NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For six months we have never ceased to emphasise the most essential feature of this war, namely, that it is a war of ideas. No one has realised better than ourselves how impossible it is to defeat such spiritual power as the most essential feature of this war, namely, that it is a war of ideas. No one has realised better than ourselves how impossible it is to defeat such spiritual power as modern Prussia represents by any number of pitched battles or by the latest improvements in guns and flying machines. Those are, at best, crude expedients, however necessary. It is in quite other directions that the spiritual power of Prussianism that we view with intense satisfaction the resignation of Mr. Masterman. This is a victory, if you like—a victory of even greater importance for us than the sudden turning of the German line at the Battle of the Marne.

With Mr. Masterman personally we are hardly concerned at all. That for the sake of place and power he repudiated his early ideals and his early friends, that his speeches outdid in hypocrisy even those of Mr. Lloyd George himself, that neither his superiors nor his inferiors could respect him—these things, for the moment, hardly matter. What does matter is the fact that Mr. Masterman undertook to be responsible for the detailed work rendered necessary by the application of the Insurance Act, that in effecting his task he fouled with the stiff, exotic notions of Prussia the fine spirit of the English working classes, and that, solely on account of the work he accomplished in connection with the Insurance Act, he brought down on himself the hatred, wrath, contempt, and loathing of all men, who, from instinct or knowledge, could discern and love the qualities which have always distinguished Englishmen and led them to be the political and economic innovators of the world. For three years Mr. Masterman has been steadily endeavouring to undermine the character of the English working classes, those very foundation stones of the national edifice. He found them, God knows, in a sad enough condition—working at subsistence level, all but crushed by the weight of the profiteers, vainly seeking principles, leaders, a better way of life; but clinging, nevertheless, with all the tenacity of unreasoning despair, to some traditional quality which generations of free men had stamped upon them. Mr. Burns defined this quality with sufficient exactness when he told his listeners, in a burst of sound rhetoric, that they must not break the proud spirit of the poor. So they had more to their name, these people, than their poverty and squalor!

Let us recall once again, as we have never ceased to recall, the character of the Insurance Act. In many points of detail, and in the one great point of principle, it was the precise contrary of Magna Charta: it took away the rights and liberties of one class in the nation. Plantagenet gave way to Tudor, Tudor to Stuart, Stuart to Orange, and Orange to the more evil-sounding lines of Brunswick and Saxe-Coburg; but still, despite all the changes in the social and economic organisation of the country, the law made no theoretical distinction between classes. Englishmen were equal. It remained for the new industrial regime of twentieth-century Liberalism to erect a definite barrier between masters and men; to split the nation by definitely setting one class aside and labelling it servile. Compulsion: that was the keynote of the new measure; but compulsion for one class only. And the Insurance Act was itself only the forerunner of other measures destined to restrict the liberty of the workers. The extension of the unemployment section of the Act; the pernicious scheme of Labour Exchanges; the bribes, the corruption, the strangling of the national conscience: it is unnecessary for us to particularise. It was the aim of the capitalists to ensnatch the proletariat in a net which left them at the mercy of the employing classes; and the Government, as the instrument of the profiteers, had to carry out their commands. A model was found, characteristically enough, in the very State in which freedom of thought and action, even in a social
sense—and much less in a political sense—had hardly ever been known. Accustomed to be ordered about from the day of their birth to the day of their death, it was natural enough that the Prussians should have tolerated Bismarck's insurance schemes. But England!

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The agitation which followed the introduction and passing of the Insurance Act in this country will always, we hope, be memorable while Englishmen value their liberties. There was a spontaneous, intense, and widespread agitation, and a reaching that not even the toady newspapers of the capitalists could conceal it. It is customarily said that there has been no party system since the war began. This is belated. In the minds of workmen, at least, there has been no party system among us since it was realised that the Conservatives and the bulk of the Labour and Nationalist members were as deeply committed to the working of the Insurance Act as were the Liberals who introduced it. Every group in the House of Commons has officially professed to come forward with amendments to this or that section of the Act. But no party organisation has dared to support the needful change in the principle of the measure, the entire abolition of the compulsory clause. Why, they would dare hear anything—than change that? Yes; it would actually "pay" our profiteers to offer their employees free insurance, so it be compulsory and not optional.

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Although the Act has been "working" smoothly enough on the surface, those who are most intimately concerned with it know what is really thought of it, and how bitter is the resentment against it. At a very early stage the anti-insurance agitation became crystallised in the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association; and the support which Miss Douglas and her colleagues continue to receive from both employers and workmen is sufficient in itself to act as a warning to any Government. You may go to Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Durham, the Potteries, the Home Counties, Wales, Scotland, and Protestant or Catholic Ireland, and you will not fail to hear the Insurance Act spoken of in violent terms of reproach and disgust. Among the best and the best-paid classes of our workmen—those, we mean, whose traditional English spirit has been least crushed by the industrialisation of the last two or three decades—you will find that not even the war has superseded the Act as a topic of discussion. The workmen feel, and feel keenly, that the Act segregates them into a servile class; and that is something which they will resent so long as they possess and can give rein to the feelings of Englishmen. But approach them with suggestions of a purely voluntary scheme of insurance! We may remind our readers that a measure providing for voluntary insurance—and incidentally for the complete rehabilitation of the Friendly Societies—was introduced into the House of Lords and the House of Commons by Lord Willoughby de Broke and Sir Richard Cooper last year. It met, as we stated at the time, with the ineradicable opposition of Conservative and Liberal party wirepullers, and the country was not another matter. When Lord Willoughby de Broke, at the first meeting held to explain the new measure, addressed a thronged roomful of miners in Northumberland, there was an outburst of enthusiastic joy such as we have seldom observed at a political gathering; and at meetings held in other parts of the country in June and July last the revised proposals were hailed with equal fervour. The war has merely suspended, and by no means checked, the work of those who are determined to see the present Act removed from the Statute Book.

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Indeed, the feeling of the country, war or no war, is shown in the fate of Mr. Masterman. Mr. Masterman, as soon as he became associated with the Insurance Act, was turned out of his London constituency, and subsequently failed to be elected for Ipswich. Swansea refused to consider his candidature, and so did Shipley. At one or two of these constituencies, certainly, Mr. Masterman may have been personally unpopular; but that four of them should have rejected him after one attack is a fact of such significance that not even our capitalists can fail to see the meaning of it. The Executive has assumed to itself in war-time the most extreme powers; but not all the wirepulling of autocrats and bureaucrat, could force the administrator of the Insurance Act on any constituency in the country. It is hardly necessary for us to lay any further stress on this point; but there are one or two matters arising out of the Insurance Act and its administration which may well be reconsidered with advantage.

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The relationship which it has been sought to establish between masters and men by the English Insurance Act is not precisely the German relationship; and it is not, as we have heard even Liberals professing to believe, an attempt to introduce into industrialism the patriarchal features of feudalism. The essential principle of feudalism, whatever we may think of it, was the absolute servitude of the serf to his lord. In Germany the workman is expected to serve his employer for life; the baron or chief had at most the right to ask for protection; the lord or chief had at most the right to demand the military service of those he protected. The system was a rudimentary enough feature of our early political development; but, so far as it went, it was strictly compulsory. There was nothing to suggest that the higher classes looked down on the lower; nor, indeed, did they. All men were equal in the sight of God, the king, and the Pope. What has happened under the Insurance Act is well enough known. The war has merely suspended, and by after all, the German State does for those who serve it. The German State owns mines, inland waterways, forests, canals, railways, and even potash works. It subsidises—either as a State or through the municipality—theatres, operas, concerts, parks, and tramway services for workmen, and a host of other social conveniences. We need no longer recommend the German System of insurances for modern England than we would advocate a return to feudalism; but we do recognise that both have conferred advantages which our own capitalist classes do not seek to confer at all. It is an old complaint of ours that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was willing to raise money socialistically, but not to spend it in the same way.

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The baneful effects of measures like the German Insurance Act, on which ours is, of course, modelled, are seen at a time of national service was given by both parties. The protected yeoman had at least the right to demand the military service of those he protected. The system was a rudimentary enough feature of our early political development; but, so far as it went, it was strictly compulsory. There was nothing to suggest that the higher classes looked down on the lower; nor, indeed, did they. All men were equal in the sight of God, the king, and the Pope. What has happened under the Insurance Act is well enough known. The war has merely suspended, and by after all, the German State does for those who serve it. The German State owns mines, inland waterways, forests, canals, railways, and even potash works. It subsidises—either as a State or through the municipalitie—theatres, operas, concerts, parks, and tramway services for workmen, and a host of other social conveniences. We need no longer recommend the German System of insurances for modern England than we would advocate a return to feudalism; but we do recognise that both have conferred advantages which our own capitalist classes do not seek to confer at all. It is an old complaint of ours that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was willing to raise money socialistically, but not to spend it in the same way.
man down to subsistence level, leave him with only a few pennies to spare for insurance against anything, force him to pay this to the State, and what then becomes of his union? The value of this Insurance Act to employers may be judged from one single incident. The sudden outbreak of war found us in a state of unpreparedness which is likely to provide moralising historians with a warning example. At once we began to reorganise our army, our financial system, our political organisation. But, before any of these things had been reorganised, arrangements had been made, at an hour's notice, for maintaining the operations of the Insurance Act. And they were made. Territorials and recruits found that three-halfpence a week was to be deducted from their pay, while on their return to civil life the previous payments were to go on as before.

This is a form of State service which the soldier would prefer to do without, but the capitalist takes long views. It causes that while war is transitory the struggle between capital and labour is not. The duty of the capitalist toward his own class during a period of war, indeed, was known as far back as the time of the Napoleonic wars; and no longer than a Liberal economist like Mill summed it up in frank enough language. Mill, it may be recollected, pointed out for the benefit of English employers who might follow him that war withdrew from productive employment not merely capital, but also neither the labouring classes nor the employing classes could be said to suffer acutely if men were withdrawn from production to man the army and navy, though the general produce of the country might be diminished by the war expenditure. The rule did not always apply. The Napoleonic wars withdrew labour from France to a very great extent, though, as the invading armies supported themselves on the countries they overran, little capital was withdrawn. The consequence was that there was a wide demand for labour in France and a small supply; and wages rose accordingly, the wealth of the country being impaired by the suspension of a specific amount of productive labour. In England the exact contrary took place. During the campaigns in question this country subsidised foreign countries, i.e., England employed the soldiers and sailors of other nations to do her country's fighting for her, while she "diverted hundreds of millions of capital from productive employment to support munitions of war and suffering armies for her Continental allies." The result, in England, was that the labouring classes suffered while the capitalists prospered; and "the permanent productive resources of the country did not fall off."

This significant argument, which will be found stuffed away in an unimportant-looking footnote, has ever since been interpreted to their own advantage by English capitalists. When we were threatened with an extended campaign, as in the case of the Crimean War, we saw to it that we had allies in France and Turkey; and in the case of the present war our industrialists' opportunities for making money are limited only by the productive capacity of their plants and the man-power at their disposal. Here, we think, will be found the answer to one of the most fundamental principles of the school of Mr. Norman Angell. It is clear enough that when one State conquers and absorbs another—as Germany and Belgium did in 1866 and absorbed and annexed at least temporarily—the inhabitants of the conquering State, taking them generally, are not a whit the better, morally or economically speaking. But when the Norman Angell school speak thus they are thinking of the State as a whole, which, as we have said, does not benefit from the absorption of another State. But one class in the conquering State does undoubtedly benefit, namely, the ruling class. To this extent war is beneficial—not to the State, but to a class in it. Mr. Angell, in his latest book on the destruction of Prussianism, says, truly enough, that Germany draws more tribute from South America than Spain ever did, despite the Spanish outpouring of blood and treasure in wars of "conquest." This may be granted. But one thing the Angellists do not draw this tribute; the tribute is drawn by the German financiers who have lent money to South America, or by the German industrialists who have established branches of their business there. The German people as a whole do not benefit at all. On the contrary, as we indicated last week, they lose. They are exploited at home as producers when the "tribute" arrives (as it does in the form of commodities) they are exploited as consumers. In either ease the capitalistic class gains; the other classes lose. We need say nothing of the economic benefits a war confers on financiers who have money to lend, for this is a matter in which even neutrals may participate; and the investing classes, if they are tired of war loans, may put their money in industry. We are not forgetting the new Treaty, which will be found stuffed away in an unimportant-looking footnote, has ever since been interpreted to their own advantage by precisely the classes in a State who do not benefit from the economic side of war; while the capitalistic classes, who are so continually being praised by the Maxses, the Garvins, and the ruff-ruff of the "Morning Post" and the "Saturday Review," are precisely the people who deserve no eulogies at all—they get money, not honour or moral improvement, from the campaigns which they cause to be waged on their behalf.

If these arguments be properly appreciated we think that much which now puzzles neutral countries with regard to our attitude will be explained. The cry of business as usual followed naturally on the principles laid down by the Whig and Liberal economists—you fight, we will supply you with munitions of war for which you will pay, and our workmen will suffer from unemployment in some industries and a huge influx of capital into others. Of course, if you can't pay for the war materials we propose to supply to you, we shall enable you to do so by lending you money at four, five, six per cent. That, in none too brutal language, is the attitude of our employing classes and financiers. The attitude of the rest of the country is simply one of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the nation—a sacrifice in quality of our aristocrats and our workmen, both of whom are exploited, in war as in peace, by the parasitic financiers. It is complained, too, that our business principles change—that we have for the time being thrown over the doctrines of free trade, for example. But this, again, as we indicated a few weeks ago, is natural. Our trade policy has always varied with the requirements of our industrialists, and will continue to do so. We shall have occasion very shortly to examine this question at greater length.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I have seen no reference in the papers to the fact that a financial conference was held in Paris last week, those taking part being M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance; M. Ribot, representing the French Treasury; Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Reading. This week or next these gentlemen hope to meet in London. I do not know that there is any particular necessity for keeping secret the subjects under discussion; for I observe that many of the German papers are making more or less satisfactory guesses at the nature of the conference.

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When our own large war loan was issued some weeks ago it was understood that the three hundred and fifty millions would last us up to June of this year. Included in this amount was the loan to Italy, though the recent Roumanian loan was also understood to be provided for in it. In other words, the loan provided for our own needs and for the preliminary expenses of Roumania and Italy. There were, however, other matters connected with the financing of the war which were not included in the loan. For example, Russia is now in a prosperous condition. It is stated that, in consequence of the prohibition of the sale of alcohol, the savings bank deposits have risen enormously throughout the Empire, in some cases by as much as thirty times the normal return. The harvest has been good, and the number of orders for war material placed in Russia itself has greatly stimulated various branches of trade. In spite of all this, Russia's international credit is low. The practical closing of the Baltic, the entire closing of the Dardanelles, and the stoppage of communication by land over Austria and Germany, have led to a complete cessation of the normal Russian export trade. Many consignments of merchandise have reached the northern ports of the Empire; but here again trade has been interfered with by the weather. The result is that Russia cannot pay by the exchange of goods the international debts she has contracted; and we have the irritating phenomenon of wheat prices rising in England, France, and the United States, while the Russian wheat, which usually when extraordinary circumstances, would be exported, is going to rot.

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When speaking of the Roumanian loan last week I mentioned that the £5,000,000 was to be lent by credit, i.e., it is proposed to manufacture war and other materials to that value in England, send them to Roumania, and credit the Roumanian Government with the loan as their purchase price. As Roumanian exchange has also depreciated for much the same reasons as the Russian, this serves the double purpose of letting Roumania have full value for her money, and at the same time obviating the export of gold. Something similar is to be arranged, I understand, in the case of Russia. As City men are painfully aware, the value of the rouble has depreciated by very nearly twenty per cent. It is probable that credits for the Russian Government will be opened in London and in Paris; and perhaps means will likewise be found for opening a Russian account in New York. In this way the ordinary exchange value of the rouble may be restored. This matter is of great importance from the point of view of the Allies in general as well as of Russia in particular; for it is essential to the maintenance of the Russian army, as a whole shall be maintained at the customary level in neutral countries, and this, of course, cannot be done if the value of Russian money is to decline by one-fifth.

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Apart from this question, at least one other of significance was discussed in Paris. It is proposed to issue another war loan; but this time it may be a joint affair. While no sum has yet been decided upon, the amount mentioned was £700,000,000. It was for this reason, naturally, that the recent Treasury order prohibited the export of capital and even placed restrictions upon the use of capital in England and within the limits of the British Empire. The loan may be floated simultaneously in London, Paris, and Petrograd; and subscriptions may be invited from neutrals. It will not matter whether neutrals subscribe or not, for there is an ample supply of money at the disposal of the Allies. France, it is true, is at a disadvantage owing to the German occupation of several French Departments; but French credit is unimpaired, and a loan can be floated in Paris without difficulty. Our own financiers, as has been clearly suggested in the English press, have offered terms during the last two or three weeks, have chosen to hold up their money and practically to threaten the Treasury with demands for higher rates of interest, giving the alternative of no money at all. We can hardly—such is our bitter experience—expect patriotism from financiers; but they are always susceptible to pressure of the kind that is now being exercised upon them. We may find out later that as the result of profound consideration of their "mutual interests," as they call them, the industrialists have agreed to support the Government as against the financiers; and for once complete control of the money market has failed to browbeat the Treasury. Our new loan will probably be issued at four per cent.—i.e., 3½ per cent. issued at 90. The rates of interest will vary, however, for the French Government may float their loan at a slightly lower rate, while the Russians will probably have to pay 45 per cent.

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It may be added that the Allies do not expect to have to issue a further war loan after this one, either jointly or severally. It is fully expected that the sum of seven or eight hundred million will pay all expenses to the end of the war—and not merely the expenses of the chief participants, but of such smaller nations as may ultimately be induced to join us. The expenses now included not merely the ordinary costs of a long campaign but a foreign Press propaganda on a large scale. It was, thanks to her excellent Press arrangements, that Germany managed for the early months of the war to have her case presented, and presented exclusively, in Greece, Turkey, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, and in all the Central and South American Republics. Such a widespread Press organisation had never before been known. Every Turkish paper, of course, was either in the hands of Germans or susceptible to the influence of the Turco-German Government. An attempt is now being made by our side to emulate this form of publicity, though it will be carried out, it is to be hoped, with rather more tact and dignity than the Germans have shown. Hitherto we have confined our efforts almost entirely to the United States of America.

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It may be thought that the presentation of the Note regarding the right of search, and the "Dacia" case, not to mention the food ship "Wilhelmina," have hardly justified our efforts. We have, however, had to contend with a heavily subsidised German Press in America, and with the openly expressed German sympathies of nearly a third of the population. Those Americans who were hesitating which side to join have now made up their minds, and made them up in our favour. The ridiculous threat of the German Government to blockade England—and an ineffective blockade, which is the only kind Germany can attempt, is contrary to The Hague Convention—is not likely to affect our shipping, but it may likely jeopardise the lives of American travellers on the big liners. Even the American papers have begun to point out facts like this. The best argument we can use in the United States—and we can prove it—is that it will "pay" the Americans to support us.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

Six months' embodied service in the Territorial Force or the New Army is the best corrective which can devise for democratic enthusiasm. At the end of the period one arrives at the conclusion that, whether or not democracy be an ideal method of government for certain societies, it is in England simply impossible. I do not think that any straight-seeing man can spend half a year in intimate contact with his non-commissioned officers and men which is customary to the good company officer and arrive at any other conclusion than that the Englishman of the lower classes is simply incapable of ruling at all. It is not a question of whether he will rule well or badly, harshly or leniently, purely or corruptly. It is a question of whether he can even start to rule—and personally I answer without hesitation that he can't.

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A company consists in roughly two hundred and fifty men divided amongst six or seven sections. The officers, of course, are almost invariably of the class called gentlemen. Their tactical and administrative capacity varies within broad limits: it is, however, safe to say that not think that any straight-seeing man can spend half a year in intimate contact with his non-commissioned officers and men which is customary to the good company officer and arrive at any other conclusion than that the Englishman of the lower classes is simply incapable of ruling at all. It is not a question of whether he will rule well or badly, harshly or leniently, purely or corruptly. It is a question of whether he can even start to rule—and personally I answer without hesitation that he can't.

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So far so good. But a company is not run—or rather should not be run—by six officers alone. There exists a functionary whom Wellington—surely in jest?—described as the backbone of the British Army: the n.c.o. Roughly speaking it may be described as the duty of this person to see that the officers' orders are executed by the men. With these he is supposed to be in more intimate contact than is possible to the officer, drawn from another and a distinct class, and by means of tact, judgment and natural authority—for in the British service the non-commissioned officer yields no independent powers of punishment—he is supposed to get the "scrub-work" of the company done.

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Such is your theory, founded perhaps upon the experience of other epochs when common Englishmen retained some modicum of personality and the profession of "machine-minder" was not of so frequent appearance in the trades' column of the section rolls. Now for the practice. You examine your two hundred and fifty men with the laudable object of discovering sixteen section commanders for the sixteen sections, each commanded by an n.c.o., into which the company is divided. The theory is that each section commander is responsible for the arms, equipment, fire discipline and general good order of his section. Within that region, and subject to the orders of his superior officers, he is a petty king. "A splendid system!" you imagine. "There will surely be no difficulty about working this! Among this two hundred and fifty I shall easily discover sixteen keen men, who, of course, will only be too glad to do the "scrub-work" as my system of training will show them are worth! They will compete with one another, and as the fruit of their praiseworthy emulation, I, the organiser, shall get the credit of a good and well-administered company." Oh fool! Ere a dozen suns have set—But wait. Let the history of events explain itself—and attend, O democrats!

The first matter that presents itself will be, let us say, the allotment of week-end passes. This is a difficult affair, only some ten per cent. or so being allowed per company and it being, company commander finding it, naturally difficult to allot them without incurring the charge of carelessness or partiality. We will accordingly picture you, assisted nominally by your Colour-Sergeant, standing before a mass of about a hundred applicants and endeavouring to decide, without fear or favour, which twenty of them are the best fitted in the interests of the Army to be allowed to visit their wives and families for the week-end. A few eliminations immediately suggest themselves. Jones has seen too much of his wife lately; you more than suspect that that is why Private Jones is apt to flinch like a little cat when he lets off his rifle on the range and betrays every other sign of nervous degeneration. Brown is also "out of it." If you let him go home he will almost certainly come back drunk and assault the Sergeant of the Guard, whilst Tomkins will not return at all because he has been over-persuaded by his mother to go sick and stop in bed. By the way, that is another great distinction between the upper-class and the lower class in England—the great reliance the latter on its mother. When during the earlier months of the campaign the Territorial Force was asked to volunteer for service at the front, ninety per cent. of the refusals were avowedly because "my mother said I wasn't to." No officer would ever give such an excuse—his wife perhaps, but not his mother! However, to return to our passes. You find it impossible yourself to reduce the number of applicants below eighty, whereas, as we have seen, no more than twenty can be successful. An attempt to do this naturally occurs to you that you have sixteen section commanders. Here is a chance to prove their worth! Their knowledge of the circumstances will enable them to discriminate in a manner which you could not possibly have done. You call them up. "To-morrow morning by nine," you say, "each one of you will bring me the name of one man in your section whom you consider the most fitted to receive a week-end pass. Away, my sucking supermen!" Section commanders exult.

Next morning you are greeted by the Colour-Sergeant. "That arrangement of yours with reference to them passes don't seem to be working very well, Sir!" he says. "They 'aven't chosen nobody at all!" Upon further inquiry you discover that in face of the task of choosing one of the two to fifteen members of the section commander finds it contrary to the circumstances will enable them to discriminate in a manner which you could not possibly have done. You call them up. "To-morrow morning by nine," you say, "each one of you will bring me the name of one man in your section whom you consider the most fitted to receive a week-end pass. Away, my sucking supermen!" Section commanders exult.

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Letters to a Trade Unionist.

VI.

There were a number of points in my letter last week which I should like to discuss further with you. There was my question at the end, for instance, wherein I asked whether it is possible to explain your position in any other way than by stating that the wage-earning class is composed largely of men who are either serfs at heart or intellectually too lazy to consider their position. I repeat that one in particular at this point because, for the benefit of a few superior salaried persons who seem to have made up their minds that there is no other explanation and that the wage-earners therefore deserve to continue to stew in their own juice, I wish to remark that I have another explanation—but it must wait; I want to deal with a different matter just now. And the matter of most importance at this point is contained in another question I put last week, asking what your inclinations are with regard to the future of your children. Now let us forget for a moment that whatever we do in our generation will only give very tangible results in the next, and consider the question as if our actions would affect the immediate future.

In the first place, then, realise that there are two paths now lying open to the feet of the wage-earners. The first they will take if they are blind to signs of danger and deaf to reasoned argument. At the present moment their faces are turned towards that way eagerly. They are being told by their pastors and masters of some magic way, to cure poverty, and the whole sordid mass of misery leads also to a state of mental and spiritual slavery which can only result ultimately in spiritual death. Harassed and worried as you are both at work and in your spare time, it is hard for you to bear this in mind, I know. Sometimes, when I look round and see the horrors of our time, when my soul is scourged with the thought of memories of "sights that are abominable and secrets that are unutterable," I could almost fall into that same pit of despair which has swallowed up so many of our teachers and our mates, and work and strive for the era that our modern reformers are so anxious to usher in to this tortured world. Everyone, I suppose, even every one among those of us who should know better, is still blindfolded in the same way at times, but, fortunately, with most of us it is only for a short time—it is but a passing mood. For beyond the state of comfort towards which the reformers direct your gaze and beg of you to turn your feet we can see the slavery that will inevitably be your lot if you allow yourselves to be led, driven, and goaded to this reformers' goal. And so we seek to point out to you the second path that can save you from the destruction which is ever-lurking round us, and which will have no further need to worry about your son's future—because the State will see to it; and no one but members of the owning and controlling classes will have one vestige of freedom left.

Now, the real danger to the workers of these islands is that they will be persuaded to follow this first path to this conclusion. In their present state of poverty, disability and consequent weakness, it seems a very desirable thing to many of them that they should do so. They actually idealise it; and this false ideal is fostered by the press, by their own leaders, by nearly every reformist body in existence.

The physical manifestations of generations of want, and the mental weaknesses that are so prevalent and so obvious among such a large proportion of the victims of modern commercialism, lead many otherwise sane and healthy individuals to pray and strive for a time when labour shall be assured of the security of a bare measure of food and shelter. But never forget, even for one moment, what so very few of your fellow Trade Unionists realise, that this way out of the poor's morass of misery leads also to a state of mental and
National Honour and Personal Honour.

Years ago in Syria an old Circassian exile said, when I was introduced to him: "An Englishman—any Englishman—is good, and his word is sure. Three Englishmen in Kars behaved like warrior angels, fought like devils; and while they fought for us their Government betrayed our country."

The betrayal to which he referred is that of the Circassian rising under the once famous guerrilla chief Shamil at the time of the Crimean War. This rising was at first very warmly encouraged with all kinds of promises and protestations, but afterwards forgotten, by the British Government. It was a small affair, and must have seemed quite unimportant to the Foreign Office of that day, but in the estimation of a whole race it destroyed our national honour which then was much esteemed by Orientals generally. It is possible that the sentiment of national honour to be found in England's rulers, its high priests, was no more then than it is now, and that only a series of commanding personalities pursuing a determined policy made it seem more to the Easterns. However that may be, the fact remains that it is only in the last few years, and apparently as a result of the Russian alliance, that the East, as a whole, has been compelled to recognise that England has no honour as an empire, that she breaks her pledges, and will sacrifice old friends without compunction when it serves her turn to do so. Yet the honour of the individual Englishman remains as high as ever among Orientals. Why? Simply because he keeps his word, and is generally to be trusted in his dealings. With us personal honour is infinitely greater than national honour—at least, as manifested in our rulers. With Eastern peoples it is less. You may be cheated by an individual occasionally, but if a tribe or a community has pledged its word to you in solemn conclave you may trust that word for ever. I knew a man who, having received a solemn promise from the Druze Chiefs of the Hauran, asked for a written contract to confirm it. The document was given, but you should have seen their faces.

The decent Englishman whose fate it is to represent England among Orientals, whether he be as an officer of the frontier force in India, or as an inspector under an Egyptian ministry, or as a consul in Persia, has had to suffer shame in these last years. Obliged by his position and the mentality of the people among whom he works constantly to pledge his personal honour for the national honour in which, with the majority of simple Englishmen, he honestly believed, he has been placed in a most false position by the diplomatic subtleties of the Home Government, and by the new type of official superior which those subtleties have evolved. No diplomatist, in the current acceptation of the term, should ever be put in charge of Orientals, or allowed control of any Eastern situation, unless the Government wants trouble. He will only irritate the men of honour and attract the rogues who make disorders. Diplomacy, as we now practise it, is held derogatory to, and inconsistent with, high dignity, whose way should be one honest word with force behind it. A soldier with good brains is more desirable, for he is commonly straight-speaking and a man of honour. A fine example of the soldier turned administrator may be seen in Sir Reginald Wingate, Governor-General of the Sudan, in my opinion the best man we have at present, as his work is certainly the best work that can be shown in the whole Empire. He has had that rare good fortune to be left alone. The diplomatist invariably makes a mess of things.

"If you walk straight forward we are powerless to stop you, nor should we really wish to stop you, seeing you mean well. But if the game is dodging, we can dodge much better than you can, and the mere fact of your dodging makes us hate you," an Egyptian nationalist friend of mine once told me in a moment of unusual candour. Another Egyptian told a man I know at the time of Sir Eldon Gorst's appointment to succeed Lord Cromer, "Elendina (i.e., the Khedive) will be happier now. He could not dine at Casa ed-dubbâreh when the Lord was there. It was too strange. Now he will be able to dine there and feel quite at home. It will be just the same as at the palace. He will never feel quite sure his coffee is not poisoned."

Sir Eldon Gorst was clever, amazingly clever, as clever as the cleverest Egyptian, and for that very reason did not do with Orientals. Clever men with diplomatic minds—minds accustomed to dissociate conduct from all thought of their personal honour—are responsible for all this present Turkish muddle, which, however things may go, is bad for England. The Turks, although they had the reputation of such great diplomatists, are much too Oriental to admire diplomacy. They have always been attracted towards that Power of Europe whose language at a crisis was plain speech and not diplomacy. Even among the Hamidian officers, who had a reputation for rascality as great as that of our own Foreign Office, I have found a pitiable trust in the good faith of certain Powers, a quite pathetic clinging to the hope that underneath the lies and seeming treachery there must be some kind of an honest purpose. An interview with Reshid Bey at Geneva published by one of our newspapers—I think, the "Morning Post"—the other day, betrays this hope against hope in the benevolence of France and England. The East—even the advance-guard of it—is not yet commercialised. I do not think it ever could be in the sense in which we are commercialised. There honour is still high above self-interest. That a man personally honourable can regard it as the natural thing to do, in a public capacity, where he represents the honour of an Eastern Empire, things which in his private dealings he would deem abominable, is a thing in England which Orientals find incredible. If the man were an out-and-out ruffian, well and good. But he is not. He is an honourable man. Think of the story of the Turkish Dreadnoughts, bought and paid for by the patriotic efforts of the people of a bankrupt country, forced to fight for bare existence, a country whose navy England had undertaken to improve and strengthen; seized by our Government in a most insulting manner and the money not refunded; while Great Britain still "wished" Turkey to maintain neutrality. Think of the effect of that small incident upon the East. It is only one of many little incidents—and not the worst—which have damaged England's name for honest dealing. And still hundreds of Englishmen in Asia and North Africa are talking of the honour and the perfect uprightness of England—of Mohammedans! Can they not see? This minister is an honourable man. That bureaucrat is an honourable man. "So are they all honourable men." But in the aggregate, a monstrous rogue. The rogue must learn to mask his leering face when looking East, to put on the behaviour of a gentleman, and that consistently, or, by his very cleverness, he will destroy our Eastern Empire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
The Recent Cotton Agreements.

The song of thanksgiving that has arisen in regard to the recent agreements entered into by the employers and employees in the cotton industry has found an echo in a recent article in the "Herald," by Messrs. G. D. H. Cole and W. Mellor. And their panegyric on behalf of these agreements is in a strain which must have caused any textile reader to feel a trifle dizzy.

In setting out the events that induced the spinners, and, later, the cardroom operatives and weavers to withdraw from the Brooklands Agreement, an agreement that was in constant use for regulating disputes in the cotton trade for a period of twenty years, they state:

In 1912, the spinners, tired of waiting for the masters to speed up their machinery and to adopt some kind of machinery of negotiation, set up their refusal to deal with bad spinning complaints, decided to abandon all attempts at compromise and to accept the strike as the deciding factor in disputes of every kind. One type of dispute, however, became so frequent that the union felt compelled to meet the employers in the cotton industry in a kind of negotiation.

October, 1913, saw the birth of an agreement dealing exclusively with "bad spinning," which was to be in operation three months. The salient feature in this temporary arrangement was that no strike or lock-out should take place until joint inquiries, local and central, had been held. Under this arrangement cotton-spinning went on more or less peaceably until the 11th of July, 1914, when the agreement was extended indefinitely.

Further on, in dealing with the recent agreements between the operatives and masters, in which all disputes are to be investigated by local and joint committees before work shall cease, they write:

The machinery to be used is that of the Brooklands Agreement, and probably this has led some people to believe that the agreement itself has been restored. Actually, as we shall show, this is not the case.

The cotton operatives have won a really substantial victory. The Brooklands Agreement was bad because of two things. In the first place, the masters could always refuse to discuss any particular matter—e.g., bad spinning—on the ground that it did not come under the terms, and, secondly, delay was the normal reward of patience. To-day every question has to be brought before joint committees, to be the matter involved bad spinning, wages, conditions, or discipline. Whatever be the dispute, the men's unions are now in the position to demand a hearing. The right to strike, which has been preserved in its entirety, and the operatives have gained a greater measure of control.

To this one can only reply that while the mistaken conclusion of Messrs. Cole and Mellor may be quite excusable owing to their ignorance of textile matters in general, and the Brooklands Agreement in particular, there is really no excuse for embodying these mistaken conclusions in a Labour journal. Now, what do we gather from this article that I have quoted at length in the case of the Brooklands Agreement?

The new agreements signed by the officials of the Masters' Federation and the Amalgamated Operative Spinners and Cardroom Operatives respectively state: "That notices to cease work shall not be posted at any mill until the matter in dispute has been considered by the joint committees of the two organisations, both local and central." Simple enough! But one naturally inquires: Who shall constitute these joint committees, and what is the time of the period of negotiation? And the simplicity seems nearly akin to the simplicity of an empty pocket, than which there are few things more useless, until one gathers that the method of procedure is to be similar to that laid down by the old Brooklands Agreement.

But Messrs. Cole and Mellor claim that we have won a substantial victory in that every question must now be brought before joint committees—"Whatever be the dispute, the men's unions are now in a position to demand a hearing." Quite so! But then we were in the same position according to the Brooklands Agreement.

Clause 6—and that is the clause we are to utilise for carrying out the new agreement—says distinctly: "That in future no local employers' association nor the federated association of employers on the one hand, nor any Trade Union or Federations of Trade Unions on the other hand, shall countenance, encourage or support any lock-out or strike which may arise from or be caused by any question of contention, grievance or complaint, with regard to work, wages, or any other matter unless and until the same has been submitted"—to the procedure that will be carried out under the new agreement.

I know that this particular clause has been questioned and ignored by the employers when it suited their purpose, but that does not alter the wording of the agreement, which the wording of the new agreement is, in my opinion, no advance. And, seeing that the Brooklands Agreement was drawn up in 1893, I can discover no reason for going into transports of delight at our rate of progress. The victory for the operatives would have been much more evident if the period allowed for investigation into bad spinning complaints—a mere three days—had been adopted as the time limit for all complaints. As an operative, I know that three days is quite long enough to struggle under adverse conditions. Then, again, we never can tell how the employers will interpret this agreement.

That no clause relating to wages has been inserted in the new agreement is a matter for congratulation, but not for surprise, considering the present unstable condition of the markets and the fact that there is a wages agreement in existence, and which will not terminate until July, 1915.

But, from the point of view of the operative, the most serious thing about the new agreement is the spirit behind it. Perhaps I can best make this clear by quoting from an interview with the President of the Cardroom Amalgamation.

"What about the Brooklands Agreement?" asked the interviewer.

"What about the Brooklands Agreement?" asked the operative.
"In my opinion," replied Mr. Crinion, "it was a mistake to abolish the Brooklands Agreement. . . . Take the case of a ring spinner. There is a big difference between that class of operatives and mule spinners. If a mule spinner has a grievance with an employer which cannot be adjusted, there is no reason for stopping ring spinners who are not concerned in the dispute, and are chiefly females."

Now, these ring spinners are members of the same association as the cardroom workers, but they are really spinners, competitors of the mule spinners (who are men), yet not able to turn out as great a variety of yarn. Whether the mule spinners thought they could best deal with competition by ignoring the competitors is not quite clear, but, anyhow, they would not organise into their association. That the Cardroom Association did so is deserving of the gratitude of the spinner.

But in those days the Cardroom Operatives and the Operative Spinners Associations had an agreement to support each other in cases of individual strikes. When the spinners discarded the Brooklands Agreement this agreement also terminated, and since then there is no agreement for securing joint action on the part of these two bodies. The cardroom operatives and the spinners, both mule and ring, are dependent on each other. If one department ceases work the other must do the same shortly after. It is almost impossible for one to continue work for a week after the other has ceased. But there are many ring mills in existence now, and these contain no mule-spinning at all, and if there is no dispute with the cardroom operatives and no agreement with the mule spinners, these can go on working and supplying the market with yarn, thereby diminishing the mule spinners' chances of a successful issue.

And that is the spirit behind the new agreement, that when the mule spinners are at war, the ring spinners shall supply the employers with ammunition in the shape of yarn for urgent orders. In these days of closer competition, this is a reactionary policy, and not amalgamation between Trade Unionists, as amongst the cardroom workers, but they are merely inculcating what religions furiously and irrationally inculcate, namely, that we are all born potential villains, with an especial itch, aggravated by power, for thieving. Samuel Butler imagined a country where people condescended with a presumption for the vices instead of their maladies; but the state of things was as boresome as our own, because people were furiously and irrationally punished for being ill. "L'Humanité" points out that the charge, if proved true, will prove also that large sums are being spent in a futile struggle against official corruption. Obviously, the smaller the salary the less possibility for an official to blind the public about his legitimate expenditure. Obviously, also, not any penalty devious by men is sufficient to save a badly educated man. But blame our teachers who punish and harden our egoism far more than they instruct it.

I nearly succeeded inadvertently in getting my place burned down by a flame of wrath. I was remarking carelessly that the value of works of plastic art has to be settled by the critics because, of course, artists seldom know their good work from their bad—when the fire broke out. We quenched it somehow, but the moment was grave. Perhaps I meant what I said, and the same. For example, I possess a Modigliani which I would not part with for a hundred pounds even at this crisis: and I routed out this head from a corner sacred to the rubbish of centuries, and was called stupid for my pains. It is true that artists are human; but then they are human only to be deplored but to be fought by the workers concerned, workers who are members of one class, one industry, and in many cases, one family.

Alice Smith.

Impressions of Paris.

Paris forgot the war for a moment after the arrest of M. Frangois Desclaux. If this, and all countries, were politically far more financially honest and quarters as Paymaster-General might be taken as equivalent with guilt—but as things are? The incendiary press, headed by "Le Matin," is, of course, overjoyed at the new sensation, calls the one-time Minister of State quite simply Desclaux and publishes photographs of him smugly and villainous. Against such hunters one would feel like siding with the veriest human weasel, especially in our age which has taught us that the official officially found out is probably only a scapegoat for others. Whenever and whatever it will be the end of all this official corruption? Dishonesty, perhaps, will never disappear from mankind—but why organise it by creating an official preserve practically closed to the public? This is foolish even from the official side, because the day of reckoning must arrive sometime, and after that it is small choice to the guilty whether to be condemned and punished outright or be Marconied for ever—never to know when a "Be war!" is coming. It is passing concerningly. The poets are never tired of warning men in general to beware of taking power. Unhappily, when the poets are dissatisfied with those in general against men in particular, the enemy is already at the gate with his mission to destroy and to be destroyed. It looks as though all this will be eternally repeated. Our system of education might do something by calmly and rationally inculcating those religions furiously and irrationally inculcating, namely, that we are all born potential villains, with an especial itch, aggravated by power, for thieving. Samuel Butler imagined a country where people condescended with presumption for the vices instead of their maladies; but the state of things was as boresome as our own, because people were furiously and irrationally punished for being ill. "L'Humanité" points out that the charge, if proved true, will prove also that large sums are being spent in a futile struggle against official corruption. Obviously, the smaller the salary the less possibility for an official to blind the public about his legitimate expenditure. Obviously, also, not any penalty devious by men is sufficient to save a badly educated man. But blame our teachers who punish and harden our egoism far more than they instruct it.

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Alice Smith.
when he is considering sculptors, he might try on their work a paraphrase I take the liberty to make of a remark of Mr. Shaw's (who cannot always be saying the indefensible thing): With the technique of Michael Angelo you set passionatives to prove primitives! The falsity of modern art is defined there.

The "Matin," which is always getting in my way, publishes under the description of "bad faith and lies" an account by a Swiss-German of the attitude of Paris. He says that Paris is sad, that a great many Belgium deserters are here, that the shops are full of postcards insulting the Germans, that the journals publish horrible histories ("and not only the 'Matin'") of women burned, of the wounded pillaged and mutilated; he says that in the children of the soldiers who are gradually obliterating the little bourgeoisie, especially foreigners, wanting to know if they really were liable to be put out on the pavement in spite of the moratorium! One laughs ruefully to know that these landlords who are gradually obliterating the beauty of Paris are now losing money and will not begin more building for many a day. Lord! In how many streets already is it not necessary to bend the right back in order to see a strip of the blue sky? Enough of that!

In contrast to the Poesie manufactured by belligerent stay-at-homes here are a few verses in the "Figaro," written by a soldier at the front, in a trench, under the storm of the weather and under the slow war of exhaustion. The poem, called "The Hours," is signed merely "A. X.," and dated from the front the twenty-fifth of January.

They dip away
With the clouds that stream
On our life:
Melt at sun's ray
If he throws a beam
Through the strife.
As under steel
Is the grindstone broken,
So the Hours' slow wheel
Of coming spring.
Like waves one by one
That by moon-dusk strand
Grew the rock.
The grey Hours have gone...
To-morrow we stand
For the shock.
Surer than cliff
By the ocean torn
Are we sure:
Our hearts are more stiff
Than the grindstone worn
To endure.
And the Hours pass, all—
Hours of hope, Hours of doubt
Curbed by will.
To-morrow will call,
Will find us, throughout
Resolute still.

Nothing about the Kaiser or Huns or Reims Cathedral! I waited in the post-office while an interminable dame got possession of hundreds and hundreds of francs. By came a prosperous Monsieur with a string-coloured beard that once was golden. At a little private door he knocked in an attitude which expected to be opened at At Once. Nobody answered. He turned round astounded, and the fur of his coat edge seemed the continuation of the cloud in the sky. The door opened. From the room there was a little contribution to the amount as they were able. The commission had been overwhelmed by applicants, especially foreigners, wanting to know if they really were able to be put out on the pavement in spite of the moratorium! One laughs ruefully to know that these landlords who are gradually obliterating the beauty of Paris are now losing money and will not begin more building for many a day. Lord! In how many streets already is it not necessary to bend the right back in order to see a strip of the blue sky? Enough of that!
Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

It will go down to posterity that Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, travelling post-haste to Russia, managed to dispatch articles from Newcastle, Bergen, Christiania, Stockholm, and Finland, with another to herald his arrival at Petrograd. You may well ask why I do not emulate his ability; you may ask—is it than lack-volatility? The "Daily Mail" being mercifully rare in these uncultured parts, I have read little of its Russian news. The most striking was that all the soldiers knew Mr. Fyfe was a foreigner, because he carried his overcoat over his shoulder. To me this is a matter of interest; on the other hand, they great spiritual adventures; you want to live in a world of pure ideas, where what-is-Russian and what-is-not-Russian are distinguished like blackness and whiteness—alas! my soul is not so purified that I can launch life in a Russian hotel is an ordeal that he would hardly have recorded. The rooms are heated till it is difficult to breathe; one opens a window (supposing this possible), all through the house doors slam, curtains dance, chairs and clothes stagger and fall, and one's papers mop the dusty floor. The table on which I write has three legs of approximately the same length, but the fourth is a good inch shorter. Half a dozen people are stamping and shouting in the passage, hoping, I believe, that this will encourage me to tip them when I leave. But if you want a thorough sensation of Russian travelling amenities you must read Gogol's "Dead Souls." You can smell the stuffy rooms without necessity. Why when I breathed the air of Warsaw, sanctified by Menkicwitz, Kosziusko, and the three things were very excellent: wine, riding on horses, and chastely regarding beautiful women. There you have it! There is no wine in Warsaw, nor in any other big Russian town now, only illicit bottles of whiskysoldily under the little village. Men killed the horses, the sun's also, have been commandeered for the war. As for beautiful women, it was not my chaste regards that were lacking, but the beautiful women. I suppose the Polish damsels, of whom so much is heard, have been commandeered to Moscow. My luggage was not to be seen, and of the body. "I don't know," said I, "but I know my luggage." Then we found the trunk, and dispatched it; but the hand-luggage was nowhere to be seen. I went through the train twice and inspected every inch of the station. My luggage was not to be seen, and of the crowd of porters, big and little, fat and thin, bearded and bleached, and shaved and pimply, mine I could not find. I searched in great agony of soul for an hour and a half. By a lucky inspiration I went through the train again a minute before it left, and there, at all once, was the missing luggage, hidden away in a crowded second-class compartment. I stayed an hour in that compartment, until darkness came, at four o'clock; the air was already foul, the company pleasant but much. With another thirty hours to go, I transferred into the first class and never regretted the extravagance. But I do think our single candle in each compartment of each class. In summer the benevolent autocracy may rightly say, "Sleep, my children, it is time!" but the kindest official can hardly expect us to sleep in winter from four of the arctic noon till the white of morning, even if he rates us for it. Certainly it keeps one from the temptation of reading pernicious literature—I know no other reason. Two rich Jews, father and son, were in my carriage. They were not pleasant to deal with; for example, "taking it out" of the Gentle. First of all, they lay down flat on the seats, wiped their boots on me, and said I had come late and must wait for the upper berths to be arranged. I called in the conductor to fit them up, but the Jews refused to stand up for the few necessary seconds. It was not yet time, they said. At last the conductor came in of his own accord; I stepped into the corridor to be out of the way; when I came in again, there were my two persecutors sniggering on the upper berths, delighted to have the advantage of me. There was no doubt of it; trusting in my ignorance, they began to congratulate themselves in bad French, "Il était bien étonné." I said nothing, but enjoyed a subtle revenge. A huge Pole entered the compartment, a gigantic man, and entered into conversation with me. Not knowing who the other individuals were, he spoke of the Warsaw Jews with such sarcasm and contempt that the upper berths groaned with the agonies of their occupants. He was really unkind, and I rejoiced not a little. He had more interesting things to tell. His estates, close to the Austrian border, were traversed by the invaders immediately after the beginning of the war. His house was occupied by numerous officers, German, Austrian, and Hungarian, and thanks to his prudence in putting everything at their disposal, he was spared the fate of some of his neighbours, who were robbed and carried off, or even shot or hanged. The Germans, he said, were unpleasantly surprised by the Russian artillery, and when they heard of the prohibition of alcohol they feared that all was lost; they had counted upon the usual degradation of the Russian officers. The Hungarian troops had their own officers, right up to the top, but the Austrians were mostly led by Germans. How ignorant the Magyars are, said my friend with feelings; why, after living in my house a fortnight, one of them asked me if I were a Russian! At midnight, the giant alighted, to the relief of the upper berths. Coming near my hands in his great fingers, he asked me to visit him when I returned to Poland; he was thinking now, he said, of going to see Petrograd and also Kiev, to neither of which towns he had yet been in his life, although he knew Paris and Berlin! Of course we had compared Poland with Ireland. Was it not a fact, he asked, that Ireland was always dissatisfied under British rule, while all other subject nations were happy? When he was gone, I thought of my visit, a couple of years ago, to Arabindo Ghose in his refuge at Pondicherry. My young coconut-crack- ing Brahmin of a secretary, I remember, returned to
tell me that he would see me whenever I cared to call on him, or, unheard-of favour, would even call on me if I desired. I got into my "push-push," which is the large perambulator in which one promenades in that territory, and I found oodles of coolies had gathered. So we started and Mytton, Pepys, G. K. Chesterton and myself, we had passed high in the Indian Civil Service. But he could not ride a horse, which feat is demanded from the candidates, says the Anglo-Indians. Maybe, says his supporters, yet he could easily have got round the test, but he refused to lie. The incident is somewhat mysterious; anyhow Ghose did not join the Service; but, after a while, became the Gaekwar's Prime Minister. Dismissed by the Government, he was twice brought up for conspiracy to murder, and each time acquitted. Nevertheless, many of his friends and relations suffered, some were hanged, some tried and transported to the dreary Andaman Islands without trial for doing anything in India! Ghose is now a great man, a Hindu with hate, a terrorist and a conspirator. He denies it, but, I fear, in vain. But he has one distinction, he hates the self-seeking political nationalists with a great and open heart. Of the Tagores and Ghose type. If Messrs. Macdonald, Anderson and Henderson were Indians, they would have been of this class. If Mr. Wells were an Indian... And Ghose would hate them as he hates Lord Sydenham and the rest. But in this tragic broken figure there is something true. He might have been—Ah! if Mr. Peter Ouspenski's prophecy comes true, and mankind is divided into the men who possess a "certain something" (call it what you will) and those who do not, Arabindo Ghose will be on the side of the angels, as will but few Indians of to-day.

When I woke in the early morning, the train was still crawling along, and the Jews were packing up. There were man and wife, and Queen Elizabeth was her mother-in-law. "Look on the tragic loading of this grove." How? Elliptically. And Ghose would not want to know what Heaven is, at the beginning of the programme. It is this: "My dears, they have five fingers on each hand, and take their meals regularly." Now I grant that all the Kings and Queens of my acquaintance have five fingers on each hand, but they also have two thumbs, which makes a total of seven digits to each hand. They are thus people set apart from the mass, and Mr. Besier's wish that they are just the same as everybody else really misleads the populace. Besides, what has the number of fingers to do with the nature of Royalty, as revealed by Mr. Besier in this play? He does not attempt to show that they are capable of more manual dexterity than are ordinary people; although H.I.M. Frederick IV has his finger-nails cut, in the third act, the manicurist does not remark the regal abnormality. As for taking their meals regularly, two of the men take coffee and liqueurs in the second act, and for the rest seem to live on cigars and cigarettes. No, no! All this nonsense about fingers being made before forks has nothing to do with the play; the moral of the play is that Kings and Queens are like unto us and Mr. Besier will do him right now? is dead; and his widow, Queen Elizabeth, laments his memory, for she had been the rarest joy of his life. That is very delicately put. Like Byron's Donna Inez, she trained her child, who became H.M. King Richard VIII, in the way that he should go; so that when he came to the throne he should not dismiss her from it. Once, and once only, did he lapse from the high ideals of kingship with which she had inspired him; that was when he fell in love with and married Charlotte. He loved her, she loved him; they were man and wife, and Queen Elizabeth was her mother-in-law. "Look on the tragic loading of this bed!" Now I must state Mr. Rudolf Besier's very subtle distinction. Charlotte (perhaps related to Apple Adams) was a girl, and it died, and ever since that time had she shown "that will most incorrect to Heaven." If you want to know what Heaven is, at the beginning of the
play, it is H.M. Queen Elizabeth, called, by her brother, Lizzie, and by her son, mamma.

Now for depravity! There is to be a Court Ball, and it has been suggested (by Charlotte, I think) that the one-step should be danced at that Ball. Queen Elizabeth cannot dance it, so she vetoes its performance on moral grounds. Charlotte's hope of happiness is thus dashed to the ground. Then there is a woman (a Marquise or something) who is a friend of Charlotte; it is discovered that she had divorced her husband because his whiskers jerked, or his motor-car was not fitted with shock absorbers, or for some similar reason, and Queen Elizabeth decides that she shall not be invited to the Ball. H.R.H. Prince Louis (hitherto unmentioned, but untutored behind the scenes for some time) has induced Madame Sélincourt, the great costumer, to bring some of her great costumes to Queen Charlotte, who raves about the fact that if the shoulder-straps were broken, the whole gown would fall to the ground. These dresses, with their alluring vistas, seem to affect Queen Elizabeth adversely; she makes what were intended to be cutting remarks about their scantiness, although she does not say, as Swift said, that she had never seen such a thing in her life, at least, not since she last weaned.

So King Richard Cœur de Lion implores his wife not to buy these dresses, but to support home industries and wear clothes like her mother; and she dismisses Madame Sélincourt with a promise of recommendation to her friends, and the gift of a ring given to her by King Richard when they were first engaged. Charlotte loses the first round on points; she loses the one-step, the Marquise, the diaphanous dresses, and her engagement ring.

She rallies a little at the beginning of the second act. She sings a song off to the accompaniment of Prince Louis, and comes warbling into the smoking room. Warbling in the smoking room is indecorous, but at least, not since she last weaned.

So Richard tells his wife that she must give up this woman, the Marquise; it is discovered that she had divorced her husband because his shoulders were wrinkled, or his motor-car was not fitted with shock absorbers, or for some similar reason, and Queen Elizabeth tells her husband that she has not run away with Louis, but that she is going home to her mother, who sings folk-songs and understands her. Richard has told his friend that he must give up the woman, the Marquise; and then they proceed to indict each other. Queen Charlotte enters judgment against the prosecution, declares that she had divorced her husband because his shoulders were wrinkled, or his motor-car was not fitted with shock absorbers, or for some similar reason, and Queen Elizabeth loses the second round on points; she loses the one-step, the Marquise, the diaphanous dresses, and her engagement ring.

But she is not that sort of woman. Before she leaves the Palace Louis kisses her, once and only once; and the poor girl cries. She comes back next morning to tell her husband that she has not run away with Louis, but that she is going home to her mother, who sings folk-songs and understands her. Richard has told his friend that he must give up the woman, the Marquise; and then they proceed to indict each other. Queen Charlotte enters judgment against the prosecution, declares that she had divorced her husband because his shoulders were wrinkled, or his motor-car was not fitted with shock absorbers, or for some similar reason, and Queen Elizabeth loses the second round on points; she loses the one-step, the Marquise, the diaphanous dresses, and her engagement ring.
was undoubtedly from one point of view; and he may even have complained bitterly of his neglect by Ger-
many. To the sister over-sympathetic friend his loneliness was emphasized with more self-
piety, indeed, than was creditable to Nietzsche. But you have only to examine the records of Nietzsche's thoughts and actions to realize that this "loneliness" on which he harped so much to his sister (because she revealed it in) was much to Nietzsche's taste. Over and over again he said that solitude was necessary to him. Over and over again he declared that the neglect of his German contemporaries, so far from depressing him, confirmed him in their opinion both of his own isolation and of his own uniqueness. Over and over again, he felt that his solitude was really a multitude.

"Although (he said) I know no one who shares my views, I have an impression of having thought, not as an individual, but as a plurality—the strangest blend of solitude and multitude." Is it good criticism, after this, to pretend that Nietzsche was really and pathetically lonely? He had no friends in Germany, it is true; but that was less his fault than his fate. His separation from Germany was demonstrated by the fact.

The "Nation," however, makes his isolation a reproach to him. But, on its own showing, if Germany was going mad at the time, it was no reproach to Nietzsche, who remained sane, that among incipient lunatics none called him friend! Yet we are to believe that neither he nor his contemporary Germany, was "frankly impossible." The lack of friends was not a reproach to Germany, but to Nietzsche. He was so "unchubbable"; he was "exact and monopolising"; he "claimed all and gave nothing." On the contrary, however, you will find that wherever Nietzsche went he made himself liked. Never was he even disagreeable to any person; it was only towards ideas that he was severe. At his university, as student and as professor; at the pensions and restaurants he frequented; at his various lodgings; he was always adored as the incarnation of kindness, exquisite manners and sympathetic consideration. I have not come across an instance of rudeness in him even under circumstances of the greatest provocation. To say, then, that he was unchubbable, exacting, monopolising and all the rest of the unsociable qualities, is to say what is exactly the opposite of the truth. Never was there or will there be in Germany or in England a greater or more natural 'prince' than his "missus," as he was "unchubbable," but that he so much desired to be among swine. Let the "Nation" try to imagine the worst that has had to wait the appropriate moment. It also involves a confession on my part that I have been guilty of a breach of trust, for which, I dare say, you could put me in gaol.

You came to me, with old Nurse (she's very feeble—I tell her heroic cock-and-bull stories about you), on the day we buried your father. You were four years old. You seemed to me like any other kid. I wasn't very keen about having you; in fact, your invasion of my bachelor arrangements was a nuisance. But we were, and are, all that remained from two pairs of grand-
parents. I hadn't the moral courage to pack you off to some respectable establishment where orphans are tended with more or less kindness and attention. Nurse, too, had bullied me from the days of my petticoats. Come to think of it, I don't remember her consulting me about it. She suddenly loomed large as the arbiter of our family morality, and so troyed you along, choosing the best room in the house for her precious charge. Your father, of course, dreamily assumed that I should be something more than a guardian.

Mention of his name brings me back to my crime. Near the end, he handed me the key of his safe. "There's £1,000 there for Geordie; put him through a good university." When I searched the safe I found the money. It was all in bearer bonds—mostly French. For diddling Somerset House, there's nothing like bearer bonds. So I pouched the plunder, sold the other effects, kept your father's books (they are now yours—mostly rubbish of the Leslie Stephen-Humphry Ward-Professor Drummond order), and found myself possessed of funds amounting to precisely £2,774 12s. 4d. I calculated that you would go to Cambridge at the age of nineteen. So I had to keep you for fifteen years and turn you out at the age of, say, 23 or 24, a full fledged M.A. Nothing less than that would have gratified your father. Money invested at 5 per cent. compound interest doubles itself in fourteen years. Note the phrase "doubles itself." By its own unaided exertions it doubles itself. Isn't money clever? The shillings spread themselves out to the circumference of florins; "thick 'uns" grow into "thick 'uns"; £5 notes mysteriously multiply and reveal the middle-class alchemy! No vulgar workman with stubbed fingers plying at the bench, no shortened square-toed miner, picking his tonnage in the gloom and grime, no hectic clerk with hideous tie, no homeless, wretched A.B. in the fo'd'sle will sure, say, that he's only left him, but she employed his confidences to compare him unfavourably with Rée and herself. This, however, is again no reproach to Nietzsche. That a man of his intellectual value to the human race could not find a respectable employer among men of women. What would Diarasi have been without such an one? Was Nietzsche only to blame because all Ger-
many failed him? R. H. C.
February 11, 1915

The New Age

put out this money at interest or spend it upon your clothes, your food, your schooling, and all those other things that boys expect? A decision was not urgent; it could wait a year or more.

Meantime, I began to take an interest in you. You were the son of my brother and were entrusted to my keeping. I had this money to spend upon you. Of course, if I were that advertising falir, H. U. Wells, I could spin a pseudo-psychological yarn about my approach to you. It wouldn't be true; but it would be amusing. Thus:

"In all my private affairs and even in the pursuit of my public activities, aimed, as you know, at the reconstruction of England on a more orderly basis, compacted of clear thinking and good-will, I seldom missed tea at the club with a rubber of whist or a hundred at billiards. I was one of a group of crones who rather relied upon each other for this enjoyable relaxation. They were all prosperous men of the world whose good-breeding and savoir-faire stirred within me complacent memories of earlier days when my origin would have been instantly discovered by my boots. It took me many years before I acquired the style and manners, and amongst the wealthier classes. Even longer before I passed through what might be called danidical adolescence to that stage of negligence which is the true mark of those upper circles to which I now belonged and upon whose conversation I was set. It chanced that, in my many preoccupations, I had forgotten one of our public holidays. I walked into the club and upon collecting my letters (how dreary is some correspondence!) Thompson, the hall porter, told me that the club was deserted. I stuffed my letters into my despatch-case and became conscious of a blank. My thoughts travelled far beyond the next two blank hours to a quickly deepening sense of a grim hiatus in my more intimate life.

"A hansom cab brought me to my own door. Calling for tea, I walked into my nursery and found you with your toys. You were building a house with square and oblong blocks. With childish prattle you invited my help. I watched you with a kindling curiosity. My far-off evening."

"It was a biggish thing, requiring diplomatic handling. That would take me to 2.30. Then I must hurry back to my office to complete my correspondence. At 4.30 there was a paper at the Royal Statistical Society, 'The Proportion of Tubercles to the Varying Densities of the Square Yard of Factory Space,' diagrams of immense value and probably a discussion of some significance. I must dine at 6.30 to preside at the Fabian at 8. A lecture on 'Preparing for Maternity' by Mrs. Christabel Cross. Altogether a fruitful day was promised. I felt tired, switched off the lights and walked down the passage. Your nursery door was shut and again came the vision. I thought of you as my son, lying in your mother's arms, in a room filled with all those feminine fripperies and utensils which constitute the perennial charm of young motherhood. I thought of my own room, austerely untidy. Almost deluded by the vividness of my imagining, I stole up furtively to your door. . . ."

Welsian fiction, my dear George, remains fiction, and cheap and nasty at that. My feeling was too simple and elemental for fiction. I had no special affection for you, but it was interesting to me to speculate what the thousand pounds would do for you. Obviously nothing, unless we could keep you healthy and see to your growth. Nurse and I, between us, did this. Affection comes with knowledge; sympathy grows gradually. I think, too, that it is the child, helpless, confiding, and often charming, who starts it.

"A small dinner (when alone it is prudent to keep the table simple) and we returned home. It took us an hour to get back and when we arrived the doctor was already in the room. My dear, how pale you are! Have you felt better?"

"I had a fever. I was told to lie down and rest."

"I have a great deal to do. I have got one of our lectures to deliver tomorrow."

"I have only 6d left."

"Please let me know about the camera as soon as possible."

"I wish to examine the camera."

"Have all the divagations of this letter led you to forget it? But I want you to understand my whole attitude, and I think that probably this long way round is the.

"And the time has come to tell you of my malfeasance. . . ."

"Your affectionate nephew,"

"GEORDIE."
shortest cut home. When I began to divagate (forgive me if my spelling is wrong, but the word tickles my fancy) I was left pondering whether I would put out the whole or the main part of your legacy at compound interest and keep a ledger account between us. Apart from the fact that I hate book-keeping—the job is fit only for Eurasians and spinsters—other considerations came to mind. Where would you be, if, after you had taken your degree, your legacy were spent? I had seen too many instances of young men just down, whose last stiver had gone. I saw them drift about, taking odd jobs in journalism, acting as private secretaries to aspiring and perspiring politicians, tutoring young fools on the Continent, going into the Church, without religious convictions ("untouched by grace," as your innocent father had unintentionally placed you in jeopardy and put upon me a heavy responsibility. For it was clear to me that you must be provided not only for your university career, but for another five years after. How many thousand guileless parents are there who think that, in sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge, they give them a training for their future work? The truth is that a true university life trains its students to intellectual receptivity, but never by any chance for the actualities of life. No doubt things have changed since then. Your engineering school, for example, is rated quite highly by some technical friends of mine. To cut the story short, I convinced myself that, if we were to interpret your father's wish literally, and not nearly, a thousand pounds was inadequate. So I determined to do a flutter on the Stock Exchange with your money and damn the consequences. If the worst came to the worst, I would find the money myself. I have friends in the City who are on the inside track of things and I also know when I have since gone bankrupt (or gone to prison) a number of company promoters. Between these two sets of thieves I felt it possible to do something profitable. And I brought it off, my boy. Not, however, without anxious moments. At one stage of the game there stood £700 to the credit of your account and a monstrous mush of scrip. At the right moment, the financial press (well sugared) began to boom the various stocks, and I promptly sold out at a Jew's profit. Several times did I repeat the operations, choosing my own time, for there was no hurry, no urgency, to realise. I have made up the final reckoning. I started gambling on your account, eighteen years ago, with something over £1,000. I am handing it to you, in good securities, £15,372. I have instructed Ellision to transfer all this stock to you.

If the Germans do not send the whole demnition pow-wow to perdition, you go down from Cambridge with an assured income of something over £700 a year. Your father and I started with nothing. I wonder whether we or you, at your age, mark you, are the better men. I do not regret putting you into a financially secure position before you have won your spurs. In my young days, the lack of ha'pence was a torment and a degradation. It hardened me and gave me self-reliance. But I lost much that was precious. The struggle killed your father. It was a gentle life he lived and I have ceased to look upon it. But as he lay dying, a great hatred of the autocracy and Reviews.

I will begin my reply to Mr. Cole with a personal statement: I am not Mr. G. D. H. Cole. It is necessary that I should make this announcement, for Mr. Cole is apparently confused about the matter. He reminds me, aptly enough, that the French "Republic of 1848 was doomed as soon as the Revolution of 1848. The Constitution determined upon a President elected by universal suffrage. The immediate result of the plebiscite," he continues, "was to place Louis Napoleon in such a position that he effectually "hobbled" the Republic. At once there were in France two independent powers, the President and the Assembly, each claiming to represent directly the people of France. Naturally, in such a case, the one man prevailed over the many; the conversion of the Presidency into a dictatorship could be."

In a centralised State, only a question of time. To confront a representative body elected by universal suffrage with a single head official elected in the same way is to court autocracy. Perhaps 'A. E. K.' likes autocracy. I can only say that I do not like it. I am open to correction on this point, but I believe that Louis Napoleon was not elected in the same way as were the members of the Assembly; I think that he was elected by general national ballot, and that the members of the Assembly were elected by general electoral districts. In Article VI, published on December 10, we are told that "the National Guild Executive will consist (1) of district representatives, elected by general ballot of each district, and (2) of craft representatives, elected by general national ballot of each craft." This body will thus approximate more nearly to Mr. Cole's idea of the National Assembly of 1848 than I think that the real Assembly did, for it will actually contain members, the craft representatives, elected by universal suffrage. In Article VII, published on December 17, we are told that "the President of the Guild will be elected by ballot of all the members. . . His functions will be to preside over the Executive Committee and to act as the official figurehead of the Guild on public occasions." Whether or not I like autocracy, does not matter; on Mr. Cole's own showing, he is "courting autocracy," for he has reproduced as nearly as may be the constitution of the Republic of 1848. Mr. Cole has even gone further in his courting of autocracy, for, in his reply to my criticism, he now says that, although he was silent on the point, he assumed that the President would preside over the "ultimately governing body," the National Delegate Meeting, consisting of district delegates and district craft representatives. My criticism that the National Delegate Meeting will "be free from any taint of Cæsarism, because the President of the Guild will not have a seat on it" is thus rendered void; Mr. Cole, who does not "like autocracy," has prepared the way for it. If I thought that Mr. Cole knew what he was talking about, I should accuse him of intellectual dishonesty; as it is, I accuse him only of intellectual confusion. He professes himself a "democrat"; he has the word "democracy" ever on his lips; and, on his own showing, he is creating the very thing that he professes to detest, an autocracy.

It was only to be expected that Mr. Cole would prove me to be a heretic by quoting the book on "National Guilds" against me; and if it gives him any satisfaction to call me an "autocrat," a "State Socialist," or anything but a "Guild Socialist," I shall not deprive him of his orthodoxy; he has prepared the way for that. If I thought that Mr. Cole knew what he was talking about, I should accuse him of intellectual dishonesty; as it is, I accuse him only of intellectual confusion. He professes himself a "democrat"; he has the word "democracy" ever on his lips; and, on his own showing, he is creating the very thing that he professes to detest, an autocracy.

"I am tired and a little sad. I have ceased to be your guardian. From now on you are free and independent. I can only hold you by my affection and by whatever spiritual and worldly wisdom the gods have given to me. Your affectionate uncle, ANTHONY FARLEY.
The Guild Writers have said: "The active principle of the Guild is industrial democracy"; and, "the term 'Guild' implies democratic management." In my opinion, these phrases are meaningless; but let us see how Mr. Cole interprets them. He says in his reply to me that "it is impossible, as well as undesirable, as well as undesirable, to divide the final authority between the official and the representative body." He tells us that the Works Committee, "if the Guild is to be democratic, must be the sovereign body within the works, and it must not be 'hobbled' by the creation of an independent authority elected on the same suffrage as itself." We were told on December 10, that "'each 'shop' will appoint, by direct ballot, its own representative to sit on the Works Committee"; we were told, on December 17, that "the Works Manager will be elected by ballot of all the workers on the manipulative side of the works." Here, then, we have a case of a sectionally elected sovereign body, and a universally elected Manager. In his article of last week, Mr. Cole says that we have "a plain choice; either we must have an autocratic official caste, or the official must be subject to the representative body." He leads us to suppose that he decides in favour of the second principle. But what authority can the Works Committee exercise over the Works Manager? They do not appoint him, they cannot dismiss him; he holds his position by virtue of a wider suffrage than does any member of the Committee, and he is responsible, not to the Committee, but to the whole body of the workers. Where, then, is the sovereignty of the representative body, where is the subjection of the official? In the event of a conflict between them, who will decide? Not the General Manager, the creature of the Works Committee, for Mr. Cole tells us that "he stands for the works unit in its dealings with other works and with outside bodies generally." Not the District Committee, for that would be interfering with the autonomy of the works unit. Where, then, is the "democratic management" on which the Guild Writers insist; where is the subjection of the official to the representative body, which is Mr. Cole's own interpretation of the phrase?

Like Mr. Cole, I find it impossible to deal with more than a few of the details that this suggested constitution of a Guild has made matter for controversy; but the fact that a closer consideration of Mr. Cole's proposals, and a comparison of these with his professed principles of the Guild, is to vary my criticism of him dangerously; at least, the validity of democracy as "the fundamental principle" of the Guilds. It is apparent that democracy means, to him, election; and his democratic fiction of the sovereignty of "the whole mass of the members" means, to him, election of the representatives of the various bodies, and of choosing the right person for the right position. I submit that if I am confused, after careful perusal of these articles, concerning the respective powers of these bodies, if I find that when Mr. Cole says "democracy," he creates an autocrat, when he says "subjection," he grants independence, the mass of the workers are not likely to be clearer of perception than I am. If democracy means election, and it is the fundamental principle of the Guilds, then I shall have to invent an aristocracy of the Guilds, recruited by heredity, coc- option, election, and even State appointment, to distinguish myself from Mr. Cole. A Guild is, and always was, a privileged body, an aristocracy; and no "poppy cock" about industrial democracy will disguise that fact. Mr. Cole's inconsistencies are themselves proof of the same fact, and no theoretical preference for one or another form of government can alter the fact that if the Guild is to be a reality, its activities must permit of the application of more than one principle. The Guild, like every other body, will compel the subordination of the subordinates; and no paradoxes such as "the competent officer being under the control of those whom he directs" will avail against this necessary process.

A. E. R.

**Affirmations,**

**By Ezra Pound.**

**VI. Analysis of this Decade.**

The Renaissance is a convenient stalking-horse for all young men with ideas. You can prove anything you like by the Renaissance; yet, for all that, there seems to be something in the study of the quattrocento which communicates vigour to the student of it, especially to such scholars as have considered the whole age, the composite life of the age, in contradistinction to those who have sentimentalised over its aesthetics. Burckhardt writes in German with the verve of the best French heavy prose. Villari's Itaka is thoroughly Germanised; he writes always with an eye on modern national development for Italy, he has presumably an atrocious taste in pictures, he is out of sympathy with many of the Renaissance enthusiasms, and yet manages to be interesting and most shrewd in his critical estimates, even of things he dislikes (e.g., though he speaks with reverence of Raphael, he sees quite clearly the inferiority of Renaissance painting to the painting which went before, and attributes it to the right lack of energy). Whatever one's party, the Renaissance is perhaps the only period in history that can be of much use to one—for the adducing of pious examples, and for showing "horrible results." It may be an hallucination, but one seems able to find modern civilisation in its simple elements in the Renaissance. The motive ideas were not then confused and mingled into so many fine shades and combinations one with the other.

Never was the life of arts so obviously and conspicuously intermingled with the life of power. Rightly or wrongly, it is looked back to as a sort of golden age for the arts and for the literati, and I suppose no student, however imperfect his equipment, can ever quite rest until he has made his own analysis, or written out his own book or essay. I shall not do that here; I shall only draw up a brief table of forces: first, those which seem to me to have been the effective propaganda of the Renaissance; secondly, those which seem to me the acting ideas of this decade—not that they are exclusively of this decade, but it seems that they have, in this decade, come in a curious way into focus, and have become at least in some degree operative. I shall identify the motive ideas in each case with the men who may, roughly, be considered as their incarnations or exponents

The Renaissance, as you have all read forty times, was "caused" by the invention of printing and the consequently increased rapidity in the multiplication of books, by the fall of Constantinople (which happened after the Renaissance was somewhat well under way; granting that it—the Renaissance—had not been more or less under way since the fall of Rome). However, let us say that various causes worked together and caused, or assisted or accelerated, a complex result. The fall of Constantinople made necessary new trade routes, drove Columbus into the West Indies, sent Crisolora to Florence with a knowledge of Greek, and Filefo to Milan with a bad temper. And these things synchronised with "the revival of classicism," and just preceded the shaping up of medieval Europe into more or less the modern "great States."

This "revival of classicism," a very vague phrase, is analysable, at the start, into a few very different men, with each one a very definite propagandist.

You had, for instance, Ficino, secretary in his youth by Cosimo dei Medici and set to work translating a Greek that was in spirit anything but "classic." That is to say, you had ultimately a "Platonic" academy messing
up Christian and Pagan mysticism, allegory, occultism, demonology, Trismegistus, Psellus, Porphyry, into a
e most eloquent and exciting and exhilarating hotch-
potch, which "did for" the mediæval fear of the 'ide
and for human abasement generally. Ficino him-
selves writes of Hermes Trismegistus in a New Testament
Latin, and arranges his chronology by co-dating
iræ

This scoundrelly Pico insisted that there were still other
was not, or, at least, should not, or need not be,
grounded solely and exclusively on the knowledge of
the Greeks and Romans. This created horrible scandal.
People had indeed heard of Arabs and Hebrews, but
this scoundrelly Pico insisted that there were still other
languages and unexplored traditions. It was very in-
convenient to hear that one was not omniscient. It
still is. It was equally bad when Erasmus wanted
scholars to begin using accent-marks over Greek letters.
I sympathise with the scholars who objected to being
bothered with "Titte-tattles."

The finest force of the age, I think, came early—
came from Lorenzo Valla. He had a great passion for
exactness, and he valued the Roman law. By philo-
logy, by the "harmless" study of language, he dissi-
pated the donation of Constantine. The revival of
Roman Law, while not his private act, was made
possible or accelerated by him. His dictum that
elocution and dialectic were one—i.e., that good sense
is the backbone of eloquence—is still worth consider-
ing. I suppose anyone will now admit it in theory.
Also, he taught the world once more how to write Latin,
which was perhaps valuable. Seeing that they were
drawing much of their thought from Latin sources, a
lively familiarity with that tongue could not but clarify
their impressions.

At this time, also, observation came back into vogue,
stimulated, some say, by a reading of classics. The
thing that mattered was a revival of the sense of
realism: the substitution of Homer for Virgil; the
attitude of Odysseus for that of the snivelling Æneas,
who was probably not so bad as Virgil makes him,
but as Valla had come to exactness, it was possible for
Machiavelli to write with clarity. I do not wish to
become entangled in the philosophical questions in so far as
they are inextricably bound in with literature. Tyranny,
abolished centuries before, springs from the soul of
cinquecento ideas, transcient facts. None of them
could be taken for granted. In Machiavelli's
prose we have a realism born perhaps from Valla's
exactness and the realism of Homer, both coming to
Machiavelli indirectly.

And in the midst of these awakenings Italy went to
rot, destroyed by rhetoric, destroyed by the periodic
sentence and by the flowing paragraph, as the Roman
Empire had been destroyed before her. For when
words cease to cling close to things, kingdoms fall,
cities wane and diminish. Rome went because it was no
longer the fashion to hit the nail on the head. They
desired orators. And, curiously enough, in the mid-
Renaissance, rhetoric and floridity were drawn out of
the very Greek and Latin revival that had freed the
world from mediævalism and Aquinas.

Quintilian "did for" the direct sentence. And the
Greek language was made an excuse for more adjec-
tives. In this place where more readily seen than in the Hymns to the Gods appended to Divus'
translating of the Odyssey into Latin. The attempt to
reproduce Greek by Latin produced a new dialect that
was never before read. The rhetorical got into painting. The habit of having
no definite conviction save that it was glorious to reflect
life in a given determined costume or decoration "did for"
the painters.

Our thought jumps from the Renaissance to the
present because it is only recently that men have begun
to combat the Renaissance. I do not mean that they
merely react against it; that was done in the
hides and deadening counter-reformation; but we have begun
deliberately to try to free ourselves from the Renais-
sance shackles, as the Renaissance freed itself from the
Middle Ages.

We may regard all the intervening movements as
revivals of the Renaissance or as continuations of special
phases: for instance, the various forms of "classicism"
getting "colder and colder," or more and more florid.
Rousseau was almost born out of his due time, and
Napoleon is but an exaggerated condottiere to the
detail of the Roman robot in which he surmounts the
column Vendôme. It would be quite possible to sus-
tain the thesis that we are still a continuance of certain
Renaissance phases, that we still follow one or two
dicta of Pico or Valla. But we have in so many ways
made definite a divergence (not a volte-face, because
we are scarcely returning to pious Catholicism or to
limited mediævalism). It is easier, it is clearer, to
call this age a new focus. By focus I do not in the least
mean that the forces focussed are in themselves new
inventions. I mean that they begin to act. I mean,
also, that the results are decidedly different from the
results of Renaissance theory and aesthetics. It is not
long since Springer wrote "Das madonnenideal Fleisch geworden." We remove our-
ne selves from the state of mind of Herr Springer.

A certain number of fairly simple and now obvious
ideas moved the Renaissance; their ramifications and
interactions are still a force with the people. A certain
number of simple and obvious ideas, running together
and interacting, are making a new, and to many a most
obnoxious, art. I need scarcely say that there were
many people to whom the art of the quattrocento and
the paganism of the Renaissance seemed equally damn-
ing. I shall give these simple ideas of this decade
as directly as I have given the ideas which seem to me to
be the motifs of the Renaissance. I shall give the
names of men who embody them. I shall make some
few explanations and no apology whatsoever.

Ford Hueffer, a sense of the mot juste. The belief
that poetry should be at least as well written as prose,
and that "good prose is just your conversation".

This is out of Flaubert and Turgeniev and Stendhal,
and what you will. It is not invention, but focus. I
know quite well that Wordsworth talked about "com-
mon words," and that Leigh Hunt wrote to Byron
advising him against clichés. But I mean that Byron
from clichés. The common word is not the same thing
as mot juste, not by a long way. It is possible to
write in a stifled and bookish dialect without using
clichés. When I say the idea "becomes opera-
tive" here I presumably mean that Mr. Hueffer is the
first man who has made enemies by insisting on these
ideas in England. That matter can be discussed, and it
will aid to the clarity of the discussion if we discuss it
quite apart from your opinion or my opinion of Mr. 
Hueffer's work "as a whole" or in detail.

Myself, an active sense not merely of comparative
literature, but of the need for a uniform criticism of
excellence based on world-poetry, and not of the
fashion of any one particular decade of English
verse as a whole. The qualitative analysis in
literature (practised but never formulated by Gaston
Paris, Reinach in his Manual of Classical Philology,
e.g.).

"Wynham Lewis," a great faculty of design, synthesis
of modern art movements, the sense of emotion in
abstract design. A sense of the import of design not
bound by Continental achievement. A sense of dynamics.

Barzan's question: Pourquoi doubler l'image?

Gaudier-Brzeska. In him the "new" sculptural prin-
ciple becomes articulate. "The feeling of masses in
relation." (Practised by Epstein and countless "primi-
tives" outside the Hellenic quasi-Renaissance tradition.)
General thorough knowledge of world-sculpture. Sense of a standard not limited by 1870 or 1905.

Edward Wadsworth, sense of the need of "radicals in design," an attempt toward radicals in design. A feeling for ports and machines (most certainly not peculiar to himself, but I think a very natural and personal tendency, unstimulated in his case by Continental propaganda).

I consider this one of the age-tendencies, springing up naturally in many places and coming into the arts quite naturally and spontaneously in England, in America, and in Italy. We all know the small boy's delight in machines. It is a natural delight in a beauty that had not been pointed out by professional aesthetes. I remember young men with no care for aesthetics who certainly would not know what the devil this article was about, I remember them examining machinery catalogues, to my intense bewilderment, commenting on machines that certainly they would never own and that could never by any flight of fancy be of the least use to them. This enjoyment of machinery is just as natural and just as significant a phase of this age as was the Renaissance "enjoyment of nature for its own sake," and not merely as an illustration of dogmatic ideas. The modern sense of the value of the "creative, constructive individual"(vide Allan Upward's constant propaganda, etc., etc.) is just as definite a doctrine as the Renaissance attitude De Dignitate, Humanism. As for external stimulus, new discoveries, new lands, new languages gradually opened to us; we have great advantage over the cinque- or quattro-cento.

Ernest Fenollosa's finds in China and Japan, his intimate personal knowledge, are no less potent than Crisolora's manuscripts. China is no less stimulating than Greece, even if Fenollosa had not had insight. And this force of external stimuli is certainly not limited by "what was done" in these new masses of unexplored arts and facts are pouring into the vortex of London. They cannot help but bring about changes as great as the Renaissance changes, even if we set ourselves blindly against it. As it is, there is life in the fusion. The complete man must have more interest in things which are in seed and dynamic than in things which are dead, dying, static.

The interest and perhaps a good deal of the force of the group I mention lie in the fact that they have perfectly definite intentions; that they are, if you like, "arrogant" enough to dare to intend "to wake the dead!" (quite as definitely as Cyriac of Ancona), that they dare to put forward specifications for these new masses of unexplored arts and facts; that they are not content with the "primary pigment." The Renaissance sought a realism and attained it. It rose in a search for precision and declined through rhetoric and rhetorical thinking, through a habit of defining things always "in the terms of something else." Whatever force there may be in our own decade and vortex is likewise in a search for a certain precision; in a refusel to define things in the terms of something else; in the "primary pigment." The Renaissance sought for a lost reality, a lost freedom. We seek for a lost reality and a lost intensity. We believe that the Renaissance was in part the result of a programme. We believe in the value of a programme in contradistinction to, but not in contradiction of, the individual impulse. Without such vanguard impulse there is no art, and the impulse is not subject to programme. The use and the limitation of force need not bring about mental confusion. An engine is not a confusion merely because it uses the force of steam and the physical principles of the lever and piston.

**Current Cant.**

"Conscription."—Austin Harrison.

"Weekly Dispatch War Leaf for England."—Lord Northcliffe.

"The Christian World."—13 and 14, Fleet Street.

"'Punch' is said to be the only British paper that the Kaiser INSISTS on having."—Daily Sketch.

"Only a fool despairs in this inspired age."—Herbert Kauffman.

"The Money Makers. A letter to the Editor of the 'Star' which will interest everybody."—Star.

"There are wild moments when I suspect Sir Herbert Tree is the Kaiser."—James Douglas.

"Business as usual!" is a triumph for everybody concerned."—Sunday Times.

"No one has a greater knowledge of the classics than Professor Gilbert Murray."—W. F. Alten.

"Get out or go under."—T.P.'s Weekly.

"The Kaiser and the Kaiser alone is the one man responsible for the good War. . . The 'Daily Express' has, therefore, commissioned Mr. Sidney Dark. . ."—Daily Express.

"There is no need to worry over the stings of the German mosquito, for the submarine is a mosquito and nothing more."—Star.

"The 'English Review' enables one to keep abreast of the most modern thought and literature of the day."—Clarion.

"I spoke with a dame! who is lately come out of the Midlands and tells me of the gunmakers in a certain town of this part being grown very high, and striking off work. Whereupon my Lord Kitchener post haste from town to quell the rebels, and will hold no parley but straightforwardly tells them that any man who is not at work by six next morning shall be brought to court-martial and shot."—Truth.

"Inoculation should be made compulsory."—Country Life.

"The public would have loved to have heard the cries of the men as they loaded the guns. That's for Scarborough! That's for the child-killers! The enthusiasm was intense."—Daily Mail.

"The constant salutes of passing soldiers at least lend to Brighton something of the continental air which it has always so desired."—Sphere.

"The Rev. F. B. Meyer is finding time to give a series of addresses to the soldiers in the huts and tents."—British Weekly.

"One cheering thought which stands out above all others in our review of back gardens is that the gardens which are tended really outnumber those that are neglected. Truly a hopeful sign."—Spectator.

"The grave from which Mrs. Lloyd's body was exhumed."—Daily Sketch Photo.

"A true democracy, proud of the past, and eager to do her best in the best way, would have divided the male population into classes, and on given dates class after class would have been called up by the Military Authorities."—Walter Shaw Sparrow.

"The result of this War will be more and more to carry the world back to Christ, the greatest revelation of God we have had on this Earth."—Sir Oliver Lodge.
THREE TALES.

By Morgan Tud.

II.—IN THE STRAND.

"Listen!" cried Croton, and began to read:—

"What has become of Buffalo Bill? Where is the White King of the Frontiers? And O, tell me, you yen: heard aught of the Matutines on board the brave ship 'Leander'? Or of the gallant Sir Ludar? Wonderful heroes of old, but where do they live now? Are all the mighty dead? In what green lands far away still plays the lassoo and the knife? Where can one hear the 'Leander'? Or of the gallant Sir Ludar? Wonderful tales of old that walk the night. In their stead are the horrid tales Gone! Gone! And their memories are naught but ghosts shouting and the shooting at the dead of night? Ah! irrelevantly, "and I walked into a chemist's..."

"I was in the Strand the other day," said Croton, irreverently, "and I walked into a chemist's: 'Have you any Acetyl-Salicylic Acid?' I asked.

"'Aspirin and Xaxa are the same as the powders you want, sir, but far more convenient to take.'

"'Yes, and I suppose about four times the price? How do you sell the powders?'

"'Tuppence each.'

"'How many grains in each?'

"'Ten.'

"'Far too much. Make me up two powders with five grains in each, please.'

"The chemist disappeared for a moment, and then returned with the powders. I handed him two pennies.

"'I want another tuppence, please, sir.'

"'Why? Ten grains cost tuppence?'

"'I said tuppence a powder. It's an insult to offer me tuppence for ten grains. A powder is a powder whether it contains five, ten, or twenty grains. Please give me another tuppence.'

"'Ah, well, if you are going to grow insolent,' said I, 'I don't want the powders.'

"'But you shall have the powders,' cried the little chemist. 'You ordered them'; and running round the counter, he placed himself between me and the door: 'You shall not leave this shop, sir, until you have paid me that tuppence!'"

"You were back in the Wild West," I interrupted.

"Involutarily, your hand flew to your hip pocket—and, then, looking down at the angry little chemist from your six foot of cool muscle, you laughed. And outside roared the Strand."?

"Don't be silly," said Croton. "I gave him the tuppence."

JOURNALISTS.

"Think you they write with tongue in their cheek?"

"I know not; but among

The scribes you name there are many who speak

With cheek in their tongue!"

P. Silver.
SIR,—A very great effort is evidently being made by the organised Press gradually to accustom the Public to the idea of conscription, while yet, at the same time, putting them on guard by pretending to think themselves that, after all, it is not likely to happen.

This sly method of preparing the ground will be well understood by anyone who has read Mr. Oliver onion's novel, "Good Boy Seldom." Those who have not read it should do so.

Now, I am one who believes that conscription would have a disastrous effect on the nation. It seems to me that it would completely hand over the levers of the "governing machine" to a class—not, indeed, of military bullies, as in Germany—but a class whose sole idea is the dominance of the profiteer.

Of the two classes I firmly believe that the military bully is the less objectionable, as the highway robber is a less ignoble person than the sneaking swindler. The military caste desires at any rate that its slaves should be strong in body and brave in soul, provided only that they are obedient; but the profiteer cares nothing for the bodies of his slaves, and does not suppose them to have souls.

Once we get conscription riveted on our necks, we shall be no better than the mercy of the least for. class. The finan- cier will hold the levers of the machine and the machine will obey him. He could be thrown into war by the financier, and thus, in the moment when they might judge it to be advantageous to their financial interests. They would have no need to consider the nation's verdict, whether the war would be popular or not. A proclama- tion that the labourers were to join the colours, and protest could be punished with death.

It matters nothing to me personally whether we have conscription or not. I am too old to be called upon. But my sons, although still young, are already fired with the idea of serving under arms. It is, therefore, purely because it is in the interest of the least powerful class that I urge that all classes of honest men, but especially the working class, should immediately organise themselves to defeat this proposition.

If the working class allow themselves to be surprised and taken in flank, they will, in my opinion, deserve all that they will get. But that will be a poor consolation when we see England "bond not free."

It is impossible to make any protest in the ordinary Press. The big newspapers will not print letters that show the real danger of conscription in all its nakedness. If your readers doubt this, let them make an experiment. Get half-a-dozen private persons whose names are unknown to fame to write so many letters at your dictation to as many daily journals, and mark the result.

I know, having tried. Now, if conscription is to be nipped in the bud, we want another step. It is a question of how many letters will be necessary to make the public believe that this movement for the rehabilitation of the German work- man is a very serious matter.

The Taff Vale decision, with the consequent rousing- up of compulsory guilds. These Bills, which, if applied, would, in the beginning at least, have created a revolu- tion in industrial pursuits, caused a complete revolution in the manufacturing class. And the strong Central Verband deutscher Industriellen opposed them in such a manner that the Bundesthaf, without effect, was quite useless in that was really good among them, rejected all the measures already voted by the Reichstag, and together with them, consequently, the Bill brought in by Hitke and Habe-

I must ask pardon for quoting at such length, but the process indicated seems at least spiritually parallel to our own, and hence, may not be without meaning to us.

Who is the publisher of the book, "The Priest and Social Action," by Father Plater? F. M. SALMON.

SIR,—In Rumiro de Maeztu's article on Belgian Nationality, February 4, he claims that he has found a definition for the concept of a nation and that is a plurality of human beings in which prevails the will to form themselves into a sovereign State, circumstances permitting, or if they are already formed, to maintain themselves in that condition.

Is this a definition at all? Has not Mr. de Maeztu merely examined several single concepts which go to make up the collective concept "nation," and given us a characteristic, which appears to him to be common to all such single concepts? We are more disposed to ask him if he will next define "definition." Is the definition of a collective concept the greatest common factor of those single concepts that go to make it up? Is it not rather the least common multiple of such concepts. It seems to me that I am doing enough when I define man as a "biped capable of playing hop-scotch," and yet you will find that I am doing among you what Mr. de Maeztu is doing to "nation." In some ways I am doing more, for my definition is at least exclusive. But Mr. de Maeztu will have to keep a very careful eye on that word plurality, or his skeleton definition will be brought down. What about certain idealists in Hoxton and other places who have the "will" to grab land in Venezuela with the idea of starting a collective commonwealth, and "circumstances permitting, of course, to form themselves into a sovereign State? Are these a nation? They fulfil the conditions, if we discover their number is "plurality." Exactly how many are a plurality? This question of plurality becomes very interesting when we come to the question of who are the nation. I say only the Zionists belong to the Jewish nation. Unless there are enough of them to make up a plurality, the Jewish nation, which is the definition of a nation. And yet whatever arithmetical value Mr. de Maeztu gives us for
"plurality," one feels the Jews are a nation. Is it not so? Will someone tell us what is a definition of the word? S. VERBADAD.

CHURCH AND PRESS.

Sir,—The Bishop of Calcutta has attacked the English Press and claimed to speak for many besides himself. The "many" may seem to include me, and it is, therefore, important that the nation should be informed of my attitude. Besides, our English clergymen need a lead. They must be urged to think, and ought to be made to understand that a man's word is his bond. And I am the man to enlighten them. We can't have the "many" dictating to the government which is their servant. Besides, our English clergymen need a lead. We can't have the "many" dictating to the government which is their servant.

ARMY INOCULATION.

Sir,—Dr. Hadwen may be a good anti-vivisectionist; one can, at all events, appreciate the logic of his opposition to vivisection and vaccination on "humanitarian" or "scientific" grounds. But when he appeals to the Bishop of Calcutta leading astray the clergy at home—the English clergy must too the line—no sittellitches allowed in our Church. As for the Press, I have nothing but praise for it—especially the "Morning Post," which so nobly upholds the English Ruling Class are one glorious Trinity; Three in One and One in Three (in modern language "hand in glove"), and they must stand or fall together—and let no one venture to contradict me. SIRLY WYNRAG.

I add a further set of figures from the "British Medical Journal" of December 19, 1914. Among 10,378 inoculated men 26 cases of typhoid occurred, or 5.4 per 1,000, and among 8,756 uninoculated 941, or 106 per 1,000. It will be evident that the value of the former set of figures lies in its illustration of the case-mortality, the latter set gives a significant indication of the incidence of the disease among inoculated and uninoculated. It is not contended that these figures are sufficient and convincing. But they, and other figures, do constitute evidence of varying degrees of validity, which indicates more and more as it accumulates the probable verification of the prophylactic effect of inoculation against typhoid, it is evident that his inoculation is not regarded as affording effective protection. And another thing he ought to be aware of, but concerning which he Liberally taking out of the count the once inoculated, "incidence of inoculated and uninoculated men present, they are 11.1 per cent. And the table I am about to give shows that the proportion of inoculated and un inoculated persons exposed to infection. That, however, is incidental—it is of considerable interest in the illuminating insight it gives into the "New Age" mind.

Sir Williams Leishman's figures are quoted in the current number of the "British Medical Journal," and it is evident that even without the knowledge of the total number of inoculated and uninoculated men present they are far less from being valuable as a guide to Dr. Hadwen's would have us believe. It is practically impossible at present to obtain the total number of inoculated and uninoculated men, so what conceivable reason could Dr. William Leishman have in making use of the figures if they were utterly valueless? Presumably not with the object of misleading if he admitted subsequently that they were valueless. Evidently, in spite of his admission, Sir William Leishman believed the figures were of some definite value. I quote them below, taken from the "British Medical Journal" of February 6.

**Incidence and Mortality from Typhoid Fever in the Expeditionary Forces since the Commencement of Operations.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>British Troops:</th>
<th>Not inoculated within two years</th>
<th>Inoculated—one dose within two years</th>
<th>Inoculated—two doses within two years</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cases</td>
<td>305</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>11.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deaths</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death rate, per cent.</td>
<td>0.00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Indian Troops:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Not inoculated</th>
<th>83</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>13.04</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>414</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>9.53 (average)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

..."Incidence and Mortality from Typhoid Fever in the Expeditionary Forces since the Commencement of Operations." **I should like to remark here, in passing,** that if this is true—this worthlessness of the figures so quoted—one finds a non-credible parallel in the figures given in the editorial summary which closed the recent controversy on the same vaccination problem. In the New Age of December 10, 1914, we find the following. In 1902, which was the year preceding the last seven years, we find that 821 vaccinated persons died of small-pox, and 791 unvaccinated persons died from the same cause. And never a word about the relative number of vaccinated and unvaccinated persons exposed to infection. That, however, is incidental—it is of considerable interest in the illuminating insight it gives into the "New Age" mind. *R.M.J., Dec. 10, 1914.*

DISGRACEFUL.

Sir,—The following is a cutting from our local "rag": "Disgraceful lack of patriotism was shown at a meeting of the Independent Labour Party at Glasgow on Saturday, when resolutions were passed against recruiting." Another version, not printed, is as follows: *Disgraceful lack of patriotism has been shown by the British people, with the strain of rationalisation-production is going to be too much for his imagination.* *FREDERICK TULLON.*
at Glasgow and throughout the Empire, in refusing to consent to the adequate payment of men at the front, and to sufficient provision being made, by law, for the dependents of those men who may not return. The consequence is that there is a marked disinclination to enter of kinds of creatures who are so well described in Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." A cartoon in an American publication was good--Three John Bulls swearing to Heaven that never should the enemy eat our land--except across the dead bodies of our employees. One poet emaciated fellow in the background, within range of the blow, said, "We must have our live bodies, in war time, our blood."

THE SLAVS.

Sir,--Mr. Selver is inclined to criticise Mr. Mitrovnin because his "Buried Treasures" is not something quite different from what it was intended to be by its author. If the essay does no more than bring the name of Ivan Mestrovic before people in this country, it will not have been written in vain. When this sculptor exhibits in London (and we hope this may be possible in a little while), perhaps we shall realise what we have missed by not becoming acquainted earlier with works of art possessing not only "significant form," but in the highest degree "enhanced significance" also.

* * *

ERNST H. R. COLLINGS.

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON REPLIES.

Sir,--Jew. M. Kennedy's pro-German expectorations in the New Age of February 4 have nothing to do with the principle involved in my letter (quoted by him), the sole object of which was to draw attention to the permission accorded to a German subject to leave this country in time of war. I have no intention of entering into any controversy with him, for his facts are not facts. Jew. M. Kennedy is a liar and had better go to Germany.

AUSTIN HARRISON.

[Mr. J. M. Kennedy writes: After Mr. Harrison's treatment of his pro-German friend, his remarks concerning me may almost be said to be friendly. I charged him with un-English and most ungentlemanly conduct, and he cheerfully replies that I am a Jew and a pro-German. Actually, of course, everybody knows, I am neither. The proprietor of the "English Review," which Mr. Austin Harrison edits, will, however, be interested to learn that "Jew," in the vocabulary of his employee, is a term of abuse in the matter of the "principal involved" (Mr. Austin Harrison on principle!) the reciprocal arrangement of England with Germany for the limited exchange of doctors above military age may be presumed to be as wise as anything Mr. Harrison could suggest; and, in any event, the little watchdog of our liberties sent authorities his warning before, and not after, the horse, which he knew was going, had gone. Regarding the facts concerning Dr. Oscar Levy, Mr. Harrison makes no attempt to correct them; and he is wise at last, for they are beyond dispute.]

A DISCLAIMER.

Sir,--Since my article has been accelerated into impatience by repeated inquiries as to whether I am concealing my identity under the name of "Schoffsauer," I am moved to deny all claim to the Munchausian pseudonym. Were I to adopt a pen-name, I should certainly not use a parody of my own name. Mr. Ezra Pound might as well mask himself with the name of Ezra Ounce. I am moved to deny all claim to this Machiavellian pseudonym. Were I to adopt a pen-name, I should certainly not use a parody of my own name. Mr. Ezra Pound might as well mask himself with the name of Ezra Ounce. I am moved to deny all claim to this Machiavellian pseudonym. Were I to adopt a pen-name, I should certainly not use a parody of my own name. Mr. Ezra Pound might as well mask himself with the name of Ezra Ounce.

* * *

JOHN DUNCAN.

SIGNIFICANCE OF A PARODY.

Sir,--If your correspondent, re this subject, will turn back to my article on "Vorticism," he will, perhaps, be able to understand what I mean by the relation of pattern and emotion. I do not pretend to understand the mind of Pyramus, neither can I explain why an elementary pattern (demonstrable through certain instruments), nor why grass seed grows into grass (under certain conditions), nor why acorns grow into oaks, or why salt tastes salty. Energy creates pattern. Defective pattern is a symptom of defective energy. The result in terms of pattern is a test of energy. Similarly (since it seems that your correspondent desires above all things an explicit statement), if your correspondent finds an oak she may form a fairly accurate guess that it sprang, at some more or less remote period, from an acorn.

Secondly, regarding metaphor. To call Mr. Thompson an "egg," as your correspondent suggests, is something like saying "brand struck on the breast" to present some visionary apparition in his "Paradise;" when the early Chinese ideographist, wishing, in picture language, to express the idea of "a visit," first made a diagram of a "king and a dog sitting on the stern of a boat," they are each in his way using "a metaphor," or the "language of exploration."

Anyone whose mind will stand consecutive use will be able readily to distinguish between this sort of expression and the vague application of expressions culled from literature and journalism and applied indefinitely as rhetoric and as decoration. In the latter case there is a shrinking of precise expression, in the former a definite form, and as such they have their places, and I am moved to deny all claim to this Machiavellian pseudonym. Were I to adopt a pen-name, I should certainly not use a parody of my own name. Mr. Ezra Pound might as well mask himself with the name of Ezra Ounce.

* * *

VORTICISM.

Sir,--It would be delightful to follow Mr. Pound into his magic word of ribbon-rows to stalk pattern-units and plunge the querivering spear into curlicubists, but bread and philosophy are very scarce nowadays, and we are not all fairy knights.

I hardly think (though, perhaps, I made such a statement in my breeching time) that Marco Polo went to China to invalidate any interest we had in French poetry. Re-car, Mr. Pound. He is wise at last, for they are beyond dispute.]

I have heard of an explorer who approached Paris to destroy any interest we had in French poetry. He is wise at last, for they are beyond dispute.]

Raw feeling, planes, words, thoughts: this is the Order which Mr. Pound is trying to explain. Of course, there is nothing wrong with the new Order, except its silly disorder; but that, we know, is all beside the argument.

* * *

JOHN DUNCAN.

THE "DEMOCRACY" OF JAMES DOUGLAS.

Sir,--I mentioned in my last letter that I had written to Mr. James Douglas in the hope that he would publish the facts about the "Hippodrome" strike. This letter was posted to Mr. Douglas on Sunday, January 24, and reached the "Star" office on the Monday morning of the strike (25th). Had my letter been published in the "Star" while the strike was in progress, there is no doubt that a great sensation would have been made while the iron was hot, and we should have been more successful in our attempt to shame a filthy management. Of course, the letter did not go, and, as a result, the "Star" was guilty of a social injustice. In such cases, it fell to THE NEW AGE to make public the truth. I waited a week in the hope of my letter appearing, and then, in disgust, dispatched a post-card to Mr. Douglas which ran as follows: "I thought you might be interested in the letter I had written to Mr. James Douglas in the hope that he would publish the facts about the "Hippodrome." I mistook you for a democrat.

In reply to this Mr. Douglas wrote me a letter explaining that he had been ill all the time, and as he had had three days in which to make amends by publishing my attack upon the "Hippodrome," but he has not done so. A little incident like this shows us how we stand. Thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that the "Star" is afraid to publish my letter because they are getting an excellent advertisement out of the "Hippodrome." Five little items have run across the stage in one of the scenes waving "Star" posters.

A MUSIC HALL ARTISTE.
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