

would have to assent to any sort of federating arrangement that she might propose. With the one exception of the Serbian link she would be in complete control of the international railroad, and her empire would extend from Bremen to Bagdad. It is therefore easy to see that her proposals may have an elasticity still but little suspected and that she can secure from Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey the indemnities that she can now hardly expect to wrest from her enemies.

But fighting continues briskly in Roumania and, as usual, the casual newspaper reader is likely to be beguiled by the head lines into conclusions that are either false or premature. German successes have been nearly continuous, and these are duly heralded and read without much reference to the campaign as a whole or to any particular strategic advantage to which they may lead. But the only way to measure their true significance is to ask ourselves what the Germans are trying to do and the extent to which they are likely to do it.

GERMANY seems already to have won all the advantages that she is likely to win from the Roumanian campaign. That is to say, she has grasped the water course of the Danube and she has consolidated her hold upon the transcontinental railroad that runs through Serbia and Bulgaria to the south of the Danube. She may say that her great eastern aim is accomplished so far as any aim can be said to be accomplished in an unended war. If a peace conference should be declared to-morrow, Germany would be able to say that she was actually in possession of all the territorial gains that she had coveted so far as the east is concerned. Whether those gains are transitory, whether she can hold them, is quite another matter. With Russia to the north and the Allied armies to the south we may consider this as highly problematical, and it may be said that Germany's peace proposals may be taken to indicate her own grave doubts in the matter.

But beyond this quite substantial advantage it can not be said that there is any other clearly in sight. It is true that the Russian and Roumanian armies have been falling steadily back toward the Sereth River, but they have not been routed, and indeed they have been vigorous enough to fight a good many successful rear-guard actions. Once more comparing the shape of Roumania with that of a boot, it may be said that the whole of the foot has been lost to Roumania and that only the leg, that is to say Moldavia, remains. The Sereth River runs down the leg. At its lower or southern end it bears toward the east and joins the Danube near Galatz, where the Danube itself turns sharply eastward and runs out into the Black Sea, forming the northern boundary of the Dobrudja. The Russian and Roumanian armies that are now backing on the Sereth River may be said to be a continuation of the main Russian line that stretches from Riga to Bukowina.

Now, Von Mackensen's continued thrusts against the Russians and Roumanians may be intended to do no more than win a number of inconsequent successes that shall intensify the idea of German invincibility and so conduce to the end of a peace conference. That is a possibility and even a probability. At the same time he may have a very definite military aim if we can suppose that he has men enough to carry it into effect. He may intend to turn the southern extremity of the Russian line in the neighbourhood of Galatz, roll up that line northward, and so threaten the whole of the Russian positions in Galicia. But of one thing we may be fairly certain. He will not try to cross the Danube into Bessarabia or toward Odessa. Von Mackensen's enterprise is enormous and his military skill unsurpassed, but such a feat as this seems to be impossible. The Danube from the point where it bends eastward to the Black Sea is broad and deep. It is divided into many branches, and its northern bank for a depth of miles is a maze of lakes and swamps. It could be defended almost by a corporal's guard, while the transport of artillery would be nearly impossible even in time of peace. And yet some of our newspapers talk of crossing the Danube as they would of crossing from New York to Brooklyn. Moreover, there would be no particular advantage in crossing into Bessarabia.

IF we may suppose that Mackensen has a definite military object, it is to attack the Russian flank north of Galatz, close to the confluence of the Danube and the Sereth. It is just possible that the Germans can cross the river here if their artillery proves much superior to that of the defenders. But the position ought to be an easy one to defend. There is hardly any more difficult military feat than to cross a river in the face of opposition. The crossing must necessarily be on a wide front if the resistance

is at all effective, since a single column would be swept away in a moment. And the first landing on the opposite bank must be in sufficient numbers to maintain itself until further help comes. In this case we do not know the actual strength either of the attackers or of the defenders, but we may suppose that the Russians are increasing in numbers, while we may doubt if much augmentation is possible to the Teutons, whose forces seem to be composed very largely of Bulgarians and Turks. Moreover, the Russians would have an almost ideal railroad connection with their main line in the north, while the German communication would be of a very difficult kind. The nature of the rising ground in Moldavia would also be much in the Russian favour. We are so much in doubt as to actual conditions

## THE PIG AND THE PRIG

By THE MONOCLE MAN

PROFESSOR MACMECHAN, by way of retort courteous to my comment on his "smug, greasy replica" article, calls me a pig. Well, the score is still in my favour; for I called him a College Professor. I will confess now that, when I first tagged him with this epithet, I had some doubts whether I could prove it if he sued me for libel. There was a certain appearance of vivacity about his style of writing which led one to suspect him of mental activity. Still I had your word for it, Mr. Editor, that he was a College Professor; and are you not one of our most celebrated biographers? This "pig" repartee of his, however, resolves all doubts. It is the sort of light rapier play only indulged in by men who are constantly in contact with defenceless people or immature intellects. "Section bosses" indulge in it. So do Prussian drill sergeants. The slave driver used it as a preliminary to the whip. So do those to whose care is confided the guidance of "the young idea," when they are not sure enough of their own mental leadership to quite trust to it without bullying.

\*\*\*

HOWEVER, I am grateful to our apostle of culture for having introduced the pig into the discussion. The pig has many endearing qualities. He is ever so much better than the prig—even when grilled over a slow fire. He is a frank animal. He pretends to no superior guiding motives which even he cannot understand. He knows what he wants; and he goes straight for it, unaffected by fads in philosophy or fashions in the latest "correct thing," which all the prigs are bound to have at all costs. It takes the ordinary human being—of which class I claim to be a fair sample—nearly half a lifetime to attain to the courage of his desires. When we are having our characters moulded, we are very apt to seek—not the things which we genuinely want—but the things which the majority of the people about us insist are the proper things to want. Thus we pour out our red-hot lives for prizes and honours and gauds which we find we do not enjoy—and never really wanted. It was just the fashion to want them. Other people wanted them—so we thought we had to. Now the pig passes through no such apprenticeship. He is born with the fullest freedom of mind. He is utterly unaffected by priggism. His desires may not be high or varied; but, when he gets them, he is satisfied—till the swill runs out.

\*\*\*

MR. RICKARDS, writing from the breezy uplands of Alberta, grants that "there is nothing evil in pleasure if it be unselfish." Apparently there is little between us but a definition of terms. If we will define "selfish" as meaning taking one's pleasure in the satisfaction of desires which begin and end in self, then probably we shall agree that these are not the higher and most long-lived of pleasures. Still I fancy that Mr. Rickard would not call even all such selfish pleasures "evil." For instance, when a man satisfies his hunger, he is feeding a purely selfish appetite, and he is—if he is happily not a dyspeptic—taking pleasure in it. But it is not an evil pleasure. The "evil" of selfishness is only relative in comparison with the wider happiness to be gained by what—on our definition—we may call unselfishness. But this unselfishness—that is, taking one's pleasure in the satisfaction of desires which include the happiness of others—is not morally different from selfishness; it is only a superior form of the satisfaction of self.

\*\*\*

LET us try an illustration. A mother and a young child sit hungry in a cold room. Only one bit of bread lies upon the table. The mother is by far

that it is by no means easy to foresee even the probabilities, but certainly we need not assume that the Russian position on the Sereth River will be seriously endangered. Offensives have a way of petering out, and it is well on the cards that Mackensen has reached the limit of his spring and that the Sereth River will mark the termination of the Russian retreat. The German losses must already be very great, and we must suppose that the Bulgarian contingent has borne the greater part of them. To cross the Danube or the Sereth would be enormously costly, and the results would be incommensurate in value unless the Russian flank could be so effectively turned as to react upon the Russian positions in Galicia. And this possibility is so remote that we may dismiss it for a long time to come.

the stronger and can decide the destination of the bread. If she selfishly eats it, while the child whimpers in helpless hunger, she is a most unworthy mother. She lacks the instinct of motherhood. Evolution will soon eliminate her kind of mother from the fabric of the human race; for her offspring will tend to disappear through lack of care. She is selfish, according to our definition. But there is no moral difference between her act and the act of the natural mother who would give all the food to the child. This natural mother would only be feeding the strongest appetite which swayed her—the appetite to nurture her young. She would far more enjoy seeing the child eat the food than try to choke it down herself. If we will simply imagine circumstances under which the mother knew that it would be better for the child to have her (the mother) eat the food, while the baby cried for it, we will have conditions under which the mother would have to deny her primitive appetite, while, of course, satisfying her newer appetite, born of enlightened egoism. We admit at once that the second mother is much superior to the first; but both are equally egoistic—and I fancy that most people would mean egoistic when they said "selfish." But you might as well try to establish a moral difference between the man who spends his dollar on a beefsteak and the other man who spends his dollar on a classical concert, as between these two varieties of mothers.

\*\*\*

THIS is a big subject, and I cannot more than touch it in my space. But the point I want to make is that it is bad judgment to attack the Americans because they "worship the great god Goodtime," and choose "the broad, flower-strewn road" instead of "the high hard road of heroic endeavour," when there is no obligation on them to arrive at the goal of the latter road. What I want to say is that it is virtuous to have a good time, and vicious to put up with a hard time when there is no reason for it. Of course, I agree that the Americans should be in this war, but simply because their own lives and liberties are at stake in it—not for any visionary or priggish notion which would appeal to their altruism. I think that what is wrong with our good neighbours is insularity—a failure to understand and appreciate the issues at stake in international politics—plain ignorance, in other words. Where they sin is not in having a good time, but in failing to provide against having a very bad time in the future through the play of forces which they will not take the trouble to measure.

\*\*\*

I HAD intended, when I started, to carry through the contrast between the pig and the prig—it covers the whole range of human motive—but I fell on a mellower mood. Still I might allow myself to remark that the trouble with the prig is that he doesn't trust his own instincts and mental processes. He is always seeking for the guidance of stronger influences—usually the influence of an envied class. Other people fix his standards for him. He likes it best when he can find these standards in rare and scholastic books, embalmed in language that only the elect understand—each "elect" understanding it differently. Now the pig is not a bit like that. He may be elemental in his appetites; but he is honest, frank, sincere and direct. It is the pig motive which develops humanity along natural lines—lasting lines. It is the prig motive which leads us into all our backwaters and cul-de-sacs where the noblest causes are left to die in a rotting morass of hypocrisy, sterile philosophising and a false morality that ignores the facts of life.