

so much to the hopeful youth, and should be a matter of pride to the vigorous man. The Second Division clerk is a man of brains—he has knowledge, carefully-trained knowledge, and capacity which has been expanded until he has qualified by a stiff competitive as well as an educational test. After that?

“After that he wilts—he not only learns nothing, but he is driven to forget what he knows by pressure of the mere accumulative effect of Service hack-work. And, unless he is one of those very rare instances of men who get jobs they can put some of their energies into, he is at thirty-five or forty in the position of the ‘acknowledgment’ routiners I have already instanced.

“If he is a man who cannot easily become an automaton, and finds his inclination is to interest himself in his work, this leads to the peculiar disease of the Service—the worrying over and final acceptance of trifles as being things that are all-important. Service men get to realize this, they see it rife among their colleagues, and they know they have to fight against it.

“When a Second Division clerk and his chief, and *his* chief (salaries aggregating, say, £1,200 a year), spend a morning over the matter of bringing to account a departmental item of a shilling, which a business man would settle out of his own pocket in a moment, in order to save time, he knows they are in the grip of the Service disease — paralysis of the function of common-sense. But what is to help him fight it unless he is given something that counts to work upon?

“NO ALTERNATIVE POSSIBLE.

“To a Second Division man, who knows what his income is to be all through his career, honourable and useful work means a great deal. Certain business men substitute the getting of money for an honourable ca-

reer, and the others, at any rate, combine the two. To the Civil Servant, only too often, neither of these alternatives is possible. In such circumstances of what use to tell a man that he has his leisure to fall back upon, and that he will one day enjoy it on a pension?

“A man’s work should matter most, and if he is not given the chance of a career after working for that career when young, then he has been lured into his position under false pretences. It makes him think furiously when he finds the good years of his life being wasted. At the best he has never hoped for individual honour in the Service; and of departmental honours, which are, as a rule, far beyond his grasp, the world reckons nothing. But that his work would become of increasing value to the state, that, at least, he has hoped for.

“Supposing a trained engineer to be told that he would be paid a competence, but would have to allow his knowledge and capabilities to rot and do nothing but oil his machines and get rid of waste, what would happen? From what I know of such a practical race of men, he would take his skill where it was required, and the question of wages would not be the first consideration, either.

“A Second Division clerk cannot do that—he has been trained for the Service, and there is only one Service. What is he to become, since not even a commonplace decision, let alone constructive brainwork, can be achieved without reference to some higher authority or authorities?

“I cannot state too emphatically that this is what is happening the vitality of the Service and its members today, that they are not doing worthy, and often not doing useful, work. No competence can compensate thinking men for this.

“When the State realizes the folly of buying picked brains and then allowing them neither freedom for action nor methodical training in any