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 willing 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, the association of a State with the caste of profiteers, is said to be superior, merely results in civil commotion while her militarism ensures for her a united 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-

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 resignation we can measure the degree of disaffection if not impossible, at least silent. There was the wave of 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? 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.

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 minutiae. Three main grounds, as everybody may know, exist as causes of dissatisfaction and economic status while 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.

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.

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 goosed themselves 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 motivated 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 assist its particular clients, the profiteering classes. In Germany, as the world has seen, short shift 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 selfsame 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!

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

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 no more enough for 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.

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 forgotten that every effort should be made to get the pledges binding on all the employers, and that the leaders of the Unions should be excoriated for their lack of firmness.


**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. F.’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. HASSE.

“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 life 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.

* * *

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 the Trentino. The present 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 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, 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 had an overwhelming 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.

* * *

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 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.

* * *

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 145—perhaps even less by the time this article is published. 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 believe—in some cases rather rashly—that the Russian wheat was responsible for 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.

* * *

It is not known to me, unfortunately, whether the speculators 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 105,000,000 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. From the United States we received just over 24,000,000 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 bread-stuffs? 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 wheatful flour. We imported 12,000,000 cwts. of wheatful 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.

* * *

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—evidently her sympathy was responsible for it. 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.

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, cumbersome, 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 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 go, 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 ignorantly instilled 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 arriviste who has pushed his way to the top who can be provided in any and every unenterprising lout. Rousseau plainly realised this thing. His democratic citizen 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 go, 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 ignorantly instilled 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 arriviste who accepts the job. The democrat is pretty sure to be the arriviste who has pushed his way to the top.

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.

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 inconvenience 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.

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 would be provided for, it would be possible to 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 prejudices of the "Morning Post" which will have killed it.

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 that the Germans should feel 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. It has actually been suggested that the whole business is a trick to mislead us—quite what military end is subserved by the 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 the Hun's 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 commander all fear and to proclaim the 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 share-holders ask for an analysis 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 the Allies, and practically speaking the 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.

I have been interested in the homilies aroused by my remark that modern people are apt to pride themselves, God knows why, upon nothing in particular, and in which 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 imbibe, 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 practically speaking the enemy has been allowed to violate German soil. But against hunger neither we nor anybody else can fight.

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Now, as I have said, I started with democratic notions like anybody else, meaning by democratic notions the idea 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 ages 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 aristocratic a practice as anyone.

This country has always rejoiced in a class of people best described as Hindu-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 among Indian officials and civilians, and several of us who did meet 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 savagery. 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 before. 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!
Craic of joy! Curse these priests who groan
When the contingent has not equalled that of the white troops,

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-wadders chasing their hare?

Morgan Tud.
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

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 fellow men, and he believes, it 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 tickles him up is the problem of how to tackle them. All down the years his forbear, 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 social system in which they have wrenched. 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 of wealth been successful in 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, his wealth has been kept at the highest possible level, until he has become more and more powerful, more and more greedy, more and more inhuman in his sentiments and actions. And the modern industrial machine, the fusion 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 the 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 wish them to do so to help the union employers 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 the 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 wish them to do so to help the union employers and do the 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 the benefit side at the expense of the purely fighting side.

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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 nation 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 sub-titles 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: that principle is a statement, a theory, which, 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 be once raised so high that no other social occupation would dare to challenge our primacy. Like the mandarins of Ancient China, who proudly bent shoulders, and our short-sighted eyes—"the signs of our labours in the study—and even the pretty women, who after the 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 so far 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 Berberhdt 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 have in the past or present, 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 otherwise 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 arguing that a war which 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 he puts to the test? Let us reproduce his own words: "Very many will genuinely feel that this is not the time for any concession 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 Red Cross at all, but the "Normanangellism".

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 as very common form of error," he says, "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 dedicates his new series of articles, "La Guerre Sociale," to inflaming the workers in the trenches. And M. Anatole France, making fun of the French military experts who kept on saying "Si vis pacem par bellum," by telling them that what they wanted was "peace on horseback," has now donned the uniform of a "piou-piou" 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 jingoists: "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 do I 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 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 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 through before we waste our time on such discussions. Peace talk is dangerous, for formal mind sees in this only a sign of disharmentment, 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 is encouraged thereby to further action. But there are various ways in which the end may come, and these are worth considering.

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 solution. But this 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 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 we 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 a foreigner is absurd; and those in Germany most averse to militarism would support it as a sacred duty were such a humiliation to be endured.

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 not Jingoes. Their bravery is that of hot hand and cool head. They are the 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 incantation, called in scientific language the method of intransigeance. It is only the petty who cannot give way. We hear a great deal now of teaching Germany her place—in fact, of "learning 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 destruction of the Church in France 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 iconoclast and the slave-drivers we should have nothing now to fear, for we should have earned the safe protection of the great. 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 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.

GRENWODE AND ARRAS.

In somer we jaunte to gay grenwode
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 higit Clarys.
While he rade forth to the wodes for sport
She stayed and caught an arras.
She wrought in red, 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 ware in gryne grenwode.
Than to sit and stitch an arras."'
"O, wo is me that have weddied a wyf
My bothe comforts tembarrass,
For what is a woman in gryne grenwode,
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 aslepewood 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? Have the gentlemen who has lied? 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 consciences. 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 devalued its 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 our contemporaries. The cause 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 the gentlemen. I think it is because riches and the relationships of the trade journals assert, is still furious at the memory of 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 to 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 arnicas on bumps. But, if you ask any thoughtful citizen of the world, he will tell you that our whole social and economic fabric is built upon the insecure foundation of the workingman'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 appereceptions that make a gentleman—aperceptions, 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 tramped 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, 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. "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'llt be hoongy?" 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 dinen as substantial as the furniture. "Have a pint of fizz, lad," "And you?" I asked. "Nay, nay, a flem-fam 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—only requiring a trifling reform here and there. Nothing, you understand, to disturb the current of business; just reform gradually applied, like arnicas on bumps. But, if you ask any thoughtful citizen of the world, he will tell you that our whole social and economic fabric is built upon the insecure foundation of the workingman'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—aperceptions, 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.

Do I regret the past?

Would I live o'er again

The morning hours of life?

Nay, William, not so!
Praise be to God who made me what I am,

Other I would not be.
readers, and writers.

I saw 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 roses whose blush is lost in space.

For to my tune no mortal tangoth—

Prowess I lack to set the giddy pace.

Methought my toil was doomed to end in smoke.

(Translated metaphor? Nay, nay, an unmasked 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—

Yes, 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 severely 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

Purlonged thy words, November was not reached

I think upon the dovecotes

Our clamours blend in one majestic largo

When I beheld the name of Edward Garnett.

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We cry how severely the Danes are treated.

Their lingo has become a perfect mania.

The suburbs babble Russian—"Nitchevó!"

Quacks Eating; 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.

With the celerity of steaming cakes.

With the celerity of steaming cakes.

With the celerity of steaming cakes.
And now purveying lore that never pales,
Sublimed in some compendious enchantment,
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. Juddly 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 consortig with elastic particles.

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

I, sunk in abject ignorance and sloth,
While I supposed these lambs, from night to morn,
They delved in countless tomes of countless Dichter.

Was fixing up the destiny of Schiller
Of errand-boys and cocoa-quaffing snivellers.
To those who rectified our errant attitude.
We did not fancy that Sir Arthur Quiller-
Bah, stow your apish clack concerning culture,
Ye dolts of dons, and give it swift sepulture.
An addle-pated, recreant, foul, profane,
And having scoured Kultur's whole black domain
How blind we were

Though once, on reams of script with pots of ink
And so it doth appear-on Maeterlinck
So totters many a full-blown European.
Each toady quidnunc, famed among the fibbers
Of navvies, jingoes and suburban drivellers,
Now crumble like the porticoes of jerry-

I've often wondered if there can be bounds
But Sothern's bunkum made me bellow
As
NIETZSCHEAN
I

Wni

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 punting 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 disdain.

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

P. Selver.

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

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. Leonard and Mr. Leadbeater arranged the compact 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 endeavours, 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 murders, 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 befiting 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 kopecks—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 Phillpot'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 pour un seul petit mérite" (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 Isacs, 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 in this space? Our North German Lloyd, perhaps? The public hangman? The other old confederate? No, in due course and on condition that they had 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 "grazing sexwards," 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 a nondescript. 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 duck, he had to wake her. No, thank you, said she.

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 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, and in the post-office was spending its third year in the process of being demolished. But all the time there were great doubts whether he would actually come. Tolka is one of the great towns of South Russia; it has 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 bystanders. The chattering 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 not an especial claim upon their attention. But now that these people insist that the vote is only a "symbol," and that the real business of women 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 hardly 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 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 mere facts; but in answering the questions which the child out of its own will power 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 sentimentalist 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 away from this falling off, 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—their own lives and 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, 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 our own 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 who 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 garri-son, 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 mere facts; but in answering the questions which the child out of its own will power 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 sentimentalist who is content to allow his men to work in a dangerous mine.

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 the future, I argue that it will have suffered a deadly blow. An Englishman's home is his castle—but it is the woman who guards the keep.

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The instinct of 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 mere facts; but in answering the questions which the child out of its own will power 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 sentimentalist who is content to allow his men to work in a dangerous mine.

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 away from this falling off, 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—their own lives and 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
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
ture 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 has a right to, but ought to, have a permanent occu-
pation outside her home. Woman's sphere—they tell
us—is the workshop; the child can go to the wall—or to
the "publicly managed crèche." 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, conventionally 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 Femin
ist 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 be a better worker and have more satisfactory
person than the spinster. The real hindrance is not mar-
rriage, 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 re
turn 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 crèche or nursery, resuming charge of the
child in non-working hours." The writer feels con
strained 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 a more or less called "work" for which she is
assumed to be "a more satisfactory person than the
spinner"—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 pro
vide 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 be
ficial 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 per
manent 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 all, then it should obviously man
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 sub
ordinate herself to the interests of the family to which she
is responsible.
Now there can be no doubt in my mind, that in
normal cases, to keep the 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 prosper
ous homes of the middle-classes of to-day are re
membered, 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, dismembered 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
cries for a more reasonable life, and thinks that it
must needs "behold triumphant outside the home!"
Weakened women to-day too often become Suffra
gettes—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,
flung with "bargains," they seek the "Rest Room"
powered by a crafty management, where they
may recover 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 expos
their frauds. It is still regarded as a fantastic hobby
for girls to study domestic economy; and housecraft
and marriage remains the most skilful of all occupa
tions. Yet it is not in the interests of men only, or
chiefly, that one may appeal to women to regain control
to 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 thrall of man but from that of their own domestic
—which they have never delivered. It is the cookery
book rather than the ballot-box that will give
them true independence, and in Mrs. Repton 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 found
building their State departments on the ruins of our
buildings. Sheer inefficiency may drive us to State control of
house

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 an "aristocracy" conclusion, for a reason of 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 "age," which is not to show capacity, as the Frenchman said, but as the last weapon of the word-ship, "pathological." This is all very interesting and amusing, but it does not advance the business; and as the last controversy served to show me that 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," 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. For the purpose of this essay, and of this discussion, government is necessary; and as necessity is a phenomenon of the spiritual order, it is necessary to translate the "nothing all things end in" without saying what I really mean by aristocracy.

On these grounds, aristocracy justifies itself; for democracy has no history. As M. Faguet says (I quote him for his emphasis): "'The ancient republics 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 democratic republic and nothing else." If history is, as Croce said, the human 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 of party politics 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 when they are combined with monopoly of wealth, and variety 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 adherents of the other. And when the 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 some details in some descriptive way, but it is clear that it will not be 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 the 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.
Fastiche.

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 luck of stings
In "Punch's" wit that wouldn't hurt a fly—
Because you serve up snobbery in phrases
Not quaint or quaintish 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-mud 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 glass of Oxford with the mire of Fleet,
Because you pilch with rash and rapid Kaiser
And dish up clots of "murdered infant's" blood—
Because you bury Truth as gold a miser—
And yet are sportspoint with your "splash" of mud . . .

Because you spur suburban ignorance,
With wooden falchion and a leaden god,
Because you deem this war a codicil 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
Reissue your novellas with fathomous!—
I'll leave your rhymey rhymes and crass cartooning
To our great foeman—"Simplicissimus."  

SNATCHES OF VITA.
(With apologies to "Nash's Magazine.")

BY CHRISTOPHER GAY.

Author of "The Twisted Tin Whistle," "Tarpioca 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
its nudity. A beggar in the street was playing
With wooden falchion and a leaden goad,
Into the darkness. The next day appeared, and five
Chateau of a life. At five o'clock to-morrow I will come
And fetch you away from this den of iniquity." As he

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

She approached him with the sinuous movement of a
box-constractor, 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
chrysalis of Fate. In a thirsty voice, he replied, "Oyl
right, old girl, 'ow are you?" In this fashion they
chatted over their glasses until closing time, and the
fatter of Fate that brought them together found them
on the doorstep at their club, where they rest
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 unstable feet.

Hailing a taxicab, he asked her where she lived, and

With souls that shrivel in agony,
With spikenard leaves and salt-wax comb,
With quick, silent feet, Horace reached the portal of his club,
"The Golden Sparrow," and made his way to a
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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 29, 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 whatever to do or say to 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, the King could not put the money to other uses; but he is entitled to do so without the permission of the Commons, but he is not entitled 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 House of Commons from appropriating 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 is certainly not subject to the Statute of Annuity.

"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 Ernest Kay's book which I paraphrased in my previous letter: 'The Crown, acting with the advice of its responsible Ministers, being the last, 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 subject to this correspondence are of such momentous consequence that, considering the proceedings of the House of Commons at the present moment, I think you will agree that a Committee of the House of Commons should be appointed to consider the points raised 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 8, 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 resolutions of this proceeding 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 Crown Solicitor.—Yours faithfully,"

"C. H. Norman."

REPLY.

"The House of Commons, S.W.

February 27, 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 rely upon the assistance of 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.

"Yours faithfully,"

"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 take such action as you may think fit.—I remain your obedient servant.

"F. C. Bramwell.

The King cannot legally impose taxes without the permission of the Commons, but he is entitled to do so without the permission of the Commons. This constitutes an 'office or place of profit under the Crown.' It is plain that a member of Parliament is quite independent of the Crown's choice.—Yours faithfully,"

"C. H. Norman."

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 the question of free trade. Is there any better method of bolstering up business houses which is not to be commended in the abstract? Johnson gives this illustration of the meaning of the Financial method:—

"Abstract terms signify nothing, 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: 'If the Financial 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 all a
large one, that of Britain, was prosperous and contented. The joy
of the war conditions has caused you some belated per-
turbation: 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
both as consumer and producer." (where industry is protected) is a splendid proof of our
stated, was made in spite of the supposed loss of national
wisdom in the pleas put forward by Lord Roberts and by
Mr. Chamberlain than in your "abstract" opposition to
them.

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, which, he tells us, shares capitalists. 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 be quite possible to "carry" Tsarism up and
downwards, 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 war may have
been thought so; or, at any rate, the German governing classes,
who obviously knew their business, may have induced
the Germans—I refer to the governing classes— to think so.
This argument, if it be offered, cannot be admitted. The
Germans—I refer to the governing classes—have always
been treated the Russian army with contempt. They have
done so not only publicly but privately by 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 sup-
plies 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 Demo-
crats exacted certain promises from their Government
before they voted supplies. There are, indeed, rumours
that an undefined "Liberal" Constitution was granted,
which the financial classes in the United
States have utilised exactly as the financial classes in the United
States or groups—I think it would be quite possible to
define it as "S. G. H." says,
"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 a political party, with its own case away by a childish exhibition of ill-
behaviour, which may be expected to point.

(iii) "S. G. H." says: "It is altogether premature to
assume that the German Social Democrats are not Socialists, as my critic uses the word; and
that a Constitution making the Ministers
of political change than a Constitution making the Ministers
belonged, I should conclude that they were
Socialists as a body, no matter what they may
call themselves, will throw all their influence in favour
of the ceaseless and one which the financial classes will be able
to do as they please. If Germany should lose, the new
Constitution will be but a trifling item in their degra-
dation, and one which the financial classes will be able to
use as a weapon against the German and Austrian
frontiers. The Social Democrats, apart from the small
Socialist party, who are overwhelmingly in the majority, contain
no real danger in "Tsarism," the Germans may have
waved at the beginning of his letter? To suggest that I
give his own case away by a childish exhibition of ill-
behaviour, which may be expected to point.

May I conclude, Sir, by saying that my critic rather
gives his own case away by a childish exhibition of ill-
betrayed the party might very well not satisfy another. Even the
Social Democrats divide themselves into at least three
categories, and it is to be noted that at least, six or seven hundred thousand were cast for the out-and-out "Socialists," i.e., for the Extremists.

The truth is, it seems to me, that "S. G. H." is a political party, with its own
sense in which my critic appears to use the word. They are not
Socialist, as my critic uses the word; and
may find that it has strengthened
the party very well might very well not satisfy another. Even the
Social Democrats divide themselves into at least three
categories, and it is to be noted that at least, six or seven hundred thousand were cast for the out-and-out "Socialists," i.e., for the Extremists.

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gives his own case away by a childish exhibition of ill-
behaviour, which may be expected to point.
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 between Rumania and Roumania, made up by an interest on German loans to Rumania. In Roumania it is, of course, Germany which is the creditor country, and the interest commodities, as usual, imposed the position of Rumania 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.

SPANISH 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-citizen is the man who reasonably and speaks clearly, to the Spaniard he is the man who throws on all things the colour of his own personality. In the English crisis, Ricardo Vidal, the French, utility the German, passion,—if passion may be said to be a criterion,—is the Spanish. The Spaniard makes up his mind but his heart is a different matter.

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 war, and even expressly approving of Louvain, Malines and Rheims. But it must be remembered, that, in the first place, the Irish 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 nomenklatura of the old aristocracy, but to the parvenus who have usurped its lustre with scientism among its younger members, is an immense commercial concern bent on a stiff opposition to all progress in public education, and its lack of moral sense means that numerous social and 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 entitles, 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 as if 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, but to point out that Germany has carried her wrong far 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.
was the writer's intention rather than any definitely detailed working out of a Guild constitution. The democracy with which the Trade Unions is to be associated with the democratic government which has been worked out in the Trade Unions.

The New Age has too often twisted 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 Unions have been established, suggests that some day after realisation is to be merely chairman of the Executive Committee, it 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 highest power by offering to the people the 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 will not practically dominate the Executive, and the Executive, for 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's sovereign body 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 on which I cannot contemplate with equanimity, and most of them are manifest in the Trade Unions. Indeed, it was the same in the case of the New Age; but the frightful difficulty is that of the relationship between officers and the democratic government which has been worked out in the Trade Unions. Therefore, I must leave it to others to quarrel about the limits of this or that 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 constitute the salariat in the sense in which 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 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 the only 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 the only 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 the only 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 the only reliable analogy can be made.

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 with the express intention that some day after realisation, 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 cr that official, let us first 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. FATEMAN.

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