

## CURRENT MAGAZINES

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France Moves to the Right:—Editorial, in the *Review of Reviews*.

The British Press:—Mr. H. E. Scarborough, in *Foreign Affairs*.

What is Wrong with Journalism?:—Mr. G. Buchanan, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Fascism Fails Italy:—Mr. H. Quigley, in *Current History*.

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THE Editor of the *Review of Reviews* has made a survey of those parties in France which come under that general description "The Right," and he endeavours to reassure English readers who have lately become anxious about the danger of a French lapse to Fascism. Some half-dozen groups, he points out, took part in the riots of February last, not only the group known as *Action Française*, but the *Jeunesses Patriotes*, the *Croix de Feu* and others with less picturesque but not less significant names. When one analyzes the purposes of each, one finds them co-operating chiefly through a common antagonism, cherished for very different reasons, against the present order. *Action Française*, with a few thousand members, for the most part university students, is bent upon return to hereditary monarchy, a decentralized government, and uncompromising nationalism in foreign relations. The *Croix de Feu* is avowedly republican, but first and foremost it is anti-Communist, made up of some 140,000 ex-soldiers, sons of soldiers and admirers of soldiers, with possibilities of a general strike as its chief anxiety, and capable—to use the words of its leader—of immediate "mobilization" at any time without the use of either telephone or mail. One sees here a precaution against that derangement of the public services to which *sabotage* has so often resorted in French industrial conflict. *Jeunesses Patriotes*, which lost one of its members by police fire last February when Premier Daladier gave the order to the gendarmes to defend themselves, must surely combine national zeal with much flexibility in interpreting its own name. For, among the 300,000 alleged members of this League of Youth, Clemenceau was enrolled at the age of 86, while Marshal Lyautey, who is now in his 81st year, joined its ranks a few months ago! The Stavisky affair gave a great impetus to consolidation of groups in general so different. But this critic in the *Review of Reviews* cannot believe that, "when tempers cool", the general divergences will fail to reassert themselves.

The news of street fighting in Paris brought back last February many an old memory of "the barricades". In that historic city

this has been again and again the method of incipient Revolution. Ever since Napoleon III, with the advice and assistance of Baron Haussmann, straightened so many streets and widened so many squares, it has lent itself less easily than of old to a rising, and it is fair to guess that the shrewd Emperor had in mind the control of mobs quite as much as the facilitation of traffic. "Hausmannic Paris" is less interesting to tourists, but more manageable from the point of view of the Chief of Police. Last winter, however, the authorities were driven to their wits' end. Mr. Sisley Huddleston's article about France, as a place relatively calm "in this heaving, plunging world", had just helped to reassure us when suddenly came news of 50,000 rioters battling all night in the streets of the capital with 14,000 police, of the Chamber of Deputies breaking up in wild disorder, and of machine guns playing in every direction from the steps of the Palais Bourbon. Was the outburst to be explained altogether by the Bayonne Pawnshops scandal? Or was that event no more than the occasion which released a wrath long being stored up? A series of articles in the English magazines has set up a train of historical reflection which it seems worth while to pursue.

It is to be borne in mind that, since it was established in 1875, the Third French Republic has passed through crisis after crisis. Its life has again and again seemed to hang by a hair, but the tenacity of the hair has been remarkable. To begin with, the republican constitution was patched together in a hurry. It was voted into existence by a National Assembly of 750 members, not more than one-third of whom were genuine republicans, and who had been brought together not to frame a constitution, but to conclude a peace. Prussian troops were still encamped in the environs of Versailles when, in 1871, those deputies met to make what desperate terms they could with Bismarck. But the Emperor having fled, some constitutional settlement had to be devised, and although there were at least 400 monarchists in the Assembly, they were divided among themselves as to the monarch who should be chosen. "Legitimists" quarrelled with "Orleanists" about the rival claims of the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris. As they intrigued against one another, they were startled into agreement by a common peril. It became known that the Bonapartists, whom they alike detested more than they detested each other, were planning a *coup d'état*. So a republic was hastily adopted—a scheme which neither wanted, but on which alone they could agree as the least of possible evils.

From such an origin has proceeded a troublous life. Four years after its proclamation, the republic was relieved of one dread

by the death of the Prince Imperial. Anti-Bonapartists began to breathe more freely. But before long France was seething with excitement over General Boulanger, Director of Infantry at the War Office, upon whom hopes for revenge upon the Germans were concentrated, and who was known to favour a constitutional change by which the President of the Republic would be vested with far greater personal authority. *Vive Boulanger* became the rallying cry of a party for military dictatorship, and the General's deposition from his command made him still further a public idol. Forty-five years ago it was the judgment of shrewd observers that if he had courage to seize his chance, he would achieve a success not below that of Louis Napoleon. Still more recently it seems probable that only the lack of a leader sufficiently magnetic has stopped the movement to a dictatorship. At the crisis of the Dreyfus episode thirty-five years ago the republic might well have fallen if there had been even a survivor of the house of Bonaparte.

Of the causes which have produced and continue to produce such recurring danger, one has plainly been the resentment of the Church against republican anti-clericalism. From Gambetta and Clemenceau to Briand and Viviani, a secularist spirit and purpose have inspired the administration. To the republic must be charged Disestablishment, the new Education Laws, and the expulsion of the religious Orders. How powerful this Church pressure upon public opinion can be, has been shown again and again. No French republican leader has attempted such a *rapprochement* as the genius of Mussolini devised in "The Lateran Treaty". Side by side with the priestly agitation must be included that of the French militarists, the perpetuators of the gospel of *gloire*, the army contractors for whom kingship has meant in general larger orders, and the varied groups of royalists—in which female influence counts for a good deal—to whom democracy is, in a word, "much too drab".

At times of exceptional candour these motives are avowed, but in general it is the lack of patriotism, the financial incapacity, the personal corruption of republican Ministers which figure in the fierce rhetoric of such a paper as *L'Action Française*. We are told of members of the Cabinet who entered office as poor men and retired rich beyond the dreams of avarice. We still hear echoes of the Daniel Wilson scandal, when a President's son-in-law drove a flourishing business in badges of the Legion of Honour, or the Panama Scandal, where hundreds of deputies were bribed by a corporation and some fifty million francs vanished without leaving a trace. Of course, persistently though intermittently, reproach

is levelled at "Jews and Freemasons". When the French franc ten years ago showed signs of dropping altogether out of sight, it was startling to observe the joy with which royalists conjectured that "it will one of these days be worth no more than half a cent in New York". Latterly the royalists have been short of propagandist material. Whatever else might be said of the republican Government by others, they at least could not blame the foreign policy which had been so unbending in negotiations with Berlin and Geneva, nor the spirit of "preparedness" which was surrounding France with a "ring of steel". Financially, too, the country's strength in times of strain had been disappointingly good. Only the budget difficulties seemed to present an opening, and the very utmost was made of discontent, especially among civil servants, at the administrative economies which had to be enforced. But lo, suddenly another first-rank financial scandal appears, and the hearts of the royalists rise high with hope.

Investigation seems to have shown that the culpability of Ministers in the Stavisky affair was very much exaggerated by the anti-Government press exploiting the rage of those who had been swindled. Anatole France, who was no royalist partisan, used to depict the Third Republic as more corrupt than the monarchy had been. One gets from his *Histoire Contemporaine* the idea of bribery as usual and integrity as peculiar—recalling the group in *Little Dorrit* which thought of insolvency as mankind's normal state, and of the payment of debts as a disease which sometimes breaks out. If Ministers were not personally "mixed up" in the Stavisky business, they had intimate relationship with persons who were, and there was at least a prolonged looseness of control for which the victims cannot be expected to entertain any innocent explanation.

For the time, however, the danger to the Republic seems to be past. The manifesto from the Duc de Guise, offering to assume the burden of royalty for the nation's sake, met with a cold reception. Parisians who have been defrauded of their savings can easily be roused to riot in the streets round the Palais Bourbon, and to make deputies, as they come and go, feel that "something must be done" to appease the public temper. This time there was a special incentive, because a plea more or less plausible might be advanced that the letter from the Minister of Colonies constituted a Government guarantee of the Stavisky bonds, and that consequently the bondholders must be compensated out of the public treasury. Perhaps the Chamber could be terrorized into adopting that view of the case, and thus relieving applicants

from long and precarious litigation? If rioting would help such an enterprise, Parisians with an eye to business would smash windows, and stone policemen and maltreat deputies for a few nights in succession.

A great outcry has been made because the police were finally authorized by Premier Daladier to fire. What shocking measures to adopt towards an unarmed crowd! Eye-witnesses, however, representing not party interests on the spot, but great disinterested newspapers abroad, have emphasized the patience shown by the Government, and have drawn a very enlightening picture of that "unarmed" crowd—outnumbering the police often by ten to one, hurling bricks and fragments of the pavement as missiles, stabbing the policemen's horses and throwing their riders into the Seine, overturning motor lorries and burning them on the streets. The order to fire does not seem to have been given until all milder measures had been tried in vain; the rioters were duly warned, and the first volleys were with blank cartridge. From the very small number of fatalities in street fighting on such a scale the official restraint is obvious.

In the end, and with no other available remedy, what alternative course was possible? Was the Government to collapse before fifty thousand Parisian rioters—drawn from the discontented of every class, and led by young royalists who were not above exploiting even the prejudices they most despised and the passions they most hated? This outburst did not occur altogether unexpectedly. Premier Chautemps had announced his discovery of a plot to wrest the government from the elected Chamber and commit it to "a few energetic men". Premier Daladier had spoken of the danger that the Republic might have to "abdicate". Everyone knew, some days previously, what was meant by the police measure of dismantling lamp-posts and removing all that was portable in the municipal equipment of streets near the Palais Bourbon. But it was not practicable to excavate and remove all the paving stones, and the mob was able to find pickaxes. Was the Government then to watch, with folded hands, while a public Ministry was set on fire, as in the frenzy of the Commune? Or can anyone pretend respect for the sincerity of the young royalists as they furnished leadership to that wild mass of Communist rioters shrieking for the Class-War, civil servants enraged at reduction of their pay, and the unemployed furious for more doles? Very soon the different groups which combined in those few days of rioting began to reflect upon how far apart in purpose they really were from one another. In particular the Communists wakened up to the fact

that they had been tools of a species of Fascism, and the General Strike of one day was made a spectacular protest. Much is hoped from that "Cabinet of Salvation" in which Premier Domergue has now the help of more ex-premiers than could be found alive in any country except France. They have been consolidated by a common patriotism.

From the point of view of liberal-minded men, there ought to be some compensating advantages even from what made a few days of such startling history. It should compel a house-cleaning in certain Ministerial Offices, round which a gang of quick-witted scoundrels had plainly collected. Every Government has its percentage of disreputable hangers-on, but this time the percentage had become alarmingly high. Moreover, there is much reason to suspect that at least a temporary strengthening of the Executive even at the cost of weakening the Chamber may be necessary. One is impressed by the line of reasoning seen of late in papers so different as the *Quotidien*, the *Illustration*, and the *Figaro*. Perhaps Great Britain can risk keeping her old parliamentary ways unmodified even in a time of crisis (though her "Defence of the Realm Act" makes one doubt it), but at least France seems to need now some special contrivance. The displacement of her Governments every few months—of late, indeed, every few weeks or even days—has become a ruinous habit. But is it not inevitable, with such multiplication of parties and such intimate relation of different parties within the Chamber to different Clubs outside? One has often heard the mocking query whether it is indeed so—as British and American practice would appear to assume—that everybody is by nature in one of two groups, Conservative or Liberal, Republican or Democrat. But a survey of the innumerable shades of opinion in the French parliament makes one feel the enormous advantage any country has in acting on this bold dualism as a principle, whether it be true or false. Better an obstinate and mechanical legislature than one utterly fickle and hesitating—especially in times like these. Where the "group" system persistently works against this, emergency powers for the Executive may well have to be asked for and obtained. It is indeed known that M. Daladier had it in mind to make just such a proposal. But not for a dictatorship; only for special and revocable powers. A Roosevelt, not a Mussolini control. The sheer needs of efficiency may call for it.

One final point, of interest far beyond France, may be made. Defeat of a French Government in the Chamber does not mean, as the like defeat of a British Government would mean, its resig-

nation and a general election. It means just a re-shuffle of portfolios and persons. Parliament must run its full term. That, it is said, saves money, for frequent elections are expensive. But an election at least clears the air. The French are finding that to save money in one way may mean losing it on a far larger scale in another way. It may mean, too, the loss of what is much more precious than money. A re-casting of French constitutional method, after this tempest has cleared, might well include such further imitation of "the Mother of Parliaments".

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MR. SCARBOROUGH'S article in *Foreign Affairs* should make one reflect with concern upon the place and function now held in Great Britain by "The Fourth Estate". For plainly its office there, always exceptional, has approached of late nearer and nearer to being unique.

Not long ago, in an interview with a group of press representatives, Mussolini declared that the newspaper under a Fascist régime must be transformed. The "musketeering journalist" of the past, he said, must disappear. Under the new order the daily journal, from beginning to end, must be constructed in the service of a single "idea". The Fascist State must have "a journalism of its own." In Germany a like spirit has been refashioning the press. Government censorship of the most rigorous kind has been applied. The quaint announcement greets us in cables regarding a public event that the German papers, unlike those of Great Britain and the United States, have not commented upon it, because they have as yet no instructions about what they may say!

An amusing side to this tragic situation has lately developed. Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, the German Minister of Propaganda, has discovered after a year's trial of such censorship that it has one most unfortunate result. The circulation of these Government-controlled newspapers has been going down! People find them dull, and cease to subscribe. With a fall in circulation there has been, naturally, a fall in advertisements, and this in turn has meant a fall in business. So the Minister of Propaganda has been driven to intimate a wider liberty for journalists, in the hope that some part of the circulation lost to Swiss newspapers may be got back. But so far the recovery has been slow. It seems as if the German journalists were not yet quite sure that this sudden indulgence is seriously meant. A premature or mistaken use of it might so easily have to be expiated in a Concentration Camp.

To the British reader, trained in traditions of free speech and free publishing, this is a spectacle for which he must ransack history

to find a parallel. Probably the first criticism which occurs to him is some passage of withering scorn from Milton's *Areopagitica*. In Canada the British tradition on this matter, as on so many others, is our joy and pride. We are not indeed unaware of some critical complaints about the decadence of British newspapers, but we notice that they appear as a rule in some British newspaper—unconscious of the irony in its protest that the very spirit of independent protesting is no more. Of course our own Commonwealth has known many a lapse from its high standard. When Mr. H. G. Wells tells us that "free press" has come to mean a press free to be bought by anyone, we have our moments of cynical suspicion that he is not wholly wrong. When Mr. G. K. Chesterton refers to those national crises intense enough to scare the British press temporarily into truthfulness, we recognize the element of justice which gives point to the ferocious exaggeration. But deep down in our hearts is the belief, grounded we think on sufficient evidence, that in courage, in impartiality, in power of vigorous and illuminating criticism, the press of Great Britain still holds in our day its ancient proud distinction among the journals of the world.

The power which a newspaper can exert is indeed vast, and one sees it perhaps most clearly where it is abused. No discerning admirer will deny that many a gross abuse has been witnessed as this instrument has developed in recent years on so great a scale: as Plato once said, the corruption of the best is always the worst. The editor not only determines for his readers the reflections to be turned over in their minds on the events of the preceding day, but even decides which of these events shall be brought to their attention at all, and the form in which they shall be presented. It is an opportunity greater, in a sense, than that of the preacher. In the pulpit a certain limit is set by an authoritative text, whose meaning the preacher may indeed torture in strange and capricious ways, but whose language at least he must read as it is given to him. On the other hand, the editor can adjust not only his comment but his very text. By judicious selection and excision, by varieties of type and cunningly contrived headlines, he can lay the basis in his columns of news for just that inference which he desires to draw in his leading article. What he inserts is often of slighter significance than what he omits, and the perspective in which he arranges his material—magnifying this and slurring over that—places the reader, especially the tired or hasty reader, at the journalist's disposal. Carlyle must have had something of this awful power in mind when he proposed, as title for a history of the British newspaper press, *Satan's Invisible World Displayed*.



And yet, despite one's keen relish for the satire of that grand old dyspeptic, what alternative to this institution would not be found more intolerable still? Quite correctly a dictator, German or Italian, must regard a free press as the chief peril to his projects. Our decision, then, depends on what we think of dictatorship. It was a humorist who lately began an after-dinner speech to bankers by calling them "men to whom we owe so much that we can never, never hope to repay". That sounded like an outburst of pre-lection rhetoric, about the local newspaper editors of his own party whose service every candidate represents as of a spiritual kind with which mere material obligations cannot be compared. But although the poetic license of such a time is so well understood that even editors receive the flattery at an enormous discount, there is still genuine meaning in the claim of exceptional merit for the British press. It is not in humour, it is in intense earnest, that men of our Commonwealth speak of debt to the great journalists of the past.

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WE are approaching the twelfth anniversary of the March of the Blackshirts upon Rome, and the inspiration of their example is still sufficiently vigorous to have shirts of other hues—brown, blue and grey—chosen as symbolic of rival enterprises for remaking the State. The critic in the June number of *Current History*, who argues that Italian Fascism has been a failure, has built up an impressive case on the other side, and since that article was set in type, the new Italian budget has gone far to confirm its sombre conclusions. When one reads of two deficits, the first on running expenses that amounts to \$300,000,000, the second on adverse balance of trade that amounts to \$250,000,000, and then recalls the very moderate economic resources of Italy, the rhetoric for a Fascist celebration seems rather short of material. Add to this the Dictator's solemn warning that wages must be reduced and the general standard of living must come down!

Yet for some cause Italian Labour remains, on the whole, immovably Fascist. Nowhere have the remarkable talents of Mussolini been more signally displayed than in his handling of the Labour problem. Nowhere else has he exploited with equal skill the faults of the system he displaced, or disguised with equal effect the faults of the system he substituted. The spirit of his legislation, or rather his decrees, in this field merits much more study than has so far been bestowed upon it abroad.

Trade-unions, known in Italy as "Syndicates", had long been active; their temper and their method were perfectly known to

the ex-editor of *L'Avanti*. As a convert or as a renegade (the descriptive term is for the critic's choice) Mussolini struck at the very root of the system he abjured—not because, as his enemies say, he was a declared apostate from *Socialism*, but professedly because the Syndicates had missed the direction in which Socialism points. They had tried not to intensify but to disrupt State control! First of all, then, the existing trade-unions, which assumed a permanent condition of war between employers and employees, must be dissolved, and in their place must be established Fascist unions resting on the idea not of a conflict but of a partnership, under a common national loyalty. Within these groups such a term as “the labouring class” should be unknown, for labour should be a quality of the whole population, engaged in a common strife against parasitism and waste. Distinction of classes should be based solely on difference in the kind of service rendered to the State, all kinds alike necessary.

Within the limits of a common organization for public duty, the industrial employers of Italy on the one side and the Fascist employees on the other were confederated. Each Confederation pledged itself to recognize the other as sole representative of all its members, so that contractual relations between companies and their workmen can be established through this channel only. The Fascist Grand Council proceeded to ratify this agreement, and to provide legal machinery for making it effective. Especially it was ordained that all labour disputes shall be compulsorily arbitrated by State Courts set up for that purpose, strikes and lock-outs being alike forbidden. In short, the spirit of the change is to bring both parties to an industrial dispute at once under State direction, dictating a settlement in the name of the public, very much as the private wars and quasi-sovereign rights of English feudal barons were abolished by the authority of the King's courts. With a view to facilitating this, employers and employees meet in a sort of central corporative Council at Rome, presided over by the Ministry of Corporations. But, however the path may be smoothed, in the end the settlement is compulsory, and the process is not allowed to be long drawn out.

Against this vast change in industrial relations, adopted on October 2, 1925, and in operation ever since, a protest was lodged at once by those wedded to the older Syndicates. They spoke with resolute and indeed surprising courage. The General Confederation of Labour proclaimed to the world that here was a scheme of the propertied classes to put back the hands of the clock of progress and to paralyze the freedom of the Italian working man.

Was it not a step worthy of those who, to gratify their own lust for power, had pretended the imminence of an anarchic Revolution? But Italy is now in the tenth year of this New Deal in the World of Labour, and it still stands. What are the sources of its strength? And how far do they provide a suggestion for other countries?

Gestures of reverence towards all honest toil and all genuine toilers are the stock-in-trade of a politician, and Labour has learned to subject May Day orations to a generous discount. It appears that two million workers listened on such an anniversary to Hitler, as he compared the resurgence of German nationalism to the opening of the buds in springtime, and made the reawakening of Nature a symbol of the reunion of German classes. It is a fair guess, however, that he was heard with cynical distrust as he scouted the idea of brain worker and hand worker standing in mutual opposition, rebuked the pretence of superiority in "intellectuals" over those who feed the factory machine or walk behind the plough, and described the Fatherland of Fascist dreams in which each class will pay its tribute of homage to the rest. Dr. Goebbels opened a Kultur Institute with a like rhetorical outburst about participation by all in the intellectual treasures of their country, and about the Nazi crusade to establish a nation of social equals. Onlookers could not but reflect how remote was such language from the whole past record of not a few men on whose support the National Socialists depend, and who must have had some reason to be sure that it was not too seriously meant. But Italian Fascism—unlike German—has in this respect long passed beyond the stage of an election gesture. Its policy is well established and clear. The *Carta del Lavoro*, under which every court in Italy acts in a labour dispute, has now been in operation for over seven years. Here is the concrete application of the general Fascist principles.

Everything depends indeed upon the honesty with which they are applied. The *Charter of Labour* is not a law; many of its clauses are rather in the nature of suggestions or hints regarding the spirit in which laws are to be construed. It is a sort of authoritative commentary for the courts, and in this character prefects all over Italy have been ordered to make use of it. As its name would indicate, it resembles not so much a code of minute compulsions as a chart by which a helmsman steers his ship. But, like most of the directions, however elastic, which have issued from the same source, it is in no danger of being neglected. An Italian magistrate under the present régime is not likely to make extravagant use of his discretionary power, or to exploit verbal ambiguities

... many an obvious purpose. Fascist administration of justice has faults of its own, but from these familiar vices of the court elsewhere it seems to be commendably free. Not even his worst enemies allege that Mussolini's *Carta del Lavoro* has been ignored in practice.

On its proclamation, it was widely acclaimed as the boldest effort on record to assuage industrial conflict. Like all such efforts which have any real promise, it displeased both sides, but the discontent which some of its provisions caused in the breasts of Labour was trifling when compared with the anger and alarm stirred by other parts of it in the leaders of Capitalism. For example, it not merely admits but requires the principle of collective bargaining. It provides that pay to the worker shall be fixed not simply in accordance with the profits of the industry, but on a scale which "approximates to normal conditions of life", and that the criterion of this shall be found in the statistics co-ordinated and elaborated for the purpose by the Ministry of Corporations. It requires a weekly rest day, an annual paid holiday, special rates for night work, and an indemnity to every worker proportionate to the length of time he has already served his firm if he is dismissed through no fault of his own. It prevents competition from underpaid labour, and wards off the horrors of the "sweat shop" by providing police supervision over conditions of work at home not less than in the factory, so that hygienic safeguards shall be assured. It establishes the principle of State Control over employment, requiring employers to select their workmen through the medium of Government Exchanges only, and subject to preferences which the Government has ordained. Finally, though it does not socialize all services, it grounds its admission of private initiative in selected groups of industry on the belief that this will conduce more to the public interest, and it is made plain that as soon as the public interest seems no longer to be so promoted the policy will be reversed, with short shrift to the plea of vested or "natural" rights. Such compulsions, by which the employer's capricious freedom is at every turn limited, would have been enough to make Labour leaders of a bygone time think that an industrial millennium had indeed dawned. The light in which they are regarded by Italian capitalists, with memories of a generation ago, can be more easily imagined than described. It is not surprising that in his address to the Italian Senate the Dictator expressed his admiration for the American New Deal in so far as it meant the stern imposition of codes upon United States firms by presidential authority.

And yet, whatever its popularity with Italian or German workmen, Fascism remains the object of mingled hatred and fear to

International Labour. With what mockery do Labour organs in England, in France, in the United States greet the professions of humanitarian zeal from some leader of Black Shirts or Brown Shirts! We know the sardonic laughter at such a statement as the recent one from Berlin—that soon the German workers will be the envy of their class throughout the world, and that already in nine months Hitlerism had done more to promote genuine Socialist aims than Marxism accomplished in three-quarters of a century. Nor will International Labour tolerate a fine distinction between the Fascist varieties on different sides of the Alps. Some time ago the *Manchester Guardian* had to meet an earnest remonstrance for its apparently greater sensitiveness to German than to Italian atrocities. From Italy came a bitter (anonymous) cry that German Labour is just now passing through the sufferings which Italian Labour endured a decade ago, and that in Berlin too there will no doubt within a few years be a superficial peace comparable to that of Rome, when the working classes there shall have been clubbed into a like stupor. The *Manchester Guardian's* reply was almost an admission of the impeachment, but it pleaded quite reasonably the greater pressure of an immediate as compared with a bygone grievance.

It is not difficult to understand why, in the thought of international leaders, all the concrete substantial benefits go for nothing as compared with the reduction of Labour to an obedient servant of the Dictatorship. At least abroad, where the benefits are not enjoyed, but the precedent of the method by which they were secured is of the worst omen! From Italy itself, whether through terror or in a spirit of realistic politics, the protest has sunk to silence. Not even the most zealous of anti-Fascist visitors can bring back an honest denial that, on the whole, so far as he can judge, public opinion among all classes is with Mussolini, and that his fall from power would be witnessed with dismay. One must indeed assume that Professor Salvemini speaks for an important circle of opinion when he brands the Fascist "deliverance from Bolshevism" as a pure legend, declares that the famous March on Rome was not to suppress anarchy but to suppress representative government, and describes the whole movement as one of military officers, large landowners and war profiteers, for whom Mussolini was and is but the supreme propagandist, combining great native talent with the craftiness of a journalist who has served all sides in turn. But however widely and deeply that interpretation may be cherished by "intellectuals", however they may still recall the horrors associated with the names of Matteotti

... desires to let bygones be bygones, and the most probable cause is the practical working of the Labour Charter.

Labour in other countries, however, has no such temptation to indulgence. Granted that the Charter has greatly improved the lot of the working class, it remains true that it was the capricious fiat of an individual, and that a caprice in the opposite direction might undo it to-morrow. Granted that the despotism consolidated by the atrocities of a decade ago has been turned to salutary uses, by what manner of despot will the present one be succeeded? Is it fitting that Macbeth should not only himself forget the ghost of Banquo, but lead others to forget him by a competent and respectable use of the power to which that murder was a preliminary? And has Labour really reached the stage at which, in delight over the benefits received from a despot, it can forget how no man's interest—still less the interest of a multitude of men—is safe in another's uncontrolled keeping? No man, say Mr. Baldwin, is either great enough or good enough to have the destiny of other men committed to his sole and irresponsible charge.

Labour's case against Fascism is, on the whole, perhaps the most creditable in Labour's record.

H. L. S.