

lady from Indiana, straining her face painfully.

"Well, you see, lady, this is Nevada, and Moses forgot to bring one of them tables along. I forget which, but you ladies will know."

The traveling men guffaw and the ladies, even the kittenish one, look very serious and un-understanding. Awfully witty, but we *e medio occidente* know we mustn't encourage that sort of thing.

Well, let us sedate folk retire to the little square smoking compartment in the Pullman, where the white alkali dust filters remorselessly over the polished nickel of the lavatories, over the towels folded neatly in the high racks, over the black leather seats and the two or three unsocial individuals brooding in them. These are types of the men who travel, yet neither talk nor die of ennui. They come down by narrow gauge out of lonely valleys, where mines are opening or irrigation projects approaching realization. Or they come in by motor from paper boom towns, or on horseback from speculative ranches among the cacti. Gray clothes, gray eyes, graying hair, spare of limb, knotted of brow, they are hard after Fortune, like exhausted grayhounds on the heels of an exhausted hare. They are ob-

vious celibates, they seem never to eat, they drink water incontinently. Scarcely a word passes their lips, but they are easily moved to laughter—full throated, sharp, barking. As you study them your memory digs up a long-submerged circus barker's formula:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the laughing monkey. He eats sparingly, he drinks nothing but water, he does not mate in captivity. And why in thunder he laughs is unknown to science."

Pullman America is interested in the means of life, not in the ends. Listen to its talk for ten thousand miles, you will hear no word about religion or philosophy, art or pure science, unless perchance by way of dispraise. "You know Jim Harden? Well, say, he's a nut. We went up to little old New York together and, say, he wouldn't hear of anything but music. We went to one of those symphony concerts—simply awful—and Jim sat there hanging over the balcony railing, as if he wanted to eat the music up. You couldn't say a word to him, he was that afraid he'd miss just one little note. My, oh, I'd hate to be like that."

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Calls Conscription a Necessity

SIR: I have read with great interest the articles in your able paper on universal service. That they have almost entirely been against it so far is, perhaps, a good thing, because it makes those of us who believe in it stop and think and attempt to analyze the reasons why we believe in it, instead of merely allowing ourselves to be swayed by a popular emotion into something which may be regretted hereafter. I am therefore taking the liberty to express somewhat briefly the case for universal service in an analytical form, stating as I see them the reasons for believing in this doctrine.

Granting, as I presume you do, that a country should be prepared for war, we will find that this may be done by:

- (a) Absolute voluntary service, or
- (b) Absolute universal service and training, or
- (c) Some intermediate measure.

Considering voluntary service for a moment, let us examine how it is possible to have arrived at such a policy. We find on examination that the state requires certain things for its existence: money with which to meet its various needs; civil service—clerical, legislative, judicial, etc.; and military service. All of these may be obtained by voluntary contributions, requisitions by the state on its citizens, or by intermediary methods. In other words, the state may require its citizens to furnish it money or service; it may request them to give these voluntarily, or it may, in the case of service, purchase it. Taking the question of money it is obvious that the voluntary method is impractical. It is very unlikely that a state would be able to exist long or count on a consistent income if its only source of income were voluntary donations by its citizens. Obviously

also certain very definite budgets must be met and a very definite amount of money raised each year; and this being the case the state very properly exerts its prerogative and through its powers of taxation requisitions from its citizens the money that must be raised. We have here a process of universal service, sanctioned by every rule of reason, and by custom.

In the sphere of civil service we find all three forms of securing such services in operation. Voluntary service is seen in certain civic boards, as boards of education, conservation boards, etc.; purchased service in our civil-service lists, clerical capacities, police forces, legislative bodies, judiciary, etc.; and conscription in certain cases, of which jury duty is probably the most notable example. Therefore, when we come to the question of military policy we find that we have precedents on both sides—we find that the state undoubtedly has the power to requisition the services of its citizens, and so the question resolves itself into one of expediency alone.

Looking at the whole problem broadly, we must arrive at the following conclusions: The form in which the state secures its services, either of time or money, depends upon the definiteness with which it is able to foretell its requirements and the ease with which it can obtain the quantity which it needs. It always will try the voluntary system first, then the purchase, and then finally, if all other systems fail and the need is imperative enough, will fall back on requisition.

That is the crux of the problem. The power of imagination is but little strained to foresee its tangible, financial requirements; but as we approach the intangible needs—especially military service—it becomes more and more difficult to foresee the exact demands which may be made, and

more and more easy to simply avoid the question and underestimate them, making the big mistake of confusing potential power with actual power.

It ought to be possible, and our military experts tell us it is possible, to foretell our military requirements. Given certain definite policies to maintain, and certain areas to defend, it requires a certain force to maintain them. How then shall such a force be created? In the times when we were more isolated, when we were less of a world power than we are now, it was (or seemed to be) possible to create it out of those of our citizens who for one reason or another would volunteer for this service. But times have changed, and the requirements besides being more arduous and exacting have to be met much more promptly. We must therefore exert our imagination more, must rely on our experts, and ascertain as accurately as possible what our requirements are before concluding as to how we can fulfill them. Voluntary service is defensible only in so far as it enables us to meet our needs; and if conscription conflicts with certain of our other ideals, we must make our choice as to which is the lesser evil: that of relinquishing certain liberties, or running the chance of being overcome.

From some small personal experience and through considerable correspondence with army officers and military men of all ranks, the following facts have been ascertained:

(a) We shall probably require for the first line of defense against a first-rate power about 500,000 men ready to take the field at a moment's notice, and about as many more within ninety days.

(b) Our voluntary system will not give a regular army of much over 125,000 men.

(c) To make a first-line man requires

1. Adequate physical training;
2. Adequate mental training—generally termed "discipline";
3. Certain technical training.

The combination of these three requisites, of which the second is the most important and hardest to get, requires an intensive training of, on the average, not less than nine months immediately prior to going into action.

This therefore means a "regular" army of about 500,000 men. How can it be secured? Not voluntarily, because the records of our recruiting stations show that this is impossible under present conditions. It must be obtained, therefore, by

(a) Purchase of service, or

(b) Conscription.

Purchase of service means that we compete with the regular labor market. It means a hired standing army. Financially it would double or treble our present appropriations; and from a practical standpoint, it may be considered to be unfeasible.

If these facts be true, therefore—and judging by the information from the best sources at our disposal they are—they point to only one conclusion: some form of conscription if we decide not to run the chance of being conquered.

But conscription would result in a large excess of force. Instead of half a million we would have one or two million. What then can we do? There are several ways proposed, including large classes of exemption based on service in other forms to the state, such as the medical profession, civil service, etc.; high physical requirements; choice by lot as with jury duty; or a reduced tenure of service. Resulting from a study of this problem several systems known respectively as the Swiss Military System, the Australian Military System, and others have been evolved. The Aus-

tralian System still remains to be proved as to value. But whatever system is chosen it must meet the following requirements:

(a) A sufficient force immediately available, and a sufficient reserve force.

(b) A first line force adequately prepared physically, mentally and technically at the time of need.

All this has its disadvantages. I admit a great deal of what both Mr. Angell and Mr. Dewey say, and I regret with them the seeming necessity. It is, so to speak, a tragedy of circumstances; but the facts remain.

It is not for us to decide whether we want universal service with all its disadvantages, or voluntary service with all its freedom. We must not be diverted by a discussion of its by-products, advantages or disadvantages. That question is not in our hands. Our decision must be one of policy—do we want to defend our doctrines or not? If we do we must prepare; we cannot eat our cake and have it.

D. A. WILCOX.

New York City.

## Compulsion vs. Ideals

SIR: Professor Ralph Barton Perry's article on "The Vigil of Arms" in your issue of May 27th contains some astounding statements. Professor Perry calmly asserts that "compulsory military service is in principle contrary to no ideal." It seems impossible that he should not know that it is, on the contrary, opposed to the ideals of many. Tolstoians, Quakers, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation all hold war to be murder and participation in it abhorrent. The Anti-Enlistment League has enrolled several thousand men and women who believe that little or no distinction can be drawn between so-called "defensive" and "offensive" wars, and consequently have pledged themselves not to engage in any war. Professor Perry's treatment of these groups as philosophically non-existent, is to say the least, puzzling.

In a later paragraph, when speaking of dissent in wartime, Professor Perry says, "If his conscience is offended, so much the worse for his conscience. What he needs is a new conscience which will teach him to keep the faith with his fellows." Such advice would be more befitting a German general silencing Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, or an English censor muzzling Bertrand Russell and Sir Arthur Ponsonby than a prominent American teacher. Professor Perry's summum bonum is "keeping the faith with his fellows," and this means to him, keeping the faith with the men under the same flag. What he neglects to see is that the term "fellow" means different things to different men.

As a subsidiary virtue, to be sure, Professor Perry approves of that individualism which boldly asserts what it believes to be right. But should it ever conflict with nationalism (as conflict it sometimes must) it must yield. It must be busy when Professor Perry wishes it to be, and silent when he believes it should be still.

Professor Perry's attitude is analogous to that of the London journal which advised England "to suspend the national conscience for five years." He has framed a double-standard of morality, one for peace and a totally different one for war. Woe betide any man who, in time of war, attempts to follow John Stuart Mill's dictum, that a man's first duty is "to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead!"

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

## Books and Things

WHEN was the right moment to advertise one's liking for "The Way of All Flesh"? Shaw's preface to "Major Barbara" was not published until 1907. The second English edition of Butler's novel was not published until 1908, and in the next year or so a few copies found their way to this country. These were still so few by 1910 or '11 that if you talked big about Butler people were not impressed. Nevertheless, there must have been a golden moment when the observers of "The Way of All Flesh" were still few enough to be distinguished and already many enough to make themselves heard. This moment has gone. We are to-day that next generation whom Butler wrote for, and we find his novel easy to understand and a little old-fashioned and immensely stimulating. Here is the first American edition, published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, well printed, price a dollar and a half, a book to buy, to read, to keep and not to lend.

On the paper cover which protects the blue cloth binding there is a quotation from Arnold Bennett, to whom Mr. Robert H. Davis had said: "Do you know a novel called 'The Way of All Flesh'?" And Mr. Bennett answered: "I do. It is one of the great novels of the world." Such praise is useful because coming from Mr. Bennett it makes people want to read. Such praise is harmless because Butler is so lively that after you have read a few pages you stop wondering why Mr. Bennett dragged greatness in. You forget that Butler's novel is unlike what you were led by Mr. Bennett's praise to expect. It is unlike any other novel either great or small. It is like a wise selection from the Note-Books of Samuel Butler, arranged at first as a Pontifex family history and at the end as a biography of Ernest Pontifex.

These Pontifexes, who started in a small way, rise into a higher air of public school, Cambridge, fixed incomes and holy orders. Most of the dramatis personae look safe enough if you judge them by their labels, but you soon discover that the labels do not mean to Butler what they meant to most English novelists in 1880. His school teachers like teaching because it is tyranny made easy, and not for any other reason. His young men take holy orders reluctantly, because they have not courage enough and imagination enough to resist family pressure. His husbands and wives, who normally have married without love, endure each another well or ill, as the case may be. Parents dislike their children and never acknowledge to themselves that this dislike exists and controls their decisions. Children are slow to acknowledge how sincerely they detest their parents. Small incomes look up admiringly to large incomes, and large incomes respect one another. Rare is the man who has the eye to perceive or the realism to own what he genuinely feels.

Ernest Pontifex's career is a shock to his self-deceiving people. It begins in the ordinary way, it follows the ordinary routine through public school and Cambridge to holy orders, for which he has no turn. But after taking holy orders Ernest does and suffers strange things. He goes to prison for six months because, in the words of the judge who sentences him: "It is not likely that in the healthy atmosphere of such a school as Roughborough you can have come across contaminating influences; you were probably, I may say certainly, impressed at school with the heinousness of any attempt to depart from the strictest chastity until such time as you had entered into a state of matrimony. . . . For the last four or five months you

have been a clergyman, and if a single impure thought had still remained within your mind, ordination should have removed it; nevertheless, not only does it appear that your mind is as impure as though none of the influences to which I have referred had been brought to bear upon it, but it seems as though their only result had been this—that you have not even the common sense to be able to distinguish between a respectable girl and a prostitute." Soon after getting out of prison Ernest marries a prostitute named Ellen, who used to be his mother's maid, and with her sets up a small second-hand clothing shop. He is in despair when he learns that Ellen is a drunkard, and overjoyed when he learns that she has a husband living. When the novel closes Ernest is in possession of a fortune, he knows what he likes and what he dislikes, and he gives himself to the writing of unpopular books which a later generation will appreciate. But this happy ending is not arbitrary, for we have known since page 168 that Ernest would come into a fortune at twenty-eight.

This story is told and commented upon by an active-minded somebody who is Butler himself, who has Butler's humor and wit, his power of shrewd contentious observation, his surprising first hand common sense. This narrator is the partisan of one point of view, Samuel Butler's own. To his habit of observing with his own eyes he owes his discovery that life is absolutely unlike what the romanticists and sentimentalists have told him about it, and his attention becomes the slave of this discovery. He literally cannot pay attention to any motive or any act or any feeling which might weaken his faith. For the romantic and the sentimental illusion he has substituted a hard-headed illusion of his own. He has the keenest nose for evidence that strengthens his case, and in the presence of any other kind of evidence he loses his sense of smell. No other novelist with a mind has such an unpliant mind. Life can no longer either astonish or puzzle him. It never contradicts itself. It is always the good dependable raw material for comment delivered in a voice quietly and uniformly nipping.

Butler has excluded from his novel all those isolated mountain-top feelings which first gave the romanticists the tip for their convention that the levels are like the high spots. He has excluded everything indistinct. He does incline, to be sure, to the view "that it is our less conscious thoughts and our less conscious actions which mainly mould our lives, and the lives of those who spring from us." I am not familiar enough with his other writings to know what this view did to his thinking, but it has done almost nothing to "The Way of All Flesh," where there is neither darkness nor dimness nor sudden light, where the same light falls equally upon all parts of a world as clear as one would be which contained only conscious actions and conscious thoughts.

And yet, although Butler's self-made dissent from conventional beliefs does rather monotonously dictate to him, does keep him out of the class of perfectly free observers, the details of his dissent are endlessly amusing and original. Every now and then his observation sounds forced, but even if it never had been, and even if he had lived in a world about which nobody had ever told him any lies, he would still have acquired the belief in which "The Way of All Flesh" is rooted. This belief, as valid for the real confusing world as for Butler's simplified world, is a belief that hardly anybody knows what he likes and how he feels, and that for everybody the beginning of wisdom is to find out.

P. L.