This has been distinctly the case with the matter under discussion. Disappointments and unforeseen results are, indeed, no argument against attempting humane legislation; but they are a clear warning against rash lawmaking. The utmost care should be taken in the drafting of labor legislation, so as to make it as sure as is humanly possible that evils will not be created greater than those which it is designed to cure.

**ANGLO-SAXONDOM AND WORLD-PeACE.**

The main trend of Lord Haldane's address before the American Bar Association at Montreal was determined in advance by the nature of the occasion. When the Lord Chancellor of England comes across the seas to speak in Canada before a gathering of lawyers, of whom a very large proportion are from the United States, it is inevitable that his subject should concern itself with the affiliations that bind this country, Great Britain, and the Dominion into what may be described as a community of nations. Speaking before lawyers, Lord Haldane was at pains to point out that the causes of Anglo-Saxon amity are independent of treaty arrangements.

The Lord Chancellor is a student of philosophy and he went to the vocabulary of the German philosophers for a word that would adequately describe that spirit of amity. But when we have followed the speaker through his eloquent and lucid dissertation upon *Stuttichkast*, we find ourselves, after all, in the presence of a familiar thing. He is referring neither to legal systems nor to specific morals, but to those habitual sanctions which determine the conduct of men in a community, the way of reacting towards the duties of civilized citizenship, the way, in short, of looking at life. And he finds that in this country, in Great Britain, and in Canada there prevails a common *Stuttichkast*, a similarity of social conduct, which is the principal basis of Anglo-Saxon friendship, and which may become the foundation of still more intimate relations in the future.

It is a scholarly way of formulating the idea embodied in such familiar phrases as "hands across the sea" and "common inheritance."

Emphasis laid on Anglo-Saxon friendship as a factor in the establishment of the idea of world-peace is desirable only to a certain point. The danger of expatiating on Anglo-Saxon unity consists in the fact that it may serve as an irritant upon the world at large. There are nations which may be inclined to regard a union of the English-speaking races as a union, not for something, but against somebody; not for the encouragement of the ideas of peace, but for the imposition of peace on those outside the Anglo-Saxon community. In specific instances we have seen how the proposal of a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain has been received, even by citizens of this country, as a menace to Germany. The Kaiser's people have been trained to envisage a unity of Germanic races no less ambitious, and we may reasonably suppose no less inspired by high motives, than the unity of the Anglo-Saxons. In Eastern and Southeastern Europe Slavdom has its own aspirations. The political evolution of the Old World will be shaped for many years to come by the rivalry of the English, the Germans, and the Slavs. The question arises whether this country, by making itself a member of an Anglo-Saxon "union," does not to that extent make itself a party to the great rivalry of races.

There is no need to lay stress upon a community of *Stuttichkast* in the Anglo-Saxon world as an argument for peace between Great Britain and the United States. We may concede that our American way of looking at life is closer to the English way than it is to any other, though such a statement never fails to bring out arguments regarding the enormous infusion of non-Saxon blood and brain into our people. Conceding that we have a community of thought and habits and language with the English people which makes war between the two nations an inconceivable thing, it is still true that war between this nation and any other of the leading Powers of Europe is almost equally inconceivable. Does any statesman really foresee the chance of our engaging in hostilities with the German Empire, or with Russia, or with France? There was, of course, that flurry over German designs in the Philippines at the time of our war with Spain. But, then, there was something more than a flurry with Great Britain over Venezuela. No; we must still maintain that conflict between this country and any European nation is rendered impossible by other than ethnological or sociological causes. The
old arguments still hold. Situated here on the Western Continent, at a remote distance from the age-old rivalries that make of Europe an armed camp, these United States are as unlikely to be the armed enemies of one European country as of any other.

If war is to make way for reason in the settlement of international disputes, it will not be because the world will be transformed into a single community with only one code of manners. World-peace, if it comes, will come with the triumph of these universal ideas which are above all national habits and manners, the ideas of justice, of reason, and of law. We can have world-peace with world diversity. For diversity is no more an essential force for armed conflict than uniformity is an unfalling factor for peace. Where, for instance, could Lord Ealdane find a closer identity of "Sitich eldest" than that obtaining in the two Balkan peoples that have lately been tearing at one another's throats like mad dogs? Bulgaria and Servia are two peasant populations living on the same economic level, speaking what is virtually two dialects of the same language, acknowledging the same faith, and held in subjection for centuries by the same master at Constantinople. What but the survival of primitive brute instincts is responsible for the horrors of Macedonia and Tharsce? The same way of looking at life will not keep two nations at peace if both look at life with distorted vision.

IS THERE A "PUBLIC"?

One thing is quite certain, we are living in a highly significant age. The only question is whether this is the age of Strindberg and Brinoux or of Hall Caine and Harold Bell Wright; the age of Matisse and Picasso or of Dungbat and Desperate Desert; the age which insists on ruthless details of life in the white-slate markets or the age which insists that its heroes of fiction must be six feet six inches and more; the age of Debussy and Anna Pavlova or the age of the Temagami Bug. One thing is certain: the Public is eager for something. The question is whether the public wants the red meat of John Masefield, the cosmopolitan fare of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells and Theodore Dreiser, the plain home cooking of Winston Churchill, or the sugar and cream confections of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott and Gene Stratton-Porter. Or, after all, is nothing certain? Are we at liberty to doubt whether there is such a thing as a Public, instead of merely so many people? Is there such a thing as a spirit of the age, instead of now this fad and now that one forging ahead in the newspapers?

Not that the formula makers are altogether at fault. The temptation to generalize at times becomes well-nigh irresistible. The current at times does seem to set steadily in one direction. The vatica does seem to stretch out over new landscapes. We can hardly blame, for instance, the student of morals and manners who assures you that this country is in full revolt against the hereditary Puritanism. The old prudery of speech—and of behavior—is passing. On subjects worthy and worthless we feel and speak to-day with a freedom that ten years ago would have been inconceivable. The habits and speech of common life have become heavily charged with the habits and speech of the intellectuals and the underworld.

Tango, eugenics, the "slit skirt", sex hygiene, Breux, white slaves, Richard Strauss, John Masefield, the double standard of morality—here is a conglomerate of things important and unimportant, of age-old problems and momentary fads, which nevertheless have this one thing in common that they do involve an abandonment of the old pretenses and the old reticences. Neither our newspapers nor our preachers nor our college presidents can be accused of being mealy-mouthed. Take, as a single instance, the invasion of the theatre by the crook play and the white-slate play. Is it rash to say that a revolution has occurred in the few years that have elapsed since the police put the ban on "Mrs. Warren's Profession"?

It is rash. No such revolution has occurred in the sense of a profound transformation working itself out within the great mass of our people. To make a revolution it needs something more than that all of the people shall be stirred some of the time and some of the people shall be agitated all of the time. The great public, in spite of the tango and the white-slate propaganda, has not shifted its moorings. Its fundamental tastes are very much what they have been. When we speak of everybody as out of town in summer. We generalize from insufficient data. The assertion that the American reading public is learning to view life boldly with Bennett and Wells and Dreiser is disproved by the fact that hundreds of thousands are viewing it in the good old romantic fashion with Hall Caine and Marie Corelli. The underworld theme may sell books by the thousands, but to sell books by the hundreds of thousands we still require such old themes as home and mother and love's devotion. The noisy few may point the way and a goodly crowd may follow in mawk imitation. But the great crowd also chooses for itself, and its independent choice is for the broad and simple effects that have always appealed to the masses.

We must still distinguish between the fluttering taste of the few who have lost their intellectual mooring by a kind of half education, and those profound changes which truly constitute a revolution in the life of the people. The self-styled intellectuals are terribly exposed to self-deception, they have neither the instincts of the masses nor the settled conviction of those who have felt the long judgments of time. In their hands are all the organs of publicity—the newspapers, the reviews, the circles and cliques which create "movements," and tendencies, and vistas, and revaluations. There may be a lively play of wave and spume on the surface; in the depths change works almost by imperceptible stages.

POINCARE'S LAST BOOK.

PARIS, August 20.

"Dernières Pensées" (E. Flammarion, 3.50 francs) is the last book of general interest which we are to have from that lucid thinker and clear writer, Henri Poincaré. It comprises late articles and lectures, some written within a few days of his death in July of last year. He intended the collection to form the fourth volume of his series of works on the philosophy of science—"Science and Hypothesis," "The Value of Science," "Science and Method," and this one dealing with outstanding questions, such as the evolution of laws; Space and Time; the logic of the Infinitesimals and of mathematics; Matter and Ether; and moral systems and science, and moral union among men. A supplementary lecture by him on new conceptions of matter has since been published in a volume by several authors, "Le Matérialisme actuel" (Flammarion,