemy. Another day the highest virtue is sympathy, for by it civil wars are avoided. In a given country the worship of words prevails at one time, the worship of action at another; in a third period the worship of the good, in a fourth that of success.

The French have now discovered that the English are simple; and they will never again speak of "la perfide Albion." Even at an advanced stage of the war there were people in France who backbit England, attributing the slowness of her military preparations to deep selfish calculation. "England," they said, "wants to have the last two million soldiers at the moment of peace."

But some Frenchmen have had intimate dealings with Englishmen. They have seen in them candid and simple souls and big white bodies that delight in water. The French are astonished, in addition, by the generosity of the British troops. They give away everything. Their daily shilling is shared with anybody. Their cigarettes are common property. And at bottom there is no essential difference between officers and men.

Step by step the French have come to realise that their interpretation of the English was absurd. The English were not slow by calculation, but on account of a certain sluggishness which is characteristic of them. When they sent their first hundred thousand men to France, they believed that would be enough to prevent the triumph of Germany. Afterwards they saw that they would have to send more, and they sent more. Then they saw they would have to make more munitions, and they began to do it. They are producing them now on so large a scale that there is no exaggeration in the recent statement that war industries in England are occupying some 3,500,000 men and 600,000 women. All that was done as circumstances called for it; but without any previous plan.

Another thing that surprises the French is the profound humanity of the English. They have seen, for instance, that their officers command by setting the example. The officer is the first to jump out of the trench and offer his body to the enemy at the moment of the advance. One rarely hears in the British Army a hasty expression or an angry shout. Generals, officers, and soldiers treat one another like elder and *younger brothers. They usually speak in a low tone,* and with the salute they often exchange a smile. That is profoundly strange to the French, who are at once more authoritarian and more rebellious.

Another thing that surprises them is the excellent treatment given by the English to their animals. In France itself a horse is rarely beaten. Among the English such a spectacle is never seen. One of the wonders of the British Army in France is its nineteen veterinary hospitals, each of which cost twelve thousand pounds, covered by voluntary subscriptions. It is reckoned that these hospitals save the lives of some twelve thousand horses a month.

The English nation, in short, has revealed itself to the French as something very different from what they had imagined it to be. All anger, courage, impetuosity, and obstinacy in the face of the enemy; but all politeness, sympathy, and pity for one another and their friends. Now the French have begun to narrate, not their own exploits, but those of their allies; and the tale never stops, for they see that for the first time since the campaign opened the Germans are losing their positions and cannot get them back. British tenacity is stronger than Teutonic stubbornness. But what surprises them most of all is the spirit of the British troops. Sublime children, a French writer has called them. And they must be big children to sing the songs they sing.

It was on the Somme that I heard the song:

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me.
For me the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
They've got the goods for me.
O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
O grave, thy victoree?
The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
For you but not for me!

As I heard this song, in which the words of St. Paul are mingled with music-hall colloquialisms, I felt as if a paper cap had been put on a skull, as if a corpse had been dressed for a carnival, as if Death had been given a fillip on the nose. Such were the French of 1793. All great wars have been waged in this spirit: heroism within, and good-humour on the lips. For all great wars have been gained by nations of children, by nations which have preserved their freshness.

Since the beginning of the war the English have been the joy of France. As the Tommies landed in France they did so with the phrase: "It'll be all right in the end." The French were annoyed by this optimism: "But don't you see that they are bleeding us white?" And the English answered: "All right." The French said: "But are they mad? Can they not feel? Do they want to be the only people alive when all Europe is a cemetery?" The weeks passed. The French saw the English die by the thousand in the different battles for Ypres. They saw them advancing afterwards at Neuve Chapelle and Loos. They saw them lengthen their line and multiply their guns. They see them now advancing on the Somme. And at last they have understood.

They have understood that it is possible for a nation like the English to exist—improvident and tenacious, generous and practical, implacable and compassionate, pacific and heroic. All the Machiavellianism that the French have attributed to them is absurd. The English cannot be Machiavellian because they lack foresight. They are always late. The crisis always finds them unprepared. They are like the bull-dog, their favourite dog and almost their national emblem. Slow to move, lazy, asleep; only by the force of blows received do they realise that they must make an effort. But once they have got their teeth in they never let go. It is not for nothing that the Germans hate them so much. They know quite well where defeat is coming from.

The English cannot consent to one nation commanding all Europe. They cannot consent to it, for that would mean the loss of their own independence. England cannot expand in Europe because she is an island. She may have colonies. What she can never do is to *assimilate other nations by force, because her insular* condition prevents it. That condemns her to be for ever a nation of limited power, and she can maintain her independence only if the other Powers are evenly balanced. That is why England will always be the champion of the weak against the strong—of Spain against Napoleon a century ago; of Belgium and France against Germany to-day.

This policy appears to indicate foresight and sagacity. It is not so. Twelve years ago England supposed her rival was Russia, when five years before

Germany was disputing her command of the sea and of markets. Twelve years ago, so sluggish was England that she did not even know who her rival was.

What then takes the place of the missing sagacity and foresight? I will tell you. The fields of England are soft and damp lands where people oversleep. The city of London is, in the whole world, that which goes to bed earliest and gets up latest. One sleeps well here. People do not work too much. To fight against the damp you take exercise in the open air. You speak of the weather or of the theatres. You do not quarrel. You don't argue. You live, in short, as if you were in Limbo. And the result is that men and women retain their youth twenty years longer than the people of other countries. The war arrives; and then the accumulated vitality of many years of rest becomes useful. To the ghost of death the English oppose their unconquerable innocence. "The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling, for you but not for me."

The Permanent Hypothesis.

A Critique of Reconstruction.

I.—THE ROOTS OF DISCONTENT.

THE spiritual and economic tumults of the war have quickened the national conscience in many ways—notably in a demand, almost universal, for reconstruction. Significantly enough, we hear of it more from the employing classes—from the less depraved profiteers—than from the wage-earners. Reconstruction, of course, does not necessarily imply a social and economic change for the better. If my income is seriously reduced by some catastrophe, I must "reconstruct" my life on more modest lines. The change may conduce to my moral welfare, but assuredly I neither sought nor desired it. Death and destruction may compel us, as a nation, willy-nilly to "reconstruct." If this be all that the cry for reconstruction means, a timely submission to force majeure, then its significance is limited to the material; it is not a cry of the heart. Prudence merely asserts itself over *principle and religion; the proud assertion of a great* national destiny is blunted down to a plaintive squeal for national thrift. We have yet to discover if these proposals for reconstruction are based on fears for the future, or on a genuine passion, stirred by the war, for a more equitable system of life. It follows—does it not?—that when various groups and persons demand "reconstruction," after the war, we are entitled to inquire whether they are motived by prudence or by the heroic aspect of reconstruction, by a genuinely crusading spirit.

I do not assert that the two motives are mutually exclusive. It is possible that the "Round Table" group, for example, might contend that, whilst they appreciate and largely endorse an heroic reconstruction, tantamount to a mild revolution, the war has put us all out of joint, and that, in consequence, there is nothing for it but a cycle of thrift based on the permanent hypothesis of wagery. Broadly put, that is the assumption underlying the Garton Memorandum—a "Round Table" pronouncement, I suspect, and about which I shall have much to write. I hasten to add that I see no evidence that this and kindred groups have as yet ever dreamt that this permanent hypothesis is neither tenable nor permanent. And what is worse: that present discontent is largely rooted in the exasperating fatuity of that hypothesis. Nevertheless, these groups of conscientious men, who are not without a sense of social compunction, have their uses. They tell us how far they are prepared to reconstruct (subject to the practice of thrift amongst the working classes); they frankly admit that the existing industrial system cannot now be defended; that a change is imperative. Paragraph 2, for example, of the Garton Memorandum.

"The seeming prosperity of the country during the war has obscured the realities of the situation. Because the war has not given rise to unemployment and the financial crisis which followed on its outbreak was successfully tided over, many observers ignore the industrial dislocation which has taken place. Because there has been a general cessation of disputes between Labour and Capital, which has enabled us to concentrate our energies upon the vigorous prosecution of the war, they imagine that the problem of industrial unrest has in some way been solved."

Paragraph 5. "Even under the stress of war there is ill-feeling, suspicion, and recrimination. Charges have been made against each side of placing personal and class-interests before national welfare, and of using the national emergency to snatch present gains and to strengthen its strategical position for the resumption of industrial hostilities."

The Memorandum bristles with similar admissions that the existing industrial system is both archaic and volcanic. Nor does it dare to place the blame exclusively on Labour. On the contrary, it frankly recognises that Labour has many and intolerable grievances. I will return to them; but meantime a point of great importance emerges: under the stress of the war is Capital hardening or relenting towards Labour? Can it be doubted that as war profits have accumulated and labour has been diluted, Capital has grown more arrogant and assertive? In the early days of the war, a capitalist daily paper printed a manifesto calling upon profiteers to desist from profits during the war. It was, of course, ignored. But the manifesto was a gesture showing a prevalent, if not a prevailing, conviction that the exaction of profits (at least in war-time) was anti-social. A far cry that from Lord Lamington's recent letter in the "Times" frankly advocating the practical suppression of Trade Unions. Lord Lamington is not alone. In his, and similar circles, the same sentiments are freely uttered over the nuts and wine. To give them publicity was an interesting indiscretion. Better evidence, however, is found in "Some Reflections of a Soldier" ("Nation," October 21, 1916). He has come home again. He finds that the values have all changed—so changed, indeed, that he doubts if he is really at home. He feels "like a visitor amongst strangers whose intentions are kindly, but whose modes of thought I neither altogether understand not altogether approve." He and other soldiers went out to fight for an idea; he comes back to find quite other ideas predominant. "You speak lightly, you assume that we shall speak lightly, of things, emotions, states of mind, human relationships and affairs which are to us solemn or terrible. You seem ashamed, as if they were a kind of weakness, of the ideas which sent us to France, and for which thousands of sons and lovers have died. You calculate the profits to be derived from 'War after the War,' as though the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial proposition. You make us feel that the country to which we've returned is not the country for which we went out to fight!" Not for the first time in our history, the army and the country have drifted apart. Our soldiers have toiled and moiled for Rachel; on their return, they are asked to contemplate the faded charms of Leah. "While you seem—forgive me if I am rude—to have been surrendering your creeds with the nervous facility of a Tudor official, our foreground may be different, but our background is the same. It is that of August to November, 1914. We are your ghosts."

I shall show, in a moment, that this soldier knows of what he writes. But can we read these words without shame and emotion?—"They carry their burden with little help from you. For an army does not live by munitions alone, but also by fellowship in a moral idea or purpose. And that you cannot give us. You cannot give it us because you do not possess it. You

are, I see, more divided in soul than you were when I became a soldier, denouncing the apostles of war, yet not altogether disinclined to believe that war is an exalting thing, half implying that our cause is the cause of humanity in general and democracy in particular, yet not daring boldly to say so, lest later you should be compelled to fulfil your vows, more complacent and self-sufficient in proportion as you grow more confident of victory and have less need of other nations, trusting more in the great machine which you have created and less in the unseen forces which, if you will let them, will work on your side."

Poor soldier-man! He believed in our statesmen's proclamation that we were fighting for democracy. He had a simple faith that divine forces were shaping our ends. He returns to find that we are afraid to register any vows lest peradventure we may be called upon to fulfil them. We are, instead, calculating our profits from the war after the war. A tragedy for him; damnation for us.

Can it be true, however, that the army is still thinking in terms of 1914? Can it be true that we are already calculating our future profits? Let us return to the less imaginative Garton Memorandum. Please remember that in 1914 industrial Labour was asserting itself in inverse ratio as political Labour was degrading itself. Paragraph 6:—

"There is evidence that many of the men who return from the trenches to the great munition and shipbuilding centres are, within a few weeks of their return, amongst those who exhibit most actively their discontent with present conditions. Among those who have fought in Flanders, or have been employed in making shells at home, there are many who look forward to a great social upheaval following the war. To some this may be distressing and almost incredible. The facts remain, and the facts must be faced." Why distressing? Why incredible? These men believed in and fought for democracy—economic democracy. It rather looks as though the discontent of 1912-1914 will be accentuated by the war; that the army really believed in democracy and, on its return, means to have it.

But about the profits out of that glorious "war after the war." Our "Round Table" friends have distinct commercial aptitude. Paragraph 21:—"In the devastated districts of Belgium, France and Poland, reconstruction on a big scale will be necessary. Roads, bridges, railways, factories, machinery, houses, churches will have to be reconstructed or replaced. In this work our foundries and factories will find their opportunity." The hungry profiteers (who doubtless are praying for more and yet more destruction) are to be let loose over the devastated areas; the permanent hypothesis is to be yet more firmly established; and the writers of the Garton Memorandum to prove themselves equally devoid of shame and good taste. I do not exaggerate; the economic theory is quite clearly stated. Present prosperity is artificial and transient. It is due, in part, *"to the temporary absorption into industry of people who will not continue to be producers after the war."* It is due, in part, to "the inflation of currency and the concentration of purchasing power in the hands of the State, which has not to study the absorptive power of commercial markets for the disposal of its purchases, but uses them to destruction as fast as they are produced." After the war, we are again to lapse into the "normal conditions" of supply and demand. No nonsense about that! No State could possibly study the "absorptive power" of a demand for sugar or corn or foodstuffs or coal or cotton. No National Guild could do it. That is peculiarly the task of the profiteer. He knows; nobody else does. Besides—this is the vital point—if the National Guilds, producing and purchasing, were to supplant the profiteers, the permanent hypothesis (that the labour commodity must also readjust itself to supply and demand) would go by the board. Good God, think of it! If the Guilds came in, they might comfort and repair the desolation of Belgium, Poland, and Servia *without a penny of profit*! They might even leave Guilds behind them. If this happened, the war would indeed be a Pyrrhic affair. Let us have no newfangled notions; let us pursue the way of our fathers—the State to control destruction, the profiteer to control production. As for "democracy"—pish! The "unseen forces"—tush! Luckily we may take heart of grace. This soldier, with his inconvenient conscience, returns to the front; Sir John Jackson remains at home.

I think we can now glimpse the soil in which the roots of discontent grow and flourish. Our soldier tells us that a cultured civilian explained to him that his feelings were not shared by the "common soldier"; that they were confined to "gentlemen." This misconception has prevailed amongst the governing classes since the days of Epictetus and Christ, whom "the common people heard gladly." It is the assumption that property possesses a special spiritual warrant. Every generation proves it to be grotesquely false; every generation clings to it as faithfully as to the permanent hypothesis. Yet who is there who has lived amongst them who will not agree that a larger proportion of the oppressed are gifted with greater spiritual perception than their oppressors? Does the point seem remote? It is entirely germane. For spiritual perception precedes an understanding of social and economic problems. This soldier's words are penetrated with it; he accordingly writes with power and distinction. The writers of this Memorandum are spiritually blind, and so their words are as dust. They may retort that they are not concerned with ethics. Assuredly they cannot escape from some kind of ethical standpoint. Are there no canons of right conduct, no sense of dignity and seemliness, in the workshop and counting-house? But our writers understand that ethical considerations necessarily arise. The repudiation of the national debt is raised. "Anything amounting to even partial repudiation or to adverse discrimination between holders of war-loan and of other securities would be unjust, dishonourable and disastrous." Next we come to *status*. "The great obstacle to co-operation is the question of *status*. The ill-will of Labour towards Capital and Management is not wholly a question of their respective share of earnings. Friction arising over the distribution of earnings is in itself due quite as much to a sense of injustice in the machinery of distribution as to the desire for actual increase of wages." Our propaganda begins to tell. More! These writers understand that *status* hinges on the conception of labour as a commodity. They say so: "The worker feels that his labour is treated as a mere commodity, the market value of which may be forced down by the Employer, irrespective of any consideration of a decent standard of life for the Employed." Clearly this is an ethical (or, as our writers put it, a "non-economic") aspect of reconstruction.

Why, then, do I assert that the writers are spiritually blind? Here is a vital point, urged by THE NEW AGE for a decade or more, quite frankly faced and admitted. What more do I want? It was said of some statesman that he "boldly faced the difficulty—and passed on." This Memorandum does precisely the same thing. Do its writers admit or deny that, economically or socially considered, labour is, in fact, a commodity? They merely tell us that it is so asserted—and pass on. Now, they must surely realise that here is the crux of the whole problem. They ought to know that the new school passionately rejects the theory that labour is a commodity. If they do not, let them read a book entitled "National Guilds." If labour really is a commodity (as the classical economists assert), why waste ink and paper on the problem of status? For it is certain that, so long as it is economically, or socially, or spiritually, considered to be a commodity, its *status* is exactly that of manure. In other

terms, we have achieved the servile state. Wagery and slavery have met and merged. On the other hand, if labour is essentially a human element, both in production and distribution (Marshall pointed out, long ago, that you could not separate the labourer from his labour), then we are faced with a new fact that must dominate every scheme of reconstruction. If our writers do not understand this, then they are obtuse; if they do understand it, and decline to follow its implications, they are obviously insincere. In either alternative, they are spiritually blind. I assure them that sooner or later they will be found out.

I cannot resist the conclusion that the self-complacency with which they clothe this aspect of the question must, in itself, prove a prolific source of discontent. They are like the editor of the "Spectator," who has carried self-complacency to the giddy heights of spiritual rascality, or like the Webb group of bureaucrats, who tell us that the way of salvation is research and yet again research; who bury the fundamental facts under a cairn of statistics. We ask for genuine reconstruction founded upon the new conception of labour as a sanctified, human factor; we get an evasion of the cardinal fact, and are offered workshop control plus an industrial national council, which would not trench upon the functions of Employers' Associations, who are still to profiteer to their hearts' content. Does it not make serious thinkers furious?

I offer no apology for emphasising the religious or spiritual aspect of reconstruction. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that we cannot reconstruct (and by "reconstruct" I do not mean "to patch") without a religious impulse. It does not suffice merely to collate the facts—any callow undergraduate could do that—to present an olla podrida of unrelated problems of widely differing values and significance. We are entitled to ask the "Round Table" group what they really believe; at what altar they worship. I read this Memorandum with high hopes; I reluctantly regard it as a rather inferior Fabian tract.

If, however, ethical considerations must be ruled out, if imagination and spiritual insight are de trop, we can easily discover other roots of discontent of a more specifically material order. Apart from the thousand and one grievances inherent in the wage-system—grievances that are the staple food of the Trade Unions—the great underlying element of discontent is found in the fact that political democracy is a mirage because it is not correlated with economic democracy. Unless we understand this, we shall never grasp the essentials of reconstruction. The main proposals in this Memorandum are doomed to failure because they deliberately refuse economic democracy. They do worse; they make a pretence of it. The members of the Supreme Board of Control are to be elected by ballot, "each electoral unit or pair of parallel units returning one representative of Management and one of Labour." But! "Such Industrial Councils would in no sense supersede the existing Employers' Associations and Trade Unions, many sides of whose present activities would be unaffected by the creation of the new bodies. Matters connected with the sources and supply of raw material and the cultivation of markets for the disposal of the finished products would remain exclusively the concern of purely commercial federations of manufacturers, acting in conjunction with the State." As if they were not acting in conjunction with the State already! Where have the "Round Table" writers been hiding all these years? To make a pretence of economic democracy, with its voting by ballot, its "Speaker" and all the rest of its political gear, and then to reserve the substance for the Employers' Association, is to court not merely a storm of derision and contempt, but to incite to anger the workers whom they set out to placate—or to deceive.

With a new Britain looming up before us, the question may well be asked: "Why not an economic democracy without more ado? The answer is absurdly simple: Because the permanent hypothesis, with its bar sinister, blocks the way; because our capitalists, with their following of scribes and pharisees, are determined to maintain and retain labour as a commodity. In consequence, we find industrial discontent rooted in the considered determination of the possessing classes to yield nothing that is conferred upon them by the permanent hypothesis. I can easily understand that the Trustees of the Garton Foundation (Mr. Balfour, Viscount Esher, and Sir Richard Garton) very readily "permitted the devotion of its staff and resources to this work." I have known other gold bricks upon which thoughtful and conscientious labour was less generously spent.

S. G. H.

A Review of the Greek Situation.

FROM the time of the Turkish invasion of Europe up to the time of the present European War, Greece had but one national aspiration—her re-establishment in the ancient city of her fathers, Constantinople, and the restoration of her lost provinces, Macedonia and Thrace. It became the national tradition which was handed down from generation to generation, and which a most cruel and barbarous tyranny completely failed to extinguish. Unfortunately for Greece, the object of her aspiration became the centre of other and greater interests than mere national sentimentality, forming as it does both the eastern inlet into the Mediterranean and the European doorway into Asia. Up to the time of the last Balkan War Greece had two main fears with which to contend, namely, Austrian designs upon Salonika and Russian designs upon Constantinople, the accomplishment of either of which would have sealed the doom of her ideal, but neither of which actually materialised. It was, however, owing to the wily cunning of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid that Greece lost her golden opportunity. If she could have realised the Balkan Alliance, by means of which she ultimately overthrew her age-long oppressors, at the time when Great Britain was hostile towards a Russian occupation of Constantinople, she might have succeeded in her aim. Abdul Hamid, however, realised that the only means of maintaining suzerainty over the Balkan States was to keep them continually at variance one with another; and it will be to Greece's everlasting regret that he succeeded in doing so just too long. For previous to the accomplishment of the Balkan Alliance, Russia—the friend of Greece's most hated rival, Bulgaria—joined the Anglo-French Entente. It is significant to note that the temporary co-operation between Greece and Bulgaria (a frail thing at best) against their common enemy, the Turk, completely broke down before the Chatalja lines, and at the very gates of Constantinople. From then onwards Greek aspirations to the re-occupation of Constantinople were definitely doomed to disappointment. In no small measure her tardy realisation of that fact accounts for the complicated internal condition of Greece to-day. She probably had her first real intimation thereof when she commenced to negotiate for her intervention at the opening of the Dardanelles campaign. Venizelos alone appears to have realised the position fully at that time. From then onwards his foreign policy underwent a complete change. He abandoned the old ideal, or at all events temporarily, and turned his attention in the direction of Asia Minor. He conceived the idea of vast concessions in that quarter, under Entente approval, where hundreds of thousands of Greeks already resided under foreign rule. He boldly decided to cut adrift from the age-long deep-rooted national aspiration in favour of a practical, though highly speculative, substitute, hanging as it did upon the mightiest clash of arms the world has ever seen. Nor did he hesitate when the price of his speculative bargain meant the immediate cession to hated Bul-

garia of the recently hard-won re-conquest of Macedonia in exchange for her co-operation on the side of the Entente. To those, however, who have any intimate knowledge of what Macedonia and Constantinople had come to mean for Greece, and the bitter hatred of Bulgaria engineered by Abdul Hamid, it was not surprising that he failed to carry the nation with him. Add to this fact that the King owed his popularity largely to the personal part he had played in the re-conquest of Macedonia, and an age-long superstition that when a Constantine married a Sophia the national ideal would be realised, and one can appreciate the determination with which the King and the bulk of the nation clung to their old ideal. From then the once united nation divided into two factions—the Royalists and the Venizelists.

Here began one of the most complicated and interesting political situations on record. The policy of Venizelos was a rational one as opposed to a more or less sentimental one, and for that reason alone might well be calculated to be an uphill fight. He called upon the people to abandon their age-long dream, to sink their differences with Bulgaria, and to hand over to her *definitely* a territory and Greek population of some 80,000 on the promise of greater territory and a Greek population of some 800,000, *in the event of an Entente victory*. Unfortunately for him, the inability of the Allies to deal a decisive blow at German influence in the Balkans just then and the failure of the Dardanelles campaign loaded the balance still further against him. At that time, Italy still formed a party to the Triple Alliance, and it is little realised how great a part her fears of Greek aggrandisement in the Ægean played in influencing her coming over to the side of the Entente. They were second only to her interests in the Trentino. The probability of Italy joining the Entente placed further difficulties in his path. For a time the Venizelists avoided the risk of defeat at elections; but as evidence of the rapid progress of their propaganda, the King began to find it necessary to take unconstitutional steps in preventing elections taking place.

The Royalists, on the other hand, continued to foster the old ideal under the cloak of neutrality. By now the King must have realised that the national aspiration was impossible of attainment through the medium of the Allies even if they were successful in the war, and of which he appeared to be by no means as certain as was Venizelos. Secondly, he had good reason to fear the Central Empires, as witness the fate of Serbia. Thirdly, he had the influence of family association to rely upon in furthering his efforts in that direction. All things considered, he could more or less hope still to attain the national ideal providing, of course, that Germany emerged from the struggle successfully. It is not surprising, therefore, that he began to incur all sorts of base calumny from the Entente public. Though why Greece should be expected to show loyalty to either of the self-invited intruders apart from where her own interests lay should be a matter of amusement to any impartial critic. Meanwhile, both Turkey and Bulgaria had thrown in their lot with the Central Empires, and people began to accuse Greece of having broken her treaty with Serbia in not immediately coming to her rescue. Now the terms of that treaty have never been made known, nor has Serbia seen fit to taunt Greece with infidelity. It is said that Greece and Serbia agreed that in the event of either of them being attacked by a third Balkan State the other would immediately place a certain number of men in the field at her disposal. If this was the case the treaty obviously no longer held good. For apart from the fact that Bulgaria attacked Serbia as an ally of the European Power with whom she had already become involved, Serbia had long since been unable to hold to the treaty herself had Bulgaria attacked Greece instead of herself. One can, therefore, only regard this and dismiss it as an unfounded piece of a campaign of calumny arising out of passionate impatience on the part of those who stood to lose by Greece's refusal to come in.

Meanwhile, what was passing between the King and the Central Empires? One can only hazard a guess based upon what one knows of the frame of mind of the Greek Royalists, and the interests of the Central Empires. What was the only possible way that Germany could satisfy each of the little States which lay in her road to the East, and so secure to herself an open door? It was probably (1) The withdrawal of Turkey from the European side of the Bosphorus; (2) the withdrawal of Bulgaria from the Thracian seaboard; (3) the partition of Serbia and Montenegro between Austria and Bulgaria; (4) Austria's relinquishment of her Salonika aims; (5) the division of Albania between Bulgaria and Greece; and (6) Greece's extension to Constantinople. A highly fantastic idea, certainly, but none the less tempting for all that, added to which, for the time being at any rate, all these were more or less Germany's to give.

In the meantime, the Allies occupied Salonika as a base from which to work for the restoration of Serbia, to cut the lines of communication between the Central Empires and Bulgaria and Turkey, and to force the opening of the Dardanelles. This necessitated pressure being brought to bear upon Greece to declare her intentions in order to safeguard the movements of the Allied armies. It is a strange paradox that Greece should have had to learn from the Allies ultimately the bitter fact that there is less in the rights of small nations than mights of the great, since the rights of little nations is the foremost banner in the Entente.

Now a change once more began to be evident in the leanings of the Greek people. Whereas the old aspirations led them to continue their allegiance to the King, yet their inborn hatred of Bulgaria drove them to suspect his negotiations with them. It is strange how these two factors continue to influence their course all along. It was this bitter hatred of Bulgaria which led to the temporary downfall of Venizelos, and which now began to threaten the popularity of the King. As the pressure from the Allies began to make itself felt upon the people, he seems to have conceived the idea of opening his frontiers to the Central Empires with a view to receiving relief from them. And here Germany blundered. For in allowing her ally Bulgaria to advance into Macedonia, she reckoned without the inborn feelings of the Greek people towards her hated enemy. This promises to have sealed the doom of the allegiance of the Greek people towards their sovereign. Now that Venizelos is once more openly opposed to Bulgaria, his influence is again beginning to make rapid progress, as is evident from the wholesale desertion from the other side. One is led to believe that his returning influence would have spread still more quickly were it not for the clumsy efforts of the Allies to attract Greece into forming part of so formidable an Alliance. It may even be that Italy is definitely opposed to Greece coming in and is seeking to humiliate her. For instance, the resentment felt by the Greek people at the marching of Italian seamen through their capital must have more than outweighed any jealous incentive they may have felt to join in. It was probably no less than that of the Belgian people when the Germans goose-stepped through theirs. With the help of the Allies at his back, however, it now seems a matter of time before the Provisional Government and the Committee of National Defence under the leadership of Venizelos becomes the established order in Greece. Whether the fate of Roumania will deter the King from still accepting his protracted offers of reconciliation is as yet an open question. It should not, however, deter the Greek people, who are a nation of brave fighters, and the born enemies of their Bulgarian invaders.

T. CONSTANTINIDES.

National Guilds, Socialism, and the Servile State.

I.—AN APPEAL TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Is "National Guilds" to be regarded as the central principle of present-day social reconstruction—the single comprehensive basis of an entire social order, conformity to which is the necessary and ultimate criterion by reference to which all practical schemes in this sphere are reasonably to be encouraged or resisted? Or should we consider national guilds as particular proposals inter alia, which may be experimented with in certain parts of the field, but which can only be expected to contribute, in their own place and degree, with other reforms to an indeterminate "social progress"?

From both of these possible standpoints the institution of guild organisations in industry is advocated or promoted to-day. Are these diverse efforts in harmony? Do they tend to the same practical consequences? Or is it even that the end, the "real will," is the same, but the case is that universally lamented one where beneficent co-operation is likely to be hindered, and success averted; (a) by the one-sided narrowness of the doctrinaire which defeats the cautious procedure of the wise reformer; or (b) by the unintelligence of the man of practice who surrenders two steps of principle for every one he makes of "practical" achievement? Or, rather, have we here another instance, of the type so familiar to us—in moralising writers—of a saving antithesis, wherein the impetuous man of one idea and the careful empiricist with his wide surveys will, working each along his own peculiar lines, turn out in the day of triumph to have been both necessary, in this satisfactory world to make up which it takes all kinds, to the one grand accomplishment? My attempt in what follows will be to show what general considerations determine the differences of attitude which are the subject of these questions.

The principal ideas of the National Guilds propaganda were worked out, as readers of THE NEW AGE know, on the basis of a certain analysis of modern society. This analysis emphasised certain economic elements in that society, which characterised it as capitalistic, or as founded on the "wage-system." (The use of one of these terms rather than another raises economic and historical questions which it is unnecessary at present to discuss.) Modern capitalistic society was further said to involve certain tendencies, affecting the life and position in society of great classes, which were regarded as in the highest degree undesirable; more so, in fact, than the conditions of the existing capitalistic order. In sum, these tendencies were towards the "Servile State."

It appeared, however, as a result of the analysis, that a practical principle could be formulated in accordance with which efforts to avoid these undesirable consequences might have some chance of succeeding. But this involved the attempt to supersede the original capitalistic organisation of industry itself by a guild organisation.

But when one's analysis has been developed into practical proposals it is no longer one's own. Others may utilise the scheme, or parts of it, though their aims, to which one may have suggested means previously unthought of, may differ altogether from those one entertains, or even although the prior theoretical analysis is rejected by them, in whole or in part. If history can rightly be said to provide a moral, it is this.

Such may well be expected to be the experience of the advocates of National Guilds. There exist in their case special reasons for it. The ideas of those who have promulgated this policy primarily appear as a new development in *Socialist* theory. They appear to be in general agreement with the presumable ultimate aims of what may, for the sake of inclusiveness, be roughly termed the Labour Movement. They may, indeed, insist that the standpoint of a class is not the right one from which to formulate social aims. But even in the case of those forms of Socialist theory in which distinctions of class are made most fundamental in the treatment of the things of society, it is possible, and, indeed, not unusual, to regard "the general interest of society" as being bound up with the destiny of a certain class. If classes be, indeed, parts of the social whole, still, from the standpoint of historical development, the part is more than the temporary whole. Has not THE NEW AGE itself subscribed to the idea that the emancipation of the proletariat is the salvation of society at large? In any case, it is with this type of Socialist doctrines that the leading ideas in the *Analysis* on which the advocacy of the national guild policy rests have the most evident affinity. Now, the practical policy of Socialists, on the other hand, has been traditionally collectivism. From the Socialist side, then, we are presented with such views as that the two policies are compatible, or that they may be combined, or that, both aims being accepted, the problems of the one or those of the other should be attacked first, as that is necessary to the success of the other.

There are, of course, other "heretical" possibilities than those which can be described as Socialist. All those, for example, which embody "combinations of producers against consumers," while they have some superficial resemblances to the form of industrial organisation advocated in this journal. These, however, do not specifically raise the issues to which I wish to draw attention, and I shall not deal with them here.

In so far, then, as the aim of both policies includes the economic emancipation of the proletariat, they are at one. Are their differences in actual tendency, then, so vital that any advantages coming from their co-operation (let us call it) in practice ought to be abjured by the friends of National Guilds ab initio (which is approximately where at present the matter lies)? This question is answered for us when we consider that the framers of the policy of National Guilds accept in the main the criticism passed upon collectivist methods by Mr. Belloc in his "Servile State," that the very pursuit of these methods hastens not Socialism but Servility. This is the ratio essendi of National Guilds. What characterises those who would transplant the scheme to another soil (and their doctrines are otherwise various) is their indifference to the establishment of the Servile State. For the good "guildsman," on the contrary, it must always be better that nothing should be done at all than that action should be taken which promotes such a state of affairs. Which of these attitudes is reasonable?

First, we must be clear about the signification of this phrase "The Servile State." It is frequently confused with either (1) institutions, practices, or laws which, arising within capitalistic society, strengthen its tendencies towards servility, or (2) the spreading of habits of mind consonant with the harmonious working of servile institutions.

Mr. Belloc's account—"The establishment of compulsory labour legally enforcible upon those who do not own the means of production for the advantage of those who do"—is perfectly adequate for our purposes here. Two points about it concern us. The first is that it describes a *political* condition, a form assumed by the *State*, defined by the existence of certain public enactments. The second is that these laws take account of *economic* relationships in society, and express the legislative recognition of differences of economic class as a basis of specific political rights and duties.

The doctrinal emotion of those who contemplate such a political dispensation with supreme repugnance is what has been traditionally known in this country as Radicalism. What the radical considers the really intolerable political arrangement is that the State, which is the guardian of the public good, should be committed to the interest of a class. By Bentham this doctrine

was originally used as a weapon against the political privileges of the legal profession. But it can be turned against any condition of society in which political rights and duties are based on status. Its positive outcome is a doctrine with reference to the relations between the State and society, to the effect that, whatever be the social relationships of which the State has to take legislative account, it is only qua free contracts that it is concerned to recognise and to sanction them. The general type of legislation, then, would be—*If* A has undertaken an obligation x to B, certain conditions being specified which B satisfies, A must fulfil his obligation. This would apply to a contract. But enactments based on status would read—*All* A's, being persons who are habitually under a certain obligation x (which may be itself contractual) to a class of B's, must undertake and fulfil the additional obligation y. In the limiting case, where y coincides with x, we have the legal conditions of the Servile State. While, then, legislation of the second type may sanction arrangements containing contractual elements, it is clear that it further goes to enforce social conditions which tend to compel the formation of certain contracts, or which affect the eligibility of their provisions. Further, as referring to class-relations of the type considered, it affects a standing guarantee of the advantages which B obtains from the contract, whatever be its advantages or disadvantages for A. Thus does the State enrol itself on the side of an interest, instead of leaving it to look after itself.

Applying these considerations to modern society, it is unnecessary to specify the detail of recent "social legislation" in order to see that it exhibits a tendency towards the second type. What is of peculiar interest to our present inquiry is to understand what elements in social life are involved in these legislative tendencies. So we may estimate the "necessity" of these latter as well as their importance.

The "servility" itself of the contemporary rehabilitation of status as the basis of political obligation arises from the fact that the differences in political status correspond to differences of economic class. It is to the proletariat, as consisting of employed persons unpossessed of industrial capital, that the servile status is assigned. It is their contribution of labour to the production of wealth, in profits arising from which production the specific interest and advantage of the employing class consists, which ceases to be a matter of free contract and becomes a statutory obligation, more or less directly exigible at law.

This economic class relationship being the one in question, the servility follows. Not every State in which status rather than contract was the basis of civil obligation would be servile. For example, in a functional society of the type contemplated by the advocates of National Guilds we might have some such theory of political obligation in operation, but it would not on that account be servile.

Nor is it that all the advantages of the arrangement are to one side and none to the other. As a matter of fact, it is mainly by way of ameliorative labour legislation, whether as a quid pro quo for the maintenance of social peace or in the interests of an "economic ideal" of the maximum possible production, that the servile status is being erected.

Where the servility arises is in the confirmation of what is, for those who adhere to this analysis of society, the domination of the one interest by the other. This domination is variously described. For most collectivists, as for Mr. Belloc, it is a function of the distribution of *property*—of the general fact that the employing class owns the great means of production while the labouring class is a proletariat. By the theorists of National Guilds it is ascribed to *control* of the industrial and commercial processes, a control which arises from class-organisation. From either point of view the same results are recognised. Profit is a first charge on industry. For income the employed class have to look to wages. This form of income cannot *guarantee* more than subsistence. Nor has the labourer any security in his employment. Again, wage-labour is a contract entered into by the employed person with the *present* alternative of starvation, though it be legally a free contract. This in itself may be good or bad. It may provide the proletariat by compensation with a unique moral opportunity. But starvation is not a *present* alternative to the employer's industrial activity—in other words, he is a capitalist. Furthermore, it is the employing class which has the disposal of the product of industry, and this in itself constitutes a measure of control over the consumption-value of the wages paid. In so far as these conditions have untrammelled scope in operation, it is clear that they in themselves guarantee a very great and very real domination of the life of one class by another. But just in so far as this is the case, it also appears that the only way in which this domination can be mitigated will be some arrangement whereby a member of the proletariat may refuse to enter into the contract of employment without thereby making himself liable to present starvation. This is sought in the formation of Trade Unions, which may thus be regarded as a capitalisation of the economic power or resources of the employed. These resources, however, can be brought into effective use only where it is antecedently possible to withhold labour. It is this latter operation which is met with legislative prohibition in the Servile State. W. ANDERSON.

An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

WITH a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon the main problems of the after-war period, THE NEW AGE is submitting the two following questions to representative public men and women:—

(1) What in your opinion will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the Nation as a single commercial entity?

(2) What in your view is the best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the State?

(1) SIR GRAHAM JOHN BOWER, K.C.M.G.

I must begin by assuming certain axioms which are capable of proof, but the space available does not permit me to give as full and complete proof as I would wish. They are:—

(1) That wages are dependent on production. A man who sits idle in his garden does not produce anything for himself, nor does he earn wages.

(2) That the amount and value of the products of labour are enormously increased by capital. A man digging with a pointed stick does not cultivate as much land as a man digging with a spade. The spade is a form of capital.

(3) That all wages are paid from capital. If a man puts a thousand young cabbages into the ground, he is no richer. Whilst they are growing and until they are marketed he has to live. During the interval he lives on savings, either his own or, if he is paid wages, somebody else's savings.

(4) That Bastiat's Law is true. That law will be found at page 183 of his "Harmonies," and is as follows:—

"In proportion to the increase of capital, the absolute share of the total product falling to the capitalist is augmented, and his relative share is diminished; while, on the contrary, the labourer's share is increased, both absolutely and relatively."

The following figures taken from Atkinson's "Distribution of Products" illustrate this law:—

Wages in New England Cotton Factories.

Wages per operative per year: 1830, $164 gold; 1884, $290 gold.

Profit per yard necessary to be set aside in order to pay 10 per cent. on capital used: 1830, $2.400 gold; 1884, $0.408 gold.

Yards per operative per year: 1830, 4,321; 1884, 28,032.

Cost of labour per yard: 1830, $1.900 gold; 1884, $1.070 gold.

That is to say, the increased capital invested in the

factory in the shape of labour-saving machinery permitted the payment of higher wages.

This law must, however, be read in connection with the law of diminishing returns. For, though the law of diminishing returns has a more frequent application to agriculture than to manufactures, it is extended to manufactures under certain conditions.

(5) That taxation and the rate of interest on capital enter into the cost of production. In this connection the word "capital" includes "credit." That is to say, I am treating debentures and shares as the same thing and classing both as capital. The costs of production, let us say, of a pair of boots may be thus stated :—

Cost of production : (a) Interest on capital; (b) self-insurance, being an addition to the market rate to cover risk of undertaking, which risk may be political or may be inherent in the undertaking; (c) cost of raw or semi-manufactured material; (d) taxation; (e) labour.

Sale price : The sale price therefore must be a + b + c + d + e, and this price in the case of an exporting industry cannot be influenced by domestic legislation.

With these premises or postulates I consider the "after the war" conditions.

The debt of the United Kingdom after the war will probably aggregate 4,000 millions, or something approaching that figure. In addition there will be a heavy annual charge for pensions. The debt and pensions will probably involve a charge of about 220 millions annually. Assuming that the peace Budget, exclusive of debt and pensions, can be reduced to 130 millions, we get a Budget of 350 millions which will be a first charge on production and on all industry.

Nor is this all. In all the belligerent States there will be a similar charge on production. Austria-Hungary is practically bankrupt now, and in Germany, owing to the German system of finance, the State is practically the mortgage creditor of the population. That is to say, by a roundabout process, the State has issued paper money and contracted paper debt on the security of private capital.

The consequence of this general indebtedness will be :—

(a) A heavy tax on production in the United Kingdom and

(b) A diminished purchasing power in all the belligerent nations.

Repudiation, though it would give temporary relief to the Governments, would aggravate the impoverishment of the people. For it would destroy both credit and capital. The wages fund, either in the shape of credit or capital, would vanish.

This diminution of trade is no new feature. The effect of the Peace of 1815 was to reduce our import trade by 20 per cent. and our export trade by 16 per cent. The shipping industry will certainly be affected if the same or greater reductions take place after the future peace. But that is only one item. Every industry must feel the weight of taxation and the scarcity of capital.

Nor is this all. It is bad enough that the purchasing power of Europe should be destroyed by the impoverishment of the belligerent nations; but if I understand the present political tendency, there will be a movement artificially to restrict what commerce there will be left. When it is remembered that the only potash mine in Europe is to be found in Saxony, and that potash is necessary to agriculture, the effect of prohibition or of import duties on potash and on agricultural production becomes apparent. But this is only one item in the difficult problem of agricultural development.

The most serious problem is that of employment and wages. Now I have stated, and I think there is no need to support the statement by proof, that all wages are paid from capital. If a man is riveting the plates of an Atlantic steamer, his wages are paid from capital. For the ship cannot earn anything until launched and equipped for sea. And it is the same with a bricklayer or any other workman. The return does not reach the capitalist until the job has been finished. It follows, therefore, that capital should be attracted to England, not frightened out of England.

Moreover, the interest on capital and the self-insurance of the capitalist all enter into the cost of production, so everything should be done to keep interests down. This can only be done by granting security and inspiring confidence. Taxation must be heavy, but, if borrowing ceases, then credit and confidence will be restored. Similarly, the cost of material should not be artificially increased by import duties. For import duties are paid for from the wages bill.

The selling price of any given article on the world's market may be taken as a constant. At all events, it cannot be influenced by domestic legislation. That being so, the cost of production is represented by (a) interest on capital, including self-insurance, (b) cost of material, (c) labour. If (a) or (b) be artificially increased, then (c) labour must be decreased. For no man can produce at 21s. and sell at 20s.

I consider it vital, therefore, to maintain our Free Trade policy, to stop borrowing, and restore credit as soon as possible.

But there are, of course, many Utopian schemes in the field.

The Socialists believe in collectivist Socialism, and hope that the State control necessitated by war conditions will continue in peace. I believe that they are profoundly mistaken, and that to continue State control would be disastrous to all, but especially to the working man. No one who has had experience as I have had of Government management can doubt this. It has been proved over and over again by the test of actual experience, and the experience is always the same, when Government control and politics come in at the door honesty and efficiency fly out at the window. But I have not space to discuss the case of Individualism versus Socialism.

There will, of course, be schemes for subsidising private undertakings with borrowed money. The most attractive schemes will be put forward, and the nation will be told that it can borrow at five per cent. and invest at ten per cent. in some profitable industrial undertaking. To this it might be sufficient to reply that an undertaking that gives ten per cent. profit need not go to the State for money. But I may add that these proposals are not new in history. The Mississippi scheme of John Law was intended to enrich France. The South Sea Company intended to liquidate the National Debt, and ended in the South Sea Bubble. If once the State starts subsidising company promoters, the block in Parliament Street will interfere with traffic, and national bankruptcy will be in sight.

On the other hand, the proposals for co-partnership and profit-sharing are good. The opposition has hitherto come from Labour. But in any case the system can only be applied to established industries. For every new venture has to pass through several lean years before it reaches the dividend-paying stage.

But there remains the fact that in America wages are from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than in England, and American manufacturers, despite the handicap of a protective duty, are able to compete successfully in England, especially in the cheaper type of motor-car.

I examined this question as well as I could in New York, and inspected a motor-car factory. I questioned managers and workmen and saw the factory at work. My conclusions are that American success is due to:

(a) Standardisation.

(b) Increased capital in the factory.

(c) Greater efficiency of American labour. The American working man tends almost exactly double the horse-power that the English working man tends. In other words, his labour produces about double as much.

(d) Speeding up. That is, to-day no time is wasted anywhere or by anyone, and bonuses are given for speed and output.

I am of opinion, therefore, that the way of salvation is to be found in the adoption either in whole or in part of the American system; but that all schemes tending to restrict or hamper or control trade will end in disaster.

To secure the American system a frank understanding between Capital and Labour is essential, and the problem is how to bring this about. The Labour leaders have not the training or the knowledge necessary to manage a factory or to take part in the management of a factory. Moreover, no capitalist would place his capital in a business that was controlled or managed by Labour leaders.

But that is not to say that workmen cannot understand a plain statement of profit and loss when it is explained to them, and I consider that frank explanations of the firm's business and the grant of bonuses when profits exceed a certain limit would help to establish harmonious relations. What is certain is that a conflict between Capital and Labour after the war would be disastrous to both.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

SUNDAY in London is terrible; Sunday in Dublin is still worse. I spent my first Sunday morning wandering about the quays and through the streets. Every now and then I saw houses whose windows were pock-marked with rifle fire; they had been forts in the insurrection. I walked down Sackville Street, examining curiously the erections in the centre of the cobbled roadway. These are the Nelson Pillar, which is a bad imitation of the column in Trafalgar Square, melodramatic statues of Parnell and O'Connell, and a ludicrously undignified statue of a monkish apostle of Temperance. The average back-cloth at a music-hall, representing a public square, somewhat reproduces the astoundingly provincial appearance of the centre of the finest street in Ireland. I was thrown back for amusement upon the theatre advertisements and the military posters. The former showed me that Dublin is content to put up with second-rate English touring companies for its chief dramatic entertainment. The same thing applies to the music-halls; mediocre comedians were at the head of the bills. A very Irish melodrama and a performance by local amateurs at the Abbey Theatre concluded the list. The recruiting posters were certainly more entertaining. Abysmal as were the depths to which Sir Hedley Le Bas, of the Caxton Hire-Purchase Co., and his noble admirer, Lord Northcliffe, achieved in England with their recruiting posters, the pits they have reached in Ireland are still more amazingly low. Remember, please, that in consequence of Sir John Maxwell's bloody assizes almost every Irishman's sympathies are now temporarily anti-English, and then imagine what answer the following poster receives:—

IRISHMEN!
ARE YOU GOING TO ALLOW
YOUR FAMOUS IRISH REGIMENTS
TO BE FILLED
WITH ENGLISH RECRUITS?

Every passing Irishman murmurs a sincere Yes! And then there is this exhibition of idiocy, which I saw posted upon the ruins of a building in Sackville Street, wherein a number of Sinn Feiners had met their death.

IRISHMEN!
IS IT HONOURABLE
NOT TO HELP
YOUR BRAVE COUNTRYMEN?

During the insurrection there was a little batch of Sherwood Foresters stationed at a street corner. They were raw recruits who had never even had a musketry course. They could not load their rifles themselves, but had to pass them to the sergeant to load. The poor fellows were being badly sniped from the neighbouring houses and, in addition, enfiladed from the flank. On the other side of the road was a huge, glaring recruiting poster. The bottom half had been torn off, but what remained was:—

JOIN THE ARMY!
YOU WILL LIKE IT.

I am told that, in certain ultra-Protestant neighbourhoods of Belfast, where it would be difficult to discover a Catholic in a day's search, the walls are covered with recruiting posters reproducing the Imperialist message of a South of Ireland Catholic bishop! Be it remembered, by the way, that the aforesaid Northcliffe is a product of Dublin. May he speedily return there!

There is no doubt that anti-English feeling is very strong in Dublin now. This is due directly to Sir John Maxwell. At the beginning of the war, the Sherwood Foresters were cheered in the streets; it is said that the soldiers from the Curragh were welcomed with cheers in Easter week, and, far from making heroes of the insurgents' leaders, some of the younger men's parents were ready to lynch Countess Markievicz who, they considered, had led their sons astray. But the merciless slaughter of the leaders has led to one of the rapid emotional changes frequent in Ireland. In a few months' time, perhaps, opinions on the war will be as divided as they used to be, but, at the present moment, except among the most intelligent men in the country, there is only one feeling—hatred of England.

In accordance with the advice of thousands of posters in the city I went on the Sunday afternoon to Phœnix Park (Feen esk = clear water), and attended the first meeting at Dublin of the newly formed Irish Nation League. It is estimated that about twelve thousand people were present. I never in my experience of political meetings heard worse speeches or made part of a more astoundingly stupid audience. About the League, I cannot do better than quote the editorial opinion of the "Belfast News-Letter":—

> There was little to distinguish the meeting which was held to-day in Phœnix Park under the auspices of the recently formed Irish Nation League from other Nationalist demonstrations, save in some very unimportant respects.

The first speaker told us that the policy of the League had only finally been decided upon at a meeting held the night before, and then read out the names of various gentlemen who had written to express their sympathy with it. Certainly, it was well known that the League had been started by Ulster Catholics as a protest against the proposed exclusion of Ulster from Irish Home Rule, and perhaps the sympathetic absentees referred to this. During the first few speeches, the people round me were cynical and severe. "Faction," "Such a little island, and so minny parties!" were phrases I heard. As the speakers warmed to their work and denounced Mr. Devlin and the "Party," bitter cries of "Thraythers" came from all round. A eulogistic reference to Mr. Ginnell gained a roar of cheers. A priest told the crowd that force was Ireland's only weapon, and there was overwhelming applause. The meeting terminated some hours afterwards, and was duly commented upon as the most enthusiastic held of recent years in Phœnix Park. The speakers, for the most part Catholic solicitors from the north, seemed really a little absurd in their denunciations of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues. It was obvious that they had not a brain amongst them. Yet they clearly believed that they had only to be returned to Westminster to be able to wring all sorts of concessions from the Saxon oppressor. As Mr. Redmond has more Parliamentary strategy in his little finger than the whole Irish Nation League together, I doubt very much if the latter would succeed where he has failed.

What is so irritating in the mentality of such amateur Nationalist politicians is their denial of an Ulster point of view. Boiling with wrath that England should attempt to coerce them, they nevertheless insist vigorously that Ulster shall be forced to submit to Home Rule. Surely, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the Nationalists. Ulster Unionists in England assure us that Ireland "does not want Home Rule." Irish Nationalists feel quite sure that Ulster is only playing a gigantic game of bluff, and has not really any objection to Home Rule. I believe neither one side nor the other, and I propose soon to leave for Belfast and observe matters for myself.

In conclusion, let me remark that, though Mr. Redmond and his party would perhaps lose many of their seats if a general election were held now, they need not be much alarmed at the activities of the Irish Nation League. After a few more meetings with an enthusiastic audience like the one in Phœnix Park, neither the speakers nor any one else will know what on earth the League stands for. I myself rather fancy that it stands for politically ambitious Belfast solicitors.

Readers and Writers.

IN a manly preface to an excellent essay on "Fecundity v. Civilisation," by Adelyne More (Allen and Unwin, 6d. net), Mr. Arnold Bennett dismisses the four principal arguments against the use of contraceptives, namely, the hygienic, the religious, the militarist and the capitalist, as respectively baseless, unintelligible, base and baser. To dismiss them, however, in this summary fashion is not to dispose of them for anybody who is not already convinced; and I can very well imagine Mr. Bennett's preface doing, in fact, more harm than good. It is not enough in controversy to feel, and to feel rightly, that your opponent's case is one or all of the things Mr. Bennett attributes to his. It is essential to understand it, to be able to expound it even better than your opponent can, and then to destroy it from your opponent's own point of view. Socrates, it may be remembered, invariably set himself to convince his opponent, and in the meanwhile concealed his opinion of the moral worth of the case he was refuting. It was only when he had taken to pieces his antagonist's case and shown him its defects that he passed a judge's verdict upon it. Mr Bennett, however, as I have said, is a little too intolerant and impatient to employ this method of dialectics. In the main he is content to pass a judgment of feeling in the hope that his readers will be moved to feel in a similar way. Well, perhaps they may be, since Mr. Bennett is obviously himself convinced and emphatic. But again they may not be—and then all the work of reason is to be done. What is needed, I think, upon such a subject is a reply that takes seriously the arguments to be met, whether in the abstract they are worth it or not. It should be enough for the controversialist that his opponent takes them seriously, the case being then his seriousness rather than the actual value of his arguments.

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One of the technical Socialist objections to birth-control with which Miss More quite inadequately deals was put by the German Socialist Vollmer in the course of a debate upon Malthusianism. He and the more far-sighted of his party, he said, had calculated that, provided the proletarian birth-rate continued to increase in Germany, the Social-Democrats would be able by a definite and near date to swamp the capitalist vote in every German constituency. What, therefore, he thought Malthusianism amongst the proletariat would effect was the postponement of this realisation, and possibly the shattering of it. To this, however, Miss More might have replied that the hope itself, even upon Vollmer's own reasoning, was vain; for it proceeded upon the assumption that political power determines economic power. It belongs, in short, to that whole school of fallacies that assume the submission of the possessing classes to the mandate of a propertyless political electorate. For economists, however, no proposition can be more discredited. While the capitalist classes and the proletariat stand to each other in the relative status of fox and rabbit, the mere numbers of the latter are no match for the power of the former. On the contrary, the actual numbers of the proletariat are a source of weakness, since they make more difficult the task of creating a monopoly of labour. And it is significant that the Social Democratic theory coincides exactly with the capitalist theory, though, of course, for an opposite aim. Miss More's pamphlet is, however, full of interesting material, and I recommend it to all who are studying the subject.

* * *

Professor W. Warde Fowler's "Essays in Brief for War-Time" (Blackwell, 2s. 6d. net), from which I quoted a passage last week, were written, so he tells us, to amuse himself and his friends during "the early stress of the battle of Verdun." They may well, however, please a wider circle (what clichés I am falling into!), for Professor Warde Fowler has a pleasant, gentle manner, he is a ripe scholar, and, above all, he is one of the best of modern Englishmen. It is really a recreation for the mind to turn from the polemics of the Press to the reflections—still upon current affairs, however—of the author of "Kingham Old and New," and to listen to him while from his rich stores he recollects for us the books he has read, the observations he has made, and the lessons he has drawn from them. Of our German enemies he has a good deal to say that is neither unkind nor exaggerated. Most of it, indeed, might as well have been said before the war, and no German, I think, would have taken exception to it. What better criticism, for instance, has been passed upon recent German scholarship than this: that for some time the word "masterly" could rarely be applied to it? At the same time that everybody must feel it to be true, it is at once kindly yet withering. Again, he puts his finger on a defect of German scholarship when he says that it is "without felicity of expression." Infinitely more damaging is such criticism to German kultur than all the artillery in the world; and I am only sorry that such criticism was not made public before the demoniac war in which we are now engaged. When *shall* we learn that nations that refuse to exchange honest opinions of each other will sooner or later exchange shot and shell? It is really the business of men of intelligence to fight our wars upon the intellectual and spiritual planes. Professor Warde Fowler diverges in one or two essays from public affairs to his old delightful studies of bird-life; and incidentally he sets us a new problem, in sedge-warblers, which I should love to have the leisure to solve. Never, however, will that be. On the other hand, I must gently inform him that his Shakespeare, whom he considers a settled problem, is in the melting-pot again, and that, quite possibly, Shakespeare himself will never come out of it alive.

* * *

Somewhere in his "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" (Macmillan, 6s. net), Mr. W. B. Yeats remarks on a difference between Englishmen and Irishmen. You may live with an Irishman for years without learning anything of his private affairs, while often an Englishman will take you into his confidence after only a few minutes' acquaintance. The observation may be correct, but Mr. Yeats himself certainly does not support it; for never in any volume of personal recollections have I read anything more strictly intimate and personal than in Mr. Yeats' present "Reveries." A mere Englishman like myself does not know, when reading some of his pages, where to look for embarrassment. It is egotism—as his father told him—or naïvete that made him do it? Or is it, perchance, both? In any case, however, the light his confessions throw upon Mr. Yeats himself is a little too domestic for my appreciation. I do not want to learn the actual details of his early life; they are really of no interest to me. On the other hand, such life of thought and emotion as he has had is certainly obscured by incidents which figure, of necessity, larger in this book than in Mr. Yeats' own mind. How to write the story of one's childhood—one's first childhood, I should say of Mr. Yeats—is, indeed, a problem of art. But Mr. Yeats has made it a work of artlessness. And the effect is not to reveal the germination of a poet's temperament, but to portray on an isolated and meaningless canvas a rather pitiable than admirable figure—a figure, moreover, which, as I have said, reveals nothing beyond itself. Here and there, however, in this medley of recollections and reveries, we come upon a chance remark which we can, if we like, turn to intelligent account. Quite naïvely, for instance, Mr. Yeats wonders whether "the delight in passionate men in his plays" is anything more than a memory of his terrible old grandfather. That puts us, perhaps, upon the scent of a quality in Mr. Yeats' work upon which I have often commented—its pose, as of an attitude imitated and acted under the almost hypnotic constraint of some alien will. When you read Mr. Yeats, are you not aware of a voice that is not

his own, but another's speaking and acting through him? Is Mr. Yeats much more than a conscientious medium of his grandfather, his father, and such other people as have impressed him? These questions, however, open out still more widely. Possibly the whole of the modern Irish school is really in a kind of catalepsy, and all its works are only reveries over childhood and youth? R. H. C.

The Arts and Artifices of Advocacy in Extremis.

"Forty Years at the Bar." By J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., LL.D., D.L., &c. (Herbert Jenkyns, Ltd.)
"Forty Years at the Criminal Bar." By Edmund D. Purcell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.)

THESE reminiscences exhibit in an entertaining literary form two phases of advocacy—the higher and the lower. Both phases have seen their best days in this country. We have had an orgy of advocacy. It pervades and demoralises every department of our public life. Our authors, all unconscious of the impending change, gleefully relate their successes which were many, and enlist our sympathy in their infrequent failures. In the advocate, depicted by himself, there is a fund of instruction for the laity. A prominent feature is his engaging frankness. "You are very lucky, Mr. Purcell," smilingly remarked an acquaintance of the distinguished advocate, who saw that he was on the point of being robbed by a gang of thieves, when one of them looked up and cried out, "Hold hard, he's a pal!"

Mr. Purcell is pre-eminently the sinners' friend; while Mr. Balfour Browne is almost equally outspoken about the outcome of advocacy in the exalted region of the Parliamentary Bar. "I can remember many cases," he tells us, "which have been laughed out of Court by the theatric (sic) tactics of a nimble counsel." This large tolerance, considering the gravity of the issues involved, will not be lost upon our readers.

One of the heaviest items in the levy of the advocate is the expense of passing railway Bills, gas Bills, water Bills, etc., through Parliament. If there is opposition—which occurs in nine cases out of ten—the most inoffensive little Bill can easily be made to cost £5,000, mostly in advocacy; while the cost of railway Bills imposes a permanent tax on travelling and transit for all time to come. At the first glance the blame seems to be attributable to those interests which raise frivolous opposition. The specious excuse is that those who instruct the advocates are responsible, not the advocate himself. But the sophistry is transparent. The real culprits are those who create and maintain conditions under which "nimble counsel" may succeed in laughing the soundest case out of Court, and in gaining effective support for the most factious opposition to a Bill of public utility. Lost or saved, the railway Bill may cost from £10,000 to £30,000, mostly in advocacy.

Nor are these outside figures; far from it. This is a most profitable gamble for the advocate, and its uncertainties receive an apt illustration in Mr. Balfour Browne's story of Sir Horace Davey having given certain advice to a Company on which they acted. But, in a consultation before the case was called, the great advocate "indicated that in his superior opinion we were all wrong and could not succeed!"

Yet another story shows how our vital interests are sacrificed to sophistical figments of advocacy. A Railway Company was obviously infringing a Section of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888, prohibiting the favouring of foreign goods and merchandise to the prejudice of goods and merchandise of this country. Farm produce from an English port was charged five shillings a ton; while eighteen shillings were charged for the same amount of the commodity from an intermediate station only half the distance. But this preferential tariff was held to be justified by the Railway Commissioners. Why? Because it was urged that the magic words, "under similar circumstances" created a fundamental distinction between goods coming in shiploads from America and goods coming in truckloads from this country!

"And since that time," remarks Mr. Balfour Browne, light-heartedly, "that protective clause in the Act of 1888 has been tombstoned with an excellent judgment." Equally effective havoc has been made of the words, "reasonable facilities" which occur in the Railway Act of 1854. Railway Companies were to give reasonable facilities for receiving, forwarding and delivering traffic. "The Courts," says Mr. Balfour Browne, "set themselves to whittle away the advantages which were to be given to the public under these magic words, and now they mean next to nothing." The traders induced Parliament to pass another Act, an amending Act, in 1904; then "the process of cutting down the statutory enactment began again. . . . The public never seems to understand that reasonable facilities are what the company chooses to give them, and that they ought to be very thankful to get these."

Our readers are now in a position to understand the force of the inducements for railway companies to pay huge fees and fat retainers to advocates who "dominate the minds" of judges and Railway Commissioners to such good purpose. On the report of a Committee of Investigation into Private Bill Legislation a Court of Referees was established in 1864. "Its members," Mr. Balfour Browne tells us, with the utmost frankness, "have accumulated a mass of decisions as conflicting as Kilkenny cats. You can with diligence find decisions to support any proposition however outrageous, as to the rights of persons to be heard against private Bills; and, naturally, the current decisions of the tribunal come to be very much of a 'toss-up.'"

It is not astonishing that fortunes are made under such ideal conditions for advocacy. The number of recent legal peers are a considerable addition to the seventy, who, according to the late Mr. Price Collier, owe their elevation to the Bar.

Our author has a keen appreciation of witty stories. Here are two of the best:—"Please remember that we are not at the Old Bailey," said a judge to a young barrister. "I don't know why we're not," was the retort. "Can you live by it?" quoth the man of law to the poet. "Well, I keep the wolf from the door." "What, by reciting your verses to him?"

Mr. Purcell has few witty stories, but there are a large number of the Gaboriau type, ingenious swindles, and illegal combinations for purposes of plunder. His success in securing acquittals is something phenomenal. "Retain Purcell, or I am done," wrote an accomplished female adventuress in a letter which was intercepted by the police. "I learned," says our author, "to put a good face on desperate combinations of indisputable facts. At length no evidence frightened me. I won some startling verdicts." That is not an over-statement. The list is really astounding; in the great majority of them the evidence counted for nothing. And yet, in the lucrative game of verdict-snatching, our author cheerfully concedes superiority to the late Mr. Montagu Williams, of whom an admirer writes: "In this case his client did not escape; but the innumerable miscarriages of justice produced by his oratory were ample compensation for an occasional failure."

Of this great actor-advocate, Mr. Purcell writes: "He had no rival in winning verdicts. . . . He yelped and shouted and beat the desk resounding thumps while he spoke; but he seized the jury and held them."

Success with juries accounts for a large number of the acquittals scored by Mr. Purcell. Hardly less remarkable is his success with judges. Under this head he is frankness itself. "I think," he says, "that I more completely dominated the mind of Sir William Charley than any other barrister who practised before him."

Therein was the promise and potency of verdicts

galore. Of yet another judge, he writes, "I obtained acquittals in that Court quite impossible before any other judge, excepting, perhaps, Sir William Charley. I fear they were really scandals." We shall perceive presently that this, the first suggestion of a twinge of conscience, is really illogical.

Despite these successes, Mr. Purcell is the most severe critic of the Bench whom we recall. Mr. Justice Hawkins' "conspicuous unfairness" and Mr. Justice Day's insensate harshness are unsparingly gibbeted. Of yet another occupant of the Bench he writes: "That such a judge should have done so little mischief in the discharge of his judicial duties was remarkable." The extent to which sheer caprice reigns on the Bench may be gathered from the remark, "The proportion of acquittals in the second Court was very high; before the Assistant Judge they were quite rarities."

Noteworthy, too, is the facility with which certain judges reconcile themselves to miscarriages of Justice. "That is a terrible rascal you are defending, and he deserves to be convicted, but I think you will get him off," was a judge's observation to Mr. Purcell. Less than kin, members of the Bar and occupants of the Bench are more than kind. Of another judge Mr. Purcell says, "No one could be more kind and considerate to his 'brethren of the Bar,' as he was fond of describing them." In this happy family it must be admitted that the kindness is more conspicuous on the side of the child—the Bench—than on that of the parent—the Bar.

It is now time to pause and consider the characteristics of this world of legalism in which we have made a brief sojourn personally conducted by two of its most experienced guides.

We are in a region where the sophistical refinements of letter worship weigh more with tribunals than the serious interests of the community: where the Courts deliberately frustrate the intentions of the Legislature to the public detriment: where dangerous offenders are let loose on the community with the irresponsibility of pantomime, and where the Custodians of Justice betray their trust with wayward caprice and an arrogant cynicism that has no parallel in human annals. But this singular topsy-turvydom is not without fixed limits; nor *are the judges mere lords of misrule. They scrupulously* safeguard the interests of the Bar.

Let no one imagine that the authors of these reminiscences are reproached in these observations with responsibility for a system of which they have formed a not inconspicuous part. Mr. Purcell anticipates certain strictures, and meets them in the following passage:—"Moral and law-abiding citizens may deplore the escape of wrong-doers from the gaol they merited, and censure me for the part I played in bringing about that supposed defeat of Justice. They are altogether wrong. The Criminal Courts are Courts of Law not of morals. The accused must be tried according to Law . . . and not even the judge himself has any right to censure the result."

On this outspoken credo we would remark that we are far from censuring Mr. Purcell for conduct which has received the imprimatur of such exalted mandarins as Baron Parke and Lord Haldane. But whether their allocutions are censurable in their turn is not for Mr. Purcell to decide but for the laity—the supreme tribunal in such matters.

We venture to ask our legalist friends whether they really count upon the continuance of public apathy in the epoch on which we are entering? Mr. Balfour Browne, for his part, has no misgivings. "It is not the certainty of the law," he tells us, "but the uncertainty that pays the lawyer; and the uncertainty of the Law is not greater than the uncertainty of the judges who administer it; so that, notwithstanding the war, there is a fairly good prospect for the legal profession of the future."

And so every to-morrow shall be as to-day. That is to say, we shall continue to ignore the precision achieved by our Allies across the narrow seas and flounder in uncertainties just because they bring grist to the legal mill! We shall continue to tolerate Courts of Law where moral considerations are rigorously excluded! Where the judiciary are not judges in a worthy sense but mere umpires in a game of technicality!

We cannot think so poorly of our race. After shedding an ocean of blood in support of Right against brute force, shall we continue to be thralls, in a vital domain, to a still more despicable power—the Might of tricky interpretations, super-subtle refinements and sophistical pedantries? Science declares that all relevant facts are indispensable for forming a sound judgment; are we to believe that a few assorted facts are sufficient for Justice? We have just had an object lesson: a group of "nimble" performers brought the Empire to the verge of the precipice by the practice of those arts in politics which succeed "in capturing juries."

Advocacy, like other formidable weapons, may be employed in good or bad causes; we have long suffered from the mental aberration which applauds its successes even when they are triumphs over Justice.

W. DURRAN.

Views and Reviews.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THIS addition* to the "Channels of English Literature" series is very welcome. Biography has only been done to death by biographers; of the study of its origin, of its history, and final development as a form of literary art, we have very few examples in an accessible form. Certainly, no encyclopædia is complete without an article on Biography; but who, except Mark Twain, ever read an encyclopædia? I am obliged to admit that Dr. Dunn reads encyclopædias, even makes quotations from them; but Dr. Dunn has read everything on this subject, and Mark Twain is dead, which fact represents a mortality of fifty per cent. among readers of encyclopædias. To the rest of us, Dr. Dunn's book will come as a novelty, as, indeed, he thinks it is; for the practical genius of the English has been manifested even in this activity. Our writers have been so busy writing "Lives" that they have not paused to consider the theoretical aspects of their craft; "Cuthbert, here's a dead man. Let us write a book about him," was enough for them. Boswell may be distinguished from the ruck of biographers not only by the fact that he wrote the best biography in the language (if we except the Gospels), but by the fact that he did study the theory of his craft, and knew that he had written the best "Life" of a man who, within a few months of his death, had more "Lives" than a cat. When we reflect that biography in England began before the Venerable Bede, yet the word "biography" was not used before 1683, and the word "auto-biography" before 1809, we can see once again that the English, like the witches in "Macbeth," prefer "a deed without a name."

It is true that the earliest biographies, the "Lives of the Saints," were not English, but Latin, and were not "Lives" in the modern sense; indeed, there was an intolerable deal of saintliness to remarkably little life. The earliest biography was Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba," and the biographical portion of it makes one paragraph of this book; the rest was miracles and moralising. In Bede's "Life of St. Cuthbert," thirty-nine of the forty-six chapters were concerned with the miraculous; and the chief purpose of these records was, of course, edification and not biography. But there was the beginning; side by side with the moral purpose, there was the interest in the man as a man, whom he was, how he lived, looked, dressed, worked. When biography

* "English Biography." By Waldo H. Dunn. (Dent. 5s. net.)

begins, man is emerging from the communism of the savage; Villari tells us, for example, that during the communal period of Italian history there were no individuals, no remembered names; the Renaissance began with the emergence of the individual, names multiplied, and scribes shamefacedly began to write in their own language. It was not until Asser wrote the life of Alfred the Great (and anticipated Sterne's deliberately digressive method) that an English layman was thought worthy of commemoration in this form; and the monopoly of the Church was invaded.

It was fitting that England's darling should inaugurate a new era of biography, as of so much else; and biography, by adding politics to religion, discovered the necessity of trying to tell the truth. To the greater glory of God, all imaginative flights might be dedicated; but secular history demanded verisimilitude, at least, and if the "Lives" of the Kings are not much more truthful than those of the Saints, they are at least more credible. But the transition from hagiology to history only added to the importance of the individual; even Eadmer, in his "Life of Anselm," "observed and recorded what Anselm was as a man." It was really a period of history understood not as an impersonal process, but as the activity of men; and the purely biographical touches multiplied. William of Malmesbury prided himself on his skill in the delineation of character, and the boast itself indicates how the original purpose of biography was being modified. But the language still was Latin, and even the necessity of dealing with historical persons and events did not nullify the moral intention. Panegyric and invective display the moral intention, and the English bias for stating everything in moral terms. Not until 1651 did a biographer write in English, and Thomas Fuller's first volume was "The Lives and Deaths of the Moderne Divines"; the "Worthies" was not published until 1662.

But by this time the value of the personal anecdote, the use of which John Blakman, in the fifteenth century, was perhaps the first to appreciate thoroughly, was well understood; Fuller's "Worthies" are full of anecdotes. But Fuller's expressed intention indicates another development of biographical purpose; he wrote not to *edify, nor to instruct the reader, not to glorify or vilify* the subject, but frankly "to entertain the reader with delight." Fuller not only inaugurated the era of biography in English, but he was the first to express a literary purpose, and that of the nature of comedy. In 1410, a Benedictine monk named Boston had begun the antiquarian method of biography, the search for documents, the indexing and annotating of them, which has developed into the formidable organisation of modern historical research. But Fuller was no antiquarian, he was "very little concerned with dates or circumstances"; and he wrote what is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and delightful works in English literature.

There is no need to follow Dr. Dunn's elaborate exposition in detail; I have not the space to do justice to it, nor should readers be encouraged to satisfy themselves with summaries instead of the books. The examination of Boswell's work and methods, the use of letters in biography (with particular reference to Sprat's "Life of Cowley"), the consideration of biography and autobiography in the nineteenth century, of the problems and tendencies of biography, a chapter of comparisons, and a consideration of biography as literature, all these are to be found in the book. All that I need to remark is that biography has developed its own purpose, has shaken itself free from morals, from history, and has become definitely an autonomous art. It is no longer merely memorial, it is not even expository; it is really dramatic. Its prime purpose is to present a truthful portrait of the man, "warts and all," as Cromwell desired; although we have to go to Shakespeare, as always, for the simplest and clearest definition.

> I pray you, in your letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

A difficult feat, and not to be accomplished by the most literal transcription of facts; Boswell "Johnsonised" even the sayings of Johnson. The facts are the material, but the "Life" must be an interpretation of the man so far as is possible in the terms of himself. It is not everyone who can report conversation as Boswell did, and give it the authentic touch that the author forgot; Froude could not, although his dramatic instinct was finer than Boswell's, and worked in a larger field. Besides, all men are not talkers. But the subject of the "Life" must be made alive; not his mortal, but his vital, experiences should be recorded, if possible, in his own words. The biographer is not only the editor of his subject's remains (and an editor should not "tip up the shafts," as Carlyle phrased it), he is the limner of a portrait that shall be true to character and have universal interest because it is alive with the spirit of the individual. "There is but one art—to omit," and biographies must certainly be much shorter. The novel has influenced, and been influenced by, biography in the course of its evolution; it is now the duty of biographers to seize the salient points of a character, to preserve the characteristic sayings, and withal to give as vital a portrait and as subtle an interpretation of the man as the best novelists can do. The difference between fact and fiction is not that the first is true and the second ought to be, but that fiction is vital and fact is frequently fatal. Most men live their lives, and die in their "Lives," because the biographer, with the best of intentions, usually comes "to bury Cæsar." Dr. Dunn's delightful volume shows us clearly what the aims of biography are, what are the necessary conditions of their achievement. As Longfellow punned: "Auto-biography is what biography ought to be"; a lively revelation of the man by himself; and Dr. Dunn has helped us, by example, as well as precept, to understand how this came to be the purpose of biography, and how that purpose can best be achieved. It is a notable performance. A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Future of Militarism: An Examination of F. Scott Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle." By "Roland." (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a very lively retort to a book that has had considerable popularity during the period of the war. "Roland" makes great play with Mr. Oliver's verbal contradictions, with his false conclusions from uncertain premises, with the generally confused thought that characterises most propagandists. For the propagandist is always stating the argumentum ad hominem; and in a country like England, where even militarists deplore war, the advocacy of Conscription must be shown to be the only way of securing peace. Reduced to quite simple terms, Mr. Oliver's pacifist argument was that if we had made our present national effort years ago we should not have needed to make it now; if we had adopted Conscription in 1903, we should not have had to adopt it in 1916 under the pressure of events. "Roland" retorts, of course, that the war would have occurred earlier, that is all, at a period when our unpreparedness would have been complicated by the confusion of change; or, on the other hand, that it would have caused a re-arrangement of the European alliances which might well have made us the ally of Germany. There is a counter-thrust to this, that we ought not to have pursued a foreign policy that could only result in war against Germany without preparing for war with Germany. The reply to that is, of course, that we were prepared so far as we were committed; the Navy was ready, and the Expeditionary Force was ready. Events have proved that our military prepara-

tion was not extensive enough to achieve our purpose immediately; and as the Conscriptionists always said that it would be so, they are naturally jubilant. But when they argue from a particular case to a general proposition, "Prepare for war on the largest scale, and there will be no war," a controversialist like "Roland" gets his chance. For the military advantage of "preparedness" over "unpreparedness" would not be lost, even if all nations had adopted conscription and were armed to the teeth. Speed of mobilisation, of transport, of deployment, would remain the real test of preparedness; and, of course, the smaller States would always be unprepared numerically against the aggression of more populous States. The mere fact that a nation is in arms will not prevent another nation which is also in arms from attacking it, and the military advantage will always be with the nation that can strike the heaviest blow first, and continue to strike. All that conscription would do would be to enlarge the size of the armies, and, therefore, the scope of the operations; it would increase the cost of war in men and money, but it would not give any guarantee of peace. But although "Roland" disposes of the militarist argument for pacifism, he does not agree with the sentimental pacifist who goes about saying: "Sirs, ye are brethren! Ye are all equally right or equally wrong, but why quarrel?" The fact is, of course, that they quarrel precisely because they all agree with the sentimental pacifist, because they all believe that they are right, and are determined to maintain their right against the world. "Roland" concludes that, after all, the fate of Europe lies in the hands of the practical politicians who are decried both by the militarists and the pacifists, and that their task will be, not to push logical or illogical arguments to extreme and impractical conclusions, but to make the best peace that is possible with the best possible security for its maintenance. If they cannot transform, they will have to tinker, to mend what cannot be re-made. Their task will be to prepare "no abstract, intellectual plan of life, quite irrespective of life's plainest laws, but one a man, who is man and nothing more, may lead within a world which (by your leave) is Rome or London—not Fool's-paradise." And for this purpose they will have to preserve the mid-way mind, not to seek peace and ensure it by maintaining the manhood of Europe in arms, nor by disarming every man in Europe; but by some unknown and unstated means to maintain and extend the system of alliances against Germany, not utterly banishing her from the community of nations, but expressing on all occasions the world's utter disapproval of her military ideals. It is an inconclusive conclusion, but it is the best that "Roland" can offer.

A Profession for Gentlewomen: Being Some Reflections on the Philosophy of Housekeeping. By F. S. Carey. (Constable. 3s. net.)

Mrs. Carey is a true feminist; she believes that a woman's place is the home, and she takes a good look at it for that reason. Like Mrs. Arthur Kipps, she is not satisfied with the houses that are built, and believes that domestic architecture will never be satisfactory until women architects make it their speciality and live in houses designed by themselves. Her ideal is a house in which, at a pinch, the mistress can do all her own housework without kneeling or straining, ruffling her hair, reddening her hands, or omitting to read the leaders in the "Times." No cellars (except for wine and a cold larder), few stairs, no corners, many windows, "water, water everywhere," and perhaps a little sink, dusters, but no dust, on every floor, everything to go on wheels and the servants on domes of silence. "System! 'Fishency!" On these lines Mrs. Carey has written a most attractive treatise, full of detail and delightful quotations, dealing with everything that concerns a woman and her home, and has certainly given a suitable direction to the strivings of emancipated women.

Pastiche.

A CONVERSATION.

(Translated from the German of GUSTAV SCHWARZKOPF by P. SELVER.)

The door which led from the "dining-room" of the little country inn to the bar parlour was open. The stranger who had just taken a seat in the bar parlour was at first of the opinion that he was all alone in the place. Small blue clouds of smoke, which found their way to him through the door, made it clear that somebody else was there besides him, and, a few minutes later, voices could be heard. Against his will, he was obliged to hear a conversation word for word, without being able to catch sight of the speakers.

First of all, a gentle, almost shy voice, whose owner, to judge by the sound, was just folding up a newspaper: "It really is outrageous. A nice way to treat a poor man who has done nothing! The whole proceedings are a piece of tyranny. The verdict is an out-and-out injustice. To think that nothing can be said, no help can be given, that it must be endured without a murmur!"

A Rasping Voice: You are getting unnecessarily agitated again. That kind of thing has happened at all times, and always will happen. You cannot remove tyranny and injustice from the world. Power exists in order to be misused. There simply must be guiltless victims, and someone has got to be trodden under foot. It's rough on the man who just happens to come in for it.

The Gentle Voice: That must not be. Men need not tolerate it. If they would only stand up for another's rights as much as for their own.

The Rasping Voice: Pardon me, but you surely don't mean that seriously? Life's too short for that. We've got enough to do with our own concerns. The poor, those without property, name, and influence, are often ill-treated—good. Then the endeavour of each single one should be to get out of this society. Indignation, or the endeavour to be just to all, to obtain happiness for all, is a mere waste of time. Once you are on top, once you are the "hammer," then to the best of your ability you can——

The Gentle Voice: So always carefully keep your mouth shut, always chime in with the key which just happens to be given, or by way of a change roll your eyes piously if it should be demanded——

The Rasping Voice: By all means. And there's really no need even to make a pretence of it. It can be done almost from conviction—conviction which is dictated to you by reason. My good sir, don't talk to me about free thought and "enlightenment." We can't put up with it any longer. The pettiest, commonest fellows indulge now in the luxury of not believing. But the people *must* believe. For that reason the better circles ought to set a good example. It's really too bad. Even the women are playing at enlightenment here and there. It is a woman's duty to be simple and unconditionally to——

The Gentle Voice: Can a simple woman be the companion of an earnest, thinking man?

The Rasping Voice: "Companion!" You've picked that up from modern literature. "Companion!" All bosh! Among the commoner people, woman is an apparatus for propagation, or a domestic vacuum-cleaner. Among the better-off and wealthy classes, an instrument for pleasure or a society puppet. When we marry, we want to collar a fortune or influential connections, clientele, or custom; we want legitimate heirs or a household figure-head, but we don't think of a "companion."

The Gentle Voice: "We"—you really ought at least not to speak in generalities. Your friend Hellwig, for example, probably has a different opinion. If he were to hear your views——

The Rasping Voice: I don't suppose he'll ever have a chance to do that again. I've turned him down. There's no point in associating with him. Why, in the end, one might compromise oneself!

The Gentle Voice: Surely that cannot be? Your friend from childhood, who is so attached to you——

The Rasping Voice: Why can't it be? You've always had a weakness for hanging on to people too long. We keep in with people as long as it suits us, but not as long as it is agreeable to them. If a man has got something that may be useful to me—an interesting quality which attracts me, rank or fame which flatter my vanity and enhance my credit, position and fortune, something that may be of advantage to me—then I aim at bringing

about as intimate a connection with him as I can, as quickly as I can. If he loses these qualities, if he ceases to be of any further use to me, if he becomes boring or troublesome, I turn him down. Plainly, too, so that he can't help noticing it. It's really quite simple and a matter of course.

The Gentle Voice: But surely there are dictates of courtesy, of consideration——

The Rasping Voice: Courtesy! Courtesy in this sense is self-sacrifice in another's favour—that is, something unpractical. Consideration! You might trot out tact and delicacy as well. They're really only well-devised and high-sounding appellations, trappings for cowardice and indolence. A man who hasn't the courage to be without consideration must be prepared to show consideration.

The Gentle Voice: And gratitude? A man who has been fond of you, who has made sacrifices——

The Rasping Voice: Gratitude! Regard! Those are obstacles in the race for great aims. Obstacles must be taken out of the way. And, besides, why should I be grateful? If he was fond of me, he did it because it was a necessity for him, because it gave him pleasure, and not to do me any favour. If he sacrificed time and convenience for me, it was not done on my behalf. He did it because it made him feel great and noble, because it gave him intense satisfaction. We must, once and for all, put a stop to letting ourselves be fooled with empty words. It would be absolutely impossible to get along at all. First, politeness gets in our way, then consideration or gratitude; another time, respect forces us to come to a full stop; then, again, we are asked to have regard for authority, and so on. But this far-famed respect is merely something to keep children within bounds, and the much-vaunted authority is a crutch for those lacking in powers of criticism and judgment—but not for me, not for us.

The Gentle Voice: So there's to be a clean sweep. Away with all traditions and notions of long standing, with indignation and enthusiasm, with love, gratitude, consideration, with troublesome moral laws——

The Rasping Voice (laughingly): Oh, no! Let them remain. Moral laws are very good—for the people. They are precautions arranged to ensure our protection.

The voices are getting nearer now. Two gentlemen become visible in the door of the dining-room, and then, continuing their chat, stroll past the stranger in the bar-parlour, out into the open.

This is what the involuntary eavesdropper is now able to observe: The one with the shy, gentle voice, who has had to put up with so much instruction, is a man of about fifty; the owner of the rasping voice, the cool, clever connoisseur of life, is about twenty-two. He bears a slight resemblance to the older man. Probably his nephew.

REPUBLICAN.

No jewelled crowns their brows engirth
  Who hold our lives in fee,
Who take their toll from fruits of earth,
  Their blackmail from the sea.

No scarlet coated sentries pace
  Before their palace doors,
No chamberlain with gilded mace
  Glides o'er their waxen floors.

But in the noisy mart and bourse
  Famine and want are born;
There glutted men with fraud and force
  Corner God's gift, the corn.

Richer than potentates of old,
  Yet richer they would grow,
While, bright with hoards of stolen gold,
  Their coffers overflow.

Children go clemmed and cold to bed,
  That dogs may have their fill:
And the hard price of virtue's bread
  Decks many a wanton's frill.

Sultans of sugar, Tsars of wheat,
  Monarchs of coal and cheese—
These tread mankind beneath their feet,
  These be our tyrants—these.

MARCUS TYDEMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE EXCESS PROFITS TAX.

Sir,—In reference to your recent articles on taxation, I wonder how many people know the meaning of the Excess Profits Tax. Most people believe that the sums given in the Exchequer returns as received under the Excess Profits Tax are revenue like income and other taxes. Ordinary taxation, such as Income Tax, Customs, and local taxes, are sums paid over for the government and good order of the country, and one does not expect to see such money again in cash. The Excess Profits Tax, however, has a contingent liability to be returned to the payers.

According to the Act, the Government takes 60 per cent. of excess profits made during the whole duration of the war, the standard of comparison being the average of the best two of the three pre-war years plus £200.

Perhaps the simplest way of showing the meaning of the tax is to state that, if, when war ends, any person or firm have not averaged over the whole period of the war a greater annual profit than their standard pre-war profit, they will not have paid any Excess Profits Tax. If they have paid Excess Profits Tax because certain years have been more profitable than normal, the money will have been refunded to them in the unprofitable years. The adjustment to pay or be paid is made each year or half-year as the war goes on, and there are sundry minor clauses in the Act which affect slightly the amount; but the broad result of the tax is that a proportion of excess profits is handed over to the Government instead of being dissipated in dividends. If profits keep good to the end of the war, the Government will have received these sums with little trouble; but if trade falls away and profits drop, the Government may have to refund all the money they have collected under this tax. They will then have only had the use of the money free of interest for a certain longer or shorter period.

The Excess Profits Tax, therefore, depends for its benefit to the Government on trade and profits remaining above the pre-war normal, and, if profits fail, this liability to repay will add to our burden at a time when we shall be least able to afford it. One would prefer the Government to have framed the Act so that Excess Profits Tax, once paid, could not be reclaimed.

W. L. SUTCLIFFE.

* * *

FIAT LUX.

Sir,—Until lately, to my real loss, I have somehow missed THE NEW AGE. You will perhaps allow one who enthusiastically agrees with "Verax's" article on "Truth and Light" to have a dig at your permanent reviewer "A. E. R." Every paper maintains a policy, as is claimed of yours in September 14 issue—a consistent policy.

How, then, does "A. E. R." reconcile his review of "Faith or Fear" on September 7 with "Verax's" article, "Fiat Lux"?

In my opinion, there is much real wisdom in "Verax's" article. It is instructive and constructive. "A. E. R.'s" review is exceedingly smart, clever, and amusing, but it is wholly destructive, which is easy. Of wisdom it has not one line! C. I. RADFORD,

Salonika. Chaplain to the Forces.

* * *

ARE THE JEWS A NATION?

Sir,—As a native of Palestine, I have read with great interest in your September issues the articles on the "Emancipation of the Jews and the Conquest of Palestine" by Dr. Rappoport. The reoccupation of Palestine by Jews has been set forth and discussed during the last forty years, but the authors of divers projects have, it seems to me, forgotten the fundamental thesis, "Are the Jews a nation?" and "Which Jews are to be emancipated?" The writers on the subject claim equal rights for Jews as for other nationalities. Nobody of common sense can refuse the Jews a civil right, but, as for a nationality, the Jews themselves would be at a loss to find a country where they could develop as such. A century or more ago they were persecuted to a certain degree all the world over, because they were very often disagreeable intruders in almost all countries, and actually forgot their own original country. Had they

flocked into Palestine at the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century and occupied empty districts, claiming their rights by the "backsheesh" so universally sovereign in the country then, they might have had more chances of obtaining some parts than they have to-day. A nation has always held fast to the land of its forefathers, as the Armenians did in Armenia, no matter to which religion they belonged. The Serbians remained in Serbia, the Arabs in Arabia, and when a good occasion presented itself they were ready to drive out the intruders and wrest the government out of their hands. The latest example is that of the Emir Hussein driving out the Turks and dictating his will in Arabic to the inhabitants of the Hedjaz.

The Jews left Judea about eighteen centuries ago, after the fall of Bether, A.D. 134, and even then they did not understand the ancestral language, the Hebrew, only known in Talmudic circles. The great Jewish historian, who was present at the siege of Jerusalem in A.D. 71 and retired to Rome, wrote his "History of the Jews" in the Syro-Chaldaic language for his brethren in the East, and translated the same into Greek about A.D. 93 for the Western Jews. The language as well as the country had already ceased to exist. There was no more a Jewish nation. It would be easier to call the Turkish nation a Moslem Power, or England a Protestant nation, even free-thinking France a Roman Catholic nation, rather than talk of a Jewish nation. A nation must call the world's attention to itself by its language, its traditions, its history, on its native soil. The Jews had lost their language in Palestine before leaving it under the Roman emperors, and as they dispersed into other countries they have adopted the languages and to a certain degree the manners of the countries they chose. A Christian Arab in Jerusalem or Damascus is proud of his Arab nationality, though he will protest if he is called a Moslem. The Moslem North African is proud of Islam and his Arab nationality, yet will protest in the East if anyone suspects him as not being a "Francis."

Armenians have lived in their mountains between Caucasus and Taurus for the last forty centuries, and, persecuted as they have been, they have continued to speak Armenian, and, though they changed religion, the "ians" claim their Armenian ancestry with right. Protestant Huguenots were expelled from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, yet in Berlin or Leipzig they have continued as French communities till our day, with French names. The Albigense French abandoned their country and sought refuge in the more tolerant regions of the Italian Alps, where they continue to thrive under the guidance of their French pastors in a Roman Catholic country. The Jews made no effort to retain their language, and did not even keep their old Biblical names as they advanced towards the North. Polish Jews have Polish name-endings. German Jews and "steins" have filled Central Europe, and Yiddish Daitsch was created, while Hebrew remained comprehensible only to the readers of the Talmud and to rabbis. Should a French Jew meet with a Polish Jew, a Khaibar Jew a Spanish Jew, and one of the rare specimens of Neo-Zionism, the five men would be at a loss to understand each other, their characters being so different, their looks so strange, that they could hardly sympathise for any length of time. Western Jews could hardly conceive the idea of belonging to the same nation as the Khaibar Jew hailing from central Arabia.

In France the Jews were declared free citizens by the French Revolution, and Napoleon I summoned a Sanhedrin to Paris in 1806. Among the questions put before that acknowledged tribunal were:—No. IV. Will the French people be esteemed by the Jews as strangers or brethren? The answer was: The Jews of France recognise in the fullest sense the French people as their brethren. No. V. In what relation, according to the Jewish law, would the Jews stand to the French? Answer: The relation of the Jew to the Frenchman is the same as Jew to Jew. No. VI. Do Jews born in France consider it their native country? Are they bound to obey the laws and customs of the land? Answer: The Jews acknowledged France as their country when oppressed; how much more must they when admitted to civil rights? (Milman's "History of the Jews," p. 592.)

It is obvious by the above that the French Jews ceased to exist as a Jewish nation, and English or American Jews will certainly pretend to the same honour. Dr. Rappoport has told us how the wealthier Jews would prefer to remain citizens of the countries where they have accumulated wealth and freedom. Where and how shall the "new nation" prepare its forces and finances for the conquest of Palestine? Perhaps in the manner of the Grecian patriots under the leadership of Venizelos?

But a Jewish nation would be a totally new creation, likely to give only new troubles to the belligerent nations, and would, moreover, mean new conflicts among the actual inhabitants of Palestine. It is just as difficult as to carry away the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre" and the "Madonna of the Rock" to some Christian and Moslem district as to have Jewish inspectors to regulate Christian or Moslem ceremonies, if the transportation of these sacred spots would prove impossible.

Jews as Moslems and Christians of every Church have nothing to claim as a nation, and must go on in their faith in humanity till the Great Aurora will rise and emancipate every human being alike, without regard to his private beliefs or superstitions.

PH. J. BALDENSPERGE,
Author of "Woman in the East" (P. E. F.), "Studies in Palestinian Folklore" (P. E. F.), "Immovable East" (1913, Pitman, London), etc.

* * *

INFANT MORTALITY.

Sir,—In her appeal to women to replenish the cradle, Miss Margaret Macgregor reminds them that men have not shirked their country's call. But a little reflection will surely prove that Miss Macgregor's parallel is not a parallel. From the moment the man becomes a soldier he is a public hero, an altar for offerings of admiration and worship. His uniform, the outward and visible sign of his calling, is a thing of pride. His photograph is haloed by adoring relatives. His walk down the street is a triumphal procession. He may turn his hardships and experiences into letters which will ever re-echo to his honour; he may even imprint them on the public's mind in a book of verse. Even for the man with no native love for the life there is certainly much that is exhilarating in it, much that makes even for jollity. Physically he will feel fitter than ever before in his life, and this physical condition reacts on his nerves; they in turn grow stronger. But where are similar compensations for the mother who has no native desire to become one? Her ordeal is surely a very different tale. There is no need to tell it. One has only to imagine the exact opposites of the elements which are the soldier's balm. We find many women to-day longing to be soldiers. Has Miss Macgregor ever heard of men being anxious to become mothers, or looking enviously at women about to become so? It may be urged against me that all the more glory is due to a duty which carries none of these compensations in its train. It may be due, but we all know that it certainly is not given. And the reason is very plain, but so unpleasant that it is seldom mentioned. As soon as the child is born, we rejoice, saying, "Unto us a child is born," and make up our minds to forget all about its how and wherefore—the end has justified the means. Nevertheless, the means are of such a kind that during the long period before the birth of the child the mother is mostly an object of pity, of covert, allusive glances, and of anything but admiration. As often as not she is regarded as the victim and grotesque of Nature. All the indecencies associated with sex are bound, in a degree at least, to be reflected on the woman who has unconcealably been a partner to it. The child is her excuse and apology. But only the end has justified the means. Is it, then, surprising to find that highly strung women are beginning to shrink from the conditions attendant on motherhood? You cannot brand the stigma of coward on them, nor yet charge them with selfishness. For, as Miss Macgregor herself testifies, it is not the danger of the actual birth that they shirk; nor, as I contend, is the aversion to having children a merely artificial prejudice, as Miss Macgregor seems to suggest—one to be overcome for the asking. Such an objection is neither cowardly nor selfish; it is natural to some women, and inevitable. What is to be done? Miss Macgregor says that the solution is a perfectly simple one—"the individual realisation by every woman of her responsibility to the State." But these words are easier to say than the thing

is to bring about. Miss Macgregor might as well bid women mutter Abracadabra. And what sort of children does Miss Macgregor think would be born of a woman's determination to do a State-prescribed duty, no matter at what violence to her mind? The remedy would be worse than the disease. The problem of the birth-rate is, in my opinion, not properly a problem at all. Society must simply accommodate itself to a decrease, as it once upon a time accommodated itself to an increase. The decline of the birth-rate has, for the most part, profounder causes than merely individual selfishness and social conditions, and I do not believe it is susceptible of social determination. The State can no more control the birth-rate than it can control men's opinions. The pro bono publico extorted child will contribute nothing to the good of the State. The woman who has a psychological disinclination to having children is not "fit" to be a mother. Mothers are born, not made. The wise thing to be done is to let the decrease in birth-rate take its course, and to regard it as a hint that a society in proportion to its development naturally substitutes quality for quantity in its birth-rate. We should do our best for quality, and let quantity take care of itself.

C. W. E.

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"LETTERS FROM IRELAND."

Sir,—I fail to see why Mr. Bechhofer should make a mystery of Connolly's reason for coming out in the Dublin insurrection. Connolly, in common with the other leaders, knew of the Government's resolution to disarm the Sinn Feiners, and he and his men had to fight to avoid the ignominy of being marched to the nearest police-station to surrender their arms, and to avoid the consequent reviling and branding as braggarts and cowards they would have received throughout Ireland. Whether the notorious document, "Secret Orders to the Military," was false or not, Lord Wimborne admitted before the Government's Commission of Inquiry that the Irish Executive had made up its mind, as far back as March, 1916, to disarm the Sinn Feiners, and it is highly probable that the Sinn Fein leaders knew of this determination.

As regards Mr. Bechhofer's opinion that the formation of the National Volunteers was "a grossly foolish act," one presumes that he reasons on the assumption that the Government would have proceeded with the Home Rule Bill, even in the absence of any Nationalist force, and would have protected the new Parliament against "Carson's Army." A much more reasonable assumption is that the Government would have dropped the Bill altogether and pleaded the absence of common consent, the danger of "grave trouble" in Ulster, and any other excuse that would occur to them, were it not that the National Volunteers were in existence and would very likely revolt if the Bill was shelved. John Mitchell's advice to students of Irish history to remember that the English Government's main aim in Ireland has been to Anglicise, kill, or starve the Irish masses, may not be an altogether true guide to the student of modern Irish politics, but it should serve to correct any optimistic opinions he may hold as to the English Government's honesty of purpose in its rule in Ireland, especially in view of recent developments.

E. O'C.

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"HUMANITY v. UN-HUMANITY."

Sir,—Being home on leave for a few days, my attention has been drawn to the review on my book, "Humanity versus Un-Humanity," which appeared in your issue of September 7.

Whilst thanking you for the interesting comments which it contains, I wish to point out that you do me a great injustice.

You state that my motto is, "Know your enemy," and you imply that I do not show appreciation of the "inclusive" claims of humanity.

It is quite wrong to imply any such thing. "Know your enemy" is not my motto, but is the motto of a book, and I have not the least doubt that, if the book does in any way come up to its motto, it will have justified itself.

One of its main objects is to show—as the "Manchester Guardian" (October 4) has pointed out—that "the German Empire owes its strength and vitality to the combination of the practical qualities of the Prussian with the metaphysical and philosophical temperament of the South German."

But I do not stop here. I show that there is a wider claim—that of humanity—whose needs must include both the practical and idealistic qualities above alluded to—and much more besides. I point out that it is just that "more"—summed up, briefly, as "sympathy, toleration, love."—which the German system lacks.

Nobody could be more sympathetic to the "inclusive" claims to humanity than myself, and I am fully with you in the view that it needs both science and literature—it is the real lesson of my book if sympathetically read—and if I survive this war I have no greater wish than to "do my bit" towards inculcating that most true principle.

A. S. ELWELL-SUTTON.

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DRAMA.

Sir,—At the risk of dizzying Mr. John Francis Hope, may I remind him of the quibbling way he has come? First he commented on the abnormal presence of comedy; next he declared that there was no abnormal presence of comedy, but merely a normal absence of tragedy. Then, before the war he preached the decline of the Drama—exemplified, I suppose, in the absence of serious drama—until readers wearied of his text; but now, lo and behold! he hopes that Drama will continue to decline if the result is "such fantastic delights" as "Caroline" and "Her Husband's Wife." Finally, Mr. Hope abnegates his duties as critic, and decides that what is sauce for the gallery is sauce enough for him. If the public wants nothing but comedy, who is Mr. Hope to interfere? On the contrary, he will turn renegade of his own pre-war attitude and help to push serious Drama faster downhill. Thus Mr. Hope. Now, please, who is being intentionally obtuse?

What I am always striving to discover is Mr. Hope's dramatic point of view. But it is just this that he seems ever at pains to conceal. Take, for example, his very entertaining but non-committal and inconclusive article of last week. If, contrary to his habit, Mr. Hope can read it, I should be interested to hear what he gathers to be Mr. Hope's real opinion of "The Old Country" at Wyndham's.

R. G.

* * *

THE NEW DRAMA.

Sir,—It is difficult to reply to Mr. Margrie without appearing to be more rude than his obvious sincerity deserves. He complains of the rebuffs he has received in offering his play; and in the very manner of his complaint he reveals at least one reason for his rebuffs. When I point this out, he asks what manners have to do with the case—as if I referred only to *Social* manners. But what I had in mind were his intellectual manners, his manners as a writer. In mere precision of expression, lucidity of argument and reasonableness, Mr. Margrie is so defective in presenting his case that no prejudice is established in favour even of considering his theories of drama. For instance, Mr. Margrie is intellectually mendacious when he states that my charge of bad manners was based on his simple remark that Mr. G. K. Chesterton had written a farcical book. And naturally I ask myself what new drama of any value can come from a man who cannot quote a letter correctly or seize the proper significance and simplest points of my reply? It is useless to assert that his unpublished dramas are excellent when we can see that his published letters are anything but excellent. After all, ex pede Herculem. But to come to the "real subject," I can only say that Mr. Margrie's conception of the new drama appears to me a contradiction of the very spirit of drama, which is the unfolding of human souls. Corporations and the like have notoriously neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned. Nobody really cares spiritually about them in the least.

W. K.

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Sir,—I heartily agree with "R. G." Drama *is* dead in England—i.e., real good Drama, R. G. Drama. Alas! it never was alive. It was killed in Germany years ago, and has been imported ever since—as sausages!

Mr. Margrie's drama, too, is foreign meat. It comes all the long way from America. Really, it is not meat at all—it is just chewing-gum, municipal chewing-gum! But the War discovers all things.

Our friendly Spaniard, Don Ramiro, writing from France, declares that "if it were possible to sum up in

a word the impression the English soldiers produced on me, I should say Elegance," what time our English Hope maintains "our genius is comic; it takes the measure of a thing, and then laughs."

If now I introduce Sir Herbert Tree to this mixed company, both "R. G." and Mr. Margrie will sneer. What has Tree got to do with Drama? (A big D, please!) Let us stick to the animal kingdom! Wherefore I hasten to bring in big Benson, the lion-hunter! Tree and Benson. Then naturally we think of Shakespeare. Shakespeare—the genius of England!

But Tree and Benson—these are interpreters, actors. They are not dramatic critics, not even dramatists.

Sincerity, my dear Sirs, is the touchstone of Truth. To those who are sensible of Truth, Sincerity is the surest catalyte. Selah!

Shakespeare has been and is the one great serious fact of Tree's life. Tree's acting is the truest criticism of Shakespeare's work. Watch Tree in the serious plays (I will not call them tragedies)—he is dull, awkward, insincere, and unreal. Watch him in the comedies—Shakespeare is alive!

And Benson? Can anyone interested tell me why all Benson's best pupils, bred and fed on Shakespeare, are comedians?

English Drama, Sir, is like the English—elegant and gay. Let the dull Germans and the duller Americans repatriate themselves! BIPP.

* * *

PARTANT POUR LE "SPECTATOR."

Sir,—The letters of Mr. John Duncan and Mr. James Hawkins encourage me to ask you to allow me to air my own particular grievance.

The Bible and Shakespeare are well known to be the Englishman's spiritual and intellectual heritage. Relying upon this, what time the Brahmins of the "Spectator" were canvassing for their "down glasses" policy, I ventured to address the following appeal to the editor, in the hope that the authority of the Book might abate his intemperate zeal. My letter was dated January 10, but I do not think that it has appeared as yet. It was headed

PROHIBITION AND PROPHECY.

Sir,—The following from Isaiah, chapter xxiv, verses 7-11, may be of interest to you at the present time:—

7. The new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry-hearted do sigh.

8. The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.

9. They shall not drink wine with a song: strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it.

10. The city of confusion is broken down: every house is shut up that no man may come in.

11. There is a crying for wine in the streets: all joy is darkened: the mirth of the land is gone.

Sir, my name is not Solomon Eagle, but please note what I say. Prussians and not Prohibitionists have been the cause of this state of things in London. "Be still," they say, "ye inhabitants of the isle: thou whom the merchants of Zidon, who pass over the sea, have replenished. Is this your joyous city whose antiquity is of ancient days, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth? Pass ye over to Tarshish: howl, ye inhabitants of the isle." I ask you, Sir, to pause and reflect seriously whether your "down glasses" policy is likely to hasten the day when Zion shall again "put on her beautiful garments" and there shall be "no more complaining in our streets."

In such a way, Sir, did I exhort the editor of the "Spectator" to come forth from the shelter of the lawns and laurels of the rectory and bestow a dignified and beneficent look upon the outside world; but I have been disappointed. My quotations, singularly appropriate, I imagined, and appealing in every way to every sane, right-thinking, and well-brought-up Englishman, as far as I know, have been of none effect. Whether the "down glasses" policy has been carried out, I know not. Whether a sufficiently exasperated proletariat has been further irritated by pronouncements of "wisdom from on high," I am unaware. But as a simple ordinary citizen I regret that I have not been able to induce the editor of the "Spectator" for once to catch a glimpse of the world "beyond the rim of his own clockwork cosmogeny." HAROLD B. HARRISON.

Memoranda.

(From THE NEW AGE of last week.)

War is a touchstone of reality.

Scarcely a man in public speaks the truth like a soldier.

Any private profit whatever derived during wartime from the supply of the needs of the nation is nothing better than blood-money.

Anybody who thinks that wages will stop at parliamentary debates in urging the need of a curb upon profits is living in a "Spectator's" paradise.

There is no doubt whatever that such a relief would be experienced as the nation has never known if our pastors and masters were to declare that profiteering should be suspended during the war. Spiritual victory would then be ours.

Let only the present state of things continue, and in a very short time capital will have nominally doubled itself, while wages will actually have sunk to half their purchasing value.

We wonder that somebody has not thought to counter the charge of "job-stealing" laid at the doors of civilian workmen with the charge of "profit-stealing" that can be laid at the doors of stay-at-home capitalists.—NOTES OF THE WEEK.

During the last five or six weeks I have continually laid stress on the fact that the only chance we had of seeing the war end next year was a definite advance in the Balkans, an advance which should cut off Bulgaria and Turkey from the Central Powers.

I do not wish to be understood as composing a pæan to "German Militarism"; but I do wish to point out that the continual study of war in peace time may have its productive uses towards bringing about victory when what has been learnt in peace-time has to be practically applied in the field.—S. VERDAD.

This deficiency in German aviation cannot be attributed to lack of machines, it must be attributed to lack of personnel. The aviator is born of the spirit of adventure, and adventure is not organisation. And yet could not war be defined as the organisation of adventure?—R. DE MAEZTU.

Everyone who labours for the betterment of proletarian conditions . . . . and does not at the same time, and as a superior principle, labour for the putting of the dispossessed into possession, collective or personal, is working directly for the re-establishment of slavery.—H. BELLOC.

A certain sort of Freudism is very congenial to a man of a misanthropic turn of mind.

What could be more convenient than to treat the agitator as a neuropath, revolutionary views as obsessions depending on dissociations, and the organiser of strikes as the victim of repressions not to be mentioned in polite society?—M. W. ROBIESON.

There seems no doubt that Connolly's rebel grandfather was largely responsible for the insurrection of 1916.—C. E. BECHHOFER.

Traditional France at its best has been and always will be the spiritual inspiration of the world.—HUNTLY CARTER.

The schemes of the illegitimate are brought to nought; even their success is improper.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

I am not *only* a member of the Opposition. I am always prepared to become the Government.

Ruskin circulated in guinea editions among the governing classes; and only after they had pronounced him safe was he commended to the masses.

The only revolt certain against Science is more and better science.

The intellectuals' safety-valve—More thought!

A passion is a permanent and powerful direction of will; the senses, on the other hand, are merely avenues of perception.—R. H. C.

The German mind—that intruder into Europe—is not an intellectual and a moral power. It is a material power which assumes, with transcendent hypocrisy, every appearance of an intellectual and a moral power. The whole world and Germany herself will be delivered therefrom only by a material fact or action: the utter defeat of the German arms.—PIERRE LASSERRE.

The symbol of the London theatre should be the same as that of the Isle of Man—all legs and no head.—WILLIAM MARGRIE.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

NOTHING seems clearer to sympathetic students of modern labour problems than that what self-conscious labour leadership is striving after is not primarily wages, but status—the status of men, not "hands." The reaction against the policy of doles (with regimentation, a necessary accompaniment of doles) is all but complete among the thoughtful labouring men. They see that it is leading to the permanent establishment of an inferior caste, docile, reasonably well-fed (perhaps better than now), but essentially servile. And the revolt against the tendencies manifest in the new benevolent bureaucracy is one of the wholesomest signs to those who care for liberty and are glad to see their fellow-countrymen preoccupied with the safeguarding of it for themselves.

This spirit of revolt, which manifests itself against the doles system, takes the form in the workshops of resentment at the complete domination of the conditions of work by management and capital. "I must be master in my own works," cries the employer. "It depends on what you mean by master," retorts Labour. "If mastery means, for instance, 'scientific management,' to the point of prescribing every movement and every pause to be made by your men, then we won't have it. We are men, not machines, and the preservation of our manhood is a good deal more important, not only to us but to the nation, than speed of output or higher wages or your increased profits. If we, as partners in production, were generally consulted on these points, if we were interested enough in them to adopt them, or to demand them ourselves, as preventing fatigue and waste, as speeding up production (always subject to more human considerations), and as increasing our share, we might be willing to consider the matter."—JOSEPH THORP in "Land and Water."

We therefore view certain of these new proposals to establish Trade Schools and to enforce compulsory technical training in State-controlled establishments with very grave suspicion. State control usually leads to the loss of personal liberty, and under the system of Continuation Schools now advocated it would be possible for the governing body, by arrangement with the great employers, to decide the poor child's industrial destiny by a stroke of the pen. Technical training every child must have, but why should the State be allowed to give it? What Mr. Edmund Holmes calls the "Nemesis of Docility" can be plainly seen in Prussia, where State regimentation and regulation have deprived the German worker of all those rights which distinguish the free man from the slave. Why should not the necessary technical training be given by and through the great Trade Unions, which, in the giving, would regain that mastery of skill and craftsmanship which was the glory of the ancient Guilds? Trade Schools are far too important to be governed by the caprice of private capitalists or "the never-ending audacity of elected persons!" Trade Schools, in a free State, must be directed and controlled by workers who earn their living by the trade they teach. The time is ripe for the great Trade Unions to give a lead in this direction, and by defining, once and for all, the boundary-line between civic education and technical instruction, to prepare the way for genuine and far-reaching schemes of Co-operative education.—"T. W. M." in the "Plymouth Co-operative Record."

THE NEW AGE for October 5 contained another long extract from this "Record." We rejoice to learn that so many prominent local Co-operators now read that journal, for, quite apart from the wise discrimination which it shows in the choice of its quotations, THE NEW AGE is almost the only Labour journal that has sufficient sense to see that the Trade Unionist must carry a trowel as well as a sword, in order that he may help to build the industrial New Jerusalem. — "Plymouth Co-operative Record."

No man knew how long the war would last. But because the end was in sight it was time they set about the work of economic and social reconstruction in order that a better England might be prepared, to which the men who had been fighting for them might come back. It was time men began to think, not only of what was going to be done to-morrow, but what was going to be done the day after to-morrow. He thought they should begin to act on the principle that no man could really profit by others' troubles, and that society could not allow a few to profit by the labour of others. The whole question of the wages and conditions of labour must be faced, and the great Trade Unions reconstructed. Those great defences of Labour must be reconstructed and rebuilt, although the old machinery must not be thrown away before the new had been built. It was time the worker secured the right to share in the control of his own industry and ceased to be a mere tool. The time had come to establish a true Industrial Democracy based on the principle of democratic self-government. That was the goal toward which all must move, the application of the great principles of freedom and self-government to the whole system of industry and commerce. He believed that the future of industry as an Industrial Democracy was no mere Utopian hope, and he therefore appealed to Co-operators to show a great example to the country at this time. He believed that the hope of the future depended upon free government and free industry. The worker was entitled to claim his share in the industrial process, and should not be regarded merely as a servant. In the conduct of their great Co-operative Society they should endeavour to see that Labour was treated as a free partner, and not merely as a hired servant, and by so doing they would show that the way to the maintenance of national unity after the war was the way of Co-operation and Peace and Love.—Rev. A. J. CARLYLE.

But if worse than useless for the nation's physical health, we believe the effect of compulsory notification upon spiritual and moral health to be positively deadly. Spiritual and moral objection is what we suppose the signatories of the second or auxiliary appeal to mean by "sentiment," when they say that "sentiment has obscured the fact that for the protection of the public the same measures are needed for venereal diseases as for other infectious and contagious diseases." Sentiment is always the charge brought by materialism against any consideration of mankind's nature as rising beyond physical health and animal comfort. The charge might very well be a direct quotation from the arguments of the materialists who defended the C.D. Acts against Mrs. Josephine Butler and her friends thirty or forty years ago. For ourselves, we refuse to limit the "protection of the public" to its protection from bodily disease, even if the means suggested were efficacious, which we deny. In the case of venereal diseases, compulsory notification implies compulsory examination of the same kind as the C.D. Acts enforced. All the hideous and demoralising evils of that system are at once restored—the degradation of woman's body and soul, the "legalised vice," the arrests under suspicion, the threats to denounce or arrest, the consequent organisation of blackmail, both by the police and by bullies.—"The Nation."

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