THE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

What we have long feared might result from the capitalist control of the State during this crisis in our national history seems now about to break upon us: the provocation to a kind of mutiny of the whole of our industrial rank and file. Of all the countries engaged in the great war England, there is no doubt, has the greatest responsibilities thrust upon her. Not only have we to co-operate with a gigantic military army and with our Navy in the common task of the Allies, but upon our shoulders rests the work of supply as well as the demonstration of our right to the hegemony of civilisation. On a score of grounds we are, above all other countries, under the obligation of managing our civil affairs with a maximum of efficiency and humanity. Without the willing consent of our workmen in the manufacture of military supplies it is perfectly certain that sooner or later the war will fail as the kingdom in the ballad was lost for a horseshoe-nail. Without the same consent we shall as certainly forfeit our right to regard ourselves as better than Germany. What merit have we, indeed over Germany if our form of government, said to be superior, merely results in civil commotion while her militarism ensures for her a united people? Again, as we have many times observed, the prosecution of the war to its conclusion will call upon our spiritual forces to their last effort. What can be expected, when the strain comes, of a people nine-tenths of whom are justly in revolt against the injustice of the remaining tenth? In all seriousness we affirm that if matters continue as they are at this moment, we are as good as lost already. The war will have weighed us and found us wanting. Nothing will remain but to admit that, bad as the association of a State with a military caste may be, it is at least better than the association of the State with the caste of profiteers.

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The disposition of both the public and the Press is to believe that industrial affairs are not so black as they are painted. But this attitude results from an unwillingness to face disagreeable facts which has marked much of our conduct in relation to the war in general. Fifty or a hundred years ago we English were of a mood not only to face the worst, but to insist upon knowing and realising it. To-day, however, the public appears to prefer pleasing lies to unpleasing truth and the glossing over rather than the resolute examination of difficult situations. But this fool's paradise cannot be maintained much longer in regard to the industrial situation. If, indeed, by simply ignoring or treating it as a passing mood, we could really surmount the present industrial obstacle to victory, there would be much to be said for such a course. The fact, however, is otherwise. For it must be remembered what resistance the disaffection has had to overcome before reaching its present stage of articulation. Practically everything in the early days of the war conspired to make disaffection, if not impossible, at least silent. There was the wave of genuine patriotism among the workers themselves, disposing them to make every kind of sacrifice without a murmur; there was the feeling of their employers that industrial trouble should be avoided at all cost; and there was the public expectation that every man, at home as well as abroad, should do his duty without grumbling. By the strength of these inducements to resignation we can measure the degree of disaffection which was necessary to break them down. Yet that they have been broken down, who can doubt? Look around, we say, the whole field of industry and find any province, where profiteering is being carried on, that is not in the first stages of revolt. Is this what we should have expected from the spirit in which the war was begun? But how much provocation, we ought to conclude, must have been given our workmen to induce in them this mood of revolt after an opening such as we have witnessed and in the midst of such a crisis as we are suffering! No paltry explanation will serve us here. No extenuation of the action of the business-as-

usual classes will relieve them of the responsibility of embittering the spirit in which our workmen began the war. If, in short, our industrial situation is perilous, its authors are not our workmen, but the same class of profiteers by whom England has always come to grief in peace no less than in war.

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This is not the occasion to go into detail. If public opinion will not examine the matter in broad outline, it is useless to bore it with the minutiæ. Three main grounds, as everybody may know, exist as causes of disaffection, and each of them must be considered and dealt with before we can hope for a general improvement. They are as follows: the depressing exhibition our wealthy classes have made of themselves; the unchecked rise in the cost of living of the poor; and the sinister attacks the employers have made upon Trade Unionism. Of these three causes, each of them sufficient in itself to call for the most earnest inquiry, we do not hesitate to say that the first is the most prolific of evil by reason of the fact that it is the most spiritual in character. Strictly, indeed, this psychological factor is the element that lends the others their particular malignancy. For if it were the case, here as in Germany, that the profiteering classes were themselves making sacrifices to the war, the sacrifices imposed upon the other classes would appear scarcely sacrifices at all. Pinching in the matter of food, the removal of restrictions upon the use of labour—these would certainly be gladly borne by the working-classes if corresponding burdens were accepted by their employers. The very contrary, however, is the case. At the same moment that the wage-earners are being besought to accept high prices uncomplainingly and, in the name of patriotism, to abrogate the defensive rules of their Unions, the whole body of their employers, practically without exception, are turning the national situation to their immense individual and collective profit. Under these circumstances the veriest worms among the proletariat may be expected sooner or later to turn and to become dragons. For what they are asked to sacrifice is not their present and class welfare to the need of the State at war, but their whole welfare to the greed of the profiteers who themselves are preying upon the State at war. The spectacle, in short, of our wealthy classes cynically increasing their private wealth and economic status while calling upon the poor to sacrifice both, is one that accounts if not for the facts of high prices and weakened Trade Unions, at least for the interpretation put by the workmen upon them. For it is not to national victory that these facts point, but to national defeat coupled with the final triumph of the profiteers.

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The disguise attempted to be put upon the rise in the cost of living has already begun to wear thin; and in a very little while the reality will appear in all its nakedness. We were told, for example, that such a rise was only to be expected in war-time, that no power could prevent it, that the cost would be equally borne, and that patriotism demanded our placid acceptance of it. Economics, however, as well as geography, is being learned in the course of the war; and among the economic truths now being brought home to the general public are these: that high prices are merely another name for low wages; that, if one class loses, another gains; that low wages are not incompatible with increased rent, interest and profit; and, finally, that economic laws exist only because they are deliberately maintained. Why is it, the poor are asking (and we may include among them everybody whose income is fixed in terms of money—the vast army of the salariat)—why is it that our loss in real income, arising from the increase in the cost of subsistence, is not only not balanced by an increase of wages, but goes along with the gain to the already wealthy classes in profit? Our loss, in fact, is their gain! Is this what economic law determines shall be our fate—that in a national crisis, weighing equally upon all classes, *one* class shall be able to shift its load and even to profit by the shifting of it? Something must be rotten in the State if this is inevitable; and a good push may discover it. Let us have the courage to try it.

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But the attack upon Trade Unionism is of an even more serious character, because promising a permanent instead of a merely temporary injury to Labour. Prices, we may fairly suppose, will in due course resume their normal level, leaving only a scar upon the bodies of the poor; but any injury done now to the principles of Trade Unionism will have to be borne for generations. The lack of imagination in our governing classes upon the subject of Trade Unionism is something Prussian in its completeness. Exactly what Belgium was to England the maintenance of the Trade Unions is to Labour; and the proposal to ignore their existence is exactly equivalent to the invitation of Germany to Belgium to give her troops free transit. Already, indeed, it may be said that the independence and generosity of the Unions have been tried to the point almost of exhaustion. The outbreak of the war found them on the eve of making great strides in the matters of both wages and status. Both were freely forgone at the appeal of patriotism. Again, they forbore to pursue the strikes in which they were engaged, gave generously of their membership to the Army and the Nation, and even watched the rising prices of food and coal without instantly demanding a corresponding rise in wages. But all this, it seems, was not enough to satisfy their masters. Not only were they to labour in silence, while the Prussian profiteers goose-stepped over their class, but the integrity of their Unions was demanded in addition: those same Unions that have taken years to erect as barricades against the aggression of Capital and are still the only hope of Labour and of the world. Consider what, in fact, has been demanded of them in only two of the industries of the many from which illustrations could be drawn. In agriculture we have seen the farmers (never richer than now) demanding the right to employ women, Belgian refugees, Irish immigrants and, finally, school-children of twelve—for what purpose? Ostensibly to provide the nation with food, but actually to keep down men's wages. In the engineering trade the demands are even more audacious: they include the breach of all the protective regulations of the Unions in the matter of hours, strikes, wages, distinctions between skilled and unskilled labour, men's labour and the labour of women and boys. What, it was asked, would have been left of Belgium if she had assented to the monstrous proposals of Germany? And what, it may be as well asked, would be left of the Trade Unions if they assent to the no less monstrous proposals of their profiteering employers? To abrogate the restrictions upon industry in time of war is patriotic if both the motive and the fact are nationally advantageous. But in the case of the engineering industry, the demands of the employers, while ostentatiously patriotic, are motived by hatred of

the Trade Unions, and would, in fact, if satisfied, end in the ruin of us all. Exactly as Belgium was right to fight, the Unions will be right now to fight. Their existence, their honour, their liberty, their all is at stake.

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It would not be right to say that the Government has done nothing in the matter. On the contrary, it has done a great deal to assist its particular clients, the profiteering classes. In Germany, as the world has seen, short shrift has been given by the military caste to the commercial classes: these latter must suffer quite as much as the proletariat. But here in England where, as we say, the State is in subordinate partnership with the plutocracy, even the peril of a world-war has not unloosed the bonds of the State and the commercial classes. From the outset the State has met the complaints of Labour with the pleas of the profiteers. The State, too, has appealed to the patriotism of Labour, not only to man the trenches, but to starve and surrender their rights at home while their employers battened. The State, likewise, through the mouth of its chief, has pleaded against Labour the sanctity of the Law of Supply and Demand: as if the self-same law were not being set aside by the patriotic action of the workmen themselves! Like the profiteers, too, the State has promised inquiries, urged patience, pleaded special circumstances, and offered guarantees of betterment after the war is over. Finally the State, acting on the advice of the employers, has threatened force. Most of these pleas, we are still free to say, are beyond human reason to endure; they are ridiculous on the face of them. It is undoubtedly true that the war calls for a collective effort and the sacrifice of the working-classes no less than of the rest. But it is unjust, not to say ludicrous, that the sacrifice of the working-classes should be once for the welfare of the nation and twice for the profit of private employers. Have our soldiers, drawn from the working-classes, shown any disposition to shirk sacrifice or to insist on their advantage in the war? Why is the same class heroic in the trenches and unpatriotic at home? Is it not because the labour of the one is to nobody's but the nation's good, and the labour of the other to the profit, first, of the employers and, secondarily only, of the nation? The anomaly of our industrial, as distinct from our military and other national, organisations is clear in this: that, whereas in the latter every effort is for the nation, in the former every effort is only partly for the nation. Unlike our military officers, our industrial officers rule for their own profit. Consequently disloyalty to them is only incidentally disloyalty to the nation. So much the worse fool the nation to mingle its service with the profit of individuals!

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Again, how absurd it is to advance the economic phenomenon of Supply and Demand as a law of nature like gravitation. In literally thousands of ways we are setting aside the so-called law every day of the war. As we have pointed out a score of times, every act of charity, every patriotic act, every intervention by the State in any affair of commerce, involves interference in the very law which is said to be sacrosanct when operating upon the food of the poor. We do not say that prices can be brought down to normal level; we are not asking that the war shall make no difference to the cost of living. But the excuse must be real necessity and not the fictitious necessity of the economic observation of the normal unchecked operations of Supply and Demand. Then consider the plea of Mr. Runciman that we should not try to inaugurate the Labour millennium in the midst of Armageddon. Sweet music it sounds, no doubt, in the ears of the rich; but when, if not when everything is in the melting-pot, ought the models of the future to be discussed? Livy tells us that practically every right of the Roman plebs took a war to win from the financial and capitalist patricians. The Crimean War saw the abolition of serfdom in Russia. English popular liberties have nearly all been won on foreign battle-fields. Within a day or two of the present war, the millennium of Railway Nationalisation was legislated. By a stroke of the pen Russia in the midst of the war inaugurated the millennium of no vodka. There are people among us who, without let or hindrance, nay, with the approval of the Government, are advocating every sort of millennial measure for immediate adoption. Why should Labour in particular be forbidden to dip its hand into the melting-pot? Then what are we to say of Mr. Asquith's strange remark to the effect that Government action will not be taken until things are bad enough? Is Government action a sort of desperate remedy to be tried only at the last gasp of the patient's life? Are we to accept laissez-faire while we can stand, and only abandon it when we are too feeble to support it? And what *is* the last gasp? What are the straits to which the poor must be reduced before Mr. Asquith calls himself in? At the outbreak of the war, coal freightage from Newcastle to London was 3s. 6d. per ton. On the day Mr. Asquith spoke (Feb. 11) it was 14s. To-day it is 17s. 6d. Taking this increase as typical it appears still to be short of the straits to which we are to be reduced; for Mr. Asquith has not yet done anything. The fact is, of course, that State intervention is the last resort for Labour alone. For the capitalists it is the first.

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Compare, if there is any doubt about it, the measures taken by the State to preserve the capitalists, with the measures still not taken to preserve Labour. To the demands of Capital in the very first days of the war there was no turning a deaf ear or a railing, lying tongue. On the contrary, so much of Capital's needs was anticipated that in an ecstasy of gratitude even the pawnbrokers and moneylenders of the City paid tribute to the foresight of Mr. Lloyd George. The Stock Exchange was "saved," the bill-brokers were guaranteed, the bankers were secured, debtors were exonerated, sugar, cotton, railways, shipping and a score of other capitalist interests were propped up without so much as a hint from any member of the Government that the sacred law of Supply and Demand was being violated. But Finance, so everybody tells us, is an infinitely more complex affair than the mere exchange of commodities. It is so esoteric that its professors are knighted when they have successfully practised it. Credit, in particular, is beyond the ordinary mind to understand for its intricate delicacy. There, if anywhere in all economics, the State might have been forgiven for hesitating to put in its clumsy hoof, and the financial capitalists praised for resenting it. But lo, it was in Finance first of all that the State intervened and to the unmeasured satisfaction of financiers. After this, there is no doubt what to think of the State's refusal to intervene in the matter of common bread-and-butter. It is not timidity that withholds the State, or fear of the Law of Supply and Demand; it is courage to withstand the just de-

mands of the poor and contempt for what the poor can do.

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We write before the news can reach us of the result of the Government's order to the Clyde workmen to return to work on Monday. Nothing, therefore, that we can say can anticipate or determine what will be done. But we have no doubt that this week is fateful to the Trade Unions of the country, that the guarantees offered by the Government and the employers are worthless, and yet that the workmen have little option but to accept them. It is clear enough to us that nothing but a miracle can save the Trade Unions from irretrievable ruin. All the resentment long harboured amongst employers against the principles of Trade Unionism has found its opportunity in the conditions brought about by the war. The circumstances are so favourable to Capital that the employers would be human to resist the attempt once and for all to scotch them. And, on the other hand, the Unions themselves are now at their weakest. Financially broken, depleted in membership by the absence of thousands of men upon service, and, moreover, well disposed towards the State, their leaders will be unusually pliant and ready to accept assurances of the flimsiest kind. And of these they can have an abundance. Look, for instance, at the "guarantees" drawn up by the Government Committee for the "safeguarding of the positions of Trade Unions." On paper they seem complete, but in fact a waggon and horses can be driven through every clause of them. "For the period of the war" is as long as the war lasts—and at what stage can it be said to end? The resumption after the war of the status quo will turn upon the interpretation both of the existing facts (often simply customs) and of the customs which a few years will engender. Priority of subsequent employment to Service men and employees is a mere phrase; there is nothing binding in it; and a score of reasons can be found, when the time comes, to adapt it to individual cases. Finally, it must be observed that even these worthless pledges are binding only upon the Federated Employers. The rest need not sign them; and their competition after the war will ensure the breaking of the pledges by the federated masters. A scrap of paper is their value; and we have yet to discover that a scrap of paper is less considerable to German militarists than to British capitalists.

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In the plight in which the Trade Unionists find themselves we will not taunt them with the fact that they deserve all they get. We all do that, but Providence is kind. At the same time, it ought not to be concealed from them that the Trade Unions owe their helpless situation to their neglect in peace-time of constructive economics. What else can they ever expect but to be treated as a somewhat obstreperous commodity so long as a commodity they choose to remain? Had, for example, the Society of Engineers prepared a few years ago to demand partnership in their industry with the employers or with the State, the opportunity now presented would have been as happy for them as for the nation. The nation, it is admitted, is pressed for military and naval supplies: it is imperative that these should be forthcoming if we are not to go under; hence the State must turn to the only sections of the nation that can supply its wants—to the profiteers, in fact, who will bleed the State for saving it. But suppose the A. S. E. had prepared itself to be another string to the State's bow. At this moment the Union might have made an offer of momentous importance to the whole world: the offer to carry on their industry in co-operation with the existing salariat and in partnership with the State. What a tragedy it almost is that this is for the present impossible! What time and energy have been thrown away by the Unions in the past! What time and energy are still to be thrown away! The day will, however, come when the Unions will become national; and the end of this war may see it dawn.

Current Cant.

"Master and man."—"Globe."

"We never pander to the mob."—"John Bull."

"The peace of the world."—H. G. WELLS.

"The whole art and charm of the theatre is its artificiality."—ALBERT ROTHENSTEIN.

"Happy, thriving children prefer and ask for Lipton's margarine."—"Daily Citizen."

"The 'Daily Mirror' offers £1,000 for a war photo."—"Star."

"War-time work for those who have a taste for sketching."—"Everyman."

"Are you likely to have £100 a year at sixty?"—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"My poor unfashionable voice."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Few things have been more helpful during the war than the attitude of the 'British Weekly.'"—EVELYN R. HASSÉ.

"The lowering of London's lights is causing Londoners to take an interest in astronomy."—"Lady."

"The Labour members—some of them, at least—scoff at the law of supply and demand."—"Times."

"It is not surprising that the Labour Party, having identified itself with the policy of the war, should be anxious to shield the working classes."—"Economist."

"To distinguish between the German people and its rulers is to distinguish between a handful of tyrants and 65 millions of dupes and cowards."—"New Witness."

"Fancy the 'Daily Mirror' having a dress number! That's something new. There's going to be pages and pages of fashion pictures—everything you can think of."—"Evening News."

"I don't want your classical music. I am sick to death of it."—SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

"The difficulty of getting labour in connection with dock work has a good deal to do with the rise in prices. . . . Why cannot we organise a Volunteer Labour Force among the vast number of patriots?"—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Why hunger for great men?"—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Every bookman knows that the taste for buying books inevitably outruns the capacity for reading them."—"Spectator."

"No justification for strikes to-day."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Please don't hurry the millennium."—MR. RUNCIMAN.

"The strike has, unfortunately, become a national habit, and habits are not easily discarded."—"Daily Express."

"January, 1915.—We may expect a tremendous outbreak amongst the more energetic Socialists in Germany. Property and even lives of peaceful citizens will be in danger. The police will be powerless to stamp out this tremendously strong body of determined enemies of law and order."—"Old Moore's Almanac."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN a previous issue of THE NEW AGE I called attention to the importance of studying the financial columns of the papers and noting how the actions of brokers, chiefly in New York for the time being, affected the war, and matters connected with it—food supplies, for example. New York is at the present moment a very good index; and I propose to give three instances. The first, Italy, I have mentioned before. The fluctuation in the exchange rate between New York and Rome is difficult to understand until one inquires what has occurred to alter it. It will be then found that during the last three weeks the Italian Government, through its representatives in New York and other American cities, has almost quadrupled its purchases of war materials—a fact the significance of which will be realised, I hope, within a few weeks from now.

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Italy, however, would not move in any sense unless she were quite sure of her ground. It is unthinkable, for reasons which will be within everybody's recollection, that she should move against the Allies. Any move that Italy makes at all will be in the direction of Austria; for, no matter what advantages may accrue to the Rome Government as a result of the war, the Italian people will not count them as advantages at all unless they include the restoration of Trieste and the Trentino. The anxiety of Italy to make ready quickly, therefore, may be assumed to be an indication that Germany and Austria are not doing so well as they have been doing. This latter fact—for I am glad to say it is a fact—will be found confirmed by a survey of the strategic position in the Eastern theatre as well as in the Western. Though it does not lie strictly within my province to deal with this question from a technical point of view, there can be no harm in my stating that both the Russian army and the Allied armies in the West are in a better position to-day than they have been since the beginning of the war. The advances and retreats of the northern part of the Russian army—the southern wing has steadily advanced—may easily be explained by a study of the railway system in East Prussia. The Russians have all along suffered from their poor railway system, exactly as the Germans have gained enormously from their own scientifically laid tracks. Up to the railway border, which corresponds roughly with the natural border, the Russians have easily shown their superiority, if not at all times in numbers, then certainly in leadership and spirit. But when the railway border is reached German science and organisation are more powerful. Men can be concentrated rapidly at unexpected points while the Russians must move slowly; and reinforcements can be brought up quickly, as well as food and ammunition. The result is a German sortie and a Russian retreat; but the Germans, in all the recent fighting, have been careful not to stray too far from their railway border. The continual pressing of the Russians upon the enemy in the East naturally helps the Allies in the West; and both Kitchener's Army in France and the French Territorials are now preparing for a hard-fought general advance.

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It is not only the strategic situation which shows how Germany is gradually coming to the end of her resources. I have referred to the first financial point, and now I will refer to the second. Ever since the beginning of the campaign the gold reserves in the Reichsbank have shown a steady increase, and they are now at a figure of well over a hundred millions sterling. In spite of this the New York exchange is firmly against Germany. Where four marks used to be worth ninety-five cents they are now worth only eighty-two, and the rate is still falling. American bankers explain this by saying frankly that Germany's credit becomes worse and worse every day, and the financial measures to which both Germany and Austria have resorted do not command the confidence of financiers anywhere. It was fully expected by the Berlin bankers that a large stock of gold in the Reichsbank would have a good effect throughout the world, especially in New York. But it is New York above all, despite the German sympathisers in the immediate neighbourhood of President Wilson, which refuses to be deceived by the Reichsbank's gold into thinking that all is well with Germany and that, even if she be defeated, her credit is secure. This is precisely the point about which no financier in the world is convinced.

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The third Stock Exchange factor I had in mind is this. It has recently been stated in the editorial columns of this journal that American speculators have had a great deal to do with sending up the price of wheat, particularly since it became impossible for supplies to be sent to England from Russia owing to the closing of the Dardanelles. There is another proof of this. On Friday and Saturday last, when the news arrived that the outer forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles had been destroyed, there was a "break" in wheat prices, which collapsed from 170 or so to 148½—perhaps even less by the time this article is published. This, as American stockbroking critics explained, was due to the possibility that the Dardanelles might be forced, which would let Russian wheat through the Sea of Marmora and into Western Europe. The Chicago and New York brokers believed—I should rather say feared, to judge from the collapse in wheat prices—that the Russian exports would relieve the wants of this country to such an extent as might render the importation of American wheat unnecessary for at least several weeks to come.

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It is not known to me, unfortunately, whether the brokers who started the panic, or even Mr. Asquith's advisers, to come nearer home, fully realised the effect of Russian wheat imports into this country. In 1913 we imported wheat supplies to the extent of nearly 106,000,000 cwts. Of this quantity the British Empire itself provided nearly 51,000,000 cwts.—i.e., our own production and the imports from Canada and Australia. This was very nearly half the amount required. From the United States we received just over 34,000,000 cwts. of wheat, and from Argentina nearly 15,000,000 cwts. Our imports from Russia amounted to 5,000,000 cwts. and no more—less than a twentieth part of our requirements. "Other countries" were responsible for the small balance. Now, did the absence of the small Russian import of wheat justify the advance in breadstuffs? I should think not; but Chicago and New York evidently thought otherwise. Nor can we be told that if we did not get wheat from Russia we may at least have had wheaten flour. We imported 12,000,000 cwts. of wheaten flour in 1913, of which nearly 11,000,000 cwts. came from the British Empire and the United States. From Russia, indeed, we got none at all. But if you want to know the secrets of prices ask the speculators.

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A word about Turkey in conclusion. If it be found possible to carry out the present arrangements among the Allies, it is not likely that Turkey will suffer as much as she theoretically deserves for her stupid participation in the war—even her sympathisers must admit it was stupid. It was expected that the bombardment of the Dardanelles, with the early possibility of opening them to merchant traffic, would stop or check the wheat speculation in the United States; and, as we have seen, this effect has been brought about. It would have been easy for the combined fleets to bombard coast towns in the Levant and to cause much internal difficulty in Turkey by landing troops. It may seem strange; but I have authority for stating that it was out of consideration for the future of Turkey that these measures were not taken.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

WITH the exception of Mr. Rowland Kenney's article, whose drift is not yet apparent, I cannot congratulate THE NEW AGE correspondents upon their criticisms of my remarks upon democracy and N.C.O.'s. It should be a rule amongst persons putting pen to paper firstly to think out what they have to say, then to say it clearly, incisively and as completely as possible. All these injunctions are to be found in the "Instructions for the Composition of Operation Orders," to which I would respectfully call the attention of your correspondents. Eloquence is the gift of the gods, but lucidity should be cultivated.

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In default of any reasoned opposition I propose further to elaborate my theme, anticipating the more rational of the objections which can be made to the argument. The question of aristocracy versus democracy is simply the question of whether you do or do not want a complex civilisation. If you do not—if by reason of temperament or any other cause you are likely to be content with a community of petty landholders or charcoal-burners or vermin trappers—then, in view of the simplicity and immutability of the situation with which your organisation will have to deal, it is open for you to devise a polity slow-moving, cumbrous, fettered by tradition, repressive of "strong men," initiative and reformers, which shall permit no measure to be passed that has not gained at any rate the partial assent of any and every unenterprising lout. Rousseau plainly realised this thing. His democratic citizen was avowedly a creature of the woods, "taking his sleep beneath the same tree as furnished him his food," and somewhere or other he explains that to him, personally, complete freedom from restraint was indispensable—a boon for which he was willing to sacrifice every other human thing. No one who has studied his autobiography will doubt the sagacity of that choice. The mass of mankind, however, being certainly unwilling to surrender so much for so very negative a blessing, find themselves compelled to submit to a certain complexity in their affairs. Power in consequence slips from the hands of everyone into those of someone. Rulers come, men who, by birth or talent or riches or education, enjoy the mastery of that complex organisation which the many have let slip. Now comes the point which my previous article was meant to demonstrate. Authority is not a thing easily acquired. It is a matter of inborn habit; consequently it is almost solely found in those whose position has accustomed them to it from birth. It is for this reason that the least imposing officer will frequently rule better than the most imposing sergeant, especially in critical moments. The former's authority is natural, the latter's forced. Incidentally, it may be remarked, that the fact of which "S. H. P." imagines I am ignorant—that eagerness for power generally carries with it not fitness for responsibility but vanity and ignorance—is the strongest argument of all against democracy. The aristocrat in power may be the hereditary ruler who accepts the job. The democrat is pretty sure to be the arriviste who has pushed his way to the top.

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The greatest trouble and confusion are being caused daily by the artificial difference between the Regular and Territorial forces. At first sight this may not appear. A Territorial, you may say, is now on the same footing as regards service as a Regular, and, provided he has volunteered for Imperial Service, can be sent anywhere and everywhere in precisely the same way. But there are other obstacles. The Territorials are still clothed and equipped by the County Associations; and not by the War Office. Territorial soldiers have also engaged to serve with their own unit and in that only. The greatest difficulty is accordingly found when it is desired—as it often must be desired—to transfer Territorials in drafts to fill the casualties in Regular units or in other units of the Territorial force. In both cases the men can refuse to be moved; and in the first case it is necessary to go through any amount of paper transactions to facilitate the transfer of clothing, equipment, separation allowances, etc. Whatever else this war has shown it has made clear that on mobilisation all our forces must be placed, for administrative purposes, on the same footing. One is inclined to wonder why the authorities do not invite the Territorials to accept straight away and en masse Regular engagements and terms of service. It is pretty certain that few units would refuse.

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It is difficulties such as these, and not any doubts as to the possibility of obtaining recruits, which render the voluntary system unpopular among a certain and rather subordinate class of War Office officials, who perceive the uncertainty, the confusion and the general inconveniences arising from our dependence upon voluntary enlistment, and who are not sufficiently highly placed to perceive its counterbalancing advantages. Its greatest disadvantage is the one I mentioned first—uncertainty. As a matter of fact almost as many men as were wanted have offered their services, both from the Territorials and the civil population; but at the outbreak of war nobody in the Adjutant-General or Quartermaster-General's departments could predict for certainty that it would be so, and no one could accordingly provide in a proper manner for the rush when it came.

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During the great recruiting "boom" the War Office was a dozen times on the point of stopping recruiting from sheer inability to clothe, house and feed the mass of men who poured into the depots—and was as many times restrained by the just reflection that if it did not take the men when they offered themselves, it would not get a second chance. Under a compulsory system, on the other hand, the men would have been called up as wanted, and as they could be provided for. I do not say that these considerations are sufficient to warrant our abandoning our present system—I do not think they are. But they are the cause of a great deal of its unpopularity in certain departments, and if the voluntary system is abandoned, it will be they and not the jeremiads of the "Morning Post" which will have killed it.

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Granted that Germany is on the point of starving, why should she be so anxious to proclaim the fact? It doesn't help to let the enemy know that if he can only hold on for a month or two your resistance will collapse. To me it looks as if the Imperial Government were looking round for a plausible excuse for making terms, and had come to the conclusion that it would not be a bad idea to go to the German people with some tale of this sort: "You have seen for yourselves that our army is the best in the world. It has fought all Europe for six months and German soil has not been violated. But we are downed by a foul blow—by the English tactics of starvation—and since the neutral Powers won't help us, and since courage and skill are no longer of avail, we have no choice but to surrender." I don't say that this would avert the storm of popular indignation which threatens; but it would be better than waiting until the legend of Prussian military invincibility has been dispelled by a decisive Allied victory. It is everything for the German Government and the German army—which are identical—to be able to say that they have saved their honour. To me it does not seem credible that German food supplies are already giving out in reality.

Many critics are at a loss to discover why the Germans are so loudly advertising the shortage in their food supplies. If Germany is really in difficulties for food, it seems bad policy to let the Allies know as much; one does not usually go about proclaiming one's deficiences for the benefit of the enemy. It has actually been suggested that the whole business is a trick to mislead us—quite what military end is subserved by this particular lie nobody has revealed, but the general idea would seem to be that the Hun deceives for the sake of deception and with the general object of giving God something to punish him for. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, has pointed out that while the circulation of false reports has always been an integral part of German higher strategy, yet the placing of a whole population upon short commons, merely for the pleasure of pulling the Allies' leg, seems rather too improbable. As regards my own explanation, I find two questions that require an answer: (1) Are the Germans short of food? and (2) If so, why are they advertising the fact? The answer to (1) is undoubtedly Yes. The shortage may possibly not be so great as we suppose, but no government would take the pains to commandeer all food and to ration a whole nation—with all the attendant inconvenience and discouragement—unless the cause were quite an urgent one. As regards (2), it is my own idea that the German Government hopes to find in the food shortage an excuse for the plainly inevitable surrender. It must be obvious that if the German army, or the German government, which is the same thing, has to give way, it will save a considerable amount of face if it can manage to convince the nation that it was compelled to do so not by force of arms, but by starvation. When the shareholders ask for an audit of the accounts, it will be worth a great deal to the directors of the Prussian machine to be able to say to them: "We gave you, as we promised, the best army in the world. For six months it has held out successfully against all Europe, and practically speaking no enemy has been allowed to violate German soil. But against hunger neither we nor anybody else can fight." A surrender on these grounds might at any rate appear an honourable one, and better than defeat and ruin in the open field.

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I have been interested by the commotion aroused by my remarks upon democracy. Modern people are apt to pride themselves, God knows why, upon believing in nothing, but the man who sets out to attack a few selected fetishes, of which I could give him a list, will discover that blind, unreasoning faith is as prevalent now as in former times, only that the gods in whom the faith is placed are sillier. There are not a dozen men of note in England whose belief in democratic government is a reasoned thing; and even they are only concerned to find an intellectual justification for a creed which they imbibed, as I imbibed it, from reading conventional histories of the Civil War in England and the Revolution of 1688. Wonderful is the power of the school-book! This is the meaning of "Education"—that a man shall spend from 18 to 35 unlearning all the cant he learned at school, and if he has been unfortunate enough to spend the few years extra at the University he shall never unlearn it at all.

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Now, as I have said, I started with democratic notions like everybody else, meaning by democratic notions the theory that the laborious and the unlettered (or rather the half-lettered) should take the same share in administration as the leisured and the lettered. I have been slowly and painfully cured of this notion not, as some correspondents of THE NEW AGE would appear to imagine, by the direct visitation of the Evil One, but by the simple process of having to do a little administration myself. I recommend the same cure to my critics, who for the rest have been dealt with sufficiently by "A. E. R." I will conclude with remarking that I have never met a democrat yet who was prepared to carry out his theories to the letter and on the spot in a matter where failure would directly touch himself. I mean in business or anything of that sort which men take seriously; people are always willing to try fool experiments in things so remote and academical as the government of their country. For it will be found that when challenged to make his theory work with the men and in the places that are to hand, your democrat will always reply that these are not suitable and that to see democracy at work you have got to go back to the Middle Ages or forward to 2015, when the laborious and the half-lettered were or will be great and independent and enterprising and strong (which they obviously aren't to-day): just as in the Middle Ages the democrats of the times referred back like Rienzi to the Roman Republic. Men of this description live in dreams of the future or dreams of the past. The thing they will not do is to work on the situation at hand with the means at hand: or when they do, and it is a question of running not the Middle Ages or the New Ages but a factory or a coffee-stall, they are instinctively and by necessity of as aristocratic a practice as anyone.

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This country has always rejoiced in a class of person best described as Hindoo-minded, who is never so delighted as when he finds occasion for unfavourable comparisons between his own people in particular and the white race in general, and the inhabitants of Hindustan or Africa or any other extra-European spot. These are unfortunately found to a large extent amongst Indian officers and officials, and several of us who did not at any time favour the introduction of coloured troops into a white quarrel were the most disgusted when that introduction was accompanied by a flood of adulation of the priceless Sikhs, the inimitable Gurkhas, the blood-loving Baluchis, and so forth. That excessive praise of such savages—for with the exception of the Sikhs the races I have mentioned are simply savages—is an implied depreciation of our own civilisation does not appear to have occurred to these idiots, who are scarcely capable of seeing the intellectual consequences of their beliefs. Those, on the contrary, who attach some value to the traditions of our own country will be gratified to hear that the conduct of the Indian contingent has not equalled that of the white troops, British, French, or German, and that the least civilised of them—to wit, the Gurkhas—have given the least satisfaction. The chief failing of these troops—that they will not face shell fire—is illustrative of the main failing of the under-civilised—their inadaptability. The savage is too much of a specialist. He will face the knife and rifle to which he is by his traditions accustomed: but a novelty like Black Marias—which, by the way, were practically as great a novelty to the Europeans as to the Indians—doubles him up. I hope that these facts will go some way towards checking the pestilent notion that greater civilisation means loss of fighting power. So far as we can tell men have fought during this war more bravely than they have ever fought. The idea that less civilisation means greater courage is precisely the Prussian heresy which we are fighting against.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

O, what land is the Land of Dreams?
Tell of its mountains and tell of its streams.
Psycho-analysts? What should they know
In the dark dankness rooting who go?

To hell, to hell with their wigwam wheeze!
To hell with their moon and their old green cheese!
O tell of joy! Curse these priests who groan
To their Almighty Corner-stone!

Poet and Prophet by pleasant streams
Have found all delights in the Land of Dreams.
Ravenscar, Ravenscar! what do you there
With the muck-waddlers chasing their hare?

MORGAN TUD.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

IX.

WE will now leave these questions of war and psychology on one side for a while, and take it for granted that the people with whose interests we are chiefly concerned are really desirous of taking vigorous measures to alter their conditions. The Trade Unionist, we will assume, is anxious to escape from the net in which he is enmeshed. He feels the humiliation of his position; he sees clearly the suffering that hourly goes on amongst his people; he knows, or he believes, that such suffering and such a position of humiliation are due to causes which can be removed. In his heart he also feels that the removal of the causes of these evils depends entirely upon himself; and the only thing that buckles him up is the problem of how to tackle them. All down the years his forbears, or such of his forbears as were mentally alive and alert, have felt the same thing; and the best of them have given their strength and even their lives in endeavouring to bring sanity and justice into the lunatic fret and fever of the social chaos in which they have weltered. And all down the years the results of their labours and sacrifices, of their struggles and trials, have been far, far short of their hopes. Always have the ingenuity, the cunning and the determination of the possessors been successful when used to cheat and render comparatively harmless the live men amongst the dispossessed. The rich man has continued to grow steadily and steadily richer. In spite of his frantic waste, in spite of his criminal recklessness with—what should have been—national wealth, he has become more and more powerful, more and more greedy, more and more inhuman in his sentiments towards that part of the race which spends its time in producing his wealth. And all the time labour has been simply used. Sometimes it has been starved and beaten; at other times it has been comparatively well fed and treated with some show of justice. Not very long ago it was generally considered that the labourer's condition mattered not at all to anyone but the labourer himself; now "Society is recognising its duty to labour." On all hands we hear the cry that labour must be kept in condition, kept in work, kept in certain bounds. But whether labour was starved or fed; whether it was housed in boxes "passed" by a Government official, or left to rot in the streets or in sewers; whether the workers were shot by British soldiers in Dublin and cursed by the picture-press public, or shot by Germans at Scarborough and slobbered over by the vilest beast that sports a British title, it was always the same: No one was concerned with the worker as a human being; he was considered purely from the point of view of utility to the class that exploits him. His master's life was a sacred thing; his life was a convenient something that animated his limbs and kept him going as a profitable piece of goods. But all the time some faint spark of revolt has been kept alive in him. Always he has dreamed of a day when his life should be valued as is that of his master, and on occasion he has made his more or less abortive efforts to render it so.

Now I do not propose to go back to the dawn of time in my consideration of the workers' struggles. Of the antique world I know nothing; on history, generally, I am not a professor; ancient history I shall therefore leave to more learned men than myself. For my purpose the grubbing among the dusty leaves of the long-dead past, such as is so frequently indulged in, would be a waste of time. So let us consider the facts of to-day and the happenings of the past few years. During the past twenty years there have been two movements which have concerned themselves primarily with the upliftment of the workers; the Trade Union and the Socialist movements. I mention them together and write of the past twenty years, because for that time it has been impossible to touch upon the work of one without impinging upon the circle of the activities of the other. The activities and aims of the Trade Union movement have been varied and often conflicting, and, until their members get a clearer idea as to the real functions of the Union, they must remain so. For what was the idea of the founders as to the primary functions of the Union? Their idea was that the Union should organise all the workers in a given trade for the purposes of defence or attack against the masters. Suffering endless wrong and exploitation, the workers were to band together resolved to fight and conquer the exploiters, and they marched for long on the road to comparative success. But with the development of modern industry and finance on the one hand, and the widening of their activities on the other, they were checked in their growth. The greater complexity of the modern industrial machine, the fusing of what had been a number of distinct trades into one huge industry, and the tremendous increase in the numbers of "unskilled" labourers (all such terms must be regarded as comparative) called for a widening of the basis of the Union and a broader vision among its members, and these things the Unions did not get. The machine, with the employer astride it, guiding and controlling it for his own profit, ran away with the workers. As to the widening of the Union activities, by that I mean the greater and greater stress laid upon their benefit side at the expense of the purely fighting side.

At this point I must check the rush of my story to deal with this matter in some detail. As soon as ever you begin to talk of the benefit side of Trade Unionism having been developed at the expense of the fighting side, you get someone asking angrily whether you would wish "to stop all sick and unemployed benefits to members?" To which the answer is "No." Personally, I should have liked the Unions to keep on paying their own sick benefits to their members, paying out of their own funds and according to their own ideas, instead of letting Lloyd George come in and dictate the lines of this business to them. But that is not the point. No one objects to the Unions paying members sick benefits, what one does object to is the creation of sick benefit members. You see the difference? The Union should be an army. It should be organised for fighting purposes, offensive or defensive. That it should see to its sick and wounded, that it should care for the helpless and aid the weak goes without saying; but it ought not to try to increase its numbers purely by appealing to the sick and weak to come in because it is good business for them to do so. Yet that is precisely what has happened. Non-members have been appealed to by Trade Union officials to join certain Unions because they paid more sick pay than other Unions catering for men in the same trade. In some Unions organisers have carefully refrained from mentioning wage movements and have kept all their eloquence, when appealing to non-members to join, for the wonderful sick benefits that their organisation has paid. If you have any doubts about this, just cast your mind back to the early days of the Insurance Act. One or two big Unions accepted that Act as a wonderful thing for them; they acclaimed it as being all that Lloyd George had said it was; and as soon as it was passed the executive committees of these Unions had droves of organisers out pestering non-Unionists to come in at once, and good business they did, too. They succeeded so well because they were playing on a familiar string. They had played the same tune before. Their Union was to them a cross between a bank and a lottery, which was what the Government wanted it to be—under Government official control; and so they became touts of the same type as those employed by the big insurance companies. Indeed, they were simply insurance touts, and no more. I knew personally men in one union, with which I was once connected, who scooped in members at a tremendous rate, and they admitted that their success was due solely to their eloquence about insurance terms.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

The Bellicose Pacifists.

IT has been said in England over and over again that this war is the outcome of a philosophy elaborated and propagated in Germany by a few professors and literary men. Mr. Norman Angell has recently published a book, entitled "Prussianism and its Destruction," which is based on this supposition. In it we read that: "The transformation of the German people from a beneficent moral force in Europe to a very evil one is all the work of an idea, of a false philosophy advocated by a few professors and writers." If we have not yet quite grasped the point we may read a little further on: "We are all now agreed that this war and the transformation of the German people is the work of a false idea." As if it were not enough to have told us twice, the author adds: "The war in which we are engaged, the greatest in so many respects that has marked our history, or any history, has but one basic and fundamental cause: theories, aspirations, dreams, desires—the false theories of professors, the false ideas of ideologues." Have we not understood the argument yet? Mr. Angell is kind enough to tell us for the fourth time: "For we in Britain are practically agreed that this war is the result of a false national doctrine, which is in its turn the work of half-a-dozen professors and a few writers and theorists —Nietzsche, Treitschke, and their school." Mr. Angell takes good care that his ideas shall not escape us, for he adds yet once more that the German people "to whom we have given unstinted admiration and respect, have to-day become, thanks to the metamorphosis of a false doctrine and idea, unspeakable savages and barbarians."

When Mr. Angell has repeated the same idea to us so often, and has corroborated it by quoting from Mr. H. G. Wells, from various articles in the "Times," and from an article of Mr. Thomas Hardy's on the influence of Nietzsche in Germany, the assertion does not appear to him to require any further proof, and he therefore raises it to the category of a dogma in one of the subtitles of one of his chapters: "This war by universal consent due to false theories." Here we have elevated to the dignity of a book the great principle which has made the fortune of large advertisers in the newspapers: the principle that a statement has only to be repeated often enough and it will be believed.

It is really a pity that, on analysing it, we cannot entirely assent to this new proposition of Mr. Norman Angell. If it were true that a few professors and writers like ourselves could, with a single idea, bring about such a great event as a European war, our professional dignity would at once be raised so high that no other social occupation would dare to challenge our primacy. Like the mandarins of Ancient China, who proudly displayed their long nails to show that they never worked with their hands, but only with their minds, we in our turn should delight to show off our pale cheeks, our bent shoulders, and our short-sighted eyes—the signs of our labours in the study—and then even the pretty women, butterflies of success, would yield to the ugly the homage of the officers, the actors, the rich, and the lords, to flutter around us.

It could be shown, and perhaps I may show it in another article, that it is not true that Germany's aggressiveness is due to the influence of a philosophy; that the effect of Treitschke's historical writings has not been so great as Professor Cramb, in England, believed it to be, but much less; that Nietzsche has not had any influence upon Germans beyond that of teaching them how to write beautifully; that General von Bernhardi is only one of hundreds of officers who have used their pen to extol the importance of their trade; and that what has made the German people the passive tool of a military caste is not a militarist philosophy, but simply the radical pacifism of the German people, its incredible docility, and, above all, the mania for abstractions of its intellectual classes, which has withdrawn them from any kind of direct political action.

There is, besides, another point of view which would be sufficient in itself to explain the present war. All the nations of Europe are at the present time more or less in the hands of civil and military bureaucracies; and it is to the immediate and permanent interest of Government servants to extend continually, both within and without their own frontiers, the power of their State; because the numbers and importance of government places increase in proportion to the power of the State. On this occasion I shall do no more than suggest the theme. The attentive reader will have already divined that I am aiming at a real explanation, and not merely a metaphysical one, of such a really painful event as the present war.

But one single fact is sufficient to make us doubt the accuracy of the thesis that German militarism is the outcome of a militarist philosophy; and that is that if this proposition were true, the inverse proposition would also be true, viz., that a pacifist philosophy would make men pacifist. Men, in that case, who held by the axiom that "military force is religiously, socially, and economically futile," would be tame and peaceful pacifists in practical life. In other words, if theoretical militarists were converted into practical militarists merely by virtue of a theory, it would appear equally logical that theoretical pacifists should become practical pacifists merely by virtue of their ideas. This is Mr. Norman Angell's thesis: "That whether war continues or not depends upon whether men decide to go on waging it or not." In another part of his book Mr. Angell tells us that it is an historical fact that "Complete change of *feeling* has followed upon a complete change of *opinion*." Hence, by changing your opinions on war you change your feelings as well. Hence, too, theoretical pacifists will be found to be practical pacifists.

But are they really so? Is Mr. Norman Angell one himself when put to the test? Let us reproduce his own words: "Very many will genuinely feel that this is not the time for any consideration save that of the triumph of our arms. The belief in the vital need for that I share as intensely as any could.

This belief in the "vital need" of the triumph of the Allies destroys from top to bottom the proposition that "Military force is religiously, socially, and economically futile." A vital need is the contradiction of what is futile. The thing is so evident that we need not repeat it twenty times for the reader to perceive it, since the reader will surely admit that once is enough—and more than enough.

It is true that Mr. Angell says in another part of his book: "The proposition that 'military force is religiously, socially, and economically futile' does not condemn a war of defence, or resistance to religious oppression, since such a war is not the imposition of military force upon others; it is the cancellation of such force, the attempt to see that military force is not imposed upon us."

But here again we are thrust into a world where logic has no place. To speak of a war which is not "the imposition of military force upon others" is not to speak of war at all, but to set down a contradiction in terms. It is equivalent to saying, for instance, that Prussian bullets are really and truly bullets, but that English bullets are only anti-bullets; that the French guns are only anti-guns; that the Russian bayonets are anti-bayonets, and that the Japanese uniforms are anti-uniforms. By such curious reasoning we could gradually reach the conclusion that the Belgian Red Cross is not the Cross at all, but the Antichrist.

When "Normanangellism" held the theory that "military force is religiously, socially, and economically futile," we, who did not share it, had at least to recognise that "Normanangellism" contained a proposition. But what we are now told is that there are wars in which the employment of military force is a "vital

need." This proposition is a very different thing. Here we see committed the logical fallacy of changing the *premises*, which John Stuart Mill condemned in very severe terms: "This very common form of error," he said, "most frequent and most fatal in its application to the subjects of politics and society."

Nor is Mr. Norman Angell the only theoretical pacifist who, when put to the proof, was turned into a practical fighting man. On February 16 a London paper published an interview in which M. Marcel Sembat, French Minister of Public Works, said: "We in France fight so much the bolder because we were so much the pacifist." This is also the attitude of M. Gustave Hervé. After having spent thirty years in combating French militarism, he now devotes his articles in "La Guerre Sociale" to inflaming the workmen in the trenches. And M. Anatole France, making fun of the French military experts who kept on saying "Si vis pacem para bellum," by telling them that what they wanted was "peace on horseback," has now donned the uniform of a "pioupiou" the better to show his readers that theory is one thing and practice another—at any rate, in matters relating to human nature.

There is nothing new in this contradiction. Even the music-hall recognises it in the jingle:

> You made me love you,
> I didn't want to do it.

Similarly we find it acknowledged in the national song of the jingoes: "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do." That chorus expresses with the utmost exactness the present position of Mr. Norman Angell, who says: "We all believe it our duty to give our lives rather than be subject to the rule of foreigners, of aliens." This is a rather excessive proposition, seeing that there are now in the world several hundred millions of people who accept the yoke of foreigners. And if I may venture to raise the thought to the ideas which more accurately express the tragic contradiction between man's intentions and his acts, I will remind you of the essential phrase in the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Romans: "For that which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that do I."

Before he can prove his thesis that the conduct of men must necessarily adjust itself to their opinions, Mr. Norman Angell will have to look for some support in a science of human nature. And that science has not yet been written. Spinoza intended to write it in his "Ethics." Spinoza, with his identification of the will and the intellect, planted in the minds of eighteenth-century thinkers the conviction that human society could be governed with the reason alone. But as it has been said that there was only one Christian, and He died on the Cross, so may we say that there was only one man who ever adjusted his conduct to his intellect, and that was Spinoza, the meek Spinoza, the inventor of intellectualism. But when the first bars of the Marseillaise resounded through Europe the dream of intellectualism was shattered for ever.

And do you know how Spinoza did it? Recall Theorem II of Book V of his "Ethics": "If, by the mind, we separate the commotion of the soul, or, in other words, its affection, from its external cause, and we connect it with other thoughts, the love or hatred felt towards the external cause will then be destroyed, together with the fluctuations of the soul which arise from these affections."

Which means, applied to the subject which we are now discussing, that if, when an enemy attacks us, we set ourselves to think of the causes and effects of human struggles, we thereby stop thinking of the attack of which we have been the victims; or that, if we refrain from all action, the intellect will hold absolute sway—a proposition which is completely true; but which never served, does not serve, and never will serve the least purpose unless we devote our lives, as Spinoza did, to the Beatitude of contemplation.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

The Promethean Way.

By M. B. Oxon.

PROMETHEUS has been playing his part well for the last six months; let us hope he will not now forget his high rôle, and that we who are embodying him shall do our duty. But there is an enemy in our midst. It is not the German waiter or the spy, it is the full-blooded British Jingo. He is more dangerous to our future than any foreign enemy. Thirty years ago Jingoism was our national characteristic, it is the trade-mark of formal mind. Germany now provides the Jingoes, as she also provides the "Cook's tourists," which England did thirty years ago. But, unfortunately, she has not yet the monopoly of either of these commodities, and the danger now is that we shall ignore the progress which we have made and try to take back what we have so well tried to lay aside, for the stubborn obstinacy of the enemy is beginning to annoy us.

When writing in the autumn on Prometheus I suggested that one way in which we could get an intelligible view of what is happening is to regard it all as a controversy of the gods. I suggested that the happenings of these last months become much more intelligible and, in fact, almost inevitable if we look on the nations as now playing the parts of the various types of human mind, and that by considering what such types of mind do under certain circumstances we can attempt to see what possible courses are open for events to take.

France is representing the emotional, artistic mind; Russia the sterling solid mind of the country dweller; while England is playing, not badly, its new and partly learned rôle of Prometheus, the larger mind, the man who has "found himself." Germany stands for the formal scientific mind of the materialist.

A heated argument is proceeding. There is no need to recapitulate what has passed, but only to try if we can see its possible ending. Formal mind has been employing with extraordinary skill its pitiless and inexorable logic which holds nothing sacred except the syllogism. Within the area recognisable to its scientific myopia all is obviously and absolutely evident. That anyone can doubt its material and demonstrable theses was incredible; yet it is clear that such fools there are, and that they pay little attention either to the syllogism or to the irrefutable evidence of obvious facts. In such a well-matched struggle as this it is all-important to keep one's temper. Formal mind has already lost its temper, as is its habit. Not only have its methods and statistics been called in question, which alone is a criminal thing to do, but the foolish questioners will not see their crime, and must be taught to do so for their own good. Artistic and solid mind are also angry, but angry because they are fighting for what they hold dear. Larger mind has been till now cool and collected; the argument has not as yet touched it intimately. It has been playing a game, a strenuous game no doubt, and one on which it recognises that much hangs, but still a game. Therein, it must be remembered, lies the strength and impregnability of larger mind.

There are two ways in which an argument may be conducted, either for the purpose of arriving at the truest possible answer to the question, or for the purpose of proving that one or other of the controversialists was right. It is the second object which formal minds attempt. The strength of Promethean mind should lie in the knowledge that to no question which is worth discussing can there be an answer of more than temporary validity, and that true victory does not depend on a count of items won, and is not a question of the moment. Whatever the other minds may think, Prometheus should know better and should be prepared to wait for his returns, like the long-sighted investor. Some call him an altruist, but they are wrong. If he gives gold for a dirty stone it is because he believes he can made it a diamond. But Prometheus, too, is beginning to talk from time to time of things as "obviously" right or wrong, which is a first falling from grace.

The danger of the moment is, then, that England should lose her coolness and through anger descend into the strife of details, and it is this which our Jingoes may accomplish. It is no time to question whether war is or is not a good thing; we have taken war upon us and we must see it well through before we waste our time on such discussions. Peace talk is dangerous, for formal mind sees in this only a sign of disheartenment, and is encouraged thereby to further action. But there are various ways in which the end may come, and these are worth considering. Whether they seem satisfactory or not depends on the spirit in which the struggle is being carried on, whether it is to prove one or other of the combatants to be right at all costs, or to arrive at a true verdict. Though rare, the latter is surely the right way, and the truest end and the only one which can be in any degree final is a rearrangement of definitions and limitations whereby accord shall be established. In such a solution it is larger mind which always seems to cede most points.

A truce or temporary end may come by reason of the hostility of onlookers, or by the crushing defeat of one of the combatants, and this is what at first sight appeals to the unthinking as the only good solution. But it is not so for many reasons. Firstly, such a thing is barely possible, or, were it possible, would be the greatest folly imaginable. Brilliant formal mind is one of the most wonderful things in existence, and is only bad when it assumes an authority which does not rightly belong to it. But the destruction of formal mind would be no more foolish than would be the destruction of a great nation, whereby a quarter of Europe would become for many years a dead burden on the shoulders of the other parts.

The more subtle argument for annihilation is equally fallacious. It is said that only by annihilating her can Germany be prevented from being a menace to Europe; but what Germany has done during the last fifty years she can do again in spite of all enactments to the contrary. The one way to ensure that she shall do it again is to cement all her various units by a common resentment for having been made to eat mud, which is stronger and more lasting than any hatred bred of blows and defeat. In spite of all that the wise tell us, it is more than likely that many a German is what he is by training rather than by nature. Given the power to choose, it is more than likely that in a short while, when the immediate sting of defeat has died away, great changes may take place, and there may come to power again that submerged idealism of the German mind which now seems often so queer and incongruous to those who notice it. But for a century of infatuation, begun by the glamour of a kingship and crowned by the idolisation of an empire-builder, the German mind would have been very different from what it now is. That Junkerism can be abolished by order of a foreigner is absurd; and those in Germany most averse to militarism would support it as a sacred duty were such a humiliation thrust on them. But deprived of such a stimulus it is pretty certain that the subserviency to formal and cruel mind will speedily disappear.

But it must be remembered that formal mind will never acknowledge defeat; a man of such temperament will never yield unless given a chance of saving his face; and it is here, too, that we are in danger from our Jingoes.

The dangers which we now run are two—one present and one future. We may be trapped by formal mind in its net of anger and materialism, which is the only way in which we can become its prey. Our safety here lies in the fact that our warriors are no Jingoes. Their bravery is that of hot hand and cool head. It is the hot heads of our stay-at-homes which are the danger. And it is a danger which those who should know better are doing nothing to check. The Church is the worst offender, for it should not be in ignorance that its ministers offend. What is to be said for the reverend head master of a public school who makes speeches which should disgrace an evening paper? No; the Church has forgotten its mission, which is to teach its flock the inner verities, and has come into the street with the mob. Though it is no time to question whether war is or is not a good or necessary thing, anger and malice are neither good nor necessary, and anger it is which blinds our eyes to the net. It is probably too much to expect people to believe that every angry thought they feel towards the enemy, even though they do not speak it, is one hole in the defences of our army, but so it is. Not only this, but it is making more difficult still the final solution of the difficulties.

For besides the present danger of being trapped in anger is the future danger of stubborn *intransigeance*. It is only the petty who cannot give way. We hear a great deal now of teaching Germany her place—in fact, of "larning her to be a twoad." We seem to forget that this is just what she is trying to do for us, and that any argument in which a pot and a kettle are involved is at least unedifying. I am as little a lover of Germany as I am of formal mind which she is impersonating; but, while discounting considerably the value which they both place on their past achievements, it cannot be denied that these achievements are very real ones, for which no thinking person can have other than great respect. It is an extraordinary thing to see those who have approved of the iconoclastic criticisms of science during the last half-century surprised and angered at the destruction of a mere cathedral. How many of those who are "seeing red" over the horrors of Belgium have ever turned a hair over the horrors produced by scientific commercialism? Had we combated the iconoclasts and the slave-drivers we should have nothing now to fear, for we should have earned the safe protection of the great waters. As it is, when we have finished fighting our outside enemies it will be the inside enemies we shall have to tackle. The fall of bricks and mortar has succeeded in awakening us, and let no one think that he may fall asleep again until the real combat is over. Nor let them set the standard too high and try to exact blood for blood, but rather leave that to the gods in their good time and judgment, for with what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again.

Germany, true to the type which she is impersonating, sings hymns of hate. She even uses the magic of incantation, called in scientific language the method of repeated suggestion, to ensure that the hatred shall be deep ingrained. And every so-called patriotic Englishman who takes up the Antistrophe is helping in the barbarous magic. But unless before many years are over England and Germany are at least respected friends, all this blood will have been shed to no purpose, and, whoever the victor may be, it lies with Prometheus to see that this shall come to pass.

GRENEWODE AND ARRAS.

In somer we jaunt to gay grenewode
With hound the hart to harass,
In winter we biggen a fire in hall
And folwen the hunt in arras.

There was a lord of Huntingford,
His lady she hight Clarys.
While he rade forth to the wodes for sport
She stayed and wrought an arras.

She wrought in redd, she wrought in blu,
With a spindle-thredd of Paris.
Till she came to the grene, "There be wodes, I wene,
Full fressher than leves in arras.

"Gin ye ride out I must go too,
With hound the hart to harass,
Me were liefer to mery in gay grenewode
Than to sit and stitch an arras."

"O, wo is me that have weddid a wyf
My bothe counforts tembarrass,
For what is a woman in gay grenewode,
Or a winter withouten arras?"

H. CALDWELL COOK.

Letters to my Nephew.

IV.

The Choice of a Profession—*(Continued)*.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I was very glad to receive your letter in which you question an observation of mine upon the teaching profession. "Surely," you exclaim, "a man may be a gentleman whatever his occupation." And I agree. What I wrote, or intended to write, was that pedagogy, being asleep or dead, mere teaching was not an occupation for a gentleman. That, you will observe, does not preclude a teacher from being a gentleman. To assert it would be foolish, because we know that many teachers are gentlemen. But are you quite sure that every gentleman can resist the demoralising influences of an occupation from which the spirit has fled? You may set out to be an honest teacher, but how if the teaching currency be debased? No gentleman, I take it, would knowingly deal in base coin, although unknowingly he may do it without offence to his conscience. I have observed that this is really the case with gentlemen who teach. They are imbued with the idealism and the great spiritual possibilities of their calling. They fail to see that society has devitalised their ideals and rendered futile their efforts. But if you enter the profession knowing these facts, then you cease to be a gentleman, because you have joined in an ungentlemanly conspiracy with your eyes open. I think that here is the key to much that puzzles us in the character and conduct of individuals. They are gentlemen because of their credulity. They do things because it is "the custom of the trade," as the lawyers put it, quite blind to the inherent dishonesty or caddishness of the custom. For my part, I like a man to know what he is about.

In our own more civilised community we knowingly play with five aces. Thus, in social affairs, we adopt a habit of rigid fairness; we condemn unfairness as "not cricket." But in the far more serious business of wealth-production, the basis of social life, we are absolved from ungentlemanly conduct by our defence that "business is business." How different, too, are the ethics of the counting-house or factory from the amenities of our social relations. In good schools sneaking is practically unknown. If it exists the offender is very properly kicked. I have seen boys go from school into business and, in a few months, not only sneak but be rewarded for sneaking by an employer who was himself a public-school boy. "Quite right, Smith, I am glad to see that you have the interests of the business at heart. Let me see, how much are you getting? Ah! Well, times are hard, but I think we could squeeze out another pound a month." This man, the head of a "house famous for its fair dealing," as the trade journals assert, is still furious at the memory of a 'varsity match, when the Cambridge bowler sent down wides to prevent the follow-on, whilst the Oxford batsman put down his wicket to secure it. "Not cricket, sir, damn it all, not cricket," you can hear him say should the incident crop up.

You may kick your old uncle if you catch him moralising on inconsistencies like these. Alas! I am too old for highfalutin. Besides, I have done worse things myself. Nor is there any moral that I know of. There is a general conclusion to which most sane men would agree: that, until we understand that we do not live to chisel each other, but rather to co-operate frankly and honestly in making life easy, charming and fruitful, you have no alternative but to enter the game and play it in its full rigour. You cannot succeed if, giving full meaning and significance to the word, you play it as gentlemen. To be a gentleman in serious business spells failure, and I do not want you to be a failure. Your father would have sunk into the deeps rather than do an ungentlemanly thing. A veil was mercifully spread over his eyes. He thought life was a pretty decent affair, only requiring a trifling reform here and there. Nothing, you understand, to disturb the current of business; just reform gradually applied, like arnica on bumps. But, if you ask any candid man of the world, he will tell you that our whole social and economic fabric is built upon the insecure foundation of the working-man's ignorance or compliance.

I wonder whether, in your approved 'varsity manner, you will remind me that I have not yet defined a gentleman. To the deuce with your definitions! Send no mincing professor of logic to me to admonish me that I "must first define my terms." If he comes I will drown or poison him. How can you define the indefinable? Define for me, if you please, the moral squint that denotes a cad; define, if you can, the spiritual apperceptions that make a gentleman—apperceptions, mark you, that outrank age and caste, that are unrelated to good taste, to fastidiousness, to those solemn conventions upon which we set such store.

In my Socialist days, when I was young and carefree, I trapsed all over the country lecturing. Heaven forgive me! Shallow calling to shallows. Still, I do not regret it. Tout au contraire! I am rather proud of it. To stand up on a chair, or a box, in the marketplace and speak out what you do veritably believe is good for the soul. It all went into my making. With that stodgy back-number—Southey—I say without blushing:—

> Do I regret the past?
> Would I live o'er again
> The morning hours of life?
> Nay, William, nay, not so!
> Praise be to God who made me what I am,
> Other I would not be.

Well, in the course of my peregrinations, I came to Darlington. I was met by a little deputation of young men, each with a new heaven and earth in his waistcoat pocket. Outside the station a private carriage waited. I was shown in and my companions followed. "Hello!" said I, "why this swagger?" "Owd Jack did it," said one of them. "Who the deuce is he?" I asked. "Just owd Jack," said they. "Am I his guest?" "Aye." "What's his name?" "Jack Harden." "A local manufacturer?" "Nay." "Hang it all, what is he?" "A commission agent," said one of them, just as though Jack Harden might be a grocer or any other tradesman. I pledge my word I did not know what a commission agent was. I thought that probably he sold goods on commission. They must be jolly good commissions, I thought to myself. We soon arrived at an ornate house, complete, and even replete, with all the modern conveniences. A short, stout man, black eyed, hawk-nosed, lips covered by a black, silky moustache over an Imperial tuft, welcomed me. "Coom in, lad; glad to see thee; how art tha?" He plumped me down in a comfortable chair and called for drinks. "Happen tha'l't be hoongry?" I said I was. "Reet, owd lad, the victuals are ready." We passed into the dining-room, furnished in approved dark oak, and sat down to a dinner as substantial as the furniture. "Have a pint of fizz, lad." "And you?" I asked. "Nay, nay, a flim-flam gargle; stout for me." He drank two quarts. He took off his coat; he unbuttoned his waistcoat, disclosing in the process a most unsightly protuberance. He gobbled his food; his drink gurgled in his throat. He did every conceivable thing at the table repellant to my gentlemanly instincts. "By the way," said I, "they tell me you are a commission agent. What's your line of goods?" For a moment he looked hard at me, wondering if I was pulling his leg. Then he broke into loud laughter. "Why, lad, doesn't tha' knäw that I'm a betting man?" "Really!" said I, "how very interesting," and tried to look like a Fabian researcher.

You remember, do you not? that our distant cousins, the Ferriers, live in Darlington. On the Sunday afternoon, leaving Harden snoring on a big sofa after a Gargantuan meal, I made my way to Aunt Mary's. I found her giving tea to a lot of people. "Why, Tony, where did you spring from?" she exclaimed. "A little

visit," I murmured. "Where are you staying?" she asked. It suddenly flashed upon me that I was ashamed to tell her that my host was a bookie. "At the hotel," I answered. "Which?" she asked. I knew no hotel in the place. "Do you know, Aunt Mary, I don't remember its name. It's the big brick affair with stone facings." "That would be the 'Castle,' my dear." "I believe you're right," said I brightening. "Well, you'll stay to dinner." "Sorry, can't, 'nother engagement; just had to look you up." Dick Ferrier came down to the hall to see me off. "May see you at the 'Castle' to-night," said he, "little private party." "Fact is, Dick, I'm a gay deceiver. I'm down here to give a Socialist lecture and I'm staying with John Harden. Couldn't tell that to Aunt Mary y'know." "By Jove! You don't say so. I owe the beggar three hundred of the brightest and best. Can't pay in a hundred years. Wish you'd put in a word for me." "Are you serious?" "Good God, yes!" "Why not ask Uncle Richard for it?" "Don't be a silly ass; he'd turn me out of the business." "I'm sorry, Dick, but I never met Harden until last night and obviously I'm unable to help you."

That night Harden took the chair for my lecture. I remember it very well, although two or three years before you were born. "Ah'm gläd to täke t' chair for oor lect'rer. Ah'm jüst t' säme now as ah was when a barber, shäving you chaps at three hä'pence a time. Ah've got a bit o' brass in t' bank but that doän't chänge me. Ah'm heart and soul in t' labour movement, because t' capitalists andländloords doän't gie a square deal. Ah know 'em! Soom on 'em are decent as you or me; soom on 'em. . . ! They calls themselves gentlemen. Gentlemen! They meets me in t' street and doän't know me; but they coom vera secret to m' little office and says "Jack, owd lad, I canna pay thee to-day; thou must gie me more time." They says they pays their debts o' honour. Most on 'em pays when they dam well got to. Nay, my lads, they doän't gie anybody a square deal. If we ha' spunk, why we're gude as them; if we ha'nt spunk, why, what's t' gude o' talk?" Then I delivered an ingenuous and harmless lecture on "Socialism and the Christian Ethic."

Next morning, at breakfast, Harden asked me where I had gone to on the previous afternoon. "Mrs. Ferrier," I said, "she's a relation of mine." "Happen she's t' mother o' young Dicky Ferrier?" "Yes; a bright boy and might do something in the world if he doesn't get in with the wrong crowd." "Aye," he mused, "Aye. Cooms o' gude stock. A blood relation o' thine?" "Yes." Then I hurried off to the train.

A week later came a letter from Master Dick, with too many flourishes to my liking.

"Dear Tony,

"A thousand thanks! Old Jack met me y'day and said that if I would cut out gambling and do something 'kind and canny' he would wipe out the £300. Fancy that! But I suppose you had a lot to do with it.

"However, gambling is a rotten game and I agreed. 'Shake hands on it, lad,' said he. So we solemnly shook.

"Your aff. Coz.,

"R. STANLEY FERRIER."

After that, my boy, if you still insist upon the definition of a gentleman, let's drop the subject!

I enclose you a tradesman's bill which I inadvertently opened. Forgive me. I could not, however, fail to notice that last year you spent over £17 on underwear. Much too much! £5 covers me easily. Do you watch your clothing and see that there is no leakage? Without taking too much thought for the morrow, there is nothing derogatory in keeping a sort of inventory. And don't be ashamed to have your under-clothing mended and your socks darned. Not to do so is the mark of the nouveaux riches; to do so is one of the minor marks of a gentleman.—Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Readers and Writers.

I IN the wilderness (as Scripture saith)
Lifted my voice; and in the market-place
I piped. But O, my squandered hoard of breath,
Just like the rose whose blush is lost in space.
For to my tune no mortal tangoeth—
Prowess I lack to set the giddy pace.
Methought my toil was doomed to end in smoke.
(Mixed metaphor? Nay, nay, an unmixed joke.)

But now I hail a brother. In my attic
I dipped by candle in the "Daily News."
(You will perceive my habits are erratic—
Yea, as exasperating as my views.)
I yawned when "A. G. G." became dramatic;
I pouted at the quips of S. L. Hughes.
I was about to mutter "Blast and darn it!"
When I beheld the name of Edward Garnett.

Garnett as precious as thy jewelled name,
Come, clasp my hand; fraternally be greeted.
How bare the world, before thy tidings came;
My spirit lagged; I deemed I was defeated.
But now in threnodies of honest blame
We cry how scurvily the Danes are treated
Our clamours blend in one majestic largo
For Drachmann, Jacobsen and all their cargo.

Yet, Garnett, pardon! Vain the vaunts I utter.
In January was thy gospel preached.
When *I*, upon my egg-box in the gutter
Purloined thy words, November was not reached
I think upon the dovecotes *thou* didst flutter
With censored tragedies ere *I* was breeched.
And now I feel the burden of my guilt,
Let me drink hemlock—let my blood be spilt!

* * * *

The Russians have invaded (so I hear)
Polysyllabic spots in Transylvania;
And other patches on the map, whose queer
Scantily-vowelled names unduly strain ye.
In England, too, as victors they appear—
Their lingo has become a perfect mania.
The suburbs babble Russian—"Nitchevó!"
Quacks Ealing; Balham cackles "Kharashó!"

The ban upon the Muscovites is ended,
And concord from its balmy sleep awakes.
See Tchekhov's dainty caviare commended
To palates that can relish naught but steaks.
See Kuprin's and Andreyev's nightmares vended
With the celerity of steaming cakes.
See wink and nudge of them who sip at Sanin,
(As leathery as undigested tannin.)

Dear reader, skip this stanza: truth to tell,
With all the rest I judge it ill-assorted.
But now it is begun. . . My friend quoth, "Well,
The thumping prices that I've heard reported
For Russian tales. They're booming 'em like hell.
"I wish *I* knew the jargon." I retorted:
"You know it not? A truce to this humility!
Translate, for none hath valider facility!"

* * * *

Out of the din and thud of panting presses
Volumes accumulate in hefty piles:
And yet how rare the publisher who blesses
My indigence with gifts. I lack the wiles
To soften HEINEMANN with bland caresses,
To wreathe the cheek of CONSTABLE in smiles.
Hear me, eclectic SECKER, staid MACMILLAN;
Sweet DUCKWORTH, scorn me not, I am no villain.

So when you sort your output into bales,
Mustering here a grave book, there a giddy 'un:
Now binding up a sheaf of lightsome tales,
Whose sphere of dominance is but quotidian:

And now purveying lore that never pales,
Sublimed in some compendious enchiridion,
Forget not in your zeal that frisky delver
Among the duodecimos, P. SELVER.

* * * *

I, sunk in abject ignorance and sloth,
Long deemed the tribe of scholiast and don
Unread in German. Justly were they loth
(Meseemed) to lavish precious days upon
That paltering gab. I blundered, by my troth.
And now 'tis manifest they duly con
The giddy welter of the nouns and articles,
And verbs consorting with elastic particles.

For lo! As Junkers to the manner born
Their lips are loosed in copious quotation,
Distributing torrential tropes of scorn
Upon the head of that outrageous nation.
While I supposed these lambs, from night to morn,
Dallied with niceties of Greek translation,
They wolfed the crabbéd prose of Jean Paul Richter,
They delved in countless tomes of countless Dichter.

And having scoured Kultur's whole black domain
From Otfrid to the latest Hunnish novels,
They justly may pooh-pooh with high disdain
The Impish horde that in abasement grovels—
An addle-pated, recreant, foul, profane,
Besotted brood that wallow in their hovels.
How blind we were! O, let us melt in gratitude
To those who rectified our errant attitude.

We did not fancy that Sir Arthur Quiller-
Couch, when he held not forth in mincing babble
On poetry and such; that tireless filler
Of dull half-crown reviews with frothy gabble
Was fixing up the destiny of Schiller
And putting Goethe down among the rabble. . .
Bah, stow your apish clack concerning culture,
Ye dolts of dons, and give it swift sepulture.

* * * *

If love is blind, as trusted experts think,
Then hatred should be dowered with piercing vision:
And so it doth appear—on Maeterlinck
Berlin has started scattering derision,
Though once, on reams of script with pots of ink
It puffed him with unwavering decision.
So totters many a full-blown European.
Who erst was lauded to the Empyrean.

And reputations that appeared so very
Proof against Time (who spends his time in looting)
Now crumble like the porticoes of jerry-
Built maisonettes that stud the heights of Tooting:
And whilom big-wigs keenly yearn to bury
Those alien scribes who plague them with their hooting.
Each toady quidnunc, famed among the fibbers
Raves on—but now it is the *truth* he gibbers.

Nietzsche! Ah, there's a theme for my bravado:
But stay—where fools rush in, I fear to loiter.
Nietzsche, whom Sims has dubbed a desperado,
And Blatchford, sickening with mental goitre,
Would do for with his teacup-brewed tornado,
Becomes the butt for every hired exploiter
Of navvies, jingoes and suburban drivellers,
Of errand-boys and cocoa-quaffing snivellers.

I've often wondered if there can be bounds
Imposed upon the exploits of the silly.
I've read those boshy articles of Pound's,
I've seen the deeds of Big and Little Willy:
But Sothern's bunkum made me bellow "Zounds!"
—I all but ran amok in Piccadilly.
NIETZSCHEAN WAR!—You, Sothern, best are rated
As super-booby of the addle-pated.

Reader, my Pegasus has done his jaunt,
And now I drive him panting to his stable:
There let him shelter from condignest taunt
Levelled at scanty wind and ailing fable;
He shies, for fences awe, and ditches daunt
Him, whom the merest jog-trot doth disable.

* * * *

For my next tilt, be Prose my battle-charger—
His neigh is fiercer, and his stride is larger.

P. SELVER.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

GOD, it appears, was a Russian and the serpent a Jew. They that believe and accept of this faith shall be numbered among the gallant Black Hundred. But according to the prophet Levy, God was a Nietzschean Jew and the serpent a Christian. Which creed is likelier, I cannot say. My own belief, of course, is that Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater arranged the matter between them. (Wonderful in any case are the works of God, of whichever sex and sect. Saw I not at Warsaw the vanity of all human endeavour, when, in the middle of a ballet the very angels' wings came down ——.)

This interesting theology comes to me as I now live in a God-a-Russian-serpent-a-Jew family, under the very shadow of a Cathedral. As I am likely to remain here some while, I will only say that the town is not twelve hours due east of Kiev in peace time; an energetic reader may now take his map and find it. Our family is a little dogmatic. I cannot think what Dr. Levy would like the Jews to do that in its opinion they have not done. Ritual murderers, assassinations for gain, seductions, seditions, robberies, fornications, filthiness—besides which they have protruding ears! Pah! we spit on the Jews. Unfortunately, our family aforesaid has to sell the products of its estates, and the middlemen are Jews. These rogues buy cheap and sell dear—really there are no limits to their viciousness. Our family suggests cutting the throat of all assassins, but we have not yet thought out a fate befitting a Jew. Dogmatic is our family. I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant household of Lehmanns, Russians of German descent. Jews! said our family cheerfully. Not at all, said I; these Lehmanns must be counted of the faithful. But the name, said the family; certainly we do not know the people. Nevertheless, I insisted, these are not Jews; they have a sacred picture on the wall of each room, none of their acquaintances is any but a Gentile, they neither look nor speak like Jews, their ears do not even protrude. Oh, they are surely Jews, replied the family, those are just their deceitful ways. I gave up the struggle and went to visit them.

On the way I called on the only other Englishman in Tolka (so let me call the town). The third of us is serving as a motor-scout in the Russian army, growing fat on fifty kopecs—a shilling— a month. When he is not engaged at the front, he is used to drive officers to theatres and cabarets, outside which he awaits them long hours of the night. I found my friend joyfully reading the "Daily Telegraph" book to the king of the Belgians. I got a certain amount of joy out of it too. There was, for instance, Mr. Eden Phillpott's first line:

Champion of human honour, let us lave—

excellent advice which I immediately followed. I tried to understand what Mr. Crooks meant by a "fighting martyrdom"—in vain; Weeping Willy was too deep for me. Then there was the poetical translation of "héros pur" by "spotless hero" (not followed, to my surprise, by an advertisement for Zam-Buk!). But all this is folly to the gem of the book. When Sir Rufus Daniel Isaacs, Lord Reading of Earley, Lord Chief Justice of England, wrote his message, he managed to

miss filling two pages by rather less than three inches. Whom do you think the "Daily Telegraph" have put in this space? Our North German Lloyd, perhaps? The public hangman? The other old confederate? No, in all delicacy, thoughtfulness and tact, they have inserted a little note from *Marconi*! What Sir Rufus did when he came to see this I cannot know. Personally, I did what the aborigines are supposed to do in moments of excitement—I danced. Ever since the "D.T." observed that the statue of King Edward on the Riviera portrayed him in his familiar attitude "gazing *sex*wards," it has achieved nothing so amusing.

We set out. In the middle of a big square was a big statue. Whose is that, asked I, and was told that it was erected to an Ukrainian who had betrayed his countrymen to the Russians. We came to another statue. This, it appeared, was a Polish traitor! With the exception of Anglo-India, I know of no nation that appreciates treachery like the Russians.

Arrived at the Lehmanns', we were sent round to the church next door; lo and behold! the middle daughter, the prettiest, was getting married unsensationally to an officer. The church was small and full of gilt work and candles. A short, spectacled priest was juggling with a pair of holy pictures, making the sign of the cross with them and giving them to bridegroom and bride to kiss. A brother-officer and a young lady held gilt crowns over the couple's heads. A score of nondescripts crowded round in curiosity, and with half a dozen mischievous-eyed young ladies, various parents and relations and our two selves, made up the attendance. It was soon over; the nondescripts wandered off, the bride kissed all her friends, the bridegroom did the same, an old aunt sobbed (Heaven only knows why), and the best man and a student-cousin fetched the people's overcoats and goloshes and helped them on. We reassembled in the flat, and drank healths in champagne, a flat defiance of the anti-alcoholic law. There was a lot more kissing, in which the bridegroom took a large part. It was not that he was rakish and kissed the young ladies; no! he embraced the bride's father, his officer friends and me. When Russian gentlemen kiss, the world knows it. In a restaurant at Petrograd I once lost a whole piece of music simply because two old generals suddenly met after a long absence and furiously lathered each other's cheeks.

An English correspondent, long resident at Petrograd, told me that though no friend of the practice there were two men in Russia whom he could not without rudeness avoid kissing. One of these came to England. Our correspondent, who was on a holiday, went to visit him. They met on the steps of a hotel in Russell Square at ten o'clock in the morning. The Russian shouted for joy, flung his arms round the Englishman, and embraced him repeatedly, to the scandal of that highly respectable neighbourhood.

A period was put to the toasts and kissing, and at eleven o'clock we sat down to the wedding-supper. Brandy and vodka and a thousand hors-d'œuvres led off. The second course arrived at midnight and brought with it multifarious wines. The third course came at one o'clock, and by three we were nearly through. We were only twenty, and, thanks to the bride's father and the old aunt, sticklers for etiquette, we were very sedate. In spite of the terrible travellers' tales and the sweetness of forbidden fruits, very little was drunk. Certainly, the student-cousin managed to mix his drinks with some effect, but everybody else was soon much more sleepy than lively. Every half-hour or so, too, we all shouted out, "It's bitter, bitter, bitter," until the bride and bridegroom kissed and we decided it was again sweet! At three o'clock one of my neighbours went to sleep, and, when the waiter arrived with a duck, he had to wake her. No, thank you, said she. Oh, try a little, said the waiter, simply; just try this little bit, such a pity not to taste it; come, try a little bit.

We all grew wide awake to hear a speech. It was the professor who spoke. Sudermann, said he, wrote that in every human heart was encased a song. Surely the song in the heart of Iván Ivánovich and the song in the heart of Lydia Petrovna would ring together in a lovely life-long harmony—a true song of songs. Tremendous applause and loud kisses all round! We passed into the next room, and it was then that I heard an awful uproar. A horrible bellowing issued from the dining-room. I rushed back.

It was nothing. Only the student-cousin in his bright blue uniform was wishing the pair luck in slow, stentorian roars. His round pimply face was rosy with the exertion, but nobody took the slightest notice of him. The Englishman began to play waltzes, to which the best man, whom not even wine could unfuddle, pranced about, his Russian spurs ringing like bells. He soon stopped and remarked in a loud whisper that the pianist played like a dog. This superlative frankness being quite as Russian as the waiter's kindliness, nobody took offence. And so the party went on; we yawned in secret and kissed in public. The student was twice overcome and assisted into the fresh air. At five o'clock I begged permission to depart. Already, cried the hostess, and I was pardoned only on the plea of ignorance. But by seven the beautiful festival or disgusting orgy (whichever Mr. Stephen Graham would say) was really over; we took leave of the betrothed and dispersed. The last thing I saw was the two holy pictures of the wedding ceremony standing on a table beside the regulation marriage platter of bread and salt, waiting to take their place in a corner of the bridal chamber.

. . . . .

What excitement in Tolka! I woke this morning and listened in amazement. I listened again and yet again; at last there seemed no doubt of it—the Cathedral clock was striking! Ever since I had known it, that clock had stood at ten past twelve; whether noon or night, I cannot tell. And now it was actually striking eight. There could be no more uncertainty. The Emperor was really coming! We had made all sorts of preparations, thousands of soldiers and schoolboys had rehearsed their positions along the streets, flags and crests had been put up everywhere, a neat new scaffolding had been erected round the place where the old post-office was spending its third year in the process of being demolished. But all the time there were great doubts whether he would really come. Tolka is one of the great towns of South Russia, with more than half a million inhabitants, but Tolka holds disagreeable memories. However, if the Cathedral clock were set going, clearly the great event was due. This was not going to be a ridiculous mouse. And so it proved.

His Imperial Majesty reached the station at nine and the Cathedral at half-past. One side of the route was lined by soldiers, four deep, the other by schoolboys in their uniform, and by schoolgirls. The pavements, as the Governor had previously announced, were absolutely "free to the public"! The service finished at ten, the bells rang out, and from our balcony we saw a dozen motor-cars leave the gates and advance along the route. They approached, and off came every hat. In the first motor stood an official looking back at the crowd on either side. Then came the Emperor himself with a couple of important people. He drove slowly past, acknowledging the salutes of the officers. He looked sufficiently like our own glorious King-Emperor to make me feel intensely enthusiastic. He passed, some more motors followed, and all was over. The soldiers began to dance for warmth, the schoolboys recommenced to chatter, the crowd rushed off to other parts of the route to get another view.

And then I looked up at the Cathedral clock. Ten past twelve! All my conclusions had been based on imagination. Not even for the Emperor is that clock to be started! May it rest in peace. The Emperor is now inspecting hospitals; he will take tea with one of his aunts and leave for Moscow this same afternoon.

Women in a Guild Socialist State.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

THE discussion of Guild Socialist principles, both in THE NEW AGE and elsewhere, has covered a wide field, but there remains one aspect which has not, I believe, been so far touched on, and that is the position that women might be expected to occupy in a Guild Socialist State. Natural and even praiseworthy as may be the desire to let the sleeping dog of Feminism lie as long as it can be induced to do so, we are not, I think, justified in ignoring altogether the existence of problems arising partly out of the position of women in industry to-day, and partly as a result of demands made by a section of women for "equality" with men in the social and industrial sphere of to-morrow. So long as Feminists concerned themselves with no more than mere clamouring for "Votes for Women," Guild Socialists might consider with good reason that discussions upon the political habits of the sexes had no especial claim upon their attention. But now that these people insist that the vote is only a "symbol," and that the real business of woman is "to take all labour for her province," the Guild Socialist must surely realise that an issue has arisen with which he is directly concerned. It may be by accident or it may be by design that the only reference to women in the index—and I think in the chapters—of "National Guilds" is to the appearance of one of that sex in a sack—a phenomenon which it seems had the unforeseen result of driving Mr. George Lansbury out of "official politics" into the arms of—the W.S.P.U.! But such a reference cannot be said to exhaust the subject of women in industry, and it provides no illumination upon their position in—or out of—the Guilds. The problem has got to be tackled; and the experience of that politician whose plans were said to have been ruined because he "forgot Goschen" would be repeated upon a far vaster scale by the Socialist who in sketching the foundations of his ideal future "forgot women."

The subject is of course a wide one, and this article is meant to be no more than a mere introduction to it. But let me say at the outset that I have no wish to deal with anything so vague and nebulous as "Feminism," least of all do I want to precipitate that most fruitless of all antagonisms, a conflict upon the merits and "rights" of the sexes. If a "sex-war" breaks out in Europe I shall not be found in the trenches; if I cannot obtain a position simultaneously upon the General Staffs of both sides, I shall naturalise myself in a neutral continent until the quarrel—or the race—dies out! As a Guild Socialist, I desire freedom for men and women in the interests of society, and I believe that freedom must be sought in association, and that it must depend on the natural and permanent instincts of mankind. I do not desire to set up any artificial Utopia and alter man's nature to suit it; I want to set his nature free to give of its best and to find satisfied its essential needs.

Now it seems to me that any consideration of woman in society must depend ultimately upon the manner in which the institution of the family is regarded. The Feminist, though she (or in the more insidious instances, he) will seldom declare openly for the abolition of the family, is generally content to regard it as a merely transient phenomenon of doubtful value, doomed to disappear in favour of isolated individuals engaged in "living their own lives" and depositing occasional offspring in the hands of "experts." But I would suggest that if people are going about the world "living their own lives" we should, as Socialists, have good reason to suspect them. Our standpoint is a social one; but if we are Guild Socialists it is this and more, it is based upon the recognition of the value of the special association in the life of the community. The guildsman does not set up the guild as a mere contrivance to assist economic efficiency; he believes in it as the only possible institution for free men engaged in industry, and he will be content with nothing less. He holds that an industrial democracy cannot tolerate either the perpetual domination of an outside body in the control of industrial affairs, or the avarice and anti-social tendencies of isolated individuals living their own economic lives. To him fellowship is life; lack of fellowship is death. As is the guild to industry, so is the family to man's domestic life—a vital association with the right to a reasonable autonomy and an inherent life of its own. Yet with the Feminists who want to get out, and the State officials who want to get in, the family is as much menaced to-day as the Trade Union. But the home is, after all, the first of man's experiments in self-government, and it is an experiment in which woman is even more deeply concerned than man himself. If it be surrendered to the bureaucrat, or betrayed by the Feminist blackleg, the liberty of all of us will have suffered a deadly blow. An Englishman's home is his castle—but it is the woman who guards the keep.

It is the woman, moreover, who provides the garrison, and must be largely responsible for its efficiency and its value. To hear some Feminists talk, one might be led to imagine that maternity consisted in no more than consenting to produce an occasional child, to be abandoned at the earliest possible moment for a return to the "great world." Maternity (a favourite word with Feminists) may so consist, but motherhood does not. Motherhood means much more than the bearing of children, it involves their care and nurture, the first moulding of their minds, the forming of their earliest habits, the readiness to accompany the wildest flights of their delightful imaginations. It covers that wide field which is the basis of all education, and which consists not in bewildering the child with questions, but in answering the questions which the child out of its own bewilderment will ask. The growing tendency to abandon all this to professional specialists, however conscientious, is an evil one, and the mother who banishes her three-year-old child to a high school is as irresponsible and anti-social a being as the coalowner who is content to allow his men to work in a dangerous mine.

That the main concern of woman is with her children, and with the home built round them, is, however, often regarded by the Feminist as in some way "fettering her personality." In order to get round the difficulty, these people will deny not merely that the claims of the child upon its mother are compelling, but even that they exist at all. All this nonsense about children demanding attention is merely the claptrap of the sentimental reactionaries, they say in effect, free women need not be taken in by it; they have something better to think of—themselves. Childbirth is described by W. L. Thomas in "Sex and Society" as an incident in the life of a normal woman of no more significance when viewed in the aggregate, and from the standpoint of time, than the interruption of the work of men by their in and out-of-door games. What is one to say of nonsense of this sort, which is not only farcical physiologically, but spiritually untrue? The instinct of motherhood is not exhausted by the birth of a child; more frequently it is created by it. One cannot argue with absurdities like the above statement; and if Feminists pass on from this to suggest that women are degraded by having children and caring for them, then we can only answer that degraded they must be. But it is nothing but atrocious rubbish to imply anything so ridiculous. No one has ever suggested that the instruction of other people's children was "fettering to the personality"—on the contrary, the woman teacher is generally regarded as being a specially emancipated sort of person. Yet to make oneself responsible for the earliest impressions of one's own children can be no less elevating an occupation than to be responsible for

the later impressions of the children of others; and if Feminists set out to suggest otherwise, they will only find—let us hope—that where there's a will there's a —wisp!

If this attitude towards children, and the care of them by their mother, was merely the theory of a few scatter-brained Feminists, and involved no consequences, it might be safely ignored. But though it is probably true that it is maintained chiefly by spinsters, and that still more typical example of "advanced" femininity—the childless married woman, it does nevertheless lead to serious results, since these people are sedulous in preaching that every "self-respecting" married woman not only can but ought to have a permanent occupation outside her home. Woman's sphere—they tell us—is the workshop; the child can go to the wall—or to the "publicly managed crêche." The woman who stays at home is a figure to be despised if she do so of her own choice; but otherwise to be pitied, though for strangely inconsistent reasons, since at one moment we are asked to weep over the housewife crushed beneath the weight of her sordid household duties, while at the next we are called upon to sympathise with the "social parasite" stranded, in the desert of her home, with nothing to do but twiddle her thumbs. A recent Fabian Tract, though written from a by no means extreme point of view, yet shows well the attitude of the Feminist towards the activities of women. The home is not an end in itself, according to this view; it is something which hinders the woman from becoming a first-rate factory hand. "It is not marriage that prevents a woman from working. On the contrary, the married woman who is leading a normal and healthy life is likely to do better work and be a more satisfactory person than the spinster. The real hindrance is not marriage, but motherhood." This inconvenient obstacle is disposed of in a footnote which runs thus " . . . in many cases it would be well that the mother should return to her normal occupation as soon as ever the child no longer required to be nursed every two or three hours, and should use her earnings to pay for the skilled care given in crêche or nursery, resuming charge of the child in non-working hours."* The writer feels constrained to add: "But that this is possible cannot yet be considered as established beyond a doubt." We may be thankful for that; but we cannot afford to overlook the calm assumption that the "normal occupation" of the mother is not concerned with her home or children but with something called "work" for which she is assumed to be "a more satisfactory person than the spinster"—a point which I am bold enough to suggest cannot yet be considered as established—beyond a doubt!

It is necessary, then, before going any further, to decide whether in normal cases we should seek to provide for the married woman following a definite calling outside her home. The question clearly has two sides, the standpoint of the occupation she elects to follow and the standpoint of the family. We have to discover whether the entry of the married woman is beneficial or the reverse to the occupation she enters, and beneficial or the reverse to the home she leaves. Setting aside the standpoint of the occupation for the moment, let us consider the question of the effect of such a permanent tie for the woman upon the home she leaves behind. Here all depends upon the way the family is regarded. If it is an association vital to the well-being and happiness of society, then it should obviously command the woman's best attention, and she should, if necessary, be prepared to make sacrifices on its behalf. If her own personality is more important, then she must, I suppose, do what she wishes, and have her own way. The view for which I contend is that the association matters more than the single individual, and that just as the worker may have to sacrifice himself to the wishes and purposes of his guild, the woman may have to subordinate herself to the interests of the family to which she is responsible.

Now there can be no doubt, it seems to me, that, in normal cases, to keep a home going properly, especially one containing a nursery, is as much as a woman can manage, without undue strain upon her health. And if such a statement seems rash, when only the prosperous homes of the middle-classes of to-day are remembered, it must be recollected that we are (I presume) looking forward to a time when the apparatus of "domestic service" will have been swept away, at any rate in its modern form of a caste of servile, and mostly inefficient, female beings, herded together in strange houses, discontented themselves, and a plague to those who hire them.

Indeed, we may wonder whether the dissatisfaction of the middle-class woman of to-day with her home, and her readiness to get out of it, is not largely due to the fact that she feels instinctively that it has ceased to be her "sphere" at all. The modern woman of means, having surrendered her children to "experts," and the control of her house to a coterie of bored young women with no permanent interest in it, finds time hang so heavy on her hands that she is driven out to "shop" in the morning, and play golf in the afternoon, and creeps back to her drawing-room to play bridge in the evening. What wonder that the better type of woman craves for a more reasonable life, and thinks that it must needs be sought outside the home. If the more wideawake women to-day too often become Suffragettes—in the full sense of that horrible term—the majority become "Selfridgettes," and pass whole days in colossal and inhuman stores, wandering from floor to floor, stimulating a morbid passion for buying things, till, glutted with "bargains," they seek the "Rest Room" provided by a crafty management, where they may recuperate for another bout.

There can, indeed, be no doubt that women have rights to conquer—or rather to reconquer—and of these the chief are the right to live with their own children, and the right to run their own households. Many women who are now claiming the right to enter their husbands' offices and workshops are afraid to set foot in their own kitchens. A foolish ignorance, and a still more foolish snobbery, have undermined their natural supremacy, and servants rob and deceive the modern wife because she is not equipped to detect and expose their frauds. It is still regarded as a fantastic hobby for girls to study domestic economy and housecraft, and marriage remains the most unskilled of all occupations. Yet it is not in the interests of men only, or chiefly, that one may appeal to women to regain control over their own homes, but because nothing is so weary and so dull as to be tied to a task which one does not understand and which one cannot therefore control. Women need deliverance indeed, but it is not from the thraldom of man but from that of their own domestics—who need deliverance no less. It is the cookery book rather than the ballot-box that will give them true independence, and in Mrs. Beeton rather than in Mrs. Pankhurst that they should pin their faith.

For the outcry against the home is a confession of failure. If women cannot manage their homes, they cannot manage anything, and self-government in its most obvious form has broken down. If it be said that domestic duties are dull, we must reply that so also is, and must be, much of the labour of men; and planning a menu for one's own home is surely no more tedious than tapping a typewriter for somebody else's business. Let the Collectivists establish their communal kitchens on the ruins of our homes, and they will soon be founding their State departments on the ruins of our guilds. Sheer inefficiency may drive us to State control of housecraft, as it may drive us to State control of industry, but it will be because of a great moral failure on the part of women in the first instance, as it will be of an equal moral failure on the part of man in the second.

(To be concluded.)

* Fabian Tract No. 175. "The Economic Foundations of the Women's Movement." By M. A. Pp. 18-19.

Views and Reviews.

On Aristocracy.

DURING the course of my connection with THE NEW AGE, it has sometimes happened that I have dropped into debate with my readers, and not always debate of an amicable nature. The debate has usually failed to arrive at any conclusion, for a variety of reasons which I need not specify at this moment; with the consequence that I have discovered that, as a rule, the conclusion which I ought to have stated has remained the private property of myself. This is a lamentable result, for it defeats the practical object of controversy, which is not to show capacity, as the Frenchman declared, but "to put your shoulder to the wheel, to advance the business," as the Englishman retorted. Most of these controversies have been due, in my opinion, to the fact that my readers are word-shy; a word like "soul" or "spiritual" means unutterable things to them, and precisely because they are unutterable, the things themselves are socially valueless. But a phrase like "psychological factor," for example, will set them crying about "materialism" and "mechanical mind," to say nothing of the last weapon of the word-shy, "pathological." This is all very interesting and amusing, but it does not advance the business; and as the last controversy has arisen because one of my readers shies at the word "aristocracy," I do not intend to let this discussion drift into the "nothing all things end in" without saying what I really mean by aristocracy.

While we are talking about words, let me say that I prefer "aristocracy" to "democracy" because it has a better rhythm and a greater variety of vowel sounds. That is the probable explanation of the fact that I do not find the word terrifying, and am not therefore driven to denounce it as denoting something "spiritually obscene and abominable." I feel sure that aristocracy is a very nice thing if you treat it properly, and do not throw too many stones at it; it will feed out of your hand; anyhow, it has a good name, even if it does offend the ears of the word-shy. The thing that it denotes is primarily government by the few, or, in other words, government; for government by the many, which is called democracy, is not government, but anarchy. Quot thingummy, tot what-d'ye-call-'em, as a correspondent has said. Government may be "spiritually obscene and abominable," although most spiritual experts agree that government is more potent in the spiritual world than it is in the material world, and that there is a hierarchy of the heavens more perfectly defined than any known on earth. But for the purposes of this earth, and of this discussion, government is necessary; and as necessity is a phenomenon of the spiritual order, is, perhaps, the only sure proof of the reality of a spiritual order, it cannot fall under spiritual condemnation. When with our will or against it, certain things come to pass, we call those things necessary; and what is necessary is spiritually right.

Even on these grounds, aristocracy justifies itself; for democracy has no history. As M. Faguet says (I quote him for his emphasis): "The ancient democracies never existed. . . The ancient republics were aristocracies, except, for a very short period, the Athenian republic; there democracy finally established itself, and coincided, by the way, with the decadence of the nation. The Spartan republic was an aristocracy. The Roman republic passed without transition from aristocracy to government by one. I probably need not mention that the republic of Venice was radically aristocratic. As for the American republic, it is a constitutional monarchy and nothing else." If history is, as Croce said, the real moral judgment of the practical activity, democracy is a fundamentally immoral principle of the practical activity; its assumption of equality is simply the assertion that one man is as good as another for any purpose. It is interesting, as an example of the confusion of thought that makes men call themselves democrats, to notice that those who proclaim equality also proclaim liberty. Yet liberty and equality are antinomies; for liberty, so soon as it is used, creates a superiority and an inferiority, and thus destroys equality. If all men are born equal, and are to remain equal, none must do anything; for action determines rank, creates a hierarchy, is an aristocratic activity.

But to call "aristocracy" government by the few, or government by "the best" (my correspondent, by this definition, lays himself open to the retort that democracy must therefore be government by the worst) is to deal perhaps, too abstractly with the question. There is one principle, but its applications are many in a complicated society; and it is better to translate the principle into terms more easily understood. I turn to M. Faguet again because I cannot find a more fitting description than his. "Everything in a nation that is not purely individual is an aristocratic element. The aristocratic element in a nation is all that part which has enough of vitality and of cohesive force and of sense of responsibility to form a group, an association; an assemblage of parts, an organism, to become a living thing, that is to say, a collective person." It is clear, then, that a nation may contain more than one aristocracy; and indeed the conflicts within the body politic are due entirely to the attempts of the various aristocracies to monopolise the power of the State.

Aristocratic elements become by combination aristocratic powers, and tend towards despotism; the number and diversity of aristocratic powers in the State are the only real guarantees of liberty. The Church would tyrannise if the Nonconformists were not "a collective person," and both can, and occasionally do, tyrannise over the atheists, who have not become a collective person. The Law, Medicine, Finance, Commerce, Education, each would, if it could, tyrannise the nation into uniformity; while the Trade Unions would have us all wage-earners if they could triumph in the State at the expense of the other aristocracies. Democracy, as a principle, leads directly to despotism, because it abolishes the conflicting aristocracies which are the only guarantees against despotism; as a fact, it is only a means by which another aristocracy (and that not the most admirable, the professional politicians) tries to rise to power.

Now, to "advance the business." I have suggested an aristocracy of the Guilds, and I may, at some time, work out a scheme in some detail. I need hardly say that it will not be based on the principle of "government from below," as Mr. Cole's scheme is. It is obvious that a Guild is, or will be, an aristocratic body; but, being a National Guild, it will necessarily contain within itself more than one aristocracy. The difference between a shunter and a general manager of a railway, for example, is so great that any identification of the two as men, the essence of whose life is choice, is valueless. It is certain that the opinion of a shunter concerning the qualities or merits of a general manager is simply not worth having; and my correspondent, by limiting himself to the one principle of election for the determination of the hierarchy of the Guild, has fallen into the snare of simplicity. The hereditary transmission of qualities is a fact of which aristocracies have always availed themselves; craftsmanship itself runs in families, and the qualities that make a good manager are no less capable of transmission from father to son. But heredity is not a principle on which to rely completely, for atavism and decadence also occur; besides, men are sometimes born out of their class, and the test of good government is the getting of the right men into the right places. So I propose the election of a certain number of the officials of the Guild from the ranks of the manual or clerical workers. But the hierarchy of officials must itself have some power of determining its membership, so I propose that it have the power to co-opt a certain number; and the State, having as much interest in the welfare of the Guild as anyone, will retain the power of appointing certain officials in its own interests, or, at least, of confirming them in their appointments.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

TO OWEN SEAMAN, EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

Because you boast of those now perished things—
(Aided by you and such as you to die)
"Fair play" "our sporting code"—the lack of stings
In "Punch's" wit that wouldn't hurt a fly—
Because you serve up snobbery in phrases
Not quite devoid of grammar or of sense—
And hound the style of Calverley to blazes
And advertise your sweet, sane innocence. . . .

Because in dull jog-trot collegiate rhymes
You crown the idiot pun with donnish bays,
And smear the tragic wounds that fill these times
With quips from dull Victorian yesterdays—
That period of your prime;—because no blushes
You boast you raise on virgin brows refined,
Yet raise at blood-mad hunts and country crushes
The long, loud laugh that marks the vacant mind . . .

Because you'd play the Tory and "the man,"
Yet take your cue from Harmsworth and the street,
Because you mix, you polished hooligan,
The gloss of Oxford with the mire of Fleet,
Because you pelt with rancid rage the Kaiser,
And dish up clots of "murdered infant's" blood—
Because you bury Truth as gold a miser—
And yet are spendthrift with your "splash" of mud . . .

Because you spur suburban ignorance,
With wooden falchion and a leaden goad,
Because you deem this war a glorious chance
To turn your hunchback to a gibbering toad—
Because you smoke with yellow patriotism,
Like some fat, brilliant-banded Yank cigar—
Because you add fresh shame to journalism,
Fresh blots to humour by your code of war— . . .

I shall not rest content with this lampooning,
But leave the lash to hands more vigorous—
Malignant clown in uniform dragooning
Reason's fair realms with lath ridiculous!—
I'll leave your rheumy rhymes and crass cartooning
To our great foeman—"Simplicissimus."

ATTILA.

SNATCHES OF VITA.

(With apologies to "Nash's Magazine.")

BY CHRISTOPHER GAY.

Author of "The Twisted Tin Whistle," "Tapioca George," "Pudding and Pie," "The Flying Tar Bucket," etc.

In this universe of suffering, where the grey gargoyles of terror drop their underlip, and the sucking doves of bliss coo their faint anthems to the moon, in this place lived Horace Antrobus.

He wore silk socks. He was a clean, well set-up young Englishman, who feared God and liked his pipe of tobacco. In fact, he was just like the hero you read about in novels. In a word, or two, or more, he was a typical, topical, dare-devil slasher. As it would be useless to try and add to my description of this young man, I must hasten with my account of his great soul trial, and bring to a rapid finish the sketch of a problem which has vexed nations, as well as individuals, from the time of Antony and Cleopatra to that of the latter day Fabians and brethren of the Plymouth Rock.

My hero had reached the critical age. Let no man snigger at this statement. He had arrived at that "touch-and-go" period when the world was well lost for a kiss, a black eye, or a glass of beer. And, do not forget it, we have all been gay dogs in our time. You, Alfred, over there, you could tell many a tale to make a nigger blush. When you were seeking the flesh-pots of Egypt your friend *did* unscrew his wooden leg, as he didn't like the look of the place. Those creaking stairs were nothing to a draughty conscience.

And now I return to Horace. On a raw November night he sallied forth from his palatial chambers (two rooms and laundry, ninepence), determined to see life in its nudity. A beggar in the street was playing a melodeon. In this manner he was telling the world that he was penniless. O these beggars—I get sick of them! If they had been careful, if they had attended to their duties, if they had never drunk, smoked and played fast and loose, they might have enjoyed a ripe old age as sidesmen at places where they sing.

With quick, silent feet, Horace reached the portal of his club, "The Golden Sparrow," and made his way to a favourite chair. He blinked rather noisily over his cups until eleven, when a swimming sensation in the head warned him that something mysterious was about to happen.

She approached him with the sinuous movement of a boa-constrictor, and, fastening her beautiful eyes on him, which were like liquid snowballs, she said, in a high-pitched, scratchy voice, "Hello, old man, 'ow are you?" Horace knew that he was about to be flung in the crucible of Fate. In a thirsty voice, he replied, "Orl right, old girl, 'ow are you?" In this fashion they chatted over their glasses until closing time, and the finger of Fate that brought them together found them on the doorstep at the time when churchyards yawn and the pressure of the gas on the main is relaxed. At this hour, I say, they found themselves on the doorstep with swimming heads and unsteady feet.

Hailing a taxicab, he asked her where she lived, and together they drove off. You will observe that the interest in the story quickens. That shows the master hand which with deft strokes paints round this picture until the climax when the moral is transferred.

They billed and cooed for some time. "Thora," he said, "let me take you away from this Elephant and Chateau of a life. At five o'clock to-morrow I will come and fetch you away from this den of iniquity." As he uttered these words his chest expanded (no, I refrain from telling you whose system made it do this), and the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as conspicuously as those little round silver balls used to decorate wedding cakes.

Picking up his hat, he kissed her snow-white brow, left the room, closing the door quietly, and staggered out into the darkness. The next day appeared, and five o'clock came along, but Horace did not turn up, neither did Thora. From evidence to hand, he broke his shoelace en route, and she couldn't find her powder-puff, and two souls were divided forever.

Now, reader, he was earning good money, but not much of it; she was earning less as a dressmaker, and I ask you, was she to blame, or do you think the lace was responsible for this tragedy? It is a question that we must all ask ourselves, particularly those who desire to marry their grandmothers and are forbidden.

THE BACKLANDS.

From clammy close and slippery court,
Where wind drones harsh as a hollow gong,
Branch the warrens, crazed and slanted
Of blistering walls when the night is short
Of the foggy damp when the murk is long
By the black blear river, the disenchanted.

Days of the drip from warping rafter,
The frost-screened pane and the yawning grate,
Of backland nightmares, hunger-haunted,
Where skeleton cranes creak mocking laughter,
And riveters rattle the blows of fate,
By the turgid river, the disenchanted.

Struggle and agony to live,
Furrow already sorrow-sown,
Where lighted steamers passed and flaunted,
What had you from your depths to give
To a throbbing drum and a bugle blown
By the sombre river, the disenchanted?

For all that the wheels or mine returned
And left unmangled, pleads the trench,
From women careless or terror-haunted
From the lights, the yellow foam prow-churned,
The backlands stupor, the backlands stench,
By the mute grey river, the disenchanted!

J. G. S.

PREFACE TO THE REGISTER OF THE WOUNDED.

A primrose blows on the hill.
Oh Love is changed into misery!
Men hack and welter on battlefields
With souls that shrivel in agony,
Their souls are slain. And the husks we save
We range them neatly in hospitals.
Oh Love is changed into misery!
A primrose blows on the hill.

Servia. HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE POSITION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir,—Readers of THE NEW AGE may remember that in the issue of this paper, dated January 28, 1915, there appeared, under the signature of the present writer, an article, entitled "The Parliament of the Dead," dealing with the question of the legality of the present proceedings of the House of Commons.

The correspondence printed below will show that the subject has been carried a little further, and the question that arises upon these letters is whether or not legal proceedings should be instituted to obtain a declaration upon the status of the House of Commons.

The first letter is from the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P. :—

"Campsea Ashe High House,
"Wickham Market.

"Dear Sir,—I have read your article in THE NEW AGE. The point with which you do not grapple, which is also the kernel of the whole matter, is that the position of a Member of Parliament is not, however high the emoluments may be, 'an office of profit under the Crown.'

"The Crown has nothing whatever to do or say to the matter. Yours faithfully,
"JAMES W. LOWTHER."

REPLY.

"35, South Eaton Place, S.W.,
"January 30, 1915.

"Dear Sir,—I am obliged for your letter of the 29th inst., but it seems to me that your statement that 'the Crown has nothing to do with the matter' begs the whole question raised by my article. There is no definition of 'an office of profit under the Crown' in the Statute of Anne; and there is no judicial interpretation of the term, as I have pointed out in my article. Therefore, the matter is at large, the Statute of Anne being unrepealed at the time of the resolution of the House of Commons authorising payment of members. It is plain that a member of the House of Commons cannot be classed as a Civil servant. It seems to me that the revenues cannot be paid to persons other than those holding 'offices of profit,' or those who are denominated Civil servants, and one or two exceptional employments to which membership of the House of Commons can have no relationship.

"Moreover, though it would have been *unconstitutional* for the King to have vetoed the Appropriation Act, 1911, in so far as it related to the provision of money for the payment of members, the King would have been *legally* entitled to do so. The King cannot legally impose taxes without the permission of the Commons, but he is not *legally* bound to sanction all the taxes or expenditure that the House of Commons may vote; at least, that is my view of the peculiar mixture of law and constitutional practice under which this country is governed.

"Yours faithfully, C. H. NORMAN."

The Speaker wrote again to this effect :—

"Campsea Ashe High House,
"Wickham Market,
"February 1, 1915.

"Dear Sir,—It may be true that there is no legal definition of what is an 'office of profit under the Crown,' but I cannot conceive that under any circumstances the position of a member of Parliament, to which a man is elected by a constituency, could be held to be one to which he is appointed by the Crown. A member of Parliament is quite independent of the Crown's choice.—Yours faithfully, "JAMES W. LOWTHER."

REPLY.

"35, South Eaton Place, S.W.,
"February 5, 1915.

"Dear Sir,—In a sense, no doubt, a member of Parliament is 'quite independent of the Crown's choice,' as he is selected by his constituency. On the other hand, his emoluments are derived from the sums voted to the Crown for the use of the latter. I know nothing that would prevent the King, if so minded, declining to sanction any appropriation of the funds voted for the purpose of paying a member of Parliament's salary. Of course, the King could not put the money to other uses; but he certainly could decline, in my judgment, to sanction expenditure for the purpose of remunerating members of Parliament. In that important particular a paid member of Parliament would certainly seem to come within the disability of the Statute of Anne.

"I am not aware that there is any legal or constitutional ground for thinking that the test of what constitutes 'an office or place of profit under the Crown' is that the office-bearer or placeman should be subject to the choice of the Crown.—Yours faithfully, "C. H. NORMAN."

The matter rested there until February 12, when these further letters were exchanged :

"35, South Eaton Place, S.W.,
"February 12, 1915.

"Dear Sir,—I have now found the exact words in Sir Erskine May's book which I paraphrased in my previous letter : 'The Crown, acting with the advice of its responsible Ministers, being the Executive Power, is charged with the management of all the revenues of the country, and with all payments for the public service. . . . The Commons do not vote money unless it be required by the Crown.'

"The matters the subject of this correspondence are of such momentous consequence that, considering the proceedings of the House of Commons at the present moment in sacrificing the lives of Englishmen and the assets of Britain in a useless war on behalf of Russia and France, as Mr. Bonar Law stated in his frank letter of August 2, I have practically decided to invoke the Courts upon this question.

"Under these circumstances I should be glad to know if you would accept, as Speaker of the House of Commons, service of a writ claiming a declaration that the proceedings of the House of Commons are and have been illegal, in consequence of the resolution of 1911 authorising payment of members, since 1911. This course would obviate the necessity of serving writs upon each member of Parliament.

"In order to avoid personal service, I should be obliged to have the name of the solicitor who would accept service on your behalf. I assume it would be the Treasury Solicitor.—Yours faithfully, "C. H. NORMAN."

REPLY.

"The House of Commons,
"February 15, 1915.

"Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 12th inst., I am desired by the Speaker to say that he has given it due consideration and that he must leave you to take such action as you may think fit.—I remain, your obedient servant, "F. C. BRAMWELL."

That is the existing position of affairs. The present writer would be glad to have the views of those readers of THE NEW AGE who are interested upon whether it would be advisable to launch into these proceedings, and whether he could rely upon any assistance from them towards the heavy expenses which would be involved even in the personal conduct of such a case. It would be necessary to carry it, in all probability, right through the Courts to the House of Lords, as the points raised are of the most far-reaching importance, not only upon the legality of the present House, but upon the relationship of the King to the House of Commons.

C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

FREE TRADE.

Sir,—After reading your "Notes of the Week" one is entitled to believe that you are, at last, nearly convinced that the Free Trade policy, on which this Government came into power, is, after all, a policy which promotes the profits of the financiers and not the welfare of the workers of the nation. So lately as December 31 last you sneered at the answer given by Sir G. Pragnell to the question—"whether there would be any protection of the British trades against German and Austrian imports after the War?" You have been forced to advance a fairly long way during these last seven weeks, and seem now to be within measurable distance of causing that joy among the Angels of God which they are said to evince over "one sinner that repenteth."

In the "Notes" of December 31, page 210, you point out the close relationship existing in Germany between the banks and the large business firms, and the generous support given by the large advances of capital made by the former to the latter (because the protection of the industry gives security), yet, again, you adopt a doctrinaire attitude towards these conclusive facts by adding :—"This is a financial method of bolstering up business houses which is not to be commended in the abstract." Johnson gives this illustration of the meaning of this word :—

"Abstract terms signify the mode, or quality, of a being without any regard to the subject in which it is." This certainly defines your use of the term, since you proceed to write :—" But thanks to it (the German method) German exports have risen from a negligible amount to £450,000,000 sterling (p.a.) in less than half a century." Since this means certain employment for millions of workers, and,

consequently, a prosperous and contented nation, most of us would accept the result as good enough; even though you cannot, from your Olympian armchair, commend it "in the abstract." This is not the only aspect of our Government's Free Trade policy on which the stress of the war conditions has caused you some belated perturbation: a year or two ago, speaking as Prime Minister from the Treasury Bench, Mr. Asquith boasted that the enormous export of British capital to foreign countries (where industry is protected) is a splendid proof of our national prosperity. You made, then, as I remember, no protest; but now that it at last dawns on you that £1,500,000,000 of this same exported capital enables the Yankees to rig the price of wheat against us, you write confidently of the "exploitation of the English proletariat both as consumer and producer."

Since the exemplary rise of German exports, previously stated, was made in spite of the supposed loss of national efficiency due to the time spent in national military preparation for the defence of their country, it seems likely that you may in time come to admit that there was more wisdom in the pleas put forward by Lord Roberts and by Mr. Chamberlain than is in your "abstract" opposition to them.

HOWARD INCE.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Sir,—If I did not recognise to whom the initials, "S. G. H.," belonged, I should conclude that they were the sign-manual of an ostrich endowed with a knowledge of the English language. Let us take his three arguments in order.

(i) If "S. G. H." had been a German Social Democrat he would have supported the war because of the fear of Tsarism, "a fear which many of us share." Tsarism, like militarism, is a very loose expression, and it has little meaning. The hand of the German bureaucracy, since German bureaucracy is highly efficient, is much more powerful than the hand of the Russian bureaucracy, which is an apathetic, easy-going abstraction. Assuming, however, that there was some danger in Tsarism, how have the alleged German fears of it been justified? Even my critic, six thousand miles from the scene of action, as he admits himself to be, must surely have realised that it would have been impossible to carry "Tsarism" westwards, even if the Russians had wished to do so. The war has now lasted for seven months, and the forces of "Tsarism" have had to deal only with half the German army—with less than half. What has been their rate of progress? They have kept Russia proper from being invaded; that is all. That is the "evil spirit" which Britain has called up from "the vasty east." We are not likely to lose any sleep o'nights over it.

But, my critic may perhaps argue, although there was no real danger in "Tsarism," the Germans may have thought so; or, at any rate, the German governing classes, who obviously knew their business, may have induced the German Liberal and Socialist parties to think so. This argument, if it be offered, cannot be admitted. The Germans—I refer to the governing classes—have always treated the Russian army with contempt. They have done so not merely privately but also publicly, through the medium of their official and semi-official newspapers. It became obvious in August last that the Russians were not prepared for war, that they had not sufficient guns, uniforms, ammunition, boots, transport wagons, and supplies of all kinds. They had, above all, no railway system in the neighbourhood of the German and Austrian frontiers. These facts were perfectly well known to every Intelligence Department in Europe.

(ii) My critic suggests that the German Social Democrats exacted certain promises from their Government before they voted supplies. There are, indeed, rumours that an undefined "Liberal" Constitution was granted, win or lose. Even if we admit that this may be true, what does it matter? If Germany should win, depend upon it that the governing classes, with their added prestige and economic and political power, will be able to do as they please. If Germany should lose, a new Constitution will be but a trifling item in their degradation, and one which the financial classes will be able to utilise exactly as the financial classes in the United States have utilised the American Constitution.

(iii) "S. G. H." says: "It is altogether premature to assume that the war has broken the German Social Democrats. On the contrary, we may find that it has strengthened them." This, I think, is a convenient place for me to point out once more what I have already been at the trouble of pointing out half-a-dozen times in the columns of THE NEW AGE, namely, that the German Social Democrats are not Socialists, as my critic uses the word; and that a Constitution which might satisfy one section of the party might very well not satisfy another. Even the Social Democrats divide themselves into at least three parties or groups—I think it would be quite possible to divide them into five. There is the Revisionist wing led by Herr Bernstein. There is the Radical or Extremist wing under Dr. Liebknecht, and the rather fanatical lady of whom "S. G. H." has so high an opinion, Rosa Luxemburg. There is a sort of middle party.

The strength of these various groups is of great importance. Of the four and a half million votes cast for the Social Democrats at the last election, it is estimated that, at most, six or seven hundred thousand were cast for the out-and-out "Socialists," i.e., for the Extremists. Let it be noted that these men are not Socialists in the sense in which my critic appears to use the word. They are not Guild-Socialists, and they take not the slightest interest in the Guild propaganda of THE NEW AGE. They are Socialists in the Webbian sense, i.e., they are Communists pure and simple; and they have no ideas beyond the ordinary crude ideas of nationalisation. It is this group, the smallest and by far the least influential in the Social Democratic party, which, while reluctantly voting the war-credits, have now shown a mild and hesitating opposition to the war. Let us give them every advantage, and say that the mildness of their opposition is due to the Censorship.

I defy my critic, however, consistently with his own argument, to explain the attitude of the remainder of the party. The Social Democratic party, apart from the small group I have mentioned, desires little further in the way of political change than a Constitution making the Ministers responsible to the Reichstag and not, as at present, to the Kaiser alone. Their other demands are as nothing in comparison with this one; and yet what a trifling demand it seems to us, or to France, or to nearly every other nation in Europe! The moderate elements in the party, who are overwhelmingly in the majority, contain among them the best and most influential minds of the Social Democrats. It would, indeed, clarify German politics for the non-observant—among whom I include "S. G. H."—if the war ended in a definite split in the Social Democrats, the small group clearly describing themselves as Communists, and the larger groups describing themselves as what they actually are, viz., Moderate Liberals and Radicals.

It is right enough to imply that after the war the Social Democrats as a body, no matter what they may call themselves, will throw all their influence in favour of keeping the peace. But so will every party. Enough lives have been sacrificed, enough destruction has been caused, enough money has been lost, to make every political party in every belligerent country wish to keep the peace for the next century at least. The Social Democrats, in any case, will have little say in the matter. It is quite false to assume, as "S. G. H." states, that "Socialism," by bringing pressure to bear on the various Governments concerned, stopped war over the Morocco crisis in 1911. The German governing classes, in 1911, decided for peace, just as they decided for war in 1914. As I pointed out at the time, Germany could not have succeeded in 1911, for the French army was at the height of its modern excellence. Since that date I remarked on various occasions how the French army had fallen off slightly, and my criticisms were based on good information. The German Government had that information also, and the result was war when the French army was not prepared for it. I repeat, the Socialists of Germany, France, England, and as many other countries as you like to name, had no more to do with keeping the peace in 1911 than they had to do with forcing the war in 1914. Was it not a bunch of English "Socialists" who, in 1911, received private information from our own Cabinet regarding the possibility of European war, and stopped a railway strike in consequence? Not stopped the war, you notice, but the railway strike that threatened to interfere with it!

May I conclude, Sir, by saying that my critic rather gives his own case away by a childish exhibition of ill-temper at the beginning of his letter? To suggest that I pick my information out of the dustbin, after an "amorous caress," etc., hardly suggests the calm attitude of a Socialist, Fabian or otherwise, writing from the other end of the world. The truth is, it seems to me, that "S. G. H." is angry simply because everything I have said about Germany and the German Socialists during the last few years has turned out to be strictly true, and every expectation of his own has remained unfulfilled.

That is at least an explanation of his irritation, though certainly not an excuse for it. Well! Off goes another head.

S. VERDAD.

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ROUMANIA'S DEBTS.

Sir,—May I be allowed to call attention to an economic slip of my pen in your issue of last week. I wrote of the balance of trade against Roumania being made up by the interest on German loans to Roumania. In this case it is, of course, Germany which is the creditor country, and the interest is paid, as usual, in commodities. I transposed the position of Roumania and Germany; but I hope my severer critics will not accuse me of having lost my balance merely because I read a proof too hurriedly.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

SPAIN AND THE WAR.

Sir,—The main key to the Spanish attitude to the war and the Powers that fight it is to be found in the fact that the Spanish people, more than any other in Europe, take sides with their hearts and not with their heads.

The facility with which public opinion splits in two is perhaps the most striking feature of Spanish psychology. It is the way in which the national sensibility most naturally expresses itself. For, if to the Briton the fellow-countryman is the man who believes in individual liberty and fair play; if to the German the man who exalts the Fatherland, at the expense of the individual; if to the Frenchman the fellow-countryman is the man who thinks reasonably and speaks clearly, to the Spaniard he is the man who throws on all things the colour of his own personality. If fairness be the English criterion, reason the French, utility the German, passion—if passion may be said to be a criterion—is the Spanish. The Spaniard makes up not his mind but his heart.

This may help to explain why the Spanish Church and all the part of Spain which lives under its immense shadow feels in close sympathy with Germany. It is not a little surprising to find a spiritual body advocating force, and even expressly approving of Louvain, Malines and Rheims. But it must be remembered, that, in the first place, for the Spanish Church France is the traditional enemy, less because of her lack of religion than because she is the land of clear thinking. *Il pense, donc il est l'ennemi.* And, in the second place, the Church in Spain is not a spiritual body. Its voice has never been heard in a moment of national distress. Its activity limits itself to the very businesslike sale of the treasures of the old Churches. Its indifference to social questions, its subservience not only to the nonentities of the old aristocracy, but to the parvenus who have usurped its lustre without renewing its youth, are proverbial. It is an immense commercial concern bent on a stiff opposition to all progress in public education, and its lack of moral sense may be seen in the fact that numerous so-called religious associations collect funds for their purposes from bull fights.

The Spanish army is pro-German. This, too, is a matter of feeling. Great as is its admiration for the technical abilities of Germany, its aversion from France, the land of Hervé is greater. The Spanish army—and by that we mean the corps of officers—is not yet aware of its true rôle in the State. It still considers itself not the arm but the soul of the nation, and entitled, therefore, to say the last word. The practical (though not legal) impossibility of putting a civilian at the head of the War Office, shows typically the psychology of our officers. It is very difficult, therefore, to bring home to them the French point of view—the subordination of the army to the civil powers. In the eyes of our officers, France is a degenerate nation.

Over against these two powerful forces working in favour of Germany, the people, the intellectuals and the king are the main assets in Spain of the Western Powers. The people feel that the wind of liberty blows from the West, the intellectuals know that it does, the king——. But our object is not to explain the opinion in favour of the Allies—the most powerful, since it has carried Spain almost beyond the line of strict neutrality—but to give some reason for the existence of a strong feeling against France and England.

To begin with, Spain is the poor relation; and although Spaniards need not blush to own it, since their poverty is mainly due to their lack of balance between spiritual and material activities, still they have the ill-feeling of the poor relation towards the more successful relatives. Selfishness is the reproach which Spain throws in the face of France and England—a reproach, which, when addressed to the successful, will never be quite wrong. Like copper to gold, a certain amount of selfishness is necessary to the best of our activities. The Spaniards complain that all through history there was always too much copper in the English and French gold.

And, if from the records of past deeds, from Drake and Raleigh, Gibraltar, Napoleon, Joseph Bonaparte, and the British aid to the South American rebels, the Spaniard turns his eyes to modern history, the British sympathy for North America in a disastrous war and the French covetousness and pettiness in the Moroccan question will not help him to forget the old blows.

But to come to less sentimental grounds. Undoubtedly, the popularity of the great European nations depends to a great extent upon science and commerce. Germany is still the Mecca for our intellectuals; and it is to the credit of our best minds of the new generation that, although nourished with the spiritual milk of Germany they have been able to put aside their filial affection for the Fatherland of their spirit and keep faithful to the classic inspiration of their innate self—the best after all. As for commerce, the subject would require more space and time to do it justice. Suffice it to state briefly that, in the writer's experience, England cannot be said to represent on the Spanish market any superiority whatever either in quality, commercial facilities, or reliability.

These are some of the motives which maintain in Spain a minority, but a strong minority, inimical to the Allied, rather than friendly to the Germanic Powers. In spite of it the Spanish nation hopes for the triumph of the former. The war is anxiously followed by the best of Spain, the new generation, whose hands are unpolluted by dirty politics, and whose hearts are free of scepticism, and the working class which does not like uniforms. There is a deep affinity between the Spanish and the English soul. Don Ramiro de Maeztu, a Spaniard who lives in England like a fish in water, might say that the Spaniard is a gentleman half-way through his education. There will always be peoples who prefer the "culture of things," others the "culture of men." To this last group will Spain undoubtedly belong when Spain has found her real self. Perhaps this war will offer her a short cut to her own ideal.

S. DE M.

Madrid.

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DEMOCRACY AND COMMAND.

Sir,—What is Democracy? According to "Romney" it is an incapable officer, "of the class called gentlemen," giving a job that he can't do himself to sixteen less capable plebeians, called "sucking supermen."

According to Mr. Harold B. Harrison it is a "mob of kings"; kings being, as far as one can gather, possessors of gnarled and knotty fists, with pig-headedness to match.

"Romney's" "sucking supermen" encounter Mr. Harrison's democracy, a mob of kings, that is to say, twelve to fifteen men who can punch as hard as themselves. So "all of them look badgered; most of them distinctly frightened."

"Romney's" weaned superman accordingly falls back on aristocracy.

What is Aristocracy? According to "Romney" it is giving "somebody" instructions to shake up the names in a hat.

According to Mr. Harrison, it appears to be having a big punch and the will to punch, or, stated philosophically, having "sufficient 'ego' in your 'cosmos.'"

Heine tells a story of himself which is à propos. "How impetuous I was once, when a charming little count, my best friend, sought to demonstrate to me the superiority of noble blood. While we were disputing, his domestic committed some slight fault, and the high-born gentleman struck the low-born knave in the face, so that the non-noble blood broke forth. Moreover, he kicked him down the terrace steps. I was then ten years younger than I am now, and I immediately threw the noble count over the terrace—he was my best friend—and he broke his leg."

"God forbid," cries "Romney," "that I or any other man should rescue the German peasant from the dominion of the Junker to place him under that of the Hamburg Jew." Now, Heine was a Hamburg Jew.

SCHIFFSBAUER.

* * *

DEMOCRACY AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole's recent articles on the structure and government of the Guilds were useful as suggesting broadly how present-day Trade Union methods might be applied in the future Guilds. Probably this

was the writer's intention rather than any definitely detailed working out of a Guild constitution. The democracy with which the Trade Unionists manage their affairs should be carried into their control of production.

Of course, the problem here, as in all forms of government, is that of the relationship between officers and the ranks. Two aspects may be distinguished, the election of the officers and the extent of their powers. From "A. E. R.'s" criticism of Mr. Cole's views it is difficult to gather exactly what he believes on these two issues. Does he agree that Guild officers should be elected by the members as Trade Union officers are elected by the unionists? Or, again, does he hold that their spheres should be fixed under the Guild constitution? If he does not, it is rather futile to go into decimals when criticising Mr. Cole's ideas.

Whatever "A. E. R." may think on the matter, there can be little doubt that the Guilds will have no attraction for the organised workers of this country unless associated with the democratic government which has been worked out in the Trade Unions.

THE NEW AGE has often twitted the English workers with their reluctance to theorise, but the converse danger of theorising too much in advance of practice is no less real. Hair-splitting about the details of Guild organisation, while so few Trade Unionists have ever heard anything about the general theory, seems a deplorable waste of energy. Surely the power making for Guilds is not so great that it can be spent so freely on these theoretical preliminaries. Let us catch our workers first. I would suggest that, if the Guild idea is to be something more than a mere debating society measure, our somewhat limited energies should be given to popularising the view that the workers, who now control their Labour Unions, should aim to control their labour. Once this desire spreads, theory and practice may be trusted to go hand in hand. When the movement has gained weight it may be time to quarrel about the limits of this or that official's duty. Well, what shall the small group of Guildsmen do—settle the future of the workers down to the last minute, or go to them with a living idea and leave details to be hammered out at the proper time?

T. W. PATEMAN.

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Sir,—Mr. Cole really ought not to waste his time trying to crush me with his retorts; I have been crushed so often by your readers that there is no more glory to be won in that way. But it is a fact that Mr. Cole wrote a series of articles in which he drew up a constitution for a Guild: I did not write that series; but after reading it, with the expressed intentions of Mr. Cole in my mind, I pointed out the obvious fact that if it were interpreted in Mr. Cole's way, it would not work. Balance, counterpoise, equipoise, and the rest, are static terms; which can be expressed on paper but not realised in activity. So, when Mr. Cole reminded me that, in the case of Louis Napoleon, "naturally, the one man prevailed over the many," I read the constitution the same way, and showed Mr. Cole that his constitution, if it did work, would produce a result contrary to that intended by him. My contention is that I can have the argument as many ways as I like, because Mr. Cole is wrong altogether; he has forgotten human nature, and, even, the function of the Guilds. "Constitutions can be built, even constitutions à la G. D. H. Cole, but the frightful difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them." He has ignored the salariat, and the fact that power only exists where it is exercised. Either the managers will manage, or they will not manage; if they manage, the counterpoises will not be effective; if the counterpoises are effective, the managers will not manage. Either the Works Committee or the manager are the alternatives; if the Works Committee is the sovereign body, it will appoint the managers; if the managers are elected, the Works Committee will not be the sovereign body. The inconsistency is not mine, but Mr. Cole's; and the Jekyll and Hyde comparison is truer of him than of me.

The like inconsistency is manifest in Mr. Cole's description of the President of the Guild. If the president is to be merely chairman of the Executive Committee, the Executive Committee is the body best fitted to elect him. But Mr. Cole must have him elected by universal ballot of the Guild, and thus give him an authority based on a wider suffrage than that of any member of the Executive. It is idle for Mr. Cole to pretend that his President will be only chairman of the body possessing executive power; for, as he has said himself, "naturally, in such a case, the one man prevailed over the many." Mr. Cole must know, as well as I know, that Louis Napoleon obtained his power by a coup d'état; and a man who was fit to be President of a Guild would make short work of an "ultimate governing body" that attempted to dictate to him. The President of the Guild can practically dominate the Executive, and the Executive, being the body that exercises power, will be no more dominated by the Delegate meeting than the Cabinet is dominated by the House of Commons. If Mr. Cole has his way, the President of the Guild will be a nonentity; but I contend that the President of the Guild will not be a nonentity, and, therefore, that Mr. Cole's "sovereign bodies" will not be sovereign.

But, of course, I am ignorant of Trade Union practice. I thank God for that, and I intend to remain ignorant. There are certain forms of political corruption that I cannot contemplate with equanimity, and most of them are manifest in the Trade Unions. Indeed, it was the discontent of the rank and file with their officials elected à la "G. D. H. C." that gave Syndicalism a foothold in England, and precipitated the writing of the book on "National Guilds." But a knowledge of Trade Union practice is necessary only to the industrial wirepuller, and I am interested in National Guilds. It is not admitted by me that the Guilds will grow out of Trade Unions as they are at present constituted, for they do not contain the salariat without which the Guilds cannot come into being. I am not speaking merely of clerks, who do not really matter in this connection, but of managers, of the men who do actually exercise authority in industry. Moreover, the functions of the Guilds will be so different from those of the Trade Unions that I contend that no reliable analogy can be made. The activities of the Trade Unions are limited by the wage-system; they are no more than bodies for the amelioration of its rigours; but the Guilds will be productive bodies chartered by the State to perform a national service. They will not be bodies for the provision of "freedom" for the individual workman, but bodies for the production of actual commodities; and, if Mr. Cole and I can only agree upon this, we may be able to drop personalities and the niggling criticism of details, and thrash out the question of the principles involved. What is quite certain is this, that Mr. Cole, no more than any other man, cannot have a clear space on which to erect his Guild, cannot begin afresh; but must adapt existing tendencies of the society in which we live to the attainment of a common object. Those tendencies at present do not seem favourable to Trade Unionism.

Mr. Brown's "greatest issue in the world" has shrunk to a mere retort. Aristocracy doesn't work, he says; although the fact is that what everybody calls democracy is exactly aristocracy. Wherever you have institutions, there you have aristocracy; for, as I have said before, democracy has no institutions, being government by all the people in person. Representative government is wrongly called democracy; Sir Henry Maine, with more precision, called it the antidote to the poison of democracy. But an aristocracy of election alone presents so many defects that it cannot commend itself to anyone who believes in the necessity of government, and appreciates the difficulties of democratic government; and the recent history of parliamentary government shows us that elective aristocracy, of the type known to us, is too unstable for practical use. But for the party machine, it would be possible for the electorate to change the personnel of its governing body every five years; and in this case, we should have a legislature that would not feel itself responsible for the welfare of the country. But by the party system, by controlling the nomination of candidates (I say nothing of their election) it is made possible to establish some permanence in the personnel of the governing body, and it is possible to say that, as a rule, once an M.P. always an M.P., with, in some cases, an hereditary succession. But this is such a sly method of establishing an aristocracy that it does not produce the best results, because it does not attract the best type of man. Neither in manners nor in principles does an elected aristocracy bear comparison with a privileged body entirely or mainly hereditary; there is no more truly democratic body than the House of Lords, which has no rules of procedure; there is no more corruptly aristocratic body than the House of Commons, where the private member has ceased to exist. Aristocracy, even corrupt aristocracy, works; and our practical problem is how to get the best type of aristocracy exercising power. I submit that we are not likely to do that while we credit democracy with the virtues that really pertain to aristocracy, and laud it with the lies that brought monarchy to ruin.

A. E. R.

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