NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In comparison with what might have been expected of the new German Chancellor, the nominee of the Militarist party in Germany, the speech of Dr. Michaelis was moderate. It must be remembered that he succeeded Herr Bethmann-Hollweg because the latter showed signs of liberalising the Imperial policy. An emphatic re-statement of pan-German aims was, therefore, the least that we could have looked for from him. In fact, however, the new Chancellor appears to have accepted, subject to his own interpretation, the formula of "No annexations and no indemnities," and thus to have maintained the defensive theory of the war upon which the Liberal elements in Germany depend for their living. That this defensive theory will not bear examination in the light of the declared aims of the militarist leaders, are facts better known to onlookers outside of Germany than to the actors within. It is, however, the myth that does duty for a national rallying-cry; and, as such, we may expect it to be preserved at all costs to the evidence against it. But having made obeisance to the myth in question, Dr. Michaelis had then to conciliate the forces of whom he is the nominee; and this he did in two propositions referring respectively to the external and internal conditions of the German Empire. Externally, he said, come what might, the territories of the Fatherland (however acquired or by whatever means now held) were to be regarded as inviolable. And internally, he said, also come what might, the present autocratic constitution of the Empire was to be maintained.

There is an equivocation in the formula of No annexations and no indemnities which, view of the German Chancellor's acceptance of it, must sooner or later be carefully analysed; for it can scarcely be the case that a precise formula could be accepted equally by Dr. Michaelis and the new Prime Minister of Russia, M. Kerensky. But there is no equivocation in the two positive demands which Dr. Michaelis put forward on behalf of Germany; and they must be examined at once. To begin with, let us observe that in their baldest form and without the addition of the clause requiring "guarantees of security for ever" (as doubtful in its meaning as the equivalent phrases concerning strategic securities employed by Mr. Asquith and M. Ribot), the propositions amount to a demand for the maintenance of the status quo. But this itself argues almost an incorrigibility on the part of the Prussian mind, for what was the status quo if it was not the condition of things that led to the present war? Are we to restore exactly the circumstances in their most vital aspects which brought about war? Are all the explosive and inflammable materials to be carefully put back into their place, and the militarist time-fuse again laid among them to result, in all probability, in a repetition of the present catastrophe? The restoration of the status quo, as well as being impracticable (as Dr. Michaelis will discover), would be a policy not much less criminal than the war itself. Short of a miracle, indeed, it would mean war again. In the second place, it cannot be denied that the acceptance by the Allies of the demands of Dr. Michaelis would be equivalent to a Prussian victory. There is no doubt about this even in the mind of Dr. Michaelis himself, for he remarked that the terms he proposed were such as were compatible with the claim of Germany to have achieved her war-objects. But a German victory, even if it be only of this negative character, is something more, and would entail further consequences, than appear upon the surface. Not only would it confirm and almost sanctify the Prussian system in Germany itself; for nobody in Germany could effectively criticise a system that had maintained its past conquests against a world in arms; but infallibly it would by its example compel every neighbouring parliamentary nation to become militarist in self-defence. Too much stress can scarcely be laid upon this consequence of the restoration of the status quo in Germany; and particularly because it is one to which many pacifist Liberals in this country appear to be blind. They seem to be under the impression that if only things were restored to their pre-war conditions, including, first and foremost, the maintenance of the
The prolonged and intensified efforts of the parliamentary
nations to destroy finally the menace of Prussianism. For it is not in respect of military efficiency
that democracy can claim or ought to claim any superior merit whatever. Militarism, on the contrary,
is assumed by democracy to become obsolete; and democracy does not therefore profess to be the
equal of militarism in matters military. In a community that has begun to establish the rule of the
"gentlemen" over the rule of the fist and the revolver,
it may very well be the case that when challenged by the
surviving professors of the fraticidal arts, the "gentlemen"
may be at a disadvantage. But they are not a lower type on account of their relative inferiority in this respect, but higher for exactly that reason. Similarly, it is no real reflection on democracy that in contrast with an autocracy it is unable to make
effective war at a moment's notice. Wise it would certainly be for democracies in a world always in danger
of reversion to barbarism to continue to practise, if only as an exercise, the militarist arts; but essential to
democracy in the midst of democracies the military art is not; it is only necessary when, alongside of
democracies, militarist autocracies continue to exist. We can take comfort, therefore, even from the difficulties
with which democracy is now faced. They are the proof that democracies, once universally established,
are a guarantee that peace and democracy is the substitution of the police for soldiers.

We have no special information concerning the motives of the King's change of titles in the Royal
family. But we cannot believe, as the "Nation" does, that the Royal act is unimportant. If it were within the
reasonable calculation of the highest governing classes of this country that the new act would
make peace with the Hohenzollern dynasty, it would be not only improbable but impolitic for the Royal
House to make its present drastic severance of common
nomenclature. Improbable, because the unpopularity
of the German names might be expected to pass away with the resumption of official relations with the Hohenzollerns; and impolitic, because if the Hohenzollerns are to remain, it would be wise for our own Royal House to refrain from any irreparable breach with them. We may, perhaps, conclude, therefore, from the
fact that a severance has been made, and an
irreparable breach between the two Houses created, that it is precisely not within the calculation of the best in-
formed personages in this country that the Hohenzollerns will remain the ruling family in Germany. In other
words, we may conclude that it is the fixed intention of the Allies to refuse to make a peace with the
Prussian dynasty. As this conforms to the demand for
the democratisation of Germany which is now the
declared policy of England, we cannot overlook the importance of the King's act, or regard it as insignificant.
It is, we hope, the shadow of coming events.

Of the four things we mentioned last week as means
within the power of the Allies to employ for the hastening
of the democratisation of Germany, the first has now been carried out—the explicit announcement by
our own Government that while we are ready for an
immediate peace with the German people, we shall
never be ready for peace with Prussia. The rest, how-
ever, still await execution. Unfortunately, the most important of them, namely, a common declaration of the whole of the Allies to the same effect, after having been announced for the end of the present month, to have been postponed indefinitely. In his
reply to Mr. Dillon on Wednesday, Mr. Balfour an-
nounced that not only had no date been fixed for the diplomatic conference of the Allies, but that they were
awaiting the invitation of Russia. It is a little injusti-
When last upon the internal conditions of Russia we expressed the opinion that the Revolution had not ceased revolving, and that it could not be regarded as having come to rest until a homogeneous Government composed of Socialists had been formed. With the resignation of the Cadets and the Constitutionalists, and the elevation of M. Kerensky to the provisional premiership, equilibrium, we may hope, has now at last been reached, and the work of the Revolution proper is over. Henceforth the demand must be for reform. Many of M. Miliukoff, in according to the military requests of the Allies before being assured that the Allies' political demands are compatible with the Russian Revolutionary declarations. Under these circumstances we should have thought that the friendliest thing for the Allies to do would have been to come to M. Kerensky's assistance with all possible speed, and by a joint declaration of their aims to demonstrate to his critics and enemies in Russia that he is justified in his active co-operation with them. At present, however, there is plenty of room for suspicion in the Russian popular mind. The people hear M. Kerensky, but they have only his word to set against the silence of the Allies; and they cannot be sure that he is not being deceived. The need for a conference merely from this point of view—to say nothing of the unity of unifying America diplomatically with the Allies—is, we should say, imperative; and we are glad that the editors of "New Europe" are urging the same plea.  

The common declarations of the Parliaments of the Allied countries, solemnly confirming the pledges of the Allied Governments, must plainly wait upon the Allied Conference itself. Our suggestion is that, when the Governments have jointly presented their terms to Germany in the two forms of (a) terms to be offered to a free Germany, and (b) terms to be imposed upon a Germany that refuses to free itself from a militarist autocracy—their respective Parliaments by a common resolution should countersign these promises, and thus confirm them with a popular and representative seal. On the other hand, the meeting of the International, which will be the fourth of our suggestions, has no reason for being delayed. Next to the assurances above mentioned—and whether of greater or of less value we can leave events to determine—a meeting of the Socialist parties of all the countries engaged in the war would certainly, in our opinion, be conducive to the democratization of Germany. Already we have seen the favourable effect upon the German majority Socialists of their visit to the neutral Socialists at Stockholm. They have returned to Germany, it is true, with only a few of their Imperialist spots changed; but the process of change has definitely begun, and it will continue. But how much more rapidly the metamorphosis might be carried out if, instead of Scandinavian Socialists only, they had met their old colleagues in the belligerent countries as well. That the latter would be influenced in favour of German autonomy is incredible. We can even see Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden returning from a discussion with Herr Scheidemann less pacific and more actively democratic than they left those shores. But that the German Socialists would return to Germany confirmed or anything but weakened in their support of a system over which constitutionally they have not a shadow of control is unthinkable. With this simple calculation before them, why the Allies have opposed the meeting of the International we confess we do not understand, unless it is that they have now no desire to receive a favour at the hands of their Socialists. But in that event the nations must look to an indefinite prolongation of the war and to an economic war to follow the present military war; for only the Allied Governments, must plainly wait upon the Allied Conference itself. Our suggestion is that, when the Governments have jointly presented their terms to Germany in the two forms of (a) terms to be offered to a free Germany, and (b) terms to be imposed upon a Germany that refuses to free itself from a militarist autocracy—their respective Parliaments by a common resolution should countersign these promises, and thus confirm them with a popular and representative seal. On the other hand, the meeting of the International, which will be the fourth of our suggestions, has no reason for being delayed. Next to the assurances above mentioned—and whether of greater or of less value we can leave events to determine—a meeting of the Socialist parties of all the countries engaged in the war would certainly, in our opinion, be conducive to the democratization of Germany. Already we have seen the favourable effect upon the German majority Socialists of their visit to the neutral Socialists at Stockholm. They have returned to Germany, it is true, with only a few of their Imperialist spots changed; but the process of change has definitely begun, and it will continue. But how much more rapidly the metamorphosis might be carried out if, instead of Scandinavian Socialists only, they had met their old colleagues in the belligerent countries as well. That the latter would be influenced in favour of German autonomy is incredible. We can even see Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden returning from a discussion with Herr Scheidemann less pacific and more actively democratic than they left those shores. But that the German Socialists would return to Germany confirmed or anything but weakened in their support of a system over which constitutionally they have not a shadow of control is unthinkable. With this simple calculation before them, why the Allies have opposed the meeting of the International we confess we do not understand, unless it is that they have now no desire to receive a favour at the hands of their Socialists. But in that event the nations must look to an indefinite prolongation of the war and to an economic war to follow the present military war; for only the Socialist parties in Germany can give the world a permanent peace.
The misunderstanding arises, we believe, from the absolute use of the implied idea of freedom. Because liberty is a good, it is set up as the sole good, or, if not as the sole good, as the sole criterion of good. The total circumstances of any given community are thus held to be valuable and desirable, not from the total amount of good they contain, but from the amount of liberty they contain. It is impossible that liberty alone is a safe index of communal value, or that the beatitude of a community is measurable in terms of the liberty it possesses. While, of course, it can scarcely be the case that a community can be in a state of well-being without any of the "good" of liberty at all, without, even, an increasing amount of liberty, it can scarcely be the case either, that with liberty and nothing else, a community can be happy. Many other goods than liberty are necessary to the welfare of a community. It may be that the sole good or the sole criterion and index of good, liberty may under certain circumstances vary indirectly with the amount of other goods. In short, some liberty may need to be sacrificed or forgone for the sake of other goods as important as itself. When, therefore, we assert, or liberty or liberty of community to dispose of itself, we ought to remember that the good of liberty is in association with other goods, and that its value is rather in addition to other goods than in complete substitution for them; that room for liberty is limited by the amount of other goods. In the case of the communities within the Russian State that are now seeking their "liberty," the question to ask is how much liberty is compatible with the maintenance of the goods they already possess. If the goods to be sacrificed for the sake of liberty are greater in value than the good of liberty to be obtained in exchange for them, the bargain is a bad one, and cannot be justified. If they are less in value, the bargain is good. But who, it may be asked, is to determine their respective values? Who is to say when a demand that is legitimate in itself is nevertheless inexpedient in view of the total circumstances? The reply is that the authority must be in a sense arbitrary; though its arbitrariness is more likely to be safely wielded under a democratic than under an autocratic form. In other words, we can more safely leave the decision to a representative parliament than to any person or caste. The Constituent Assembly in Russia, when it meets, is the ultimate authority for the decision of the amount of liberty that can be added to the goods of the various Russian provinces; and if it has met, the question ought to be suspended. In the case of Prussia, on the other hand, the retention of such nationalities within the Empire against their will, as it is, determined by the decision of a caste and not of a free people, is undemocratic. We can therefore consistently apply to Prussia the formula as regards small nationalities that can only be applied with qualifications to a democratic State.

SONNET.

Mine only love, my sweet immortal joy!
A vision heavenly to adulate,
Repose and splendour, when the wheels of fate
Grant equipoise to that disastrous toy,
Grant equipoise to that disastrous toy,
Envy and slaughter, malice reprobate,
That molten wealth, the body's harsh alloy.

Leapt forth and down within my waiting breast,
As the Kinglets of gloom in sad astonishment.

SONNET.

The critical debate on the Corn Production Bill will have taken place before these Notes can have appeared; and nothing, therefore, that we can say will affect the issue of it. It is, however, of a significance beyond that of the continued existence of the present Government; and on that account deserves a further notice. The ostensible and avowed objects of the Bill are, as everybody knows, the encouragement of cereal production in this country; and the means to be employed is the State guarantee to the farmers of a minimum price for wheat and oats over a period of six years. On its face of it, these proposals are very attractive; and they have, moreover, the advantage of being without any popular rival. We ourselves have, it is true, set up against the piece-meal methods of the Bill the policy of the natural farm—a form of economy which, if it were carried out in its full extent, would have nothing to do with it. Thus, as we say, the Corn Production Bill was left without a rival. Its plausibility, however, is, all that it has to recommend it for, in truth, the farmers who expect to profit by it will find that they have taken in their left hand what they must pass on to the landlords with the right. The reasoning is so simple that it scarcely needs the confirmation of facts. By so much as the land yields to its tenant an increased return in commercial value, by so much can a landlord raise its rent, if not in one form then in another. The monopolist of Supply determines price, as we have often said; and in the case of the monopolist land-owning classes nothing can prevent the increased value of their land finding its way into their pockets. The Bill, we see, has been called a Bill to create Statutory Profiteering; but we are not flattered by the misuse of a New Age word. It is not the endowment of profiteering, for that would be to assume that the State-bounties proposed to be given to farmers will go into their pockets and stay there. But only in the case of the very few farmers owners will this happen. In general the pocket of the farmers will be an intermediary station between the State and the landlords; and it is the endowment of the landlords that the Bill is calculated, if not designed, to effect. Two items in the lesser news of the week bear out our argument; one is reported from Devonshire that a farm that sold a few years ago for £400 was sold last week for £1,900. And from North Essex comes the news that a farm of 165 acres, eight miles from a station, has just been sold at the rate of £30 an acre, about six times its previous market-value. Into whose pockets, we ask again, will the bounty of the Corn Production Bill go? And we reply once more that it will go into the pockets of the farmers first, but only on its way into the pockets of the landlords.

J. A. M. A.
Agriculture constitutes the chief, and, often, the only, industry in country districts, and in country districts the poorer parts of the population—partly, perhaps, through sentiment, but mainly owing to lack of means to meet the cost of removal—become rooted to the soil of their native place.

As might be supposed, rates of wages have long been arranged by the farmers themselves, acting in unison, and as regards housing accommodation, Giles' obligatory lease of all the cottages standing on the farm itself, is frequently extended by voluntary action to include other cottages in the neighbourhood as well, all of which are utilised only for his own employees. The consequence is that in numerous rural districts the working classes are absolutely at the mercy of the farmer, whose employment they are compelled to seek (on his terms) in order to live and have a roof over their heads.

Of the number of old fellows nearing their three score years and ten, whom one observes still in harness, working hard for their daily bread, many will have been employed on the same farm for the whole of their lives—beginning, maybe, at the tender age of 7 or 8—and although the farmers must by their efforts have benefited to the extent of pounds and pounds, not during the whole of that long, long period have those brave old toilers been able to save a single penny for themselves!

Although possessing, automatically, a peculiar and ready-made influence over the conditions of local labour, the farmer is still to be found imposing shamefully on his men. Numerous little instances come to light in which presumption on the one side, and credulity on the other, are shown to have been turned to account for his own selfish ends. Why! sometimes—in the light of modern social progress urgently called for drastic alteration

The whole wretched system is really a relic of feudalism

The child-labour scheme for assisting agriculture during the war provided yet another occasion for the display of those qualities so peculiar to the farmer. In the selection, and release from school, of suitable lads, little heed was paid by these folk to the call of the Board of Education for the exercise of care and discretion.

At the meetings of Education Committees and County Councils held to consider the matter, the agricultural members showed a wonderful unanimity for a "root and branch" policy; an unconditional release of all available schoolchildren (excepting, of course, their own); a closure of the schools, if necessary. For here was the prospect of cheap labour, and plenty of it; and the children's training and future could "go hang"!

The institution of reforms is the forte of men of imagination and progressive thought; and the success of every movement depends largely on the amount of enthusiasm shown by the initiator. It is but natural, therefore, that whenever the proverbial conservatism of the farmer makes itself felt, the invariable effect is to dreg and retard; whilst when it preponderates in counsels, things become stagnant.

On County Councils, District Councils, and Parish Councils, on Boards of Guardians, on the Magisterial Bench, and on many of the Committees to which the present war has given birth, the agricultural interests have managed, by some means or other, to secure representation often altogether excessive; in the more rural parts, in fact, public bodies have, unfortunately, fallen almost entirely under the sway of the farmer, whose stifling influence like that of the German (which in England is thought by some to be sustained by a "Hidden Hand") seems to have permeated everything.

When the short history of the Military Tribunals comes to be reviewed, it will be found to disclose nothing that might be termed "creatable" to the individual forming the subject of this article. Obvious of the fact that many Rural Tribunals were bound to consist of a majority of farmers, or men connected with farming, the War Office was actually prevailed upon to allow additional "special" representatives to attend the meetings solely "in the interests of agriculture"! Ye gods! If ever any industry was capable of taking care of itself, that industry was agriculture. There were no "special" representatives of the small one-man businesses and numerous other trades and classes; but that by the way. Well, having successfully "packed the jury," so to speak, it was easy for the farmer to proceed to the fulfilment of his mission, which was, apparently, to concentrate the whole of his attention—his most favourable attention—on the agricultural cases, and to dispose of others in any manner the chairman might suggest. It is difficult to say in which role—adjudicator or appellant—the farmer the more excelled himself, for there was, indeed, ample scope for his efforts in both!

While patriotic employers in their thousands were releasing men, keeping their situations open, and paying part wages or supporting dependents left behind, there was the sorry spectacle of a farmer having no employee. His plea was the necessity of over-staffing, the farmer resorted to two ruses. He either managed, by some means or other, to secure the services of a son, a carter, a ploughman, a shepherd, or other employee. His plea was the necessity of maintaining the food supply of the country, and in this, of course, he was loudly encouraged and supported by a patriotic Press. But the country people were not deceived. They saw once again that there was nothing much disinterested in the motives of Mr. Giles, and the sight just sickened them. A leopard cannot change its spots, and neither could the farmer forget Number One—not even in times of national danger.

Those "indispensable sons," who, before the war, could any day be seen flying along the country roads on their motor-cycles, attending the meets of the fox-hounds, or playing billiards in the nearest country town, had now, singularly enough, developed into veritable prodigies of industry—quite their fathers' right-hand men, in fact—rising at dawn, milking the cows, ploughing up the land, and managing recently-acquired second farms!

To keep a fast hold on the services of his regular employees, and at the same time to avoid any charge of over-staffing, the farmer resorted to two ruses. He invariably refused the poorer parts of the professet assistance of women labour and of substitutes," and he created work for window-dressing purposes. As an instance of the latter, the case of hedge-trimming may be cited. Whereas in normal times the farmer notoriously neglects all but the very necessary hedges, i.e., those bordering the highway, etc., which lose authorities re-
quire him to keep trimmed, it was now noticeable that his hair, which had been neglected for years, was once again receiving the closest attention—from indispensables!

Signs are not lacking to show that the position of the agriculturist is very far from being such a distressful one as he would have us believe. We have already noted in what a style he regards himself, and a survey of his home will show that it is comfortably—

often magnificently—furnished, with an air of prosperity pervading the whole. Further, on looking down the "Wills and Bequests" columns of the newspapers, one constantly notices the nice little sums of money left by deceased farmers, even though the public nature of the bequests may not, perhaps, impress itself so vividly on the memory.

Then, too, few farmers nowadays are without their motor-car, and even those who continue faithful to the older means of locomotion, probably a very small proportion have been restrained by financial reasons.

The story can be continued. For instance, considering the terribly poor prospects which agriculture is said to offer, one would hardly expect to find the unfortunate (?) farmer seeking additional acreage; yet the keen competition displayed among agriculturists for the lease of any farm that becomes void shows that such a phenomenon does indeed occur!

Similarly, to everybody except the farmer, it has always seemed paradoxical that a man should continue year after year in an industry so much decried by himself; yet it is the rule—not the exception—that comparatively few changes occur in the tenancies of English farms; as often as not, holdings remain in the occupation of the same family from generation to generation.

For reasons which do not commend themselves to everybody, the farmer likes to be thought generous but poor, and to keep up the disguise he will affect only the dirtiest and most disreputable of clothes, forgetful of the fact that he personally seldom, if ever, engages in any kind of manual work.

But, really, he is not so much a poverty-stricken individual after all. "Clousehatedness" is the more appropriate term to apply, as may soon be learnt from those whose experience it has been to canvass him on behalf of any worthy object.

Self-pride will sometimes effect a reluctant loosening of his purse-strings, especially in cases where wide publicity is promised; for the farmer is unacquainted with the practice of "doing good by stealth...."

Thus during the present war agriculturists have been contributing to a British Farmers' Red Cross Fund, which has now attained goodly, though not extraordinary, proportions. It was, no doubt, inevitable that the steadily growing figures should gain frequent prominence in numerous newspapers other than the particular trade journals.

No; Giles is far from being a poor man! That a wonderful partiality for whining and grumbling exists throughout the whole ranks of the farming community everybody will agree, but has it been generally noted that the trait is strongest in the men of the broadest acres? This curious fact would seem to definitely establish the point that grumbling is merely the farmer's special a-vice for concealing from outsiders the true state of his own affairs; in short, that such grumbling is an disguise. Isn't it about time the silly farce ceased?

Official action, or rather inaction, over many years has made of farmers a strangely privileged class. Why, before the war came about, a farmer could occupy as much as 480 acres of land (at rent not exceeding 51 per acre) without incurring liability to income tax? And didn't he just squeal when the anomaly was at last removed? Even now the excess profits tax does not trouble him, whilst in the matter of licence duties he still enjoys a special treatment. His dogs and his hares without a game licence; he may (provided his house is not too grand an affair) brew all the beer that he and his family need, without paying duty; and his cider is similarly free. In the case of a farmer in this locality who, through lack of an orchard, has been obliged during haytime and harvest to provide his men with bought cider, the little matter of an impost of fourpence a gallon was easily overcome by the very characteristic method of "watering-down" the stuff!

Bread is the staple food of the people; a strong agricultural position is vital to our national existence. Nothing, therefore, should be allowed to stand in the way of cultivating now, and in future, every suitable square-inch of land, and of making the produce available for all.

Now, if ever, the need is to grow two blades of grass where only one grew before, and the need, too, is for a nearer approach to that happy state of self-support which once existed in this country.

If a minimum price for corn is likely to promote this ideal, the Government is to be congratulated on the steps recently projected; but it is greatly to be feared that instead of the credit going to the farmer (for whom it was intended), the farmer will treat it simply as another means of feathering his own nest; and a big question thereupon arises: Why should the farmer alone enjoy a State guarantee against loss? There are a hundred and one different trades and industries adversely affected by the war, and none, probably, so much as the licensing trade and industry; yet, because these have not been "essential" (except, indeed, as a means of livelihood for thousands of people) no help, beyond some insignificant compensation in a few cases, has been extended them.

The whole policy of indulging the farmer has proved, from the national point of view, a fiasco. Metaphorically speaking, it has been a "casting of pearls before swine," for, on the other side, there has been neither appreciation nor response.

If Protection comes into force, agriculture should profit as much as any industry. Are the prospective benefits, however, to be entirely monopolised by the agriculturists, and the aim of the whole policy neutralised? There must be adequate guarantees against this danger, whether Protection, or Minimum Prices, or both be the order; but how is it to be done?

Well has the farmer been tried; sadly has he been found wanting. The critical state of the food-supply to-day shows that we have been leaning on a broken reed; and the situation now calls for drastic action—such action as will speedily promote the fullest cultivation of the soil, and, at the same time, ensure that the produce will be cheaply and evenly distributed among the greatest number of people. It is no time for dallying; the consequences are far too serious. There is only one agency through which the necessary reforms can be carried, and that agency is the State itself.

Let the State, therefore, step in and assume control of the land, as it has done of the railways.

The land was once free. It was, and still is, rightly intended for the whole community; yet, in this country, we find the small-holder the exception, and the peasant-owner almost unknown!

The class actually in occupation of the land to-day consists mainly of men distinguished for their meanness, selfishness, and unconscionableness; of sweaters of labour, harsh taskmasters, inferior citizens—a petted class that is unquestionably for itself first, last, and all the time.

Comb them out, and nationalise the land. 
Prosopo publico.
The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley.
(Edited by S. G. H.)

VI.—THE PLUNGE.

I REMEMBER that in those early days of my life many and diverse impulses surged through me often nullifying action and numbing thought. For not only were the Irish and English temperaments in perpetual clash, making me see almost every problem in two aspects, I was all compact of other and more personal hereditary influences. Not the least of these was the desire to he making me see almost every problem in two aspects, I well-dressed women and companionable men; its quiet youth's precious hours, of which every minute is a lyric; that we must strike at the foundations of morality was not worth my time and enthusiasm, not worth youth's precious hours, of which every minute is a, respectability untainted.

The warmth of love's embraces were chilled by the suggestion of an appeal. It is best to lock up one's own affairs in a sealed chamber. But I'm five years older than you, and so don't get promotion pretty quickly, you are looked upon as a stick-in-the-mud or an incompetant. Now, I can't get any further promotion and stay here; the next step takes me to London. I have twice been offered promotion and twice refused.

"Good gracious! Why?"
"Somehow, Tony, I have the conviction that if I left the movement here, it would droop for want of ideas, for want of intellectual guidance. Sounds damned egotistical, doesn't it?"
"No; it's true. I wish I could help you more."
"In good time, my son. But the question often forces itself, whether my refusal of promotion is worth while; whether, in fact, and, put bluntly, the movement has guts. If yes, then it's no sacrifice on my part; if no, then what's the use?"
"Surely, there can be no doubt about it?"
"I like to think so; but look at you. Of course, you're just beginning; but after all, you count. Barry thinks no end of you, and swears you'll stick. So we watch and pray. If you stick, then it strengthens our faith. If you sheer off, we are apt to think that, if our movement fails to catch you, there may be something wrong with the movement. But, my son, we look like losing you. You're in with the Barringer crowd. If you can forget the realities and live only for the flesh, they can make things jolly pleasant for you, boost you in business, and generally give you a good time."

"I want everybody to have a good time."

"Very sweet of you; but have you thought out what a good time really is? Games and theatres and dances and picnics and all the other silly bourgeois..."
contrivances for flirting and making and passing the time? They're just the frills. Adle-pated nocompoops think of little else, but real men and women fry other fish, believe me. ’Fam en circenses’ didn’t give the Russian proletariat a good time; it was a drug to drown memory and reality. If every wage-earner in the kingdom had his fill of games and dancing, it wouldn’t give him a good time. Not by a long chalk. Each day he went to work, he’d feel the weight of his employer and foreman; feel that he belonged to an inferior order, and one fine day he’d up and smash the whole blooming caboodle.

It’s not our business to fathom ourselves about mere physical contentment, front rooms and china dogs, plenty of grub and comfortable beds, and all the other middle-class enticements. Good Lord! No! We’ve got to re-value every factor in life, acquire a new sense of beauty, construct a new philosophy. It’s a moral revolution we’re after. Tony, do you mean business?

"It’s a tall order," I answered.

Tudor remained silent. In his dogmatic, jerky way, he had brought me to a decision. I frankly liked the flesh-pots. The prospect of a life-long hunt in search of the Holy Grail, undertaken in a Franciscan spirit, filled me with awe. Self-renunciation seemed to me both foolish and futile, and certainly alien to my temperament. Yet I had ancestors who had gone to the stake and to prison for their convictions. Something in me responded to their mute yet stern appeal. I glanced back over the past year so full of social life, and I could not remember one serious thought uttered by man or woman. Paltry small change, shallow repartee, petty civilities, insincere courtesies—all of it, I suddenly saw, sprang out of assured wealth and position or almost equally assured prospects. Over the Irish Sea my father daily held converse with a sensitive temperament. Yet I had ancestors who had gone to the stake and to prison for their convictions. Something in me responded to their mute yet stern appeal. I glanced back over the past year so full of social life, and I could not remember one serious thought uttered by man or woman. Paltry small change, shallow repartee, petty civilities, insincere courtesies—all of it, I suddenly saw, sprang out of assured wealth and position or almost equally assured prospects. Over the Irish Sea my father daily held converse with a sensitive temperament. Yet I had ancestors who had gone to the stake and to prison for their convictions. Something in me responded to their mute yet stern appeal.

"You’re asking the deuce of a lot," I said.

"Rats! Man alive, I’m not asking a thing. If anything, I’m offering you the deuce of a lot. If you refuse to go forward now when you’re a free man, I promise you one of two things: either you’ll forget and grow fat and prosperous, or you’ll remember and regret it all the days of your life. But don’t let us be tragic; you can travel a bit along the road and see what sport we get.

"I’ll start, anyhow," I said.

And then in walked Frank Barry.

"Dick’s been preaching a sermon," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because there’s a drop of liquor on the table. Where do ye keep your poison, Tony?"

"I’ve just got Tony to join the Labour Committee," said Tudor.

"Mebbe I’ll believe it after I’ve had a drink. Bad case of diptheria down in Shortlands Street. Terence Dempsey’s child. Terence comes from my village. Why he should leave a decent country and live in that stench hangs Banagher. He gets five shillings a week more and loses ten shillings of health. Demmed fool. So you’re going to get to work, Tony... Good for you! Never believed it of you. Pat you down for a frivoller. If you plunge in, you’ll be after your own heart. Another thing for me. She’ll go into a decline."

"Tractated case; guinea a visit; good business," said Tudor.

In this way, I approached the realities of the agitation. I was soon to make the acquaintance of the political working man and discover if abstract theory touched the practical. I have heard it asserted that once upon a time a real live working man joined the Fabian Society. The shock almost killed it. And it was not long before I realised that a new philosophy, or a changed morality, meant less than nothing to the wage-earner. It was a time of trade depression. Unemployment grew to perilous proportions. Wages went down to bare subsistence. Soup kitchens were everywhere. Fear and misery and starvation stared us in the face, whilst the rich lived smugly comfortable and through their own peculiar freemasonry kept in touch with the police. A blind unreasonable anger conquered me. I went to Trades Union meetings, attended political conferences, spoke at street corners, wrote letters to the local Press, went with deputations to the Mayor and the local employers. In the Market Square, one Saturday night, we held a mass meeting. Feeling ran high. Frank Barry, in top hat, with gloves and umbrella, mounted the platform—an incongruous picture. He told them the story of the Sansculottes, of the ineffable French aristocracy, of the plutocracy now their successors, he waved his umbrella, he removed his top-hat, holding it in his free hand, a stethoscope peeped out of his breast-pocket. Then his eyes fell on a heap of stones. "What are those stones for?" he shouted. The crowd shouted back. Then a stir could be seen, like a sinister breath of wind upon the waters, presage of storm. The stir grew to an angry surge, men and women filled their pockets with stones, and in a few minutes broke the swell of their tempestuous rush. The police were helpless. Sympathetic, too, I think. Barry was their official doctor; they liked him.

I walked home with Barry. I felt strangely exhilarated. But he was distressed.

"I never meant it, Tony. It’s a coward I am. Easy for me to give cheap advice. The other fellows acted on it whilst I stood there like a blithering idiot. I’ll take full responsibility."

"Never mind," I said. "It was well done. I’m glad they went on the rampage. Shows they’ve got spirit. I’m happy as a sand-boy. We’re building better than we knew. We can do things with men; I was half afraid they were only slaves."

Social dynamics! And I thought I was engaged on a harmless inquiry into social status.

The German Majority Socialist Memorandum.

By M. Albert Thomas.

[Translated by "R. M." from the French of an article by M. Thomas that appeared in the Swedish Social-Democrat Journal, the "Social-Demokraten."]

I have been asked my impression of the Memorandum of the German Majority Socialists. As it is probable that before very long the French Socialist Party must officially reply to it, I may pass over many of the points in it without comment. I can give you my personal impression only; but, at the same time, I have every reason to think it will be the impression of the majority of my party.

On reading the Memorandum I was not only amazed, but I was filled with grave misgivings for the future of that lasting peace which all the democracies desire. It is true that at our international congresses I have often felt how different the disposition and even the reasoning of the German Socialists were from ours; it is also the case that during the nearly three years of war, I have come to realise that their very method of stating problems makes it difficult to discuss with them. But never should I have thought that such a negation of common principles could be put on record. I believe that the German Majority Socialists are sincere. I find that in their programme, particularly in the part that concerns the future, they have accepted ideas, under the pressure of circumstances, which for years
had found little support among them if not systematic hostility. Yet here they are talking now of an international tribunal to which all disputes must be submitted, of rights of nations, of the freedom of the seas, methods of warfare, questions of the blockade and contraband, are inspired by the genuine desire to reconstruct international law, or how far by a na"ive disappointment on seeing all the means employed by Germany to dominate the world, turn against her. At the same time, I confess to some surprise at hearing the German Majority Socialists speak of methods of war which must be prohibited, what we may look in vain for any protests from them against the use of poison gas and liquid fire which the Germans were the first to try, and when we find even in this very Memorandum so plausible a justification, under the plea of military necessity, of all the atrocities committed in Belgium and France. And I shall certainly say that if they have some reason to criticise one or two of the arrangements made to establish tariff agreements against them, that if the economic war carried to a certain degree of severity may become a method of oppression graver than the oppression of territorial occupation, Germany must certainly offer, on her part, some guarantees against the unscrupulous methods by which she has endeavoured to establish her commercial domination of the world.

It is not possible that the general principles that have been promulgated should be of no importance. But it is precisely in this that I feel most acutely how widely we are separated from the German Socialists.

They profess to declare for a peace without annexations and indemnities, like the Russian revolutionaries; and they profess to find themselves in agreement with us and all Socialists on this subject. Was I not right to denounce at Petrograd the formula "no annexations or indemnities" as equivocal and dangerous. Were the French Socialists not justified in asking our Russian comrades to be more precise in their formulæ, as, indeed, they are now becoming? A peace without annexations with a unified Germany will have persisted, although the Soviet of the status quo, scarcely changed in anything more than in appearance. But what a singular theory it is that declares that a question of nationality cannot be regarded as open until military operations have permitted it to be reopened. A theory that the economic war of Germany has been taken from her during the war. And the third is that she is to retain in her possession the enemy territories her armies now occupy, such as Russian Poland, and even other territories not so occupied which she cannot tolerate seeing under non-German control. The more one considers, i.e., her specific and general system of the German Majority Socialists, the more surprised are we at discovering how much unconscious Imperialism it contains. But the question is not this. The fundamental question is that of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves; and it is precisely this which, in spite of all their formulae, the German Socialists do not appear even to comprehend as the principle which must govern the conditions of a lasting peace.

It must seem at times as if the French Socialists were singularly obstinate on the question of Alsace-Lorraine; and we have been asked whether because of Alsace-Lorraine we are going to refuse indefinitely to enter into negotiations for peace. Do you, it is asked, on account merely of Alsace-Lorraine, mean to condemn the world to still more years of war? For the sake of Alsace-Lorraine will you sacrifice the chances of a permanent peace? But this is to misunderstand our point of view. If all the democrats and all the socialists of every country cannot remain indifferent to the question of Alsace-Lorraine, it is because in that question is contained in its most vivid historical form the very problem of the war, namely, the right of peoples to dispose of themselves. It is not a question of dispute between France and Germany alone; it is a question of right which we put before the public opinion of the world. It is the glory of France that in the Revolution of the eighteenth century she raised in the world the question of Right; and French Socialists are only faithful to this tradition when they continue to affirm, in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, the right of a people to dispose of itself. Every reference in the German Memorandum to Alsace-Lorraine, as also to Poland, proves that German Socialism is still the dogma of Russian militarism and German Imperialism, I repeat that it is with a shock that I have read what they have to say on Alsace-Lorraine. Not only has German Socialism swallowed all the theories of race and language which formed the basis of the Bismarckian policy, and which have been repudiated by the whole of the nineteenth century, by the Fregey theory of the liberty of nations; not only have they refused to reopen the question, on the ground that Alsace-Lorraine is still militarily occupied by Germany, and because the war-map is for German Socialists, as it is for the German Chancellor, the sole determinant of nationality, but the Majority Socialists go further, they invoke the historic rights of Germany, and declare that the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871 only restored Alsace-Lorraine to the State to which these provinces originally belonged. At the same time, they deny the "historic right" of Prussia to occupy the whole of the former kingdom of Poland, and of denial will German Socialism descend? Must we recall to them the protest of March, 1871, the protest of Bebel and of Liebknecht? And now, having declared in favour of the right of a people to dispose of itself, can they invoke at the same time language and race, military force and historic right? How can they invoke the historic rights of Germany and the historic rights of Prussia to occupy Poland, if they do not believe in the historic right of a people to dispose of itself?

Formerly, it was the pedants and German historians only against whom it was necessary for our Fusel de Coulanges and our Renan to defend the idea of nationality; but to-day it is the German Socialists, the democratic parties of Germany, that we have to adopt the theories of the ideologues of force and philosophy. What is the use of speaking of Poland of which only Russian Poland is worth the mention of the German Socialists?
The problem is henceforth settled! The German Majority Socialists appear incapable of understanding the nature of national claims. However, it is certain that in this respect, and from the point of view of pure democracy, there must be a change. Events, like the Russian Revolution and the entry of America into the war, impose upon all our minds a revision of our ideas in the light of a new spirit of liberty.

The German Socialists do not yet understand that a few rectifications of frontiers cannot settle the claims of right. And for this reason, and in order to remove the misunnerss the world, as very all, in order to establish once and for all the question of the German Majority Socialists, it is impossible for an International Socialist Conference to shirk, at the invitation of the German Majority, the question of responsibility for the war. Universal opinion must understand who was responsible for the war, who willed it, and who started it.

The German Socialists maintain that it was their duty to defend their country. But the International imposes upon them the duty equally of opposing a Government that had determined upon aggression. Moreover, it imposes upon them the duty of examining by what chain of circumstances they allowed themselves to be deceived; and it requires them, when they have discovered their mistake, to turn all their strength against a Government which, far from defending their country, has, in spite of its military successes, lowered its prestige in the eyes of the world.

The German Majority Socialists talk of a peace by mutual understanding and negotiation; they imagine that a kind of disarmament of the heart and conscience of mankind is possible; and they believe that a day will come, when, under the influence of the old Socialist ideals and the love of peace, the nations will say: "Enough of war; let us be reconciled." But no reconciliation is possible except on the basis of a common acceptance of identical principles of Right. There is no peace by negotiation unless it be a peace concluded upon Right. And I am more certain than ever of this that it is our duty to establish and maintain and justify them before the world. It is this determination that must govern the actions of the French Socialists; and if the Memorandum of the German Majority Socialists makes it appear that the task is harder than we thought, and that democracy in Germany, though often rather wildly "called an Hegelian," is farther off from us than we had hoped, our duty is only the plain one. And in this duty we shall not fail.

Notes on Political Theory.

The political theorising of the English for a generation has been chiefly in the hands of the old Liberals, and some of them still pursue their melancholy way unconscious that the world has left them behind. They are the men who have followed in the stricter tradition of T. H. Green, who is often rather wildly called an Hegelian. He was not. There is very little evidence that he knew much about Hegel, and none at all that what he did read of his works influenced him in the least. Some of his followers have seized on those parts of his doctrines which all the idealist philosophers, from Plato downwards, have in common, and so claimed Hegel also as their master and his; but Green himself, as his biographer makes clear, was an old-fashioned Radical who found a basis for his inherited and adopted views in principles he thought he discovered partly in Aristotle and partly in Kant. He believed first of all in temperance reform and sanitary legislation and the development of elementary education: his views on the land question brought him near to the advocacy of nationalisation: and he thought that a conscientious person would recognise women's suffrage as the next step in the progress of humanity to perfection. His immediate followers spied farther milestones along this dreary road: the extension of the activities of the State in the interests of good life, a principle which led some of them to coquet with the Fabian Society and nearly all to welcome in a kindly and tolerant fashion the political advent of the Labour Party. They dreamed of perpetual peace, and Conferences at The Hague seemed to them the heralds of a new era of goodwill to men. Internationalism and universal brotherhood had at last begun to replace the narrow unity of the national state. It was true that within the State there were strikes and lock-outs, and outside of it were rumours of trouble even in Europe itself. But these things were, after all, economic, and the economic order is narrower than the State: there was nothing in them which could not be adjusted by an extended application of the humanitarian ethics.

This sort of thing has now passed: even if there be yet life, there is no hope. It is as well so, for it was a poor creature at the best. We may, in time, think it a verdict of death from natural causes, perhaps hastened by the shock of the war, though its latter days must have been cheered by the singular fidelity of its children. Nothing is more beautiful than the filial reverence which marks the English mind, though like most of these things which we call beautiful only in what the Scholastics term an analogical sense, it is somewhat in the way. It has, for example, prevented the more general practice of post-mortems. But excessive sentiment in this respect is unjust what the deceased would most of all have deplored. No great principles were more commonly on his lips than that the heaviest task which great men leave to the world is that of explaining them, and that men do rise on stepping-stones of their fathers and also to higher things.

The complex process of the dissolution of these doctrines has now been proceeding for at least a quarter of a century. At the end of the eighties a point of view not very different from this could claim the allegiance of most men who pretended to be more than political survivals. It is essential to understand that the undeniable new environment which surrounds us now and lends an air of antiquity to the principles which the fathers thought inspired them is no product of the war, as certain sections of the Press are anxious for good though various reasons to have us believe. For this environment and the war are the products of the same social changes: the latter has merely made us sit up and take notice of the former. If we try to disentangle that complicated body of happenings, we shall find that the particular history of these twenty-five years involves precisely those strains and stresses that the old Liberal doctrines were least able to bear. The patient's constitution, I admit, was weak: it lacked vitality and it suffered from certain organic defects; but had he been persuaded to retire from active business and especially to cut himself loose from political interests which severely taxed his strength, he might have been with us for a long time yet, asserting in a garrulous old age that things were precisely what they used to be when he was a boy.

The various defects of this idealist Liberalism which are inherent in it are so closely connected together that it is hardly possible to discuss one and leave the others out even for the moment. The most obvious is its amazing generality and its naive attention to political conditions. The first of these has been the object of violent attack by the less intelligent opponents of the
metaphysical side of the doctrine: and most usually the criticism has been quite beside the point. Modern English idealist political theory apparently imagines that it once and has a difference within itself, at all only on details. This is a delusion; for it is quite sharply divided into two camps. One is, on the whole, Liberal and progressive: the other is mildly Unionist and not a little sceptical of politics. One is friendly to State action, and if annoyed might become Collectiveist: the other believes that these are just what men will most often forget. It confines itself to the enunciation of general principles, believing that this is the business of philosophy, and that these are just what men will most often forget. It sometimes solves antitheses, dwelling, meantime, on the difficulty the principles are empty, and the antitheses for the most part false. The performance is remarkably like a series of conjuring tricks. The expected results are there; you cannot see how it is done, though you suspect deception in spite of the protests of the performer. The potter is almost always profuse but dull.

To leave the metaphors, this form of Idealism which tends to Liberal political theories, a people's desires, you never know what it is. Its location is uncertain because it seldom discusses anything except the general ideas people share before they begin to differ. It presents us, for example, with the interesting conclusion that practice and theory are indissolubly connected. Theory without practice is empty: practice without theory is blind. But they do not tell us what we poor mortals are to do who must have mainly one or mainly the other, though they admit themselves that the two are properly united only in the mind of God. Similarly, it is not really even interesting to be told that the end of the State is the development of the individual, and the end of the individual the good of the State; still less does it help us to solve the problem of the sovereignty of the State and deal justly with conscientious objectors. Nobody doubts that these writers do hold, and have held, quite definite political and social views. Where, then, did they come from? They had no doubt the same source as other people's views—the other unconscious desires and prejudices and likes and dislikes which really control our actions, except on the rarest occasions. Our conscious theories are for the most part a defence of points of view dictated and set to us after the fashion. The connection between the two may be logical enough in its way, and it is this which, in the absence of an adequate psychology, we generally discuss. But which of the two sets of views comes first is never doubtful. What we find in modern Liberal theory, then, is, in the first place, some very general philosophical principles; in the second, the ordinary prejudices of the English (especially the North-English) middle-class of the second half of the nineteenth century, and, in the third, a network of mutually inconsistent but very superficial connections between them. I do not say there was no real interference: the human mind, artful dodger as it is, does not work so simply as that, and the emphasis on the political factor did get some kind of theoretical defence in addition to its obvious practical need. But the interference was loose: so much so, that the whole theory was in a weakened state of instability amongst the most diverse doctrines, with all

Readers and Writers.

Last week I suggested the compilation—but it would need to be something more—of an Encyclopedia of the Art of Literature. This week, by your leave, I will make another suggestion. Before exposing it to the light, however, allow me to remark on the comparative poverty of our encyclopaedic literature. One or two of our encyclopaedias are models. I am an admirer myself of the "National Dictionary of Biography," which, I see, has just been transferred by a book publisher to a new form. The "New Oxford Dictionary" is a satisfying piece of work, even though it has not yet taken cognisance of the word profiteering which has come to stay. Then, too, I approve of the incomparable "Roget," especially in its new and cheaper form. The "Thesaurus will never be made. Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary" is likewise all that it should be, save that, perhaps, a quantitative classification of words might have been attempted in it. Then there are several encyclopaedic Annuals of superlative merit, among them in final perfection being, in my opinion, "Burke's Peerage" (Harrison. 42s. net). I sit and look at my copy of this scarlet elephant among books, and purr with admiration. And I must add "The Statesman's Year Book," now in its fifty-fourth year, the current issue of which I bought (Messrs. Macmillan will please observe), I bought yesterday for twelve and six net. These are on the credit side of the account of compilation with publishing in England: but on the debit side what a list there is, debts of omission as well as of commission. I cannot even begin to enumerate them. Let it be sufficient to say that on the three last occasions on which I have consulted my new edition of Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," I have been turned empty away. But this is something serious. But it is not. One does not need a dictionary of phrases only of common knowledge, but of phrases of uncommon knowledge most of all. A dictionary, in a word, should be complete; and if it is not complete it is not a dictionary.

Someone (I hope) will write and correct me in the statement I am about to make—that there exists no complete dictionary of English idioms. Very well, when the name of the publisher is given me, I shall procure a copy of that work. My suggestion, however, is for a work which I should call: "The Psychology of Idioms," or "Idiomatic Psychology," to consist of an analysis and classification of the psychological observations contained in idioms. The suggestion occurred to me on reading last week for the fiftieth time the "Aphorisms of Patanjali," one of which defines the celebrated "Yoga" of Indian philosophy as "that state of mental repose in which one is quietly watching for a spectacle that has not yet occurred." The English idiom for this state of mind is obviously the phrase "to be all attention": and I had no sooner pencilled this in the margin of Patanjali than other idioms expressive of equally profound psychological facts came into my mind. (Look, by the way, at the phrase just used—"came into my mind." Under analysis it appears to assume the objectivity both of ideas and of the mind itself. It is analogous with such a phrase as "such and such a person came into my house." Here are a few that occurred to me: to be beside oneself, out of one's mind, past oneself, not all there, all there, not oneself, to forget oneself, to be lost in thought, to be
absorbed, to put one's mind into something, to be all ears or eyes, to have no heart, to have the spleen, to have a swollen head, or cold feet. These, of course, are the nearest hand in the handling of the hand. They are collected; but they are enough to indicate how rich is this field that awaits the reaper. No doubt it can be said that they are only metaphorical in their significance; and that phrases like "to be out of one's mind," "to be beside oneself," etc., mean only that it is as if we were in these states, and not that they are exact descriptions of fact. I am not sure, however, of this. I am disposed, on the other hand (and after a fairly wide reading of the ancient Indian works on psychology), to believe that they are true descriptions of perfectly real psychological phenomena. The suggestion that arises is, in any case, independent of this particular question; for whether exact or only metaphorical descriptions, these phrases are expressive of profound observations; and it is my point that someone would do well to collect and to classify them in order to discover and reveal the range of popular psychology. My feeling is that everything true upon the subject of psychology, even upon the most recondite states of consciousness, has already been expressed in idiom. All wisdom is in idiom. It only requires that we should examine it carefully to find in idiom all that philosophers can tell us. Well, is that not a desirable task for someone? But it would be greatly facilitated by the "Dictionary of Idiom," of which I am in search.

"Art and Letters" is a new illustrated quarterly (is. net) which by some means or another has escaped the embargo placed on new magazines during the war. The editors, of whom there are three, to wit, Messrs. Frank Rutter, Charles Ginner and H. Gilman, do not, however, apologise for their appearance, but offer only a word of explanation of it, to the effect that even in war-time, indeed, particularly in war-time, art and literature of a non-commercial character are essential to culture. Yes, but—and here begins a series of questions to which I find no answer in the official explanation. Can a journal be said to be non-commercial that admits advertisements to the extent of four pages in thirty-six? Is a quarterly review of very small dimensions calculated to uplift culture in war-time? (The number of pages of "Art and Letters" is thirty-six; there are half a dozen or so drawings, and the actual amount of text is equal to about half an issue of The New Age.) Is it the case that the contributors to this Quarterly would not or could not have appeared elsewhere if the Quarterly itself had never existed? Does it take three editors in chief to edit a quarterly journal half the size of an ordinary weekly review? Is there anything in the new magazine that is new? To these questions my own answer is in every case in the negative; and I must therefore conclude that the explanation offered for its appearance is as wanting as the apology. Without reflecting too severely upon its founders, of whom two have been welcome contributors and would, no doubt, be again, to these pages, I will not conceal my disgust at the light-mindedness with which every little group of persons starts publishing a paper upon the smallest provocation. Knowing something of the state of the literary market, both on the side of Supply and on the side of Demand, I should say that for many years no professedly literary journal half the size of an ordinary weekly review has been capable of maintaining a consistently high level of writing and of criticism. The supply of good critics is, in fact, altogether inadequate to the needs even of the two or three journals that wish to publish good criticism. Look at The New Age itself, for example. We have it in England; but where is its musical critic, where is its art critic, where are its first-rate critics of other branches of art and applied art? Not to put too fine a point on a frank confession, upon how many writers upon any great subject can The New Age count for regular work? The reply would surprise you. Yet while, as I say, we know better than anybody the state of real literary supply, new magazines are springing up on all sides, every one of which will first aggravate and afterwards have to face precisely the same problem that now faces in a sufficiently difficult form the established journals. My remarks, of course, will be put down to personal prejudice; it will be said that like any other "vested interest," I resent the competition of new rivals. Not a bit of it. A non-commercial journal like The New Age that pays nobody and expects to pay nobody, and that exists for two reasons only, namely, to carry on a certain wide propaganda and to enlist good writers of good-will in that service, can scarcely be regarded as a "vested interest"; nor is it the case that I personally or any of my colleagues resent competition in the same field. What I object to is the minute sub-division and dilution of the very small amount of real literary ability in existence. Concentrated upon one or two journals, there is enough to effect the purpose common to them all; but divided among a score or so of journals, the talent is squandered and wasted. Nothing, however, that I can say will alter a state of things which arises from the inordinate egotism of the lesser literary men—men, that is to say, who must have their names in print and yet cannot brook the discipline of work in common. To appear in a journal among others their equals or superiors and to be subjected to a common editorship is more than they have enough real independence of character for. They must go and set up a little autocracy as an escape from the obligations of a genuine republic. Well, there is no help for it. And R. H. C. The evil will be multiplied. The Writers' Guild that would require some evidence of competency before issuing a permit to produce a new journal, is not yet in existence; and I would not employ even the present paper-shortage as a substitute for the Guild-law. But all the same, it is a pity. R. H. C.

Provincialism the Enemy.

III.

Fifty graduated grunts and as many representative signs will serve for all needful communication between thoroughly socialised men.—Remy de Gourmont.

De Gourmont's jibe sums up the intellectual opposition to socialism. The good socialist will say it is only a jibe and that socialism offers as much protection to the individual as any other known system. This is not quite the point, and it is not enough for the "inventor," under which term I include artists and projective thinkers of all sorts. Rightly or wrongly, the "inventor" is apt to consider the general tone of socialist propaganda, and to find it prone to emphasise the idea of man as a unit, society as a thing of "component parts," each capable of an assignable "function."

When socialism can free itself from the suspicion of this heresy, the intellectual opposition to it will, presumably, go to pieces, capitulate, be converted. The denuded or mechanised life lacks attraction. No intelligent man goes toward it with his eyes open—whether it means a mechanical simplification, or a mechanical complication. "Kultur" has propounded a mechanical complication for the deadening of the faculties.

The "State" forgot the "use" of "man," "scholarship," as a "function of the State," forgot the use of the individual, or, at least, mislaid it, secreted it for its
own purpose. "Philology" laid hold of the arts, and did its best to make them knead up. Kunsthwissen-
schaft was exalted. The arts also were to become a function of the State, duly ordered and controlled. It is all exceedingly plausible. Germany was so provincial that she supposed the rest of the world would swallow the bait and submit. America was so provincial that it took her several years to understand that militarism must be put down. Even now, she does not much understand, and she is still, thank God, in the right direction, toward the annihilation of Kaiserism.

America has as yet no notion of reforming her universities. The connection between the destruction of Rheims, the massacres of near-Eastern populations, etc., and a peculiar tone of study, is not too clearly apparent. Provincialism I have defined as an ignorance of the nature and custom of foreign peoples, a desire to coerce others, a desire for uniformity—uniformity always based on the temperament of the particular provincial desiring it.

The moment you teach a man to study literature not for his own delight, but for some exterior reason, a reason hidden in vague and cloudy words such as "monuments of scholarship," "exactness," "soundness," etc., "service to scholarship," you begin his destruction, you begin to prepare his mind for all sorts of acts to be undertaken for exterior reasons, "of State," etc., without regard to their merit.

The right in the "Lusitania" matter is not a question of "military necessity" . . . or of whether the Germans gave a sporting warning . . . etc.; it is simply that "this kind of thing must not happen." The human value as against the rationalistic explanation is always the heavier.

Take a man's mind off the human value of the poem he is reading (and in this case the human value is the art value), switch it on to some question of grammar and you begin his dehumanisation.

Such dehumanisation went on in the universities of Deutschland, subtly and with many exterior hues. There appeared to be no harm in it so long as it produced nothing more appalling than "grundrissen" and "Zeitschriften fur blankische philologie"—parts of which might conceivably be of some use and facilitate the researches of a man. I know at least one German professor who has produced a dictionary and remained delightfully human at the age of about sixty-five. His abridgment would have helped me to read troubadours if I had not learned to read them before I found it.

I have no objection to any man making himself into a tank or refrigerator for as much exact information as he enjoys holding. There may even be a sensuous pleasure in such entangling. But a system which makes this entangling not only a sine qua non, but a fetish, is pernicious.

The uncritical habit of mind spreads from the university to the Press and to the people. I am well aware that this uncritical habit of mind is hidden by an appara-

Elsa Pound.
A Modern Prose Anthology.
Edited by R. Harrison.

IX.—MR. R. B. C-NN-NGH-M-GR-H-M.

The Last of the Pampas. By R. B. C-nn-gh-m-Gr-h-m.

Don Robert, they say, Did ride one day—
the south may be,
Till he spied from the air Ameriké;
And he cried and he swore—
"Thou sweet little land,
My heart and hand
Are thine evermore!"

"Ah, then, heigho! Ah, pouf! Malheur! (as
Manuel used to say). How I mourn for the old troppila
again," said Mateos.

I said nothing, and he went on:
"Time hung heavy, with the rain squirrel all day long on the techos (as they called them) for months on end, and the pulgas were old Harry—"

He drew a multi-coloured panuelo from his pocket, floured it round his head and mopped his brow.

"I was staying at that time with Don Tomas. You remember him?

Remember Don Tomas? 'And that little cream-white?' I raised my eyebrows; 'the beautiful little caballo. He rides it still on his way to church?'

"Ah, alas! he rode it there once too often"; and Mateos closed his bleared eyes. 'The little angelito has gone to heaven. Soul of a caballo. It is triste, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Trés triste," I agreed; "and Don Tomas?"

"Is bound for a different place," said Mateos. "Horses are better than men. Women? Well, women are angels—angelitos, I mean—but, Son of a Saint, give me horses every time!"

"We were silent for a while, no one speaking. I handed him a piece of tobacco, and he regarded it gratefully and put it in his mouth; then he spat it out twice."

He rolled and lit a cigarette, and I noticed he did it in the Mexican manner, that one learns from long experience on the pampas, blowing a sort of softtara of blue smoke from his half-closed mouth. "Yes, you have heard me speak of life out there on the pampas."

I had known life on many pampas, from Arizona and Texas to Santa Fe, so I listened intently, for it is the point of a good yarn that it should be capped with a better.

Mateos lay back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"Lying here, listening to the droppings from your leaky Scotch sky, I can almost imagine myself back again on the rancho. How still the nights were I seem to be asleep on my old recado—no sound but the bleating of the sheep in the chiquero and the beating of the rain; and, like Noah of old, with nothing but a leaky teco between me and the flood. As for the animals, they had simply to weather it—for except for the horses, who always slept in the palacio, though the pie-balds would often be crowded out and left to shift for themselves. At night, we would spin yarns, of a sort, in the bar-saloon; but sometimes they reminded me now of that bravo, that valiente, who slit open the suco—have you heard me tell the story?"

I nodded quickly.

"Ah, the Brazilian, the picaro! Screaming 'Agarren a los ladrones!' with all his might, he clapped spurs to his caballo and rode off like the wind, with the gold in his chiquero; but the sacks were full of guijas, which are productive of nothing but curses. Alas! The brave bravos! I should have to spend another lifetime on the pampas to tell you all they said!"

"Les femmes, yes, they were a danger even a Brazilian would fly from—but bravos, why, no one cares a curse for them, and they are all one before God."

I laughed. "Eh, Daddy Mateos," I said, "I remember how I used to ride out with them. The rio was broad and deep near the 'camp,' and we had to ford it, and they would curse me—for a maturango. I could not keep up with them, but would catch sight of some vindita, and, following it with my eyes, my horse would stumble in the thick monte and lose its way among the randubay and coronillo that fringe the river banks. We generally had a stockade of posts set 'palo a pique' for hitching the horses to—they have a custom in that part of hitching their horse to the portale of the casa of some bold china, when engaged in the pastime to which I cannot give a name however outlandish; if the china consents, she will lead the horse away to the caballada—. Elaborate preparations would follow. Sometimes the cojinillos were doubled forward over the pommel, and secured by a tiento. Then a man, emerging from the pulperia with a bag of yerba in his hand, would place it in his maleta, and quickly loosing his cabestro, leap easily into the saddle and strike down the road towards the capilla at a brisk trotecito, which might afterwards (according to his temperament) slacken or develop into a galopito."

Mateos, who had sat silent, plunged also deep in recollection, looked up and said:

"But I cannot somehow imagine you stretched out under a tree, dining on mandioca and maté."

"Necesity," I rejoined, taking the straw out of a long puro, 'makes us acquainted with strange drinks, and as the mother of stories; as to readers, the stranger that they are the better, when one has to tell of commonplace happenings in a mongrel vocabulary—a well of native English well defiled."

Having enunciated this opinion with a shrewd air, and to Mateos' great disgust—not that he was a hypocrite, but being a yarn-spinner himself did not like men to speak their minds on such a subject—I continued:

"All day long horsemen would pass, lightly holding the reins, at a slow trotecito— Mateos made a gesture of impatience, and I went on hurriedly: 'The days we spent mostly in the pulperia, drinking Carlos from a tin mug passed round by the payador. Mateos made a gesture of incredulity. I could see he did not believe me."

"Adiós, Don Mateos"—or perhaps I ought to say "So long." Perhaps he now has taken the long galopito on which his want of interest in my stories was not a hindrance to him. Anyhow, he has come back to me to-night, as I recline before the fuego, and I am glad to thank him once more for his companionship and his story of the little cream-white."

Such, in brief epitome, was Gaucho life on the South American grasslands, of which I shall write no more. This is my valediction (as Don Tomas would have said)—or was it malediction? Without doubt, you who read this will throw the book aside and wonder what it is all about. You do not understand the atmosphere, you have not the ability to re-create it. I will write no more.
A Deal in Intimacy.

GOLDSTEIN was the most sanguine of our party, and undoubtedly, had he not inflamed our minds with the commercial importance of his extraordinary enterprise, not one of us would ever have entertained a hope of its possibility. The fact that Goldstein had, as we discovered afterwards, a much deeper impulse than any of us appreciated the moment he announced it, overwhelmed us; for Goldstein, never having set his heart upon making a penny profit out of his scheme, suffered less than the rest of us who found ourselves vulgarily wealthy after the experiment had been made. Apart from this a number of us, I think, would not have entertained the very idea, if Goldstein had not promised to be with us without fail by eight o'clock. These two members had undertaken to carry out the most dangerous tasks in connection with the scheme. Seymour himself was in the Guards; and Birch knew the Army better than the rest of us put together. Seymour from the very commencement had believed in Goldstein's project; had assured us of its practicability. I don't think that Seymour, or Birch for that matter, ever thought much of the purely commercial aspect of the affair. The astounding frankness of Goldstein's idea had aroused in them an abnormal sense of power and civic responsibility. Frankly, I never believed it would materialise; I was sceptical of the intelligence of the average soldier. Yet I could see that the possibility of making a great deal of money must make an irresistible appeal. I am a practical person, and I had said to myself: "The mere fact that millions of people will rush madly to pay sixpence a head in order to have an intimate personal relationship with so rarely seen, yet so admired, loved, and notorious a human being—this will ensure our scheme success." And, in addition to these prospects, several large City firms had co-operated with us with regard to advertising a new kind of bowler hat. Unfortunately, this never came to a head—Goldstein, at the last moment, refused to entertain the idea. It was "against his principles," he said. I was angry at the time, because we could have made another twenty-five thousand pounds out of the advertising alone. Goldstein did not think he had conscientious objections to advertising of any kind. "I am out, fundamentally, to destroy the idea of false monopoly," he said; "I don't care what you other fellows say. I have conceived the scheme, and if you're going to drag in advertising, I go out; that's all." He argued that he had evolved his scheme in order to supply a "Democratic need.

Any way, on the night in question, Seymour and Birch had arrived at Goldstein's rooms and the expression upon their faces betrayed the success they had achieved. Doubtless as I had, been from the commencement, to-night, at least, I realised for the first time that we were not likely to fail. Men of the stamp of Seymour and Birch do not raise groundless expectations and smile over anticipated defeat. Seymour was a great favourite in the Guards, and he explained so easily to them how he had been able to induce the whole regiment to fall in with Goldstein's idea.

"So you've fixed it?" remarked Goldstein, after they had reported. "I can't thank you sufficiently." We all shook hands, poured out drinks, and toasted success to our venture. "If it comes off without a hitch, continued Goldstein, "we shall earn the gratitude of the whole people. Not merely the lower classes, mind you, but the aristocracy as well. Never before, in the history of mankind, has there ever been so democratic a movement." We drained our glasses again and lit our pipes. St. Paul's chimed the half-hour.

How it actually came to pass I cannot explain. The details are too confused. I can only recall the sudden blazing of naked swords in the streets; the enormous crowds of excited citizens; the magnificent parade of the Guards, augmented by recruits from other popular regiments. Goldstein had issued about a million broadsheets, which were distributed among the people. "Have no fear," ran the pamphlet. "We are acting in the interests of Democracy. There will be no need to rush. Ample time for everyone to satisfy his curiosity, One at a time. Pay at the turnstile." On the reverse side was printed; "Down with monopoly. A cat can look at a king."

It would be impossible to describe the excitement which these pamphlets caused. The people were stupefied. Many maintained that the whole thing was a practical joke—an advertisement. Others said that the Social Revolution was at hand. The crowds in Holborn, where Goldstein and myself were waiting, surged slowly backwards and forwards between the Marble Arch and Holborn Viaduct. Several of the Trade Unions had created an uproar by parading with their scarlet banners, but so overwhelming were they. The crowds were very orderly, and I do not think that there was a single street accident during the whole affair. It was not a sight that one could easily forget.

"The Guards will be clearing the roads in ten minutes," remarked Goldstein, consulting his watch. "Everywhere ready?" I inquired anxiously. Goldstein nodded. "Our guest will have nothing to complain about," he replied; "we've got everything of the very best. Hello! there's the lift." A moment later Birch came into the room. "I've got twenty-five picked men downstairs," he exclaimed; "Guardsmen, every one: drawn swords—at the turnstile. The carriage will be here in a few minutes. They're coming round by the King's Cross route— it's quieter— nobody suspects." Goldstein pushed him into a chair and produced some refreshment. "You've done well," he said; "where's Seymour?" Birch crossed his legs and smiled. "Seymour," he repeated, "Seymour is with him—he's actually in the carriage with him." He sat down next to Birch and tapped him upon the arm. "How does he take it?" I asked; "did he come quietly?" Birch crossed over to the window and gazed down into the street, then returned to the table. "You'll hardly believe me," he replied slowly, "but he likes Seymour immensely. Says he's been waiting for some such thing to happen for years. That's what I've always said: nobody knows what people in his position really want to do." Goldstein filled his pipe thoughtfully. "So he's taken it like a man, has he?" Birch nodded. "He's thoroughly enjoying himself." I began to feel reassured, because, damn it all, if we were actually carrying out the private desires of our victim, we were acting quite morally. "Did you explain how we had arranged everything?" I asked. "We've been pretty busy since you left this morning, what with one thing and another. The bedroom is as cosy as it is possible for a bedroom to be. The interviewing chamber is impressive, but not overwhemingly official. We've raised a small rostrum facing the window. Then there's the waiting room. We've arranged to allow three up at a time; two can wait, while the other is initiated. Then there are two doors, so that the first man does not come back again through the waiting room; that would be fatal. Birch turned from the window. "Good!" he exclaimed; "we shall have no trouble. The whole thing will be as simple as cutting cheese. The amusing part is that the people won't
know what they're going to get for their money till the first man has been through the turnstile and out into the street again! That will cause some excitement—when he tells the multitude what our little ground floor. A Guardsman met us. "They're here," shouted Birch; "clear the way there—form up single file to the carriage door—drawn swords—that's it. The crowd is coming this way. Keep 'em back; surround the building!" The Guardsman vanished, and, almost immediately, the carriage, with great difficulty, drew up outside the door. Seymour jumped out with another person who were an orange-coloured mask. "Quick!" he shouted. "Make way there!" The Guards formed up to the lift and stared hard. The conclusion I came to before the lift stopped was that the "Daily Mirror" photos are in—file to the carriage door—drawn swords—that's it. We crowded round the window. "Let's get down and give Seymour a hand," I suggested excitedly. We rushed to the lift and descended to the ground floor. A Guardsman met us. "They're here," shouted Birch; "clear the way there—form up single file to the carriage door—drawn swords—that's it. The crowd is coming this way. Keep 'em back; surround the building!" The Guardsman vanished, and, almost immediately, the carriage, with great difficulty, drew up outside the door. Seymour jumped out with another person who were an orange-coloured mask. "Quick!" he shouted. "Make way there; make way!" The Guards formed up to the lift and stared hard. The conclusion I came to before the lift stopped was that the "Daily Mirror" photos are inadequate. Three months later, every person in the Metropolis and thousands of provincial subjects had paid his or her sixpence in order to spend five personal and intimate minutes with the Notorious Stranger. Many were bitterly disappointed!

Arthur F. Thorn.

J. S. Macfar

Cromwell at the Corpse of Charles I.

(Translated from the Czech by P. Selver)

The strength and soundness of this body promised Long course of life. . . . Even as on King Saul, The Lord bestowed all gifts on him, and him, Even as Saul He sentenced with his sentence. . . . We were the voice of Him, the sword of Him. He doth but lend authority to kings; But gives the people power to judge a king: For kingly power thrives only from the people. The spirit of the Lord departed from him, And him His wrath delivered to our judgment. Thus, after the exemplar of old times, Hath been this body's fate. . . . The people are Even as the apple of God's eye, and most When the Lord yields a king unto their judgment. . . . Falsehood, deceit, and feigning were his weapons, And they are broken as a reed doth break; And all his men-at-arms and servants Bow'd them like sheaves before our smiting swords. . . . Now staunchly onward, ever in God's counsel, And from the earth blot out all that beguils us. Who in base pride run counter to the people, And God thereof shall have his glory, and A godly benison this land of ours.

The New Age

Views and Reviews.

The Responsibility of Parliament.

Mr. Balfour's passionate defence of his decision to retain Lord Hardinge in office as Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs was a more valuable contribution to political theory than his original speech on the Report of the Mesopotamian Commission. For it asserted in the most uncompromising form the doctrine of responsibility, of the collective responsibility of Ministers for their common policy and its results, of the individual responsibility of a Minister for the acts of his subordinates. By no reasoning, however sophistical, can it be proved that Lord Hardinge had any more, or any different, responsibility for the Mesopotamian scandal than had the Cabinet which ordered the advance to Bagdad; his responsibility was a technical responsibility as Viceroy of India, and not a personal responsibility as Lord Hardinge. The House of Commons cannot impugn his government of India without impugning the policy of the Cabinet with which it was connected; and in simple equity it ought not to desire to do so. They are all equally responsible; and if the House will proceed to trial, it must try them all together. If it shrinks from this as too drastic a procedure, it must forgo its desire to punish Lord Hardinge for something for which he was only technically responsible. The doctrine of collective responsibility covers Lord Hardinge; and if the House of Commons wishes to repudiate that doctrine, it will be well advised to do so explicitly, and to lay down some definite principle of judgment, some definition of what it means by "responsibility," some scale of penalties for administrative failure. Whatever Lord Hardinge did, or failed to do, he did, or failed to do, as Viceroy of India; and he is no longer Viceroy of India. What more the House could do, or would have any right to do in equity, than to retire him from the office in which his technical responsibility had been imposed, I do not know; the soldiers, I believe, who were actually responsible, have only been placed on half-pay; they have not been declared unfit for any other public employment. They might even be returned at the next election as members of the House of Commons; and there is not the slightest reason why any more complete disability should be imposed upon a civilian than upon a military man.

But if Lord Hardinge is no longer Viceroy of India, he is Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the House of Commons objects. This man, who has been convicted without trial in legal form of sharing the technical responsibility for the Mesopotamian scandal, is, it is assumed, unworthy to be an Under Secretary. Mr. Lloyd George, who was equally responsible, is now Prime Minister; Mr. Balfour is Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Mr. Winston Churchill actually returns to the Government as Minister of Munitions; but Lord Hardinge may not even hold an Under Secretarieship. But here the House is confronted by the responsibility of the Minister for his subordinates; and if it intends to repudiate that doctrine, it can only do so by claiming the right to control the appointment of the heads of the Civil Service, and if the heads, why not the junior clerks? The House of Commons cannot have the argument both ways; it cannot make the Minister responsible for his subordinates, and at the same time make the subordinates responsible to the
House of Commons. Its control, at present, extends only to the Executive; if it claims control of the Administration, then the Executive ceases to be an Executive, and the House of Commons becomes an Executive, as well as a Legislative, body. Abolish or ignore the responsibility of Ministers, and the only alternative is the responsibility of the House of Commons to its electors, which means, in practice, to the Press. This would be a wholesale change in government in its most extreme form, and would provide a government certainly not more stable than that of the National Assembly during the French Revolution.

The House, it is safe to say, is not likely to proceed to any such extremity. The indignation aroused by the Mesopotamian Report has been expended upon individuals, but it cannot justify any constitutional change; nor would indignation be the proper mood in which to initiate constitutional changes. Ministers must remain responsible for their subordinates, and the House cannot interfere between a Minister and his subordinates. Whether Lord Hardinge is or is not a good Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is a matter that only his official chief can determine, and for which only his official chief is responsible. If the House disagrees, it can call upon Mr. Balfour to resign, and he has already offered to resign; but it could not compel even his successor to dismiss Lord Hardinge. The Administration is not appointed, nor can it be dismissed, by the House of Commons; and Mr. Balfour, by his re-assertion of the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility, has usefully reminded the House of the limitations of its power.

The real power of the House of Commons remains unchanged and unchallenged. It can appoint a tribunal, or it can constitute itself a tribunal, for the trial of Lord Hardinge’s responsibility for the Mesopotamian scandal; although the difficulty of securing a verdict of guilty against one man when so many others are equally guilty is obvious. What the charge would be, except that of having been Viceroy of India at the time of the Mesopotamian scandal, it is difficult to understand; for we are not in this case dealing with legal crime, but with political responsibility, and in the determination of responsibility the House itself may easily be involved. If the Government is responsible for the Mesopotamian scandal, the House is no less responsible for the Government; it need not have accepted the Coalition Government that blundered (if it did blunder) into this error of judgment, and the consequent collapse of military organisation. By insisting upon a General Election, it might have discovered some of that extraordinary ability that only seems to exist out of office. There are men in this country known to every elector who would not make mistakes; I have met them myself, and every newspaper apparently has a number of them in mind when it criticises; and a General Election would have given those men a chance to come forward and conduct a war without errors of judgment. Under their guidance, a man who will maintain a fight until he has received fifteen bayonet wounds (seven of them penetrating) cannot reasonably be called a weakling, although he was “only a plumber” 18 months before. But few of these cases were as severely wounded as this; 53 of them had no previous injury or shell-shock, 19 of them had shell-shock, and in 28 cases, the psycho-neurotic symptoms were associated with injury such as wound, fall, in two cases frost-bite. Dr. Eder insists that it is a mistake to regard shell-shock as a separate disease, for exactly the same men have followed shrapnel wounds, falls, and even in cases with no previous injury. This admission seems to minimise the importance of his declaration that the traumatic factor is the chief; we seem to have gone back again to the coup d’etat of last December; and it must share the responsibility for the acts of the Government that it accepted, and cannot, in common fairness, fix upon one individual the responsibility that is common to our whole machinery of government.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

War-Shock: The Psycho-Neuroses in War; Psychology and Treatment. By M. D. Eder. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

Dr. Eder here presents a record of a hundred consecutive cases of what he calls “war-shock” treated by him in what was grandiloquently called “The Psycho-Neurological Department, Malta.” As a matter of fact, the only difference between this department and the general practice lay in the doctor; and without any of the aids to recovery that a properly equipped neurological department would have at its command, Dr. Eder proved the value of psycho-theurapeutic treatment. These hundred cases (the first hundred that he treated) are all psycho-neurotic cases; the psychoses have been excluded; more than two-thirds of them had no previous history (family or personal) of psycho-neurotic trouble. They differ from cases in civilian practice mainly by the fact that the traumatic factor is of supreme importance in the causation of the trouble; the speed with which men have been taken from peaceful avocations, and plunged into the inferno of modern war, has demanded adaptations that, perhaps, few can make with complete success, and Dr. Eder’s records show us that of none can it be predicted that he will come through scathless. Of these 100 cases, 19 were Anzacs, most of them from the bush; yet they suffered from hysteria. Nor did previous and extended military service confer immunity from psycho-neurosis; a comparatively large number of well-seasoned N.C.O.’s have suffered from hysteria in this war. Dr. Eder insists that we must break the habit of using the word “neurotic” as a term of reproach; there is nothing at all to show that these men were weaklings; on the contrary, there is plenty of evidence that they were so eager to accept responsibility, so ready to adapt themselves to a discipline that was invented for more stupid men than themselves, that they really strained themselves beyond human endurance. A man who will maintain a fight until he has received fifteen bayonet wounds (seven of them penetrating) cannot reasonably be called a weakling, although he was “only a plumber” 18 months before. But few of these cases were as severely wounded as this; 53 of them had no previous injury or shell-shock, 19 of them had shell-shock, and in 28 cases, the psycho-neurotic symptoms were associated with injury such as wound, fall, in two cases frost-bite. Dr. Eder insists that it is a mistake to regard shell-shock as a separate disease, for exactly the same men have followed shrapnel wounds, falls, and even in cases with no previous injury. This admission seems to minimise the importance of his declaration that the traumatic factor is the chief; we seem to have gone back again to pre-disposition; but in the sense in which Dr. Eder uses the word “war-shock,” and the fact that there was no previous history in 70 per cent. of the cases, there is no real contradiction. “A fallible being will fail somewhere,” and everybody has a predisposition to psycho-neurotics when plunged into a totally new environment where life itself depends on immediate, continuous and successful adaptation. No greater trauma than the European war could be imagined except a universal earthquake, or the Flood of Iibble.

Into the details of these cases we cannot enter; besides, it would be unfair to Dr. Eder’s precision of statement and classification if we offered a general paraphrase of it. Let it suffice that these 100 cases exhibit practically all the varieties of hysterical symptoms. Besides, it would be unfair to Dr. Eder’s precision of statement and classification if we offered a general paraphrase of it. Let it suffice that these 100 cases exhibit practically all the varieties of hysterical symptoms. No greater trauma than the European war could be imagined except a universal earthquake, or the Flood of Iibble.

Dr. Eder here presents a record of a hundred consecutive cases of what he calls “war-shock” treated by him in what was grandiloquently called “The Psycho-Neurological Department, Malta.” As a matter of fact, the only difference between this department and the general practice lay in the doctor; and without any of the aids to recovery that a properly equipped neurological department would have at its command, Dr. Eder proved the value of psycho-theurapeutic treatment. These hundred cases (the first hundred that he treated) are all psycho-neurotic cases; the psychoses have been excluded; more than two-thirds of them had no previous history (family or personal) of psycho-neurotic trouble. They differ from cases in civilian practice mainly by the fact that the traumatic factor is of supreme importance in the causation of the trouble; the speed with which men have been taken from peaceful avocations, and plunged into the inferno of modern war, has demanded adaptations that, perhaps, few can make with complete success, and Dr. Eder’s records show us that of none can it be predicted that he will come through scathless. Of these 100 cases, 19 were Anzacs, most of them from the bush; yet they suffered from hysteria. Nor did previous and extended military service confer immunity from psycho-neurosis; a comparatively large number of well-seasoned N.C.O.’s have suffered from hysteria in this war. Dr. Eder insists that we must break the habit of using the word “neurotic” as a term of reproach; there is nothing at all to show that these men were weaklings; on the contrary, there is plenty of evidence that they were so eager to accept responsibility, so ready to adapt themselves to a discipline that was invented for more stupid men than themselves, that they really strained themselves beyond human endurance. A man who will maintain a fight until he has received fifteen bayonet wounds (seven of them penetrating) cannot reasonably be called a weakling, although he was “only a plumber” 18 months before. But few of these cases were as severely wounded as this; 53 of them had no previous injury or shell-shock, 19 of them had shell-shock, and in 28 cases, the psycho-neurotic symptoms were associated with injury such as wound, fall, in two cases frost-bite. Dr. Eder insists that it is a mistake to regard shell-shock as a separate disease, for exactly the same men have followed shrapnel wounds, falls, and even in cases with no previous injury. This admission seems to minimise the importance of his declaration that the traumatic factor is the chief; we seem to have gone back again to pre-disposition; but in the sense in which Dr. Eder uses the word “war-shock,” and the fact that there was no previous history in 70 per cent. of the cases, there is no real contradiction. “A fallible being will fail somewhere,” and everybody has a predisposition to psycho-neurotics when plunged into a totally new environment where life itself depends on immediate, continuous and successful adaptation. No greater trauma than the European war could be imagined except a universal earthquake, or the Flood of Iibble.

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Hysteria” which is full of interest. A special chapter is given to “Anxiety-Hysteria” and another to “Psychasthenia”, and with a chapter on “Diagnosis,” and another on “Treatment,” the book ends with a clear “Summary of Conclusions.” The method most usually employed, and with extraordinary success, was hypnotism; of 79 cases treated by suggestion under hypnotism, 70 were cured, 7 were improved, and only 2 were unchanged. The cases are rapidly infected; most cases are well in less than two weeks; some in a few minutes or hours.” Of 5 cases treated by suggestion without hypnotism, 3 were cured, and 2 improved; of 6 cases treated by suggestion under an anaesthetic, all were cured. Of 5 cases treated by psycho-analysis,* 1 was cured and 4 improved; but in this case there was not time for the analysis to be completed. “No case was under treatment for more than four weeks; very few remained under treatment for more than two weeks.” It will be an everlasting regret to those interested in psycho-analysis that Dr. Eder was not able to continue his exploration; the few examples given are models of primary analysis, and justify his contention that it is the only method for the radical treatment of the psycho-neuroses. But most of the soldiers got well too soon under suggestive treatment to permit a more searching analysis; and we are tantalised by the glimpses that Dr. Eder gives. But war is war; and it is the duty of all medical men to record the facts as they find them, and to study the symptomatology of war-shock, and if the book circulates among the Army Medical Staff, as it should do, there may be fewer cases of conversion-hysteria similar to that of No. 9 who suffered from stiffness of the back due to some “unseen cause.” Altogether it is a most interesting and valuable record.

Pastiche.

A SENTIMENTAL ELEGY OF GILDED YOUTH.

Where are the damsels that we wooed of old?

Who with a smile unspeakably consoled,

Between abysmal, deeps and dizzy heights

How oft we tarried for your smiles in vain,

And muffled turmoil to an elfin hush:

And from your lips was shed melodious guile;

In ignorance thou art, thou shalt return.

And waned away in brief-enduring sighs;

Thy fate within thine own ungirded hands?

But often our affections—were estranged,

We hovered as we watched the passing crush,

Ours were the wanton trance, the pining fret,

Moon, dim-lit streets, stars, and suburban skies,

And since that night when fatefully we culled

And through our lives they strode like stately queens

For now we know the curse upon our lot,

Who with a kiss taught us what rapture means;

And waned away in brief-enduring sighs;

Their years of darkness have begun,

And from your lips was shed melodious guile;

Swayed at the lyric cadence of your smile;

For a warm bosom and a wayward face.

We let the fever, of our youth carouse

And since that night when fatefully we culled

And waned away in brief-enduring sighs;

Swayed at the lyric cadence of your smile;

And from your lips was shed melodious guile;

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Guildsman made the following answer: "To my way of thinking, the plough virtually belongs to the ploughman, since he is the one who knows how to use it in the interests of the community. The difference I wish to make is that the ability to use it constitutes the only real right of ownership. Once you take that view, attention is concentrated upon personal capability instead of its material accessories. From my point of view, you are not 'the owner of a plough that you have made.' There is no parallel between two things you mention; say 'My most valuable possession is my medical skill; but it might quite well have happened to be the ability to make ploughs.' Or else, 'My most valuable possession is the ability to use medical instruments; but it might quite well have happened to be the ability to use the machinery for turning out ploughs.' There is no rhyme or reason in your owning anything but what you personally can use, except to extort from the services of others, which is robbery. Ownership of things is the natural complement only of ownership of the ability to use them, but it is the latter which matters and should determine the title you shall own. And that is what I call virtual control. Mere ownership depends upon physical force, virtual control depends upon personal qualifications, i.e., the will and ability to do, and to use, in the interests of the community. The answer, therefore, to the question I put is that the ploughman is the rightful owner of the plough because he is the one who knows how to use it. Similarly, the engineer is the rightful owner of the machinery he knows how to use, and you are the rightful owner of the medical instruments which you know how to use. Thus, you will see that there is no connection between 'ownership' and remuneration for work done. The latter is a general and common right without distinction up to the point of the bare necessities of life; but the former is distinctive and conditional." T. C.

MR. BRIDGES' PHONETICS.

Sir,—It is a little surprising that Mr. Bridges has only drawn the superficialities of the objections to his phonetic spelling, without having plumbed their depths. The first objection is that the distinction is unjustifiable and harmful break with tradition. Mr. Bridges cannot excuse his new forms by arguing that we do not now spell as Chaucer did, or even as Milton did. It is true that we do not; but our present spelling has not been radically changed, and its roots are deeply embedded in a thousand sources, philosophic, religious, poetic. That it will continue to grow is the soul of man; but of all the public official, should regard Mr. Bridges' desire for a change of upheaval as anything but the most extreme of evil. We allow a seed to germinate gently in an appropriate soil; we do not pluck it forth and set it in our window-sill, saying: "There! Now you have the full light of the sun. Who shall make this so-called rational change? Shall we give Mr. Bridges the free play of his Cockneyfied ear? Or shall Lord Northcliffe apply his busy little brain to the matter? Shall I try myself? Alas! but I would answer that spelling has no immediate connection with the outward senses, but is an affront of sacred derivation. Now, Mr. Bridges is very exercised over the harm done to children's minds by the acquisition of "ambiguous sound symbols." Let Mr. Bridges cease from disturbing himself. I will take it upon myself to assure him that no child ever learnt anything by the act of adult reason. The alphabet, the multiplication tables, the forms of words, these he does not learn so much as apprehensive of it. Force on the side of Right the world would allow Germany to continue to employ; but Force as the determinant of Right is precisely the error from which German democracy must deliver itself. Mr. Shaw must be novel or nothing. All for State-employment in the highest ranks; and State-employment in the highest rank for all.

What are we to do with politicians who are never wrong though all goes wrong? Ireland, like Nature, abhors a vacuum; and in the absence of positive statesmanship what else is there for an imaginative people to suggest but a full-blooded Republic?

A nation cannot be created out of feeling, however intense; it is a work of art, and demands qualities of thought and character which are anything but commonly exhibited in the Sinn Fein movement. Ireland at heart is not as red as she is painted. — "Notes of the Week."

The only section of farmers who have responded in any way commensurate with their abilities to the appeal for more cornland is that section least able to take the risk—the smallholders. The farmer sees no other horizon than that which bounds his own farm.—"Scarcecrow."

The ultimate criterion of the knowledge of truth for men is the self-evident intuition. Closed systems are only possible for our consciousness after an arbitrary act of the will has ostracised all the rebellious evidences.

We call it sacrifice when a good action, freely executed, is performed with dislike. The judgment of the spiritual disposition is not the ethical judgment, but the judgment of God. Freedom of choice is only second best when compared with good impulse. Compulsion can only be recommended in those cases in which the amount of good, obtained thereby, is greater than the amount of bad implied in the compulsion.—Ramos de Macedo.

As all that can be anatomised is precisely not life, so all that can really be analysed is precisely not literature; for literature stands to writing as life stands to body. Verse is played upon a single instrument. Prose is an orchestra, consisting not only of all the instruments on which verse can be played, but of instruments unanswerable to verse. It is the charm of the rhythm of prose that it steals upon the senses without detection. I wish Stevenson were alive to hear what prose thinks of him. To think that so many thousands of copies of Ruskin have been circulated in this country, and we are still what we are! Has anybody ever forgotten Ruskin's writing in Ruskin's meaning?—R. H. C.

The whole body of the Allies is presumably united in demanding something at least as good as Socialism. Modern thought is trying to kill not merely slavery but the desire to enslave.—Ezra Pound.

To be in doing, to do in being—that is the task of the future man.—Edward Moore.

Memoranda.

It is not for us to be less cognizant of the democratic demand of Germany than it is for the Junkers to be asprehensive of it.

Mr. Shaw must be novel or nothing.

The public, in its attempts to keep cool, will always work itself into a fever.—A. R. R.

Memoranda.
The European forces under General Northey. With the industry, is excellent so far as it goes: but may I appointed by the State; and further, that statistics relating to the industry should be published yearly, showing the cost of production per £100 of net value of product, together with the percentage of average profit on the goods produced, and all particulars with reference to markets, wages, conditions of work, health, etc. In other words, the industry should be laid bare, and all the facts made public.

T. B. Johnston (Managing Director, Pountney and Co., Ltd.).
The British Pottery, Fishponds, Bristol.

The communiqué issued by the Defence Department at Capetown somewhat tardily confirms the unofficial report which reached us some time ago—that considerable German forces had broken away from the Rufiji Valley and Portuguese territory, and approached the borders of the Nyasaland Protectorate. The Capetown communiqué mentions the burning of native villages, the terrorising of the inhabitants, and the removal of food supplies to the German depots north of the Rovuma river. It will probably be found that one of the chief objects of this German expedition into Portuguese territory was to recruit carriers. The Germans, knowing their Central and East Africa, have relied exclusively on carriers for transport. The British in the beginning tried motors, horses and mules with disastrous results. It will be interesting to know what the Capetown communique will have to say on this subject.

The early activity of the enemy, after an exceptionally bad, rainy season, may surprise those who, judging by the experience of our South African troops, imagined that the Germaans were rapidly dwindling to negligible numbers in fever-stricken swamps on the Rufiji. They had been able to select healthier camping grounds than the river banks, but they had no equipped base hospitals, nor hospital ships, nor the opportunity of "recuperative leave" in healthier climate, and yet even before the advent of the dry season they had started with raids south, east and north. It merely proves that with strict discipline, and with proper health precautions rigidly enforced, the evils of campaigning in a malarial country can be greatly minimised. That was also the experience of the European forces under General Northey. With the South African Defence authorities in the first instance tackled the transport problem on, lines which, as far as we know, have been successful. The South African Defence authorities in the first instance tackled the transport problem on, lines which, as far as we know, have been successful.

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To the Editor of the "Daily News."

Sir,—The report of the Reconstruction Committee on the relations between employers and employed, with its suggestion of setting up National Councils in each industry, is excellent so far as it goes; but may I point out that a vital element to the success of the proposal is that all employers and all workpeople should be in their respective organisations?

Let the Government announce that they are prepared to grant a charter to any industry in which the Masters' Federation employs 75 per cent. of the workpeople; and the trade union represents 75 per cent. of the operatives, provided that application is made jointly by the two bodies, which charter shall, inter alia, make it illegal for anyone but members of the trade union to be employed in that industry, or for any employer to operate unless he is a member of the trade association. The charter should also lay down that the industry should be controlled by a joint board of employers and employees, presided over by a chairman appointed by the State; and further, that statistics relating to the industry should be published yearly, showing the cost of production per £100 of net value of product, together with the percentage of average profit on the goods produced, and all particulars with reference to markets, wages, conditions of work, health, etc. In other words, the industry should be laid bare, and all the facts made public.

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