

I feel sure that some figures which I gave at Paddington the following day have escaped your notice. The Army in 1904 was 217,000 strong, and the Estimates were £28,000,000; the Army in 1909 is 183,200 strong, and the Estimates are £27,435,000. The Army in 1899, the weakness of which was the subject of much comment, was 184,800 strong, and the Estimates were £20,275,000. The increase in ten years has been £7,000,000, with a decrease of strength.

The Reserve is no doubt temporarily stronger than in 1904, but the Artillery is permanently weaker. A General Staff has been formed, and the Auxiliary Forces have been given a new and better organisation. But their numbers have not increased, and officers, both Regular and Territorial, are deficient. Short service has been almost wholly abandoned, and the Reserve-producing units, as pointed out by the *Spectator* at the time, sadly depleted.

May I cite two authorities against Mr. Asquith? Mr. Haldane said in March, 1906, three months after he took office:—"Never before that time had there been such good material in the Army. The moral both of officers and men was higher than it ever was. The Army was in a condition in which it had never been before both in point of quantity and quality."

Lord Roberts said, April 3rd, 1907: "The proposed National Army will be neither national nor an army."—I am, Sir, &c.,
Peper Harow, Godalming. MIDLETON.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your adherence to the honourable tradition characteristic of the *Spectator* in giving both sides a hearing where you admit one will lead you, I am sure, to insert some communication on the opposite side to that of the Research Defence Society in your issue of January 1st. It touches a subject on which you can hardly think only one opinion is worthy of sane attention, or desire to exclude from expression all but that of the distinguished and the powerful, even if you should regard this as the only true one. I shall be glad if among the many pleadings doubtless offered you select one more cogent than the following.

Eighty-eight years ago a distinguished physiologist wrote to his brother:—"I should be writing a third paper on the nerves, but I cannot proceed without making some experiments which are so unpleasant to make that I defer them. You may think me silly, but I cannot perfectly convince myself that I am authorised in nature or religion to do these cruelties. And yet, what are my experiments in comparison with those which are daily done, and *done daily for nothing?*" (The italics are mine.) Is Sir Charles Bell here bringing an indictment against his fellow-vivisectioners, as cruel and heartless men? We answer such a question when we put it into words. He knew that his profession, like every other, had members of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent; that they entered it to make a living, and that any scientific investigation which furthered this aim, in addition to supplying its own absorbing attraction, would prove a dangerous foe to any sentiments of compassion standing in its way. Sentient beings providing material for physiological investigation need some exceptional aid to remind the investigator that they are anything else. Now what I would ask is: Does Lord Cromer wish that the helpless creatures, whose sufferings men of science have so many temptations to ignore, should have no protectors whose attention is engaged specially on their side? If those protectors never exaggerated the suffering arousing their compassion, or underrated the reason for inflicting it, they would be unlike all other protectors of the oppressed I ever heard of. And any check they can supply to the proceedings of the vivisectioners is so slight that one cannot imagine it diminished without ceasing to exist.

One word more. It may be imagined by those who have not followed the development of physiological investigation in the last thirty years that the discovery of anaesthetics puts Sir Charles Bell out of court. In answer to that let me state that in the three years from 1904 to 1906 inclusive cancer was inflicted on 41,561 animals. Here, it will be seen at once, anaesthetics have no place. It may also be mentioned here that the Registrar-General's returns give us a steady advance in the death-rate from cancer from 1886 onwards. Yet all this time physiologists have been at work in spreading the dread disease (and many others) in the animal world.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your issue of January 1st appears a letter drawing the attention of all Parliamentary candidates to the Research Defence Society, and suggesting that they should write for pamphlets to a certain address. As the vivisection question is not a political one, I feel sure that no impartial organ of the Press would issue this invitation on behalf of one society without conferring a similar favour upon its opponent, and I therefore beg to draw attention to the work of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, and I suggest that Parliamentary candidates who may desire to acquaint themselves with facts concerning vivisection should write to me for pamphlets. Our honorary secretary being a highly qualified and practising medical man who is also a

Justice of the Peace, we are certainly entitled to hold the view that our pamphlets on medical subjects (such as the use of anti-toxin, &c.) are as worthy of study as those of the Research Defence Society, with which we strongly desire ours to be compared.

The Report of the Royal Commission, when it appears, will give the views of a body of men chosen almost entirely from the ranks of "Research Defenders," some of them licensed vivisectioners; but since no medical anti-vivisectionist was allowed a seat upon it, and thus given an opportunity of cross-examining witnesses, it cannot hope to command the confidence of the public.—I am, Sir, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD,

Secretary British Union for Abolition of Vivisection.
32 Charing Cross, S.W.

[We gladly accede to Miss Julia Wedgwood's request to hear the other side, and we feel sure that in choosing her letter from among several which have reached us we have that other side presented as powerfully and as persuasively as possible. We cannot, however, publish any more letters on this subject.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

UNEMPLOYED AND UNEMPLOYABLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The evil that is eating into the stability of this country is not so much unemployment as unemployability. So long as the unemployed man retains his industrial efficiency there is hope for him. But let him once lose his capacity for steady continued exertion, and under the existing state of things he is lost, and becomes useless, and possibly dangerous. We in the Church Army have always taken a hopeful view even of the worst of the degraded specimens of humanity with whom we come into contact, and have maintained that a very large proportion of them are quite capable of being restored to good citizenship. I confess that my optimism received a shock the other night when I went down to the Embankment. Our officers were there distributing tickets, as they do every night, to all who would receive them; entitling the recipients, on condition of doing reasonable work, to immediate food and shelter, with a further prospect for those proving to be willing workers of a definite lift back to decent life and prosperity. There were there also the representatives of several other organisations, offering free food and free shelter for that night without task or test to all comers. Of the latter offer some fifteen hundred took advantage; of our offer no more than sixty; that is to say, but one in twenty-five of those men chose to gain his livelihood by industry rather than be supported by precarious charity.

The numbers do not show such disparity every night, it is true, but the balance this winter has been uniformly in favour of free food and shelter and against honest work. One would not willingly say a word to disparage any effort to feed the hungry and house the homeless. Yet one cannot help asking: Do not the providers of free food and shelter see that they are giving these poor fellows another push downhill, and making their restoration less than ever possible? Do they not see that by making things easy for these men, and preventing the operation of the divine law which says that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, they are doing a great disservice both to the individual man and to the community? The only proper place for able-bodied men who either cannot or will not work is a compulsory Labour Colony, where they can be segregated and prevented from perpetuating their species, and, if possible, taught the virtues and rewards of steady industry. This is a question by far more important to the welfare of the community than any of those which are convulsing the country at the present time. Is it too much to hope that whichever party may be returned to power, Parliament will, in its first Session, find time to deal with this pressing need? Other countries have established such colonies with the best results. Why not ourselves?

Meanwhile we do what we can to help those who accept our help up the first steps of the rugged path by which they may climb back again to self-respect and independence. I cannot ask for space to describe the steps in the ladder which we have devised. One of the most potent aids is personal influence. We have a League, each of whose members promises to take one poor fellow by the hand and help him upwards. Are there any readers of the *Spectator* who will join in this work? It requires neither money nor much time; but it does require an unflinching fund of hopefulness and brotherly love. The secretary, Men's Help League, at this address, will gladly forward all particulars.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. CARLILE,

Honorary Chief Secretary.

The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

POETRY.

A PLEA FOR THE POLITICAL CELT.

["Were they going to trust those who understood the question of national defence, or a playful, pathetic, romantic, Celtic Chancellor of the Exchequer?" —MR. WYNDHAM at Chester, December 28th, 1909.]

We live in a democratic age

When taste is spurned as a snare insidious;

For when antagonists engage

It's folly to be fastidious,

And praise to the face, I've always felt,

Is unbecoming the candid Celt.