

the war. Bratainu resigned in the summer after his first controversy with the Entente; the Manolescu cabinet that followed had a short life; a coalition cabinet under Maniu, the famous head of the Transylvania Nationalists, was wrecked on the opposition of the Conservatives and the followers of General Averescu. Later a forlorn-hope cabinet consisting of six generals who are really Bratainu's strong men, was at the head of affairs under Vaitojanu as Premier. These generals conducted the election under a state of siege and with a strict censorship on the newspapers. The result was that the Conservatives and Socialists, although they had the right to vote, refused to participate in the election.

After several days' negotiation a new coalition cabinet has just come to

life, containing representatives from all the new Provinces. The Premier is a Transylvanian, Vaida, who was a leader of the Transylvanian opposition in the Hungarian Parliament. General Averescu is Minister of the Interior, although he has been charged with friendliness to Germany during the war. His selection, in spite of the latter fact, and of his unfriendly attitude during the election, is due to the serious domestic discontent especially in respect to land tenures. A new land policy has become necessary as a result of the revolutionary movement throughout Europe.

The Roumanian press prophesies that the new cabinet will have a short life. It will not be popular in old Roumania. The opposition to Averescu is especially strong among the reactionary landholding Boyars.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

TO-DAY'S MORALS

BY DEAN INGE

THE admirable article of M. Dauzat, on '*La Crise morale de l'heure présente*,' is of especial interest to English readers. We in this country know very little of the internal condition of France. We have formed the impression that order and discipline have been maintained there with less difficulty than in other countries, and also that such troubles as have existed have been suppressed and concealed with great success. In spite of our unfeigned admiration for French patriotism and public spirit, we have wondered that the government has

apparently been troubled with so few anti-social manifestations, and have speculated on the causes of this immunity.

M. Dauzat partially lifts the curtain for us. He draws a picture of French society which is strikingly similar to the conditions which prevail in England. We are allowed to see a small class of profiteers, who have made fortunes out of the war, and who live in luxury and ostentation. The officials of every grade, he tells us, are clamorous for more pay. The learned professions, which before the war enjoyed

a high social prestige, as being a kind of *apostolat*, raised above the greed of gain, have joined in the general scramble for money, and are losing the respect of society in consequence. The workman has been spoiled by the war. He enjoys a prosperity beyond his wildest dreams, and it has made him, not contented, but extravagant, arrogant, and insatiable. He steadily refuses to contribute his due share to the taxes. In all classes M. Dauzat observes a rapid decay in patriotic enthusiasm, and an eagerness, especially among women volunteers, to give up their war work and return to their social amusements.

M. Dauzat has no intention of blackening the character of his countrymen. Like a good patriot, he points to certain grave symptoms which he observes, and indicates possible remedies.

In most points, his description of France might serve very well for England. We too have our profiteers, our discontented officials, and our anti-social labor movements, acting by incessant 'demands' and threats. In both countries alike there is the amazing phenomenon of apparent universal prosperity, following on the most costly and destructive war ever recorded by history. We are only just beginning to realize that we are galloping along the road to ruin. Our factitious prosperity is the result partly of seizing for war purposes whatever could be realized of the accumulated wealth of the country, and partly by the issue of unlimited paper money, which is the modern equivalent of that time-honored expedient of governments in difficulties — the debasement of the coinage.

But there are one or two differences between the two countries. M. Dauzat finds that extreme poverty (*la misère*) has disappeared from France. With us,

unfortunately, there is a great deal of real distress, amounting almost to starvation, among the middle class, who are ground between the upper and nether millstones of the profiteers and the trade unions. This class, believing that its sufferings are incurred for the good of the country, has borne them with exemplary patience and self-sacrifice; but distress is extreme. Large numbers of the parochial clergy are almost in rags, and have not enough to eat. Refined gentlemen and ladies are reduced to accepting presents of cast-off clothing and old boots. The richer professional men, though they have enough left to keep the wolf from the door, have lost about fifteen shillings in the pound of their incomes before the war, fifty per cent being taken from them by taxation, and fifty per cent of the remainder by increase in the cost of living.

This enormous transference of wealth, caused chiefly by the threats of organized labor, which, while the country was fighting for its life, it was impossible to resist, constitutes a social revolution such as this country has never seen before. There is one other point in which our experience does not agree with that of the French. The women — those at least who belong to the upper and middle classes — have not shown any eagerness to throw up their war work. They are still showing themselves worthy of their new political privileges by admirable devotion to the service of the country.

The explanation of the profligate finance of the government, from the beginning of the war to the present moment, is the grave political condition of the country. It was known that a revolutionary plot, to paralyze the life of the nation by a great strike, was being prepared for the autumn of 1914. The government could rely on the

personal courage and pugnacity of all sections of the population in war time, but not on the loyalty of the trade unions. The executive in England is always weak and timid; in war time, in spite of special legislation, it is impotent against any well-organized anti-social conspiracy. Our government had no policy except to buy off revolution by gigantic bribes to the manual laborers. These doles, needless to say, have only whetted the appetite of those who receive them. They are accepted without gratitude and squandered without consideration. Very little, comparatively, has been saved by the working class and invested in the war loans. A manufacturer of munitions who paid £15,000 a week in wages, told me that the average weekly savings of his men amounted to only £250.

The favorite objects of expenditure are costly foods and drinks, including such luxuries as pineapples, which have disappeared from the tables of the upper class; pianos which, though they are seldom opened, are regarded as a *cachet* of prosperity; and fine clothes. Hats priced at eighteen and a half guineas are now being bought at Cardiff by the wives of the miners who are holding up the nation's coal supply. We have all seen the 'munition girl,' sweating under a thirty-guinea fur coat on a summer afternoon, with her feet tortured, like those of a Chinese woman, in pointed shoes with heels three inches high. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*: but, unfortunately, the results, in this case, are not worth the sacrifice.

In France and England alike these displays of recklessness and frivolity have been coincident with a grim tenacity, during the whole of the struggle, which excited the surprise of our opponents and the admiration of the rest of the world. There is in the

English character a deep-seated optimism, and a proud self-confidence, which refuse to accept defeat or even regard it as possible; it is a quality which has carried us through many dangers. But besides this, the Germans, with characteristic stupidity, contrived, within a few months of the declaration of hostilities, to kindle in the whole British nation a bitter hatred and anger such as we have never before felt for our opponents in war. The Englishman for the most part agrees with Lord Roberts, who at the beginning of the struggle reminded his countrymen that 'a good sportsman does not hate or revile his enemy.'

When Soult visited London after Waterloo, and was received with loud cheers, he rightly took these demonstrations, not only as a sign of the generosity of the English, but as a proof that, as he said, 'I have always made war like a *galant homme*.' But the Germans could not make war like a *galant homme*. They outraged the English sense of fair play by violating all the usages of civilized warfare; and they roused the sleeping devil in the English nature by murdering our women and children. The amount of mischief which they did to themselves by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, by the air raids, and by their poison gas, can hardly be estimated. The proper way to fight John Bull is to show punctilious chivalry, when it can be done without sacrificing military advantage. At the opening of the war public feeling in England was so little exacerbated against Germany, that it was well for the Allies that the Germans did not adopt these tactics.*

* Early in 1915 an American professor wrote from London: 'I have been much impressed with the almost complete absence of expressions of hatred against the enemy. Even the indiscriminate slaughter of women and children at Scarborough and Hartlepool has not provoked a spirit of vindictiveness in this well-balanced and self-restrained race.' But the cup was then nearly full.

Now that the stimulus of hatred is withdrawn, the condition in the country is extremely grave. Years have passed since a treasury official said to me, 'We cannot see a ray of hope anywhere'; and the situation is now very much worse than it was then. The danger consists not only in the portentous mountains of debt, but in the fact that the government has seemingly lost the power to govern, and is chiefly engaged in levying and paying blackmail to various bands of robbers, or in pleading with them to wait for a few months before putting the knife to our throats.

The question may naturally be asked, why social unrest should be so acute, just when the workingman has obtained more than he ever hoped for, and far more than is necessary for his needs. The present state of affairs has, indeed, proved conclusively that the main cause of social unrest is *not economic*. This is a new idea to those who have all their lives identified the aspirations of labor with the cause of the poor against the rich. The workingman has ceased to be poor; he is far better off than the majority of the middle class; but there is no sign that he is thinking of relaxing his hostility to the existing social order. He has no scruple about stabbing the nation to the heart by blockading its supply of the necessities of life. This is civil war, whatever we may call it; and the question presses for an answer why, within a year of our great national deliverance, a considerable section of the population, who have already been loaded with doles and special privileges, should declare war against the community. If the causes of their discontent are not economic, what are they? There can be no more vitally important question than this.

One method of investigation, which has been tried by Mr. Graham Wallas

and others, is to ask a large number of workmen, engaged in different industries, whether they like or dislike their work, and if possible to elicit the reasons for the answer given. The result of these inquiries has been, on the whole, to show that men dislike their work in proportion as it approximates to the conditions of the great industry. A farmer, a shepherd, a gardener enjoys his work. But, according to the testimony of the principal of Ruskin College, an institute for workingmen at Oxford, 'engineers say generally their work is all toil. Coal miners say the same. Factory workers, that is, textile, bootmaking, etc., agree that the work is all toil.'

From the point of view of happiness, it seems that the great development of our industries has been a mistake. The American remedy is to introduce what is called scientific management — to study the conditions of maximum productive efficiency. The economic effect already produced by scientific management has been most remarkable, the output in some businesses having been trebled. It is clear that under such a system the workmen might earn (and not merely receive) higher wages for a shorter day's work. But the effect of this complete mechanization of humanity would be to make work more intolerably dull and irksome than ever; the various human needs which receive no satisfaction in the workshop would have to be entirely provided for in hours of leisure. It is one solution of the difficulty; but it gives up the redemption of work as hopeless, and condemns us to a continuation of the ugly, inartistic civilization which has overspread the world since the beginning of the industrial revolution. And it is not likely that the workmen will be content with it; it involves what is really a degradation of human nature.

One of the enthusiasts of scientific management assumes that men can be found to handle pig-iron, each of whom 'more nearly resembles in his mental make-up the ox than any other type.' Human oxen are just what this system requires. But, as Mr. Graham Wallas says, 'the Chinese experiment of building the Great Wall by the labor of six hundred thousand prisoners, who had been surgically reduced to the condition of oxen, has not been repeated.'

A much more thorough investigation of the conditions of happiness in labor is required than has yet been carried out. It will probably be found that none can be happy if his natural instincts have no outlet. For tens of thousands of years man has been a country dweller. His occupations have been tilling the ground, tending flocks and herds, hunting, and fighting. This is the life to which the human organism is adapted; the life of the factory hand is unnatural. The employer, whose office work is not less contrary to nature, gets his annual holiday, during which, if he is wise, he plays at being a barbarian. His two months in the Highlands give him what Aristotle calls a 'purgation of the emotions,' and he comes back to his office stool a new man. The factory hand has no such relief. Probably he is not conscious that he needs it; he certainly would not choose to be a farm laborer. But for all that, it is probable that his unhappiness, which cannot be the result of economic causes, is really to be attributed to the unnatural conditions of his life.

There is another confirmation of the psychologist's view, besides the testimony of the workers themselves. Those who study the Registrar General's returns showing the comparative duration of life in the various callings will receive a severe shock, and will realize that Dame Nature has very

decided views as to how a man ought and ought not to spend his life. The difference in the expectation of life between those occupations which appear at the top of the list — the country clergy and farmers and gardeners and shepherds and farm laborers — and the stone-and-metal workers and others near the bottom, is startling.

If this psychological explanation of unrest is the right one — and it is the most charitable view to take of those who seem to care so little for the welfare of the community as a whole — we are faced with a very grave dilemma. On the one side it looks as if the whole of our industrial civilization was based on a mistake — a mistake about human nature, the one thing which never alters. It looks as if Plato and Ruskin were right, when they argued that the wealth which comes from trade is morally poisonous, and that the only healthy condition for a country is to be self-supporting and mainly agricultural. If these prophets are right, nothing will cure social unrest except the gradual decay of our great cities and our great industries. Historians will then have to describe the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George III as a brilliant but anomalous interlude between two periods of quiet rural existence. Readers of Anatole France's brilliant *Ile des Pingouins* will remember how he describes the ruin of a great industrial civilization at the hands of anarchists, and the return of the islanders to the state of a sparsely populated agricultural country, a phase which was itself terminated after a time by a revival of industrialism.

There may be some among us who would gladly go back to the beautiful and restful England of the eighteenth century; but it must be clearly realized that before this change could be brought about, the majority of our

present population would have to be got rid of somehow; and the process of halving the population of a great country would not be a pleasant one. Perhaps some compromise may be effected, whereby the instinctive needs of the town dweller may be considered and catered for as far as possible, without abolishing *la grande industrie* altogether.

It is probable, in any case, that the twentieth century will be the most difficult and dangerous time that the European peoples have had to face since the downfall of the Roman Empire. We are confronted with three almost insoluble problems — economic, political, and social. The political problem is constituted by the manifest decay of representative government. The golden age of the House of Commons was the brief period between its victory in gaining independence of the Crown and its defeat in attempting to be independent of the constituencies. Since then, the prestige and power of the House have declined every year, till its debates have become little better than a farce. Failure to solve any of these riddles of the Sphinx may plunge us back into the Dark Ages.

The twentieth century must be an age of prolonged tension, anxiety, and, for many, of great suffering. It will

probably be an age of bitter passions and terrible crimes. But both England and France have shown such splendid qualities during the war, that there is no reason to be despondent. A great revival of idealism with a religious basis is not impossible, and would transform the whole situation. The civilized world is now suffering from acute fever, the result of exhaustion and overstrain. But we know that in such cases a healthy body produces antitoxins from its own substance, which not only overcome the microbes of the disease, but confer an immunity against another attack for some time to come. There is good hope that something of the kind may take place in the body politic. What we need above all is a purification and elevation of the standard of values by which the average man judges life and good and evil. The civilization of the nineteenth century was infected by materialism; and it is now certain that on this plane there can be no reconciliation of warring interests. There can be no harmonious social life until men and women find their 'treasure' among those values which are not diminished by sharing. This is the best kind of wealth — the wealth of the mind, the soul, and the spirit. It can be won only through self-denial, but this is the eternally true doctrine of the Cross.

[*L'Humanité*]

THE WOMAN AND THE SLAVE: A CHINESE LEGEND

BY JUDITH GAUTIER

THE wretched man, his rags em-purpled by the glow of the descending sun, made one more fruitless effort to reach the top of the slope. Worn out, he took refuge by a great rock which had aided more than one traveler in his time of need. His breath came short, and for a space he closed his eyes. Then as if unable to keep the marvelous beauty of the evening world shut out from his senses, he opened his eyes again and gazed about.

'The splendor of the world,' murmured he, 'which gives itself freely to all, is the treasure of the wretched.'

And he watched the last beams of the great day star fade from the highest treetops in the distant and darkening valley. Blue veils of mist gathered in the depths; the mountains grew slowly more sombre and distinct against the infinite sky.

The man undid a little bundle, took from it a rice cake wrapped in a green leaf, and ate it slowly.

Hard by, a rill of water flowed; he drank, and then washed the grime from his face. Then once more he sat down, not to sleep, but to await the rising of the moon, for he had not completed his journey. He fought against sleep. A cool breeze played mercifully about his brow.

Weary, he leaned in reverie against his only possession, an ox driver's staff. Why had they fled forever — those fugitive days which had beheld him laboring in the rice fields, driving his slow peaceful beasts, the days of his little home with the gracious

figures of his venerated parents? Why had heaven so cruelly afflicted him? The years of famine, his mother's long illness, his father's death, the sale of his faithful beasts. Nothing remained that he could call his own, and he had even sold himself in order to give his father the due honors of the dead.

The dispossessed ox driver, no longer even the possessor of himself, was on his way to the unknown master whose serf he was henceforth to be.

The round yellow moon rose above the horizon. Ascending into the veils of mist, it took on a bluish tone. The ox driver rose to his feet, and looked down from the mountain to the great spaces and the deep valleys he must traverse. A wood of bamboos stood by itself gleaming palely. The man recommenced his journey. Already he felt himself less free, already a slave.

Onward he walked, with rhythmic step. The weight of his life's disaster pressed heavily upon his shoulders. The bamboo forest closed about him; he fancied it without end, and saw himself walking through it down eternity. Little flamelets of the moon shone here and there among the slender leaves.

Suddenly, he thought he saw a human being standing motionless in the path.

He became afraid and stopped.

Then he saw that the other traveler was a woman, and that she was drawing near. He advanced, and as they