NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As this is, in Mr. Lloyd George's phrase, an "engineers' war," there is no wonder that Mr. Bonar Law asked why the mobilisation of the engineering industry has not taken place before. Alone among the Allies our workshops were in a situation to undertake the supply of the armies in the field, and it was little short of treachery to fail to make the maximum use of them months ago. It is to be assumed, however, that the mobilisation of the armies in the field, and it was little short of treachery to fail to make the maximum use of them months ago. It is to be assumed, however, that the institution of private competitive industry fought hard for its life. While it appeared possible, at only the cost of efficiency, to maintain private industry as a means of profiting by a national and co-operative war, our commercial classes were disposed to cling to every one of their pre-war privileges. The pressure of events alone has now been too strong for them. By a combination of circumstances, demands and difficulties have arisen which private enterprise in the engineering industry can no longer pretend to satisfy or surmount. The needs of circumstances, demands and difficulties have arisen which private enterprise in the engineering industry can no longer pretend to satisfy or surmount. The needs of circumstances, demands and difficulties have arisen which private enterprise in the engineering industry can no longer pretend to satisfy or surmount. The needs of circumstances, demands and difficulties have arisen which private enterprise in the engineering industry can no longer pretend to satisfy or surmount.

How soon, if the war is much further prolonged, other industries equally necessary to the nation will be nationalised it is impossible to say. For the reluctance of the employers to part with their control is only equalled by the reluctance of the State to assume it. But necessity, here again, may still drive us where no manner of reason could lead us. The outcry, nevertheless, of the engineering employers was less than might have been expected. A few months ago it would have been derided as Utopian to transfer such an industry as engineering to the State. Administrative functions, however, it is precisely as an improvement upon private enterprise that the State has taken charge of that one, of all the industries, most technical in productive character, most necessary to the nation will be nationalised it is impossible to say. For the reluctance of the employers to part with their control is only equalled by the reluctance of the State to assume it. 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particular. For the discipline of the proletariat they could easily have made themselves responsible, in return for the discipline of the employers imposed by the State; with the result that at any stage of the social revolution, consequent upon the war, their right and power to contribute their opinion would have been unchallengeable. Instead, however, of acting in their collective and representative capacity as the actual dispensers of the virtual monopoly of labour supply, they chose to bid for power and fame individually, standing on their Unions' shoulders to call attention to themselves. And thus a proposal, such as the engineering mobilisation order, fraught with all manner of consequences for Labour, found them without an idea either of its immediate or prospective effects upon their constituents.

The reply is made in advance that the Labour leaders were too patriotic to use the war for the advantage of their class. This would be all very well if, in the first place, their neglect of their duty had been patriotic practically; in the second place, had coincided with the neglect by the employers of their private interests; or, in the third place, if the war had merely suspended the normal economic laws to allow them to resume afterwards where they left off. But none of these conditions has been found, or ought to have been anticipated, to come into being. Practically, we say, the Labour leaders have contributed infinitely less to the national cause by their individual exertions than they might have contributed by their exertions as collective representatives of labour. Much, in short, of the labour unrest, so damaging to the national cause, is the fruit of the neglect by the Labour leaders of their proper business. Again, as we shall see in detail later, so far from similarly neglecting the interests of their class, the employers as a body have never been so active in pursuit of their economic advantage as during the war. Was it the moment for Labour to lay down its arms when Capital was more militant than ever? The simplest common sense, we should have thought, would have suggested to Labour the urgency of attending to its economic advantage as during the war. Was it for the moral or economic advantage of the country that restrictions upon drink were increased? Would not the effect of the restrictions be to increase the efficiency of labour by nearly a half? Is it possible that if the war continued, two or more industries would not have been taken over by the State until in the end the ideal of the State socialism itself; and thus, as well as presenting us the spectacle of the encroachments of the State upon private capital, the war enables us to read, in letters larger than usual, the intentions of Capital upon labour.

What these may as clearly be discerned as the operations of the State upon private capital. Nobody can doubt that, provided the war continued, one after another will be commandeered, mobilised and taken over by the State until in the end the ideal of the State socialism is reached. But as little can it be doubted that while this process is going on with every resistance possible to be offered by the capitalists, a corresponding process is at work designed to fortify private capitalism at the expense of labour. In three directions, at least, we can see this tendency in activity: in efforts to increase the efficiency of labour, to remove restrictions upon and unrestricted use of the supply. Let us consider these in order. To begin with, it may be remembered that at the outbreak of the war Mr. Sidney Webb, foreseeing with his usual celerity a flood of unemployment, took down his Minority Report from its dust to disinter his proposals for increasing the efficiency of labour. They were, if we remember, proposals for teaching arithmetic and work-shop drawing to the unemployed as a means of preparing them to re-enter the labour market. What could be done when, as it proved, there were few or no unemployed? Mr. Sidney Webb once more became unemployed himself. But there remained the question of the efficiency of the men in industry, and this our employers classes took the occasion of the war and the example of Russia to approach in the following manner. Within a week or two of the beginning of the war Russia promulgated her remarkable ukase against the manufacture and sale of vodka. Here in England, on the formation of the special army, restrictions were placed, for soldiers and civilians alike, upon the sale of drink. Then followed the usual complaints of the tee-totalers that the drink evil was still rampant and that our soldiers (always our soldiers) were being ruined by it. Next it was discovered that as well as our soldiers and their wives, our working-men, particularly those in armament factories, were drinking to excess in spite of the restrictions upon the hours of sale; whereupon Mr. Lloyd George was inspired with a new project against "the lure of drink" and to threaten further restrictions. Finally the truth of the matter appeared when Mr. George quoted M. Bark as affirming that the abolition of vodka had raised production (that is, increased the efficiency of labour) in Russia by between 30 and 50 per cent., and the "Times" announced that our own Ministers had been so much impressed by the "moral effect" that the present restrictions on the sale of drink would not only be multiplied, but preserved after the war "in the interests of the civilian population." We are no defenders of drunkenness, as our readers will admit, but the coincidence of the teetotal millennium with the demonstration that temperance increases the efficiency of labour by nearly a half is too striking not to raise an interrogation mark. Is it for the moral or the economic advantage that restrictions upon drink are to be maintained and increased? If it is for the latter, as seems probable, we are certainly safe in saying that the advantage will be exclusively with the employing classes. Not a penny of the saving will benefit wages, since these are fixed by competition round about the standard of living.

We have enumerated some of the reasons that have led the Government to "mobilise" the engineering industry. Shall we be far wrong in attributing to "labor
unrest’ on the Clyde and elsewhere the chief share in the causation? It was plain to those familiar with the situation that not Mr. Lloyd George’s farthing an hour was the predominant issue of the Clyde strike—though it was naturally made the most of by our stupid Press—but that profounder grievances were involved. These prove now to have been the desire of the employers to remove the restrictions imposed by the Trade Unions. The employers certainly will feel absolved from the obligation to abide with not a man more engaged than is already in their service of their fathers had left them only the choice between beggary and premature wage-labour. Must it not appear to our Allies (to say nothing of Germany) that there is no civilised or humane convention our purpose of farming England as a whole, the wretched farmers, it appears, are to be left to their own devices eeked out with the withdrawal of boys from school. Nothing surprised us more than Mr. Asquith’s assent to this beggarly petition of the farmers. It is true he exposed reluctance and sought to hedge his concession with conditions of one kind and another. But what account is his reluctance, or what value is in his conditions, when the facts are there that he consented and the local education authorities are left to their devices to share, by means of higher wages, in the profits accruing to their employers. But patriotism, together with the superior alertness of the capitalists, prevailed over self-interest, and thus on several sides at once the gates leading labour to industry were opened. Of these, again, the gate that opened widest was that admitting women; and it is to be feared that all our efforts will not easily succeed in closing it again. This remedy for the immediate shortage of labour is, however, infinitely worse than the disease. We say nothing for the moment of the blind idiocy that still leads infatuate women to take all labour for their province. The decadence of the nation is certain in which such a notion is allowed to prevail. But the glut of labour in the market after the war will be such that we shall be fortunate if the end of the war is not more disastrous than the war itself. Think what it will be when two million men return to industry to find that scores of thousands of women have been added to their competitive ranks. The wages of women, while these men are still on military service, may be alluring and seemingly secure, but as certainly as the Law of Supply and Demand will operate after the war, so certainly will wages in general fall as the supply of labour is increased. The problem that will then present itself is unimaginable in its complexity and sickening to contemplate for its tragedy. To avoid thought now, our women-loving employers and our man-hating women are preparing a pretty kettle of fish for the nation after the war. But it is the wage-earner who will suffer most, as, perhaps, his leaders desire.

But not satisfied with enticing fresh hordes of women into industry, our employing classes must needs attempt to inveigle and compel children to make profit for them. Everybody capable of a moment’s thought must realise that, exactly as the military, the naval, the railway and the engineering industries have been mobilised, it would be the easiest thing and the most natural thing to mobilise the industry of agriculture. At present, thanks wholly to our Navy, we can appear to afford (though strictly at an enormous cost) to leave the agricultural industry in a state of chaos scarcely better than that of a primitive and savage community. Literally the industry is the worst organised, the most inefficiently and extravagantly conducted, and the least economically profitable of all the necessary inducements of the nation. And so, too, it will remain if the race of profiteering farmers continue to have their way. Instead, however, of the State anticipating what may well occur—namely, the urgent need of the nation to produce its own food-supply—and be ready to accept the condition that the employers should do so in their behalf? Not for long, we imagine, will the restrictions now remain; but whether they are restored with the return of peace will depend less upon the goodwill of the Government than upon the power of the Trade Unions. The employers certainly will feel absolved from the promise to restore them.

The most serious, however, of the encroachments upon Labour which the war has caught the employers red-handed in attempting is that of increasing the supply of labour to the detriment of the existing market. It stands to reason that, labour being a commodity, the less there is of it the higher it will be worth, the higher its price or wages, and the more the lower. Under cover of the war, with its withdrawal of a couple of million men from industry and its simultaneous demands upon industry itself, there was nothing else to be expected than that the wages of industry should be raised by enlarging the supply from which their labour could be drawn. It is true that the proper object of the existing labour market was to prevent this extension and to share, by means of higher wages, in the profits accruing to their employers. But this was not done. The working men, with the superior alertness of the capitalists, prevailed over self-interest, and thus on several sides at once the gates leading labour to industry were opened. Of these, again, the gate that opened widest was that admitting women; and it is to be feared that all our efforts will not easily succeed in closing it again. This remedy for the immediate shortage of labour is, however, infinitely worse than the disease. We say nothing for the moment of the blind idiocy that still leads infatuate women to take all labour for their province. The decadence of the nation is certain in which such a notion is allowed to prevail. But the glut of labour in the market after the war will be such that we shall be fortunate if the end of the war is not more disastrous than the war itself. Think what it will be when two million men return to industry to find that scores of thousands of women have been added to their competitive ranks. The wages of women, while these men are still on military service, may be alluring and seemingly secure, but as certainly as the Law of Supply and Demand will operate after the war, so certainly will wages in general fall as the supply of labour is increased. The problem that will then present itself is unimaginable in its complexity and sickening to contemplate for its tragedy. To avoid thought now, our women-loving employers and our man-hating women are preparing a pretty kettle of fish for the nation after the war. But it is the wage-earner who will suffer most, as, perhaps, his leaders deserve.

No report has reached us of the measures taken by our enemy Huns in respect of their own labour. Their case, it must needs be, is more desperate than ours, yet we doubt whether the education of boys of twelve will be sacrificed to it. In France, moreover, where the situation is at least as bad as ours, the decision of the Minister of Food (that against the institution of boy-labour will be, we understand, this minute: ‘The existing laws on the attendance of boys at school must be maintained this year with more strictness than ever...’ It would be disgraceful to see children robbed of their education as if the military service of their fathers had left them only the choice between beggary and premature wage-labour.” Compare that noble minute with the appeals of our own employers to the local education authorities to let them have the use of boys. It is true he keeps wages low where labour is plentiful.

The causation? It was plain to those familiar with the situation that not Mr. Lloyd George’s farthing an hour was the predominant issue of the Clyde strike—though it was naturally made the most of by our stupid Press—but that profounder grievances were involved. These prove now to have been the desire of the employers to remove the restrictions imposed by the Trade Unions. The employers certainly will feel absolved from the obligation to abide with not a man more engaged than is already in their service of their fathers had left them only the choice between beggary and premature wage-labour. Must it not appear to our Allies (to say nothing of Germany) that there is no civilised or humane convention our purpose of farming England as a whole, the wretched farmers, it appears, are to be left to their own devices eeked out with the withdrawal of boys from school. Nothing surprised us more than Mr. Asquith’s assent to this beggarly petition of the farmers. It is true he expressed reluctance and sought to hedge his concession with conditions of one kind and another. But what account is his reluctance, or what value is in his conditions, when the facts are there that he consented and the local education authorities are left to their devices to share, by means of higher wages, in the profits accruing to their employers. But this was not done. The working men, with the superior alertness of the capitalists, prevailed over self-interest, and thus on several sides at once the gates leading labour to industry were opened. Of these, again, the gate that opened widest was that admitting women; and it is to be feared that all our efforts will not easily succeed in closing it again. This remedy for the immediate shortage of labour is, however, infinitely worse than the disease. We say nothing for the moment of the blind idiocy that still leads infatuate women to take all labour for their province. The decadence of the nation is certain in which such a notion is allowed to prevail. But the glut of labour in the market after the war will be such that we shall be fortunate if the end of the war is not more disastrous than the war itself. Think what it will be when two million men return to industry to find that scores of thousands of women have been added to their competitive ranks. The wages of women, while these men are still on military service, may be alluring and seemingly secure, but as certainly as the Law of Supply and Demand will operate after the war, so certainly will wages in general fall as the supply of labour is increased. The problem that will then present itself is unimaginable in its complexity and sickening to contemplate for its tragedy. To avoid thought now, our women-loving employers and our man-hating women are preparing a pretty kettle of fish for the nation after the war. But it is the wage-earner who will suffer most, as, perhaps, his leaders deserve.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Is the last two or three weeks the question of English prisoners and their treatment in Germany has been discussed at some length in the London Press; but, on account of the meagre information at our disposal, no particularly valuable result has been achieved. I venture to refer to the discussion this week because I have lately had opportunities of hearing accurate details regarding the treatment of our countrymen in Germany, and of seeing points in connection with it disputed in the German newspapers. My oral information, I may state, came to me from friends of mine, belonging to neutral countries, who have recently had exceptional facilities granted them for travelling through Germany and Austria, on business not unconnected with our own scheme for establishing an airline industry here. In addition, I have had letters from German friends of mine—Social Democrats, I should add—who are at present in Holland.

I may as well sum up my information by saying at once that English prisoners in Germany, both civil and military, are being very badly treated, and particularly bad treatment has been meted out to them since the end of January. This remark applies not only to the prisoners in the concentration camps, but to the virtual prisoners who are not admitted at liberty. By way of example, I should state that the British in Germany, in the camps or out of them, do not complain merely of bad and insufficient food, or occasional roughness on the part of the guards; but things might well be regarded as inevitable in time of war; and they would be so regarded by men and women belonging to a race which is not in the habit of complaining lightly. The ill-treatment goes much deeper than that. With the possible exception of the camp at Ruhleben—we have heard a good deal about Ruhleben because it is probably the best of all the camps—the guards are systematically brutal at all the concentration camps, and both civil and military prisoners receive considerably more than their due of cuffs, curses, kicks, and jolts with the butts of rifles. Food is everywhere scarce and bad; but the British prisoners receive less of it than the French and the Russians. At an early stage in the campaign the captured British were set to do all the menial work in connection with the camps, the menial humiliating tasks being reserved for the Highlanders. This year, however, many British prisoners were taken away from the camps so that they might be set to work on the farms and in the mines. A few weeks ago—my information on this point, for obvious reasons, is not quite up to date—there was a lock-out at some of the German coal mines, and "Vorwärts" complained that the employment of prisoners aggravated the situation of the workpeople. A special regulation of the German Government, however, authorised the employment of prisoners of war on the land and in the mines; and when the supply of local British prisoners fell short French prisoners were utilised for the purpose.

That this employment of prisoners is no haphazard scheme is seen in the careful rules laid down. If prisoners are taken for work on the land, for example, the farmers have to pay a stipulated sum, based on the distance separating the farm from the camp. The farmer also provides food while the prisoner is working for him, and pays the prisoner's fare to and from the camp. But the food is stuff which few Englishmen, fortunately, are accustomed to; and even if the farmer has passable food in his larder the scrapings and dregs are reserved for the prisoners, especially the British prisoners. It is this employment of prisoners in particular which must be emphasised. I have letters from my friends in addition to newspaper testimony, proving to the satisfaction of every reasonable man that the talk of hatred in the Press is thoroughly justified—that the ridiculous "Hymn of Hate" which Lissauer has made familiar to us is no more than a hatchet throw by a minor poet, but the considered opinion of the vast majority of the German people. Part of this, it must be admitted, is due to the attitude of our own gutter newspapers; but not even this is an excuse. Our gutter Press agitation and abuse has been simply foolish, as it has been shown to be, and finally killed before it had gone very far; and nobody knows this better than the members of the German Government. Our more sober papers and speakers here have kept their heads—they have sought, in the words of The New Age, to act as if we were honourable enemies, even if the Germans were not. We have never at any time contemplated treating German prisoners as our countrymen are being treated at such places as Wittenberg, Altenbrabow, Crefeld, Soltau, Torgau, and Koenigsbuck. We are so accustomed by now to the German violations of international law that it occurs to me only at the end of this paragraph to remind The New Age readers that the employment of prisoners of war as workmen in an enemy country is contrary to The Hague Conventions.

It is not only our prisoners in the camps, however, who are being badly treated. The older men, and most of the women, are permitted to report themselves at the police-stations regularly and to remain outside the camps so long as they do not go beyond a certain distance. But the procedure in such circumstances is different from the procedure in England. An Englishwoman may be well satisfied if she is permitted to report herself and to leave the police-station without being insulted by the officers on duty; and Englishman is lucky if he is not kicked down the steps. For Americans to speak English in the streets is to invite expectorations from the passers-by. And all this, if you please, because we are supposed to be racially allied with the Germans; because we have acted as traitors to the Germanic race by joining in the war against Germany and Austria!

It is quite useless to point out to people who think in this fashion that they are infinitely in the rear of us so far as civilization is concerned. It is useless to emphasise their lack of humour, their extraordinary coarseness; useless to remind them that we may in turn become irritated and lay up for the Germans a store of contempt which may outlast three generations. The most serious feature of the whole situation is the encouragement given by the Government to this anti-English agitation. We know perfectly well by this time that the Press and the public are ready to do at a moment's notice exactly what the Government asks them to do. After the foolish chatter of the professors it is, perhaps, too much to expect the Germans as a whole to change their minds and to regard England as she really is. But a few judiciously inspired articles in the Press would have prevented a great deal of the poisonous nonsense which had been thought and said and written in Germany during the last three or four months.

It has so often been my duty to criticise the Social Democrats that I am happy to take an opportunity of praising, if not the party, at least their organ. "Vorwärts" is the only paper which has protested against the "Hymn of Hate" and such outpourings; and Herr Haenisch, a Social-Democrat Member of the Reichstag, has openly protested as well. And where now is America, whose pretended regard for international treaties has not induced her to lodge a single protest against all the flagrant German violations of The Hague Conventions? Are we, are the Germans, likely to forget the supineness of the United States at this juncture? Washington has entered world-politics. To whom are Dr. Wilson's successors to appeal when they are in difficulties, as they are sure to be, with European Powers? Ignominious parts have been played by many neutral nations in this war; but the part played by the United States has been the most ignominious of all.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

Since I remarked some weeks ago upon the uselessness and positive harmfulness of the many Volunteer Corps that have sprung up throughout England during the last few months, several persons have written to The New Age protesting that the formations in question, even if they do not now serve any practical end, at least give exercise and appropriate amusement to about a million persons without hindering the work of National Defence. In some cases this is doubtless true; but there are others of which I saw a striking example only the other day. A person— I can scarcely call him a soldier— was walking the West End of London in a uniform which, for cut, colour and texture, was about as good an imitation of khaki as could be made without infringing the letter as well as the spirit of the War Office order on the subject. I have seen many shades of khaki that were much less like "sealed pattern" than the green in which this hero had attired himself. This alone is a thing most undesirable. To wear a military uniform does now entail a large amount of real hardship and real work. It means for those still in England living sparsely and sleeping cold; eating bad food and being bullied by thoughtless and unjust superiors; weariness; sore feet; frequently illness and, if the wearer be also sent on active service, misery, wounds and death. Men therefore who have earned this right by such self-sacrifice do have it owed to them by the community to see that their uniform is not cheapened by confusion with the costumes of other corps which at the best have not exposed themselves to any of these trials, and which at the worst are playing the fool. However, apart from his uniform this person was wearing a regulation web belt. This is, to my mind, the worst crime of all. To those who do not grasp the situation I may explain that the web equipment cannot be turned out speedily or effectually enough to meet the needs of the Army; that hundreds of men in every regiment are short of equipment, and that hundreds more are fitted out with unsatisfactory substitutes. If, therefore, what I saw was not an isolated case, and if the organisers of the Volunteer Corps in question have really fitted out their rank and file with webbing, it can only mean one thing: that at a time when the Government can scarcely purchase web equipment fast enough, the heads of a civilian organisation have gone to the manufacturers and bought over its head, thus doing far more damage to the dignity of civilisation must not be allowed to suffer in consequence of the antics of barbarians, and reprisals, if any, should be confined to the persons of the responsible authorities when they are captured at the conclusion of the war. The hanging of a Hohenzollern, for example, will appear to posterity as a solemn act of justice, whereas to retaliate upon the wretched, half-starved creatures who are brought here as prisoners would be neither dignified nor effectual.

From this I do however exempt the crews of submarines captured after the torpedoing of merchant vessels and the drowning of their crews. Men guilty of such inhumanity should be summarily and ignominiously executed.

The German colonies have put up a surprising resistance. The events in East Africa have not yet been revealed, and it is perhaps as well that they should not until something has been done to atone for them. The public, however, will be surprised to hear that in South West Africa also events are not progressing as well as they might. The country is terribly difficult, and the Germans are larger and better organised than many people suppose. The Union will find itself compelled to spend much money and many lives for victory, and both the money and the lives would be spent to better effect in Europe: for it is, after all, in Europe that it will be decided whether Germany is to keep South West Africa or no. A South African contingent—but there, one can't expect a back-veldt Boer to see these things.

Why should we not now be allowed to publish a reasonably detailed account of the early portion of the war? Strange as it may seem we have not yet been suffered to read in print what actually took place in the first few months, although there cannot possibly be any further military reasons for this concealment. One cannot of course expect an accurate and reasoned account until long after the end of the war; but for the mean-time it would be of interest, for example, to know what part the various regiments took, and who commanded where.

MY FIRST GHAZAL.

My last Ballade is written! All the fancy and delight of it, the freakishness and elfin fun, I take my final sight of it. No more will I unwind the spell of eighteen and thirty glittering strips, the envol and the tangled rhymes, and all the roguish might of it. For other bards, on other themes, in other styles have caught the knack; have sped the tricky hang of it, and make exceeding light of it. They've dogged me to my airy den, and learnt the lesson of my skill, and fawningly have mimicked the dexterity and flight of it. Yet though in counterfeit ballades you deem they've trapped the sting of mine, and lurid the tingle of its thong, the smart and subtle bite of it, in cunning and agility will I outstrip their strivings yet. And keen though be their wit, yet I'll outwit them in spite of it. I shall leave my lofty lair, and speed me to a higher peak; my satellites, I trow me, shall fall dizzy at the sight of it. Ghazal! Upon your pinions I'll elude the pangs of their pursuit. Varlets, avaunt! For I alone by capture have the right of it!

P. Seliver.
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

XI.

Let us now take the evidence as to the failure of the Labour Party to improve the conditions, let alone raise the status, of the wage-earners. In the columns of The New Age some three years ago this matter, along with others germane to the same point, was discussed; the whole subject of wages was dealt with and the way out of bondage for the worker was indicated. Later the articles were published in book form under the title of “National Guilds.” The evidence contained in that book is so conclusive that I propose to use it as I require, without necessarily quoting or giving any reference to chapter and paragraph; as, if I were to quote, I should probably be quoting every few lines. Also, let me emphasise the point that the evidence is relatively quite as true to-day as on the day it was written. First, then, let us consider wage values. Every workman to-day realises quite clearly that nominal wages are very different things to real wages. Even the House of Commons “National Guild” did not discuss the difference. Thus, in considering his wages, the worker must regard them from two points of view: their amount in actual cash, and the amount and quality of commodities they will purchase. In other words, real wages of labour are conditioned as much by prices of commodities as by the wage amount. Very well, then; how have wages affected the wages of labour since 1906, the year that labour was supposed to have achieved some measure of political influence? The facts regarding this part of the subject have been published by the Board of Trade, and used to wonderful purpose in “National Guilds.” Remember that from 1906 there has been a period of unparalleled prosperity. The employers, those who purchase your labour, increased their already huge incomes by 22½ per cent. per annum between 1906 and 1912. By working the machines of capital, by bringing their labour to bear on raw products through the medium of manufacturing machinery, labour increased the wealth of the capitalists to such a marvellous extent. And what did it do for itself? Staggering as the statement must—should—seem, it allowed its own income to decrease by 9 per cent. in actual value. We are considering the effect of the Labour Party. It is not. The value of the Party is nil, its use to wonderful purpose in “National Guilds.”...
A Lecture on National Guilds.

Friends. A tradition has endured for several hundred years that the medieval guilds fostered a passion for liberty and resisted oppression. It is not now my purpose to argue whether this tradition is founded on fact or fiction. I content myself with the observation that a tradition that has been handed down from generation to generation has probably some solid foundation. These guilds were associations of craftsmen and artisans, masters and journeymen, to protect their craft and trade interests. They gave to the townsmen the same personal independence that the English yeoman had acquired by other means. Observe that both masters and journeymen were united in one common purpose.

It is very important to remember, in this connection, that the masters of that period were of a different status from the masters of to-day. The coming of the "great industry," the concentration of mechanical production and the consequent congestion of population, completely changed the relations that formerly obtained between masters and journeymen. They ceased, in fact, to be masters and journeymen and became employers and employees. The employers gradually ceased to be "masters," in the guild sense of the word, becoming exploiters; that is to say, they ceased to work at the bench with the journeymen and apprentices, as did the "masters," but bought Labour, at a price, and sold the products of the Labour they had bought, at a profit. In this way, the interests of the employers and the workers gradually diverged, so that to-day they are actually antagonistic. The old-time master has developed a different status; masters and workmen are no longer of one class. The actual result is that we are in the throes of a desperate and devastating class-struggle. There is no longer economic harmony. It follows—does it not—that if we are to revive the guild spirit and again organise guilds, on lines appropriate to existing industrial conditions, we must exclude the exploiters if we are to secure a genuine community of interest.

It is interesting to observe that the meaning of the word "master" has changed with the changed conditions. To-day the words master and employer are synonymous. Thus, you will see in our daily and weekly papers hundreds of advertisements offering for sale all kinds of businesses. If a butcher has saved some money, or can get the necessary credit at the bank, he may become the master or employer of a drapery or grocery or any other business. The nexus or bond between him and the employees is purely monetary. He may know nothing about the business he has purchased, depending upon the skill and honesty of an overseer or foreman or manager to bring him in a return upon the capital he has invested. This is not an unusual incident; it is very common. For example, if I invest £1,000 in some joint-stock business, I am an employer to the extent of my thousand pounds. I may know absolutely nothing about the business, even less than the butcher knows about drapery, but I am in the master class. In the days of the guilds, the word "master" carried a very different meaning. While, no doubt, he was the medium of employment for the journeyman and apprentice, to be a master in those days meant "a master of the trade." It signified that he had graduated through the various grades, finally becoming so proficient that he could undertake jobs on his own account, and teach apprentices the "craft and mystery," of which he was really (not financially or nominally) a master. To-day, we have reached the monstrous and paradoxical condition that the "masters" of the trades and crafts are the bondsmen of the employers. Let me remind you that an industrial system, so circumstanced, must be in extremely unstable equilibrium.

I do not want to inflict upon you an economic lecture. Let me, then, try to tell you in simple language how this remarkable change has been induced. I have seen bills and invoices of medieval, and even much later, dates, wherein the disbursements for labour were separately accounted for. Nor was any profit added to the wage payments. The master of those days did not regard Labour as one of the commodities he was selling to the purchaser. He would buy some commodity—leather or iron or bricks or stone—and add to their cost a profit based upon his personal service in the transaction. Then he would charge for his own labour, at a higher rate than that paid to his journeyman, and with that he was content. It never occurred to him that he would buy some commodity, and that he would have thought it dishonest to charge more for the labour he had engaged than the actual amount paid. But since the invention of the steam engine, labour and materials have all been clumped together in the cost of the finished product and a profit added to the sum total. In this way, in the course of time, we have gradually been taught to believe that labour is one of the various commodities assembled to complete some manufactured article.

Now it is of vital importance that you should grasp the true significance of this modern conception of labour. You may perhaps say that it does not matter so long as you secure a purchasing capacity equal to your needs. Believe me, you can make no greater mistake. Either you put yourselves, your living pulsating personalities, into your work, or your labour is an impersonal quality independent of your individualities. This latter view is held by your employers. They pay you so much money every week, called wages, for this impersonal commodity, which they call labour. They affirm that, having paid you the price of your labour, you have no interest or concern in the product of your labour. If, however, your own personalities go into the product, then it is obvious that the payment of wages is merely a trick to defraud you of your property in the finished product. For how can your personalities, your individualities, your unmeasured efforts, your very souls, be calculated in a weekly wage? But we need not soar into ethics. Let us confine ourselves to the simple fact that so long as you sell your labour as a commodity—your right to your labour passing with its sale—you can never obtain a purchasing capacity equal to your needs. For this reason: If your labour be regarded, and dealt with, as a commodity, it will obey the law of supply and demand, and the price, that is the wage, will fall to the lowest competitive level. You cannot therefore secure a purchasing capacity equal to your needs. Purchasing power will be reduced to your barest necessities. Let me quote from an open letter addressed to the Trades Union Congress of 1913 by The New Age. You will find it on page 286 of a book called "National Guilds."

A wage is not a salary; it is not even pay; nor is it remuneration. Salaries and pay and remuneration are for individual services rendered. Individuality, the human element, enters into the rewards for individual work that wage is the market price of a commodity called labour. It is an impersonal thing, not human, not inhuman, rather non-human. This labour is found inside your bodies and around your hands and back muscles, just as ore is found in the earth or fruit on a tree. Being discovered inside you, the man who wants to exploit it, precisely as they would exploit any other com-
modity, buy it from you as they buy ore from landlords or corn from farmers. If it be scarce, then the price of the labor commodity is high; if it be plentiful, its price is low. In Europe in general, and Great Britain in particular, labor is plentiful, and, accordingly, it can be bought at a price that ensures its continuance. It is this price that is a cost that enables you to live and to reproduce yourselves, daily by food and yearly by children. In its curious disregard of the sanctities of life, modern capitalism is conveniently matched by the slave-owners of previous generations.

This system, based upon the conception of labor as a commodity, is known as the wage-system, or wagery. You sometimes hear the phrase 'abolition of the wage-system.' Fundamentally, it means the rejection of the theory—or shall we call it a working hypothesis?—that labor is a commodity. Strong language is not necessary; but if I overstate the truth when I declare that wagery is devilish and inhuman? You agree with me? Good! I should be surprised if you did not. There were slaves who did not want emancipation. They were slaves in spirit as in body. If you are wage-slaves in spirit as in body, then I had better go home quickly and consider how I can exploit you. But I know that beneath your apparent acquiescence in the wage-system lurks the spirit of freedom and not of servitude. If to this spirit of freedom you add the idea of democracy, in any sense and for all, then we can proceed with the argument.

I have remarked that the status of the old-time master changed with the coming of the great industry. He gradually ceased to be a master of his trade and became a master of men. He no longer worked side by side with the journeymen, thinking their thoughts and speaking their language. He gave up living 'over the shop' but removed to some respectable suburban quarter, where he took on himself that role acquired a different speech and intermarried with their own newly created class. His workmen, who were formerly his companions and his intellectual equals, worshipping at the same shrine, gradually were segregated into 'working class districts.' In other words, whilst the status of the master was raised, the status of the workmen was both relatively and actually lowered. The master, having now become an employer in the modern sense (being able to purchase labour), had no further interest in the workman’s progress. What was formerly the owner’s concern was henceforth the worker’s concern. It will hardly be denied, I think, that the creation of a wage-slave class has a psychological and social relation to these changes of status. If a man is foolishly willing to sell his labour as a commodity, he cannot be supposed to be a master of his trade and not of servitude. If to this spirit of freedom you add the idea of democracy, they are not contented, sleek and well-fed. They do not exploite you and oppress you because they hate you. Not in the very least. They wish you well. Life for them, materially at least, is easy and well-ordered—materially, but dishonourable. The wage-earner, by accepting the wage-system, has no further interest in the workman’s progress. The master, having now become an employer in the modern sense (being able to purchase labour), had no further interest in the workman’s progress. What was formerly the owner’s concern was henceforth the worker’s concern. It is curious that the political leaders, who enthusiastically favour and court democracy in politics, reject the idea of democracy in industry. They tell us that democracy in industry spells anarchy; that it is the inevitable increase in the cost of wealth production that would result from a democratic industry. They assert that economic power precedes and dominates political power. They cannot reiterate that primary truth too often.

Now, even if you were reasonably content as a wage-earner, I should nevertheless want to see your class abolished, because I believe that a living and unsleeping people is the hope of the world. You are present in all parts of the world. You are to-day master of your trade and not of servitude. If your vote, you can achieve this equality. The plain truth is—that you cannot. The plain truth is—that you can’t. Now, even if you were reasonably content as a wage-earner, I should nevertheless want to see your class abolished, because I believe that a living and unsleeping people is the hope of the world. You are present in all parts of the world. You are to-day master of your trade and not of servitude. If your vote, you can achieve this equality. The plain truth is—that you cannot. The plain truth is—that you can’t.
makes himself a competent artisan; give him a fair chance, he becomes a craftsman. Even to-day (we are liable to forget this) the work of the nation is done by workmen and not by exploiters and capitalists. It is done in the factories and workshops and not in offices and counting houses.

I need not, however, argue the case from theoretical democracy; the wage-system is so cruel, so wasteful, so exhausting, that, apart from theory, it must be abolished. And now I come to the practical question: How can we abolish it? Please do not think me dogmatic and narrow, if I tell you, with all possible emphasis, that there is only one way under the sun. And that is to acquire the monopoly of your own labour power. How can we do that? If organisation is needed in order to develop a high degree of skill in the management of the workshops and factories, how can we develop these skills if we are not able to control the labour power? That is why I say that the Trade Unions, who manage the workshops and factories, are the only organisations that can give the workers the knowledge and skill to run them. They are the only organisations that can give the workers the power to control their own lives.

The employers could not resist this. The Trade Unions are exclusive when they ought to be inclusive; they are sectional when they ought to be comprehensive. You have, in times by no means remote, had little quarrels about the delineation of work. That was not due to the intrigues of the employers; on the contrary, they thought your strikes on these points insufficient. They repeatedly said so. And, saving your presence, they told the truth. The time has come for the Trade Unions to re-organise with the view of embracing every worker in their several trades. Every clause in their constitutions that excludes, that limits, must be swept away, as it is a nuisance to everybody who has to work in such an organisation. The employers have said that you cannot live with the Trade Unions. They are too small and too weak to resist the employers. They are too weak to resist the employers in their own workshops. They are too weak to resist the employers in the factories. They are too weak to resist the employers in the counting houses. They are too weak to resist the employers in the government. They are too weak to resist the employers in any part of the country. They are too weak to resist the employers in any part of the world. They are too weak to resist the employers in any part of the universe. They are too weak to resist the employers in any part of the infinite.

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And now suppose that, by waving our wand, this task could be accomplished to-morrow morning. What then would be the situation? You would certainly have secured a monopoly of your own labour power. The next question is how to apply it. You have two objects to consider. The first is to secure a monopoly of the labour power. The second is to secure a monopoly of the market. You have two objects to consider. The first is to secure a monopoly of the labour power. The second is to secure a monopoly of the market.
Bureaucracy and War.

By Ramiro De Maeztu.

The thesis of this article is that a sufficient reason for the present war on its material side may be found in the unchecked growth of bureaucracies. By sufficient reason I do not mean the direct or immediate cause of this growth, but the fundamental condition which has made it possible. In the well-known instance of the match that led to an explosion in a powder-magazine, which in its turn blew up a neighbouring city, the cause was the lighting of the match, but the sufficient reason for the magnitude of the catastrophe was the accumulation of explosives in the vicinity of a town.

The cause of this war is not hidden in profound mysteries. The reader already knows enough about it. When Austria prepared to invade Servia, Russia refused to tolerate it; Germany sprang to the defence of Austria, declared war on Russia and France, and began her invasion of Belgium, thereby bringing about the intervention of England and giving a pretext for that of Japan. There is no need to look for any other cause, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has done, attributing the war to the Machiavellism of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, whom he depicts as astute jingoes who meditated for years their plan of warring against Germany, but concealed it in order to believe Germany into believing that England would remain neutral in a European war. But, even if Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey had been as innocent as lambs, England would still have taken up arms to defend the treaty safeguarding the neutrality of Belgium—no matter how mendacious the treaties, but lest the possession of the Belgian coast should promote the naval power of Germany. Mr. Shaw’s hypothesis—ingenious as we might expect from him, but not very different from that which must have inspired the German poet Liepmann to write his silly “der Kriegstod”—is therefore unnecessary. It is an attempt to explain to us what we had already explained to ourselves satisfactorily.

If we know, however, that the Austrian Ultimatum to Servia was the direct cause of the explosion, the accumulation of explosives must be sought in the increase of the bureaucracies. At first sight, I know, this proposition will sound extravagant; and I know why. It will sound extravagant because the political thought of the last few decades has been so concentrated upon the disputes between capital and labour that it has not considered the problem of bureaucracy as the problem of an autonomous social class, with specific interests of its own. Nevertheless, the executive power of States is factually vested in the hands of the executive; for, if this power be in the hands of the executive, it is ipso facto in the hands of the executive, “a committee for managing the common affairs of the bourgeoisie.” On the other hand, the “Katheder-sozialisten” in Germany and the Fabians in England looked upon officialism as the instrument of Divine Providence for the solution of social problems. In the same way a few Conservatives have favoured the advance of functionarism, if only because it tended to consolidate the supremacy of the classes over the masses. For others, on the contrary, the rise to power of Ministerial departments at the expense of the taxpayer seemed like the approach of the social revolution. What neither party had noticed, but what a few isolated voices had declared here and there to be a fact, was that the supremacy of the bureaucracy was nothing more or less than the supremacy of its own security of tenure, and because the existence of an efficient armed force permits them to cherish hopes of the future expansion of their State. It is true that officialism could obtain the security to which it aspires in a kind of International Federation which would guarantee its privileges; but then this security would be obtained at the cost of sovereignty, and the sacrifice would be too painful to be made voluntarily. On the other hand, it is indispensable to the requirements of the bureaucracy to receive an increase in their own numbers to an increase in the military class. School teachers, for example, will wish the sums allocated in the Budget
to be spent on education rather than on the navy; and if the public funds set aside for the bureaucracy are
confined to fixed and unalterable limits (as when the Church lived on its tithes) it follows that the different
categories of functionaries will struggle with all the
greater avidity for the different sums in the Budget.
They are still quarrelling over them; but, in so far as
they do not jeopardise their own salaries, functionaries
will always be favourable to increased military charges,
since military charges are a guarantee of their actual
possessions and even of their hopes, it being granted
that the losses of a State would ruin its bureaucracy,
while the conquest of new territory would widen the
bases of the official hierarchy and still further elevate its
summits.
We thus indicate yet another of the specific charac-
teristics of bureaucracies as a social class. It is perhaps
the only social class interested positively in the numeri-
cal increase of its members. Workmen are not interested
in adding to the number of workmen: on the contrary,
the larger the number of workmen in the labour market the smaller the ratio of wages. Peasant proprietors,
for with every increase in their number the area apportioned to them correspondingly diminishes. Neither do capitalists; for, although capi-
talists do not compete with one another, their different
blocks of wealth compete in the market, and the in-
crease in the number of capitalists means either a
diminution in the amount of capital possessed by each
one of them, or else an increase in the total volume of
capital available, and consequently a resuscitator of competition. But functionaries, on the other hand,
are not interested in seeing their total numbers reduced, for
neither they themselves nor their salaries, which are
fixed, compete with one another. On the contrary, as
public officials are a hierarchy, we may lay down the
general principle that the wider the basis of an official
organisation the higher will be its peaks, and on this
position the heads of the judiciary, of the national
organisation the higher will be its peaks,
defence, of the education department, etc., will be all
with it, obviously, rapidity of promotion for employees
in the personnel of the administrative categories carries
with it, necessarily, the idea of conceding to a neutral class—the official
body of a disunited society—their own interests;
that the antagonism of the two classes may
be prevented from degenerating into a civil or a
social revolution. And it is probable, indeed, that
the rise of functionarism wards off the approach of a social
revolution. But it is the tragedy of human culture that
it cannot solve a problem without setting up a new one
in its place; whence it happens that the rise of
functionarism, while softening the internal aperities
of human society, thrusts them with fatal effect into
external struggles and rivalries.
Functionarism, indeed, increases at the expense of the
remaining social classes. Economically speaking,
functionarism is immediately parasitical, although
mediatly it may produce wealth. In any case, the rise
of functionarism is effected at the expense of the other
social classes in the State. But the taxing capacity of
these classes is limited. There may come a stage at
which the demands of the functionaries exceed these
limits. Functionarism may then run the risk of the
producing classes finding it no longer to their interest to
go on producing. They may prefer emigration to work-
ing and handing over all their earnings to the State, and,
they will consequently become enemies of the State that
exploits them. In this case the sovereignty of the State
will be in jeopardy, for it will be threatened by enemies
at home as well as by enemies abroad. Abolishing the sovereignty of the State is the function of the
functionaries, they will have recourse to any measure
rather than continue to exploit the citizens of their State
to such a degree as to make their position intolerable.
When functionaries are possessed of the antagonistic
desires of wishing to increase as a class, and yet of not
wishing to exploit the taxpayers beyond tolerable limits,
it is clear that their desires can be satisfied only by ex-
tending their power over the inhabitants of other
countries.
It thus happens that we find in the conflict between the
functionaries and the taxpayers one of the prime motives
of Colonial expansion. The purely capitalistic explana-
tion of Colonial enterprises is insufficient. Anyone who
has lived in German university circles during the last few
years will be able to confirm my statement that the
greatest enthusiasts of colonial expansion in Germany
were not the manufacturers, but the students. Their
admiration and envy of British power in India were not
aroused by commercial prospects, but by the possibili-
ties of posts for military and civil bureaucrats. In the
future colonial empire of Germany the students dimly
discerned billets and pensions for hundreds of thousands
of German university graduates. Thus the interest of
the bureaucracy in its conflict with the interest of the
taxpayer was bound to impel the powerful States to the
partition of the colonial lands; and as soon as there
were none left to be divided the inevitable result was the
an increase in taxation. The norm of the taxpayers cons-
ists in obtaining the maximum of public services with
the minimum of expense. It may therefore be taken
for granted that private citizens will at all times oppose increases in the public expenditure.
As private persons form the great majority of the
citizens it will be easy for them to make their own in-
terests prevail at any cost, if they are divided by antagonistic interests, the occasion will be
propitious for an increase in functionarism. In other
words, in homogeneous societies the increase in func-
tionarism cannot be very great. On the other hand, in
heterogeneous societies, in which the functionary produc-
tive wealth is carried on amid a permanent struggle
between rich and poor, and the continual ex-
ploration of man by man, functionarism will easily in-
crease—for two reasons: first, the interests of a united
functionary body will be more powerful than the interests
of a disunited society; and, secondly, because, between
the two struggling classes, a way will be found open
for the idea of conceding to a neutral class—the official
class—the greatest possible maximum of moderating
power, so that the antagonism of the two classes may be
converted into a civil revolution and a social revolution. And it is probable, that
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taxpayer was bound to impel the powerful States to the
partition of the colonial lands; and as soon as there
were none left to be divided the inevitable result was the
clash of the great bureaucracies, which are the great States, among themselves.

Facts confirm the accuracy of this theoretical reasoning. The expenditure of the French State, which was $33,600,000 in 1822, had increased by 1910 to $167,1/2 million. The expenditure of the German Empire, which in 1874 was £33,500,000, rose by 1910 to 133 million. The increases in the English Budget will be in the minds of all, and the last nine years have shown that the reforms inaugurated chiefly by Mr. Lloyd George have led to the creation of 60,000 new public posts. And it should be noted that the Budgets have increased as much in autocratic Russia as in semi-autocratic Germany, in republican France, as in constitutional England, in countries where pacific ideals prevail as in those which boast their lust of conquest—to such an extent that economists who have observed the phenomenon speak of a “Law of the increasing activities of the State.”

I do not believe such a law exists. If it did exist the increase of functionarism would be inevitable. But it is not inevitable. What has happened is simply that it has not been avoided. It has not been avoided primarily because it happens could not easily have been foreseen. All that we know even now is that no political régime up to the present time has been able to solve the problem; for neither autocracy nor parliamentarism has any direct or immediate interest in checking the increase in functionarism. M. Leroy-Beaulieu has quoted figures to show that the Deputies in the French Chamber devote much more energy to placing their friends in the public services, and thus augmenting the national expenditure, than in reducing the general expenses of the State. Hence we may rest assured that the remedy for the trouble will come neither from an autocracy nor from Parliament, but from the organisation of the productive social classes for the specific object of “controlling” the expenditure of the State.

But this organisation of the productive classes implies the resurrection of the guilds with a national aim. This is the banner which was first raised in England a few years ago by a modest weekly paper called THE NEW AGE, with its programme of National Guilds. Disdained by the officials of the State and the State Socialists of the Fabian Society because they refuse to regard the State as the universal panacea; attacked by the Labour Party because they do not hold an exclusively proletarian idea; and anathematised by the Marxians because they cannot accept an economico-fatalistic interpretation of history, the men of THE NEW AGE may nevertheless look into the future with tranquil eyes, for a guild organisation of the nation is the only means of warding off the catastrophes to which we are perpetually exposed by the uncontrolled supremacy of the executive power of the State—the only social class which has so far been formed into a guild. And thus, as the men of the Renaissance by turning their eyes towards antiquity prepared the modern era, so may the men of THE NEW AGE, with their mediæval conception of the guild, lay well and truly the foundations of the future.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

His poetry is laden fair With influence too sweet to bear; Whose childlike spirit bade him write, Translating unto mortal sight, That fills a little child with light, That gives him wings and sparkles in his eyes Like sprinkled beads of Paradise. To Coleridge, or wood, or dale Was but a painted, thin-spay veil; To Coleridge, or stream, or sea, Lest the unbearable should blast.

How is the film turned darkest night? How is the well grown thickest ring? The proud, the sensual, the blind Have poisoned all the founts of light, That string our arrowy atmosphere.

E. H. VSIJK.
Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in Russia nor France wants war; he knows that the Dual Monarchy would crush Serbia and now has a diplomatic pretext. The British Foreign Secretary, seated in
Clouds and Constellations, and Thou, O Mother Earth,
of Thor, this dethronement of Reason comes uninvited
fear and without flinching. We throw down the torch
we seize the sword; undismayed,
also, we pray, that we
future."

his legions of darkness. Nor does our Foreign Secretary
in unholy union with Mammon, was too strong.
his desk are the figures of the French army and navy,
power and recuperative faculties of France. Here on
ground. The words of the Viennese editor re-echo in
for he must gain the consent of the Cabinet. Nor can

"Ye Powers and Temporalities, Ye Immensities, Ye
But our Foreign Secretary is not afraid. Nor does

"But our Foreign Secretary is not afraid. Nor does the
Britain nation tremble. Fear! We have dealt
with wolves and our dominion runs to the ends of
Look more closely at home, oh, fire-
ingrate.

His mother groaned, his father wept,
Kicking off his swaddling-bands,
He swaggered forth in foreign lands.

He struts about the bad new age!

Morgan Tud.
conqueror, hail the blonde beast, had an old familiar ring, suspected that the name of Thomas Carlyle would not be kept out of it for very long. Sure enough, Carlyle soon appeared in the conflict, but instead of any prideful pointing out of the fact that Nietzsche had got three-quarters of his ideas from a Scottish source, an extraordinary effusion appeared in the "Daily News," claiming Carlyle as the very antithesis of Nietzsche. This particular comparison was the very limit to which the insane misrepresentation of Nietzsche has been pushed so far. The writer, a gentleman of the name of Wilson, claimed that Carlyle (1) Believed in right and not might. (2) Was a woman worshipper. (3) Was an ardent believer in Christian morals. (4) Championed the down-trodden. Nietzsche, of course, was the opposite of all these things. Finally, it was certain that in this war Nietzsche would have praised the German Kaiser clique and Carlyle would have cursed them. Feeling that the editor of the "Daily News," with his love of truth, would be keen to welcome any correction of these errors, we ventured a mild letter on the subject, but, alas! it did not appear. It is probable that the unfortunate editor received such an overwhelming number of letters upon it, that in fairness he had no choice but to reject all.

However, it may be here pointed out that on the question of right and might, what Nietzsche meant by blonde beast, Thomas Carlyle called Hero. The whole of the Nietzschean doctrine on this matter is to be found in Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship." He takes an average amount of hero fighters (of whom divergent personal character, attractive or otherwise, does not matter, and his express thesis is that he who fights and wins, the conqueror, is justified by history irrespective of the merits of his cause. In proof that this is sound, one need only cite the case of William the Conqueror. Here was a man of lowest bestial type, who with no other motive than material greed brought over to these shores a collection of riffians, the vileness of whose characters can never be exceeded, and made unprovoked attack upon the Saxons, precisely as the modern William is making war upon the Belgians now. By a superiority of either numbers, organisation or armament, but certainly by no moral superiority, William the Bastard won. With the result that to-day Carlyle's panegyric is, that it is not only Prussia especially that he admires and thinks should dominate Europe, but it is the peculiar repulsive blend of religious piety and military brutality which is her charming quality in his eyes. He was Christian enough always to like to see his Christian warriors fight with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. The statue to Oliver Cromwell (another of his heroes) that now stands outside the House of Commons and in which this phenomenon can be observed, all the glory of bronze, would have delighted his very soul.

To-day Carlyle's words are terrible enough, even seem insane. It may be advisable to remove his monument from the Thames Embankment for the present, as the Kaiser, should he ever arrive, will undoubtedly pay it a ceremonial visit and probably decorate it with an Iron Cross. So far as mere literary influence goes, Carlyle had undoubtedly more to do with the cause of the present war than Nietzsche. It is stated, for instance, in a recent volume on the bombastic and violent Treitschke, that there was only one Englishman who had any sense and whom he could admire—Thomas Carlyle!

But we must soften the blow a little and not be too hard on the dour scholar from Ecclefechan. Insane as his words seem now, they merely reflected the opinion of the well-to-do classes and Court circles of England at that period. This is true of his pro-Germanism, of his siding with the Southern slave owners against Lincoln, and of his bitter attacks on the unfortunate French nation of 1870; such was the result, or irony of fate, of Carlyle's struggle to maintain a reputation for sturdy independence of character. Yet the old Chelsea oracle had his bright lucid moments. While none can hope that his prophecy of Prussian Presidency of Europe may come to pass, yet it does look as though inspiration was upon him when he penned the following:

"Laissez faire, Supply and Demand, one begins to be weary of all that. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, of applause; it is the Gospel of Despair! Goethe, Luther, even the Gospel of Despair! But we must soften the blow a little and not be too hard on the dour scholar from Ecclefechan. Insane as his words seem now, they merely reflected the opinion"
‘impossibility’ and suicidal madness, as of endless dog kennels run rabid.”

“A working aristocracy.”

A lucid moment in truth: of all prophecies, ancient, modern, monkish, scientific or herocropic, this one, written seventy years ago, seems now of all most likely to come to pass. Things are all the less the fetish, the ‘holies of holies, the glorious gospel of free trade’! We must quote no more from Carlyle or he will be thrown even from his last stronghold, the “Daily News.”

But Katerina grew brighter still was he when he pened the lines that heads this paper. Such, truly, is the value of all philosophers, including himself, amateur though he was. We have read deep, oh so deep of philosophers, until we are sick to the very heart and soul; away with the whole pack of them to the dust-bin. The highest philosophy was perfectly familiar ages before writing was discovered. What better can the moderns do than Aurelius, Petronius, Omar Khayyam, Shakespeare? Never in this world can any reach higher than these. As for the moderns, here are they all, worrying over the dry bone of the super-man idea, still trying to find meat on it, wretched product of the greedy individualism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as it is. When Immanuel Kant talks of his “Categorical Imperative,” Schopenhauer of his “Will to live,” Stirner of his precious “Ego,” Carlyle of his “Heroes,” Nietzsche of his “Blonde Beast,” Bernard Shaw of his “Life Force and Super-Man,” Bergson of his “Elan Vital,” each and all mean exactly and precisely the same thing. Dissect this metaphysical monster and there stands revealed nothing but the economic boss of the period: the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the self-made man.

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G. D.

Shevchenko’s “Katerina.”

(Translated into prose by S. Wolska and C. E. Bechhofer)

Love, ye black-browed maidens, but not the Muscovites; for the Muscovites are foreign men, they do you hurt. The Muscovite, the soldier, loves with a joke, with a joke he forsakes; he will go away to his Muscovy, and the maiden perishes. If it were only she, were nought, but the old mother that bore her into God’s world must perish too. The heart withers, singing, when it knows why; folk will not ask the heart, but will say, “Worthless one.” Love then, ye black-browed maidens, but not the Muscovites, for the Muscovites are foreign men, they laugh at you.

Katerina obeyed neither her father nor her mother. She came to love a Muscovite all her heart knew how. She came to love the youth, and she went to the garden, till herself and her happiness she destroyed there. The mother calls to the evening meal, but the daughter does not hear. She dailles with the Muscovite and passes through the garden. More than two nights she kissed her lover’s black eyes till the soul rumour was in all the village. The evil folk say that they wish; she loves and does not see that misery has begun.

Evil news came—they bade him march; the Muscovites must return. Katerina cowled her head. She cared not that her plait was covered; to suffer for her lover is as pleasant as to sing. The black-browed youth has promised, if he live, has promised to return—then Katerina will be a Muscovite and forget her woe. And meanwhile, let folk say what they will. Katerina is not sad—but she wipes away her tears, that the maidens in the street sing without her. Katerina is not sad—but she laves herself with her tears; she takes the pails at midnight and goes for water, that her foes may not see her. She goes to the pool, stands beneath the guelder-rose and sings “Dear Gregory.” She sings, she speaks, that the guelder-rose weeps. She returns, and is glad that none has seen her. SheREWELS THE NEW AGE

March 18, 1915

The father sits at the end of the table; he rests on his arms and looks not on God’s world; he is very sad. At his side the old mother sits on the bench; for tears she can hardly hold. “Here I looked for my child! How art thou miserable!”

“Go, perhaps thou wilt hearken to her. Go, daughter, seek her, greet her, be happy among strangers, do not return to us. Return not, my child, from the distant land. Who, when she is gone, will bury this head? Who will weep for Katerina? . . . She has a black-browed lover. Surely she taught him herself.” Babblers, may evil days bite you such as have bitten the mother who has borne a son for your sport!

Katerina, my heart! How art thou miserable! Whither in the world wilt thou go with thy little orphan? Who in the world will invite thee in, will welcome thee without thy lover? Thy father, thy mother are as foreign folk, it is hard to live with them. Katerina grew, each and all mean exactly and precisely the same thing. Dissect this metaphysical monster and there stands revealed nothing but the economic boss of the period: the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the self-made man.

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II.

The father sits at the end of the table; he rests on his arms and looks not on God’s world; he is very sad. At his side the old mother sits on the bench; for tears she can hardly hold. “Here I looked for my child! How art thou miserable!”

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G. D.
The red guilder-rose? Who, when thou art gone, will name my sinful soul? My daughter, my daughter, my dear child, begone from us!' She scarcely blessed her, 'God be with thee,' and fell to the floor as she wept and fell at his feet.

The old father spoke: 'Why dost thou wait, poor thing?' Katerina began to weep and fell at his feet. "Pardon, dear father, what have I done. Pardon me, my pigeon, my dear hawk." 'God forgive thee, and good speed at last. Pray to God and begone. It will be easier for me.'

She could scarcely rise, she took farewell and silently left the hut. The old father and mother remained, bereft. She went to the cherry-orchard and prayed to God under a cherry-tree. She took a little earth and placed it on the cross round her neck, and said, "I shall return no more. In a distant land, in foreign soil, strangers shall bury me. But this morsel at least shall hide beneath the water and thou wilt do penance for my sins, a fatherless orphan among men."

She went through the village. Katerina wept; on her head was a kerchief, in her arms a child. She left the village—the heart yearns. She looked back, melted, and began to lament. Like a poplar she stood in the fields at the roadside, like dew before the rising of the sun fell her tears. Behind her bitter tears she does not see the world; only she hears her son, she kisses him and cries, and he, like a little angel, knows nothing and with his tiny hands seeks her breast. The sun set; the sky reddens behind the wood. She wiped her tears, 'I will trample misfortune with bare feet. Then my heart meant to live with them, to love them. They are lost, lost!'

There is happiness in the world, but who knows it? There is freedom in the world, but who has it? Folk there are in the world that glitter with gold and silver. They seem to reign, but they do not know happiness, neither happiness nor freedom. In dullness and misery they put on their robes, and they are ashamed to weep. Take gold and silver and be rich, but I shall take tears, to pour away woe; I will drown misfortune with little tears, I will trample misfortune with bare feet. Then I shall be gay, then I shall be rich, when my heart shall walk in freedom!

Owls hoot, the forest sleeps, the stars glitter; over the road emptiness hovers. Good folk, let there be no more stale bread. With gold and silver they do not know happiness; with tears they will have happiness. Ask not, ye black-browed maidens, for folk do not know; whom God punishes in the world, they punish too. Men bow themselves, like willows, where the wind blows. The sun shines on the orphan, it shines, but does not warm. Men do to such as she, that she may not shine on the sun, if they had the might, that it might not shine on the orphan and dry his tears. And why, dear God, why to be so sad, what has she done to folk? What do they wish? That she weep—My heart; Katerina, do not weep; do not show them thy tears; suffer unto death! And lest thy face with thy black brows be lost thyself with tears in the dark wood before the rising of the sun. Thou wilt have thyself, they will not see it and will not mock thee; and the heart will rest while the tears flow.

Such, ye see, is misery, maidens! With a joke the Muscovite forsook Kateryna. Misery sees not with whom to joke; and though men see, they do not pity. "May," they say, "the wicked child perish, once she could not respect herself." My dears, respect yourselves in the evil hour, that ye seek not a Muscovite! Where does Kateryna wander? Under walls she passed the nights, early she rose, and hastened to Muscovy.

Meanwhile I shall rest, meantime I shall ask the way to Muscovy, the far away, my lord-brothers! I know it, I know! My heart grows cold, when I remember it. I, too, have measured it, may none measure it more! I would tell of that misery, but who will believe me? 'He lies,' they will say, 'the such-and-such.' (Of course, not to my eyes.) 'He only lies,' they tell, and the woe, and the woe, and the woe! Ah, my misery, and I tell of that, and the woe, and the woe, and the woe!'

Behind Kiev and the Dnieper, under a dark grove, the salt-merchants follow the road and sing. "The Eagle-Owl." A young woman goes by the road, surely on a pilgrimage. Why is she sad and not gay, and her eyes are as if they were weeping? Her coat is patched, on her back is a bag, and in her arm the child slumbered. She met the salt-merchants, covered the child and asked, 'Good folk, which is the way to Muscovy? To Moscow itself. In the name of Christ, give me for the road.' She takes the alms and trembles, it is hard to take it. "Hath not God said?" They must not pass the night in their hut. She wept and followed the road. At the Breweries she rested and bought her son a honey-cake. Long, long the poor creature went and always asked; and often with her son passed the night under a wall.

Ye see the use of black brows—to sleep under a stranger's wall! Regard, ye maidens, and do penance for your sins, that ye seek not a Muscovite, that ye seek him not, as Katerina. Then ask not why folk scoff, why they allow them not to pass the night in their hut. Ask not, ye black-browed maidens, for folk do not know; whom God punishes in the world, they punish too. Men bow themselves, like willows, where the wind blows. The sun shines on the orphan, it shines, but does not warm. Men do to such as she, that she may not shine on the sun, if they had the might, that it might not shine on the orphan and dry his tears. And why, dear God, why to be so sad, what has she done to folk? What do they wish? That she weep—My heart; Katerina, do not weep; do not show them thy tears; suffer unto death! And lest thy face with thy black brows be lost thyself with tears in the dark wood before the rising of the sun. Thou wilt have thyself, they will not see it and will not mock thee; and the heart will rest while the tears flow.

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The snowdrift roars and sighs and runs along the field. Katrya stands in the middle of the field and gives freedom to her tears. The storm tired and grew calm. Katerina would still cry, but she has no more tears. She looked at the child; laved with the tear, it became rosy as a flower in the morning under the dew. Katerina smiled, heavily she smiled; round her heart, like a
snake, a black thought crept. She looked round silently; she sees the wood is black, and under the wood at the roadside there seems to be a hut. “Let us go, my son, it is growing dark, if they will let us enter the hut—if they will not let us in we will sleep outside.” Ivan heeds it not; he will pass the night. Ivan, where wilt thou sleep when I am not here. My son, love the dogs in the court! Dogs are evil, they will bite thee, but they will not speak and laugh. To eat and drink with dogs! My unhappy head, what ill has befallen thee?

The orphan dog has its fortune in the world; an orphan, it has a good word in the world; they beat it and scold it; they enslave it, but none will ask it of its mother and laugh. But Ivan they will ask, very soon they will ask; they will not let the child even learn to speak. At whom do the dogs bark in the street? Who, naked and hungry, sleeps under the wall? Who walks with the beggar? The dark bastard! His only fortune—black brows; but the jealous folk do not let him bear them.

In a ravine beneath the mountains, like old men with mighty brows, stand the oaks from the time of the heathmats; in the ravine a dyke, a row of willows, a pond in slaver beneath the ice; a hole has been cut in it for water. The morning-flower reddens. Behind the clouds the sun begins to burn; and the wind would blow. All is white. Only in the wood there is the roaring.

The storm roars and whistles; it howls in the wood, like the sea the white field rolls with snow. The forester went out to look at the wood, but it is so terrible that he sees nothing. “Oho, I see, what a time! Let the wood be; I’ll go into the hut. What’s wrong with the hundred devils? They’ve made the soldiers walk as if they were really busy. Just look how white they are!”

“Who, Muscovites? Where are the Muscovites?”

“What hast thou? Come to thyself.” “Where are the Muscovites, the swans?” “There, look at them.”

Katerina ran, nor clad herself. “Surely she may go! I will forget that I loved thee, that from my heart. ‘Here he is! Take him!’” says she, with her sleeves. And Muscovites come towards her, mounted, as one man. “My misery, my woe!” To them! But she looks; before them their captain rides. “Ivan, my love! My dearest heart! Where hast thou forsaken me? And thou hast forgotten me, my heart? Do not run from me. Where art thou hiding?—He has gone his way; I will bring thee thy son. May misfortune never leave him! Thy mother bore thee into the world by sin—grow up for the laughter of men.” She forsokh him on the road. “Now, stay and seek thy father. I have sought him already,” she rushed from the road into the wood like a pure woman, and the child remained. He weeps, says she, to the Muscovites it is nought—they pass by. It was well, but by ill-luck the forester heard him.

Katria runs barefoot in the wood, runs and wails; now she curses her Ivan, now she blesses him. She runs to a clearing; she looks round, she runs into the ravine—metylly she found herself upon the middle of the pond. “O God, receive my soul and thou my body!” She jumped into the water. Under the ice something cracked. Black-browed woman! Round what she sought. The wind blew over the pond, and there was left no trace.

It is not the joyful wind that breaks the oak. It is not a heavy woe, that the mother dies. Little children that have buried their mother from the windows; the good fame is left to them, and her grave remains. Evil folk will laugh at the little orphan. He will cry over the grave and his heart will rest. But to this one—to him what remained in the world whom the father did not even see and the mother has forsaken? For the bastard? Who will speak to him? He has neither family nor cottage, but roads, sand and woe. The face of a lord, black brows; why? They might recognise them. But she did not hide them, she painted them; would they might fade?

A minstrel was journeying to Kiev and sat down to rest; his guide carries many bags. The little child beside him goes into the sun; meantime the old minstrel sings, “Jesus.” Whoever goes, whoever rides, does not pass by: one gives the old man bread, another pence, but the black-browed maidens give farthings to the little guide. They look at him; he is naked and barefoot. “Silly she may well remember Muscovy, for in the night she knows only to call a Muscovite.” Through the tree stumps and the snow she runs and scarcely breathes. Barefoot she stood in the middle of the road and wiped her eyes with her sleeves. And Muscovites come towards her, mounted, as one man. “My misery, my woe!” To them! But she looks; before them their captain rides. “Ivan, my love! My dearest heart! Where hast thou forsaken me? And thou hast forgotten me, my heart? Do not run from me. Where art thou hiding?—He has gone his way; I will bring thee thy son. May misfortune never leave him! Thy mother bore thee into the world by sin—grow up for the laughter of men.” She forsokh him on the road. “Now, stay and seek thy father. I have sought him already,” she rushed from the road into the wood like a pure woman, and the child remained. He weeps, says she, to the Muscovites it is nought—they pass by. It was well, but by ill-luck the forester heard him.

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would: what, in fact, might have been or still may be (for life is not over yet). And the second form has its sphere in the world of the actual becoming. What Nature not only can but has a mind to—this is the material of the realism of the second order.

* * *

The pitch is high, but by no means too high for the dignity of literature. Nothing is more depressing to a critic than to witness the ease with which writers of no creative ability whatever reach by ascription a “front rank.” They have only to copy Nature slavishly to be greeted as creative artists. Why, to copy Nature is one of the easiest things in the world. At least ten thousand reporters do it daily. From the front are pouring every day “realist” descriptions of battle which thousands of novelists only differ from our rank and file by reason of their greater leisure and lesser experiences. Literature, in short, is reduced to nothing of importance. * * *

The true realism, on the other hand, raises literature to a great art again. No mere record of experience, however, is so called actually, be the final aim of literature what we ought to flatter ourselves that pretty well anybody can reach it. There is nothing, then, in the literary profession to brag about or to call for special respect. Our novelists only differ from our rank and file by reason of their greater leisure and lesser experiences. Literature, in short, is reduced to nothing of importance.

* * *

The pitch is high, but by no means too high for the dignity of literature. Nothing is more depressing to a critic than to witness the ease with which writers of no creative ability whatever reach by ascription a “front rank.” They have only to copy Nature slavishly to be greeted as creative artists. Why, to copy Nature is one of the easiest things in the world. At least ten thousand reporters do it daily. From the front are pouring every day “realist” descriptions of battle which no professional “realist” writer could equal. Tolstoy, Zola, Stephen Crane, all appear to me to be absolutely beaten at their own game by any casual soldier writing home to a sympathetic friend. If a description of what is, of so-called actually, be the final aim of literature, we ought to flatter ourselves that pretty well anybody can reach it. There is nothing, then, in the literary profession to brag about or to call for special respect. Our novelists only differ from our rank and file by reason of their greater leisure and lesser experiences. Literature, in short, is reduced to nothing of importance.

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I recall Coleridge’s remarks on Deborah’s Song. “When I read the Song of Deborah,” he said, “I never think that she is a poet, although I think the song itself a sublime poem.” Why is this remark just? The answer is to be found in the remark of Aristotle that “of all works of art, those are the most excellent where in chance has the least to do.” But for the chance of her exploit, Deborah would have remained dumb. But for the chance of their experiences most of our soldiers at the front would never have written a line of literature. The more of all of them there are the richer life has become for us.

* * *

That, in spite of the multitude of creative artists among us, there is no creation is evident from this fact: that, outside a few figures (Sherlock Holmes is the most notable of the several heroes in modern fiction), Dickens, Tolstoy, and the other hand, raises literature to a great art again. No mere record of experience, however, is so called actually, be the final aim of literature what we ought to flatter ourselves that pretty well anybody can reach it. There is nothing, then, in the literary profession to brag about or to call for special respect. Our novelists only differ from our rank and file by reason of their greater leisure and lesser experiences. Literature, in short, is reduced to nothing of importance.

* * *

The Will of the People.

One last article on this subject, and I have done. I have insisted on the obvious facts that the Guild-State is aristocratic, and that it will therefore be necessary to cultivate the aristocratic virtues, for the very sound reason that the Guilds advocated by The New Age are National Guilds, and imply the existence and maintenance of the Nation, as a condition of their being. The assumption that the Nation must look after itself, that all that matters is that the working-classes should itself, that all that matters is that the working-classes should stand as themselves, is precisely the opposite of what I am contending. The Guilds must care for the economic interests of the Nation, if we are not all to be reduced to that most primitive organisation of society known as democracy; and for this reason, we cannot tolerate any too literal rendering of the phrase, “the sovereignty of the whole mass of the workers.” It is here that we touch on the fundamental inconsistency between democracy and Socialism; and Professor Dicey has said: “We must assume, we must indeed hope, that the Socialists of England will accept the profoundly true dictum of Tarde that ‘a Socialist party can, but a working-man’s party cannot, be in the great current of progress.’ For a party of Socialists may aim at the benefit of the whole State, a labour party seeks the benefit of a class.”

The New Age has consistently criticised the Labour Party for not admitting to its ranks the members of any class other than its own; and I am simply extending that criticism to any proposed constitution of a Guild that does not consider the interests of any class but that of the manual and clerical workers. There is nothing in modern history of which I have knowledge that suggests that the working classes, left to themselves, are capable of taking care even of their own organisation, to say nothing of the Nation; such a passage as this, taken from Mr. J. A. Hobson’s “True Wealth,” should curb any undue optimism concerning the working classes taken by themselves. “Experiments in the self-governing workshop make it evident that direct government by the workers in their capacity of all works of art, those are the most excellent where in chance has the least to do.” But for the chance of her exploit, Deborah would have remained dumb. But for the chance of their experiences most of our soldiers at the front would never have written a line of literature. The more of all of them there are the richer life has become for us.

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That, in spite of the multitude of creative artists among us, there is no creation is evident from this fact: that, outside a few figures (Sherlock Holmes is the most notable of the several heroes in modern fiction); Dickens, on the other hand, seems to have been a veritable master in Nature’s workshop. He seems to have watched Nature at work, to have acquired his trick, and to have bettered her instruction. The Logic of this, taking certain opportunity for ingenious creation; but even Life was not more inventive than Dickens. At the same time he is vastly inferior to Shakespeare and the major artists. It is true he worked in the spirit of Nature, but as her assistant, not as her prophet and seer. What Nature could do and was already doing, Dickens could do as well as she. But what Nature was still striving to do, and as yet could not actually do, were imitated in advance of her. Shakespeare, in short, created more easily than Nature, while Dickens created only as easily as Nature. Look at Falstaff, for example. What approximations to him Nature has made and, let us hope, is still making. There was no holding up the mirror to Nature when Shakespeare created Falstaff. Rather it was the holding up of a telescope to Nature! Now Dickens never held up a mirror (as our “realists” do); nor did he hold up a telescope; but his mind was a kaleidoscope.

Despite his magnitude, however, nobody would place Falstaff on the same plane as Hamlet. Hamlet! Hamlet! I must walk here with caution lest I be overheard in another column. Hamlet is nonetheless one of the permanent figures of the world: neither to be, nor belonging to the might be. He is neither actual nor potential; he is neither a character ever to be realised nor a character ever realisable. What is he, then? A correspondent, whose remarks have, in fact, provoked these notes, classifies him with four other literary divinities as “the moulds of Nature’s own mind”—with Don Quixote, Don Juan and Faust. These four, says my correspondent, represent, not what Nature will create, but what Nature is in Art, and not the spirit of Nature, if you could meet it, would be found to be a complex of these four personalities. None of them will ever be realised, for Nature, like every great artist, remains hidden behind her creations. But her private life is to be imagined from her four-fold nature.

R. H. C.
of producers is technically worse than government by the owners of the capital. The selection and the remuneration of ability of management are always found defective, and the employees are often unwilling to submit to proper discipline, even when they have elected the persons who shall exercise it. I am not to be driven from the position of any speculations concerning the nature and capacity of the working-classes in some remote future when they have got rid of everybody but themselves; I contend that, for the historical reasons given by me in my article on “Initiative,” the working classes must be taught the elementary principles of government, before they can be encouraged in their exercise.

Taking this view of the situation, I am not, therefore, driven to the other extreme of demanding a rigid and oppressive discipline of the workers. An aristocracy of the Guild must not be subject to the control of the workers; but it does not follow that it will therefore ignore the workers. Hume said long ago: “As force is always on the side of the governed, the governors have nothing to support them but opinion. It is, therefore, on opinion only that government is founded; and this maxim extends to the most despotic and most military government as well as to the most popular. The Soldier of Egypt, or the Emperor of Rome, might drive his harmless subjects, like brute beasts, against their sentiments and inclination; but he must, at least, have led his mamelukes, or praetorian bands, like men, to do so. The people should be governed by their own opinion.” To do so, he must accord with the will of the people; but that is a very different proposition from the one that the will of the people must govern. In fact, as everybody knows, the manager of a works in the Guild will commend himself and his management to the workers by every means possible to him; to do otherwise would soon set the workers by the ears, a result which would soon be manifest in quantity or quality of production, and bring the manager before his superiors to explain why he has not done so; convey the impression that they are gentlemen of caste, and tend that if it is to find a practical expression, it will not be by attempts to form what Bagehot called “a poor man’s paradise as poor men are apt to fancy that Paradise, and as they are apt to think they can create it.” Feeling oppressed, it is natural that they should want to relieve the pressure from “the top” by abolishing the top; but that only means the transference of the problem of government from their superiors to themselves. To be successful, government of any kind (even self-government of the workers) needs some principle of permanence, and it is most popularly found in the doctrine of equality, which is a lie, nor in elective hierarchy, which subjects management to the whims of popular opinion, but in the principle of hereditary status modified by promotion. The will of the people should be “the best,” he must accord with what is “the best” is, in my opinion, only possible by “the best.” When “the best” becomes a term of reproach, we are far indeed from any solution of our difficulties.

More War Books.

If a bull be permitted, the Oxford Pamphlets are the best War Books we have had. They are written, generally speaking, in a detached, scholarly, and impartial way, as if the writers fully realised that scholarship, science, and learning are permanent, and wars temporary. Ushered into the world without the blare of vulgar advertising, these little pamphlets are understood to have had a very large sale in all parts of the world. They are, indeed, an unwitting tribute to the attitude of the English governing classes of the best type; for their authors, without in the least appearing to do so, convey the impression that they are gentlemen of the world demonstrating with noisy scoundrels. It is all done persuasively, tactfully, often with suave irony. These remarks apply more especially to the striking exceptions, the products of intellectual outsiders—notably, as I need hardly add for readers of the series, the pamphlet by Nietzsche by Mr. William Archer.

The Value of Small States. By H. A. L. Fisher, F.B.A., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield. (Oxford. ad.)

Mr. Fisher has the merit of presenting the case for small States without sentimentality. The average mediocre writer would have laid fulsome emphasis on the "democracies" of the ancient world, which were no more "democracies" in the modern sense of the expression than Germany is to-day. Instead, he recognises the much-less-known fact that real examples of democracy are to be found in the modern Balkan States. He is historically right, too, as well as psychologically right, in attributing the German contempt for small States to the late arrival of Germany into the ranks of Great Powers. This, as Mr. Fisher points out, was due to the long-continued drive against small-State system (Kleinstaaten), which persisted even after the Treaty of Libera-

The humiliation suffered by Germany at the hands of Napoleon, the glory of the war of liberation, may be called the first common act of the German people, the
fatal reprise into the old system of loose impotent federation, and, finally, the foundation of the German Empire under Prussian hegemony-these sharply contrasted the paralysis bred of disunion and the power generated by unity. ... In any case, the national sentiment, whether Prussian or Russian, never did yield to the cold selfishness of free trade. ... Germany had the misfortune to come under German rule. It is in this very respect that the Prussian Government has thought fit to adopt large States on small; but there is a reverse influence it is rather to be found in the small Balkan States for the "middle kingdom of Lotharingia" or Poland had remained intact we might well have had very much less European unpleasantness. Our author recognises the limits of arbitration, but adds: "Arbitration cannot banish war, but it can diminish the accumulation of minor grievances which, if untended, are apt to create that inflammation out of which wars so easily arise; and in the case of larger disputes arbitration has at least the advantage of gaining time." It is not until the more practical difficulties have been dealt with that Fisher turns to abstractions and shows that civic and other virtues can be practised at least as well in small States as in large.

Where the German method of governing has most obviously failed, of course, is in the administration of small countries which have had the misfortune to come under German rule. It is in this respect that England has shown to the advantage for, whatever the mistakes we have made over India and our other possessions, they are nothing as compared with what the subject races would have had to tolerate at the hands of the Mikado. The only exception, as Mr. Fisher acknowledges, is Ireland; but here we have learnt to lament the deficiencies of our forbears, which no German would ever learn in such a connection. Writing on this point Mr. Fisher says: "No historical State can be driven out of its identity without suffering a moral impoverishment in the process. The evil is not only apparent in the embitterment and lowering of the citizens of the conquered community, whether they are subjected to the agencies of a Pot in dispersion, or linger on nursing their rights and wounded pride in the scene of their former independence, but it creates a people which may very easily harden and brutalise his whole outlook on policy. It is never good for a nation to be driven to the employment of harsh measures against any of its subjects."

It might be added that this latter remark applies not only to subject races or nations, but to the classes within a nation. The Clyde engineers, the railwaymen all over the country, and the Liverpool dockers would heartily echo the sentiment Mr. Fisher has expressed. On this point there is an instructive paragraph a little further on:

It is no idle fancy to suppose that the kind of policy which the Prussian Government has thought fit to adopt towards the alien nationalities of the German Empire has reacted upon its treatment of those German parties whose views do not accord with the strict official convention. No Conservative English statesman ever dreamed of denouncing English Socialists as Prince von Buelow denounced the Social Democrats of Germany. But, then, no English statesman, Liberal or Conservative, would dream of treating any portion of the British Empires as Prince von Buelow treated the German Poles.

In going on to treat of the Balkan democracies, Mr. Fisher does not make a point which he might have made. ... A people of Slavonic origin, the integrity of which, incidentally, this country is now fighting. If anybody wishes to see an example of the way in which the idea of the Pan-Slav idea can be applied to the Balkans, the instance of the Pan-Serbs on Russia and on the Russian Government. I must quote Mr. Fisher's concluding words:

There is no virtue, public or private, which cannot be practised as fully in a small and weak State as under the sceptre of the most potent and powerful of the Pan-Slav power their real temperament and nature. Whatever may be their several shortcomings, the smaller States of Europe are not among the despots. Here, at least, men may think what they please and write what they think. Whenever the small States may come up for judgment the advocate of human freedom will plead on their behalf.


This rather losers its effect because the title makes one think of Congreve and Voltaire, and even an Oxford Pamphlet would suffer in the comparison. But it is well done, nevertheless. One would like to meet the writer or writers of a few things in its pages. For instance: . . . Wedded Free Trade to cosmopolitanism and pacifism. He buttressed the cause of internationalism with money-bags. Your Englishman talks of the comity of nations and the public law (whatever that may be) of Europe; but his eyes are on the till. He is a good internationalist, because Free Trade is a paying proposition, and because Free Trade flourishes best through the harmonious exchange of the one-sided products of one-legged nations, each specialising, to the destruction of its own full life, on its own peculiar "department."

[Continued]
Pastiche.

ON THE DEATH OF A DESTROYER.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, XXV AUGUST, MCM.

From the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio.

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Unto the heart of man he spake:

"When thou, O deepest one, art glowing—
Like to a mighty river flowing,
Bearing its shores both boon and peril—
Thou living one, thou never sterile!
Thou art as with fire
Emblazons as with fire
With dancing and with singing,
Its joyful mood.

Unto the heart of man he spake
Was born my wisdom supernal,
In the moontide, glowing, diurnal,
'Established there in that vastness,
My savage wisdom, strange and wild,
In solitude,
And on the mountains eternal

"He spake: "Where ultimate deserts brood,
My longing, my desire
Thou dwellest, O clearest water,
Became for me one lofty hope.

"Brought forth her youngest son."

He spake: "Where ultimate deserts brood
Over the sand-heaps fallow
In solitude,
Where the sun like a maniac sallow
Raves in the silences burning—
Thither my soul returning,
Lusts for the light as a lion
Lusts for his prey and his capture.
There do I find my rapture,
That so vehemently bubbles,
I will uplift your faces—
Shattered the ashlars of your hoary tomb,
And sanctified them in dangers—
In search of your souls,
And thence my mighty summer swelling,
To the wide kingdoms of Futurity.

"Great joys have I stored up for ye.
To the Earth of our sons, to the kingdoms
Of Futurity!"

He spake: "In the fountains poison,
In the fires of life a stench,
Some beg with piteous pleas
To beg of unseen givers,
As day by day their dole of hours
Some beg with piteous pleas—
Of my disgust of these
Sprung forth my pinions and powers!
I scented hidden sources creeping
Of solitary rivers.
And by the light of star and sun
From peak to towering peak,
Beyond all good and evil won,
Never resting, never sleeping,
My goal I still would seek.
Seeking, seeking for the dwelling
Of Joy, and on the mountain,
I found it in the welling
Of the waters of the fountain—
In the waters whence the song came,
My heart sank, my heart drunk;
And thence my mighty summer swelling,
Grew to a flame, a strong flame.

"My heart wherein this summer gloweth
Sated its thirst that could not cloy
At the clear water of the pool,
The living water icy-cool,
And now through all my being floweth
An infinite miracle of Joy.
This life of mine
Became for me one lofty hope.

Brothers that grope,
Where are ye?—hither unto me!
Great joys have I stored up for ye.
Too little did your merit ask,
Too lightly were ye satisfied,
But this thirst cannot be denied
Nor filled from babbling runlets up,
Nor where the wayside cisterns wide
O'errun the vessels while the dreamers bask.
Hearken to me, O brothers,
For that I drank where these clear waters shine,
This life of mine
Because as one eternal hope to me.
My thoughts strove on to gaze
By a thousand paces down a thousand ways
To the wide kingdoms of Futurity.

"Come to me with your troubles,
Brethren, O come to me;
I will show you the unknown spring
Out of the young dawn growing,
That so vehemently bubbles,
That in one moment the eager cup
Is empty—is overflowing.
I will teach you to sup!
Come to me all ye stricken,
Arise from your lowly places,
Leave them that decay and sicken—
I will uplift your faces.

"Bring unto me
Your never-succumbing passion,
Bring me your thirst that survives,
Your insatiable thirst,
Some few might rise again from out their doom,
From darkness to light.
Ye that were rangers
Of ways that are sordid and straitest
In search of your souls,
And sanctified them in dangers—
Inexorable destinies—
From darkness to light.
Ye that were rangers
Of paths that are sordid and straitest
In search of your souls,
Ye that chose battle with strangers
Whose might was the greatest,
As greatest your goals,
And thence my mighty summer swelling,
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And thence my mighty summer swelling,
To the wide kingdoms of Futurity.
Therefore, since I am he,
That gleam creatively across the world-
He loveth thy embrace,
He spake
His steadfast gaze
And beggeth for the marriage-ring
He that doth sigh to thee,
A smile as vast
An image of thine own eternal round,
He who for long years wandering
Thy deep embraces-O,
His life to its mighty bound,
Did silence break,-
Thus the Ascetic spake,
Spake these great words:
He that did shape himself in everything
Of his desire profound,
Of the Recurrence
And of the years to be,
Time without bound.
He that doth cry to thee
Of his desire profound,
Of the destinies;
So did an equal substance never still
Forgetful of battle-fires,
Drunk with his fights as with feasts,
Dartles and hisses,-
The ponderous bow of Ulysses
With the sinew that thrills
As thrillette the joy-bringing swallow,-
The bow that but one man wills
To bend 'gainst the hordes that flow
The hordes that gather and wallow
Innumerable below.
Ah, that dark-hooded Fate
With her terrible sabre
Had not o'erthrown him with pitiless hand
In the midst of his labour!
So changeless down the shadowed way he went
Immovable and without speech and hollow
As a crater spent.
Then as with water formless
The hollow craters refill,
The crater silent and stormless
Forgetful of battle-fires,
So did an equal substance never still
Flow in the place of flame,
As a crater spent.

O naked heavens above me!
O joyful deeps beneath!
Well-spring of light, sun-festival!
O cloudless heaven, behold I call
On thee, O thunderless and rainless,
I call on thee with eager breath,
Behold me innocent and stainless!

Purged from the world-taint-I am he,
He that affirmeth, he that blesseth,
He whom the world no more oppresseth.

Long time for this the battle rose;-
With many weapons, many foes
I fought, that these hands might be free,
Yea, free at last these hands to bless,
Attaining in the end to thee,
O golden arc of peacelessness,
Above the world. O Liberty!

I would call blest:
To live enthroned o'er all things mortal,
To live aloof,
Myself my sky's own portal,
And its spinning roof,
Mine own eternal azure
Of mine eternal peace!
Blessed beyond measure
He that thus blesseth:
Since the unending sources
Of all Earth's forces
Are as the fonts baptismal
Of Eternity,
Beyond good, beyond evil,
And good and evil abysmal
And airy shadows unstable;
Since over all things
The laughing heaven
Vaults and sings,
The mysterious heavens coeval
Of the destinies;
Since to him, thy truest lover,
O Eternity;
These dost discover
The Earth as the gods' great table
For god-like dramas they have wrought for thee—

Therefore, since I am he,
Who loves thee, he the only rover,
O Eternity,
He that did shape himself in everything
An image of thine own eternal round,
He that doth sigh to thee,
And beggeth for the marriage-ring
Of the Recurrence
And of the years to be,
Time without bound.
He that doth cry to thee
Of his desire profound,
Of the holy hour that is set—
Be thou reminded,
Eternity—
So that with thee
Children he may beget;
He that was blinded
By the wild puissance of thy solar blaze
Against whose face
This stranger, this Barbarian hard and strong,
This grand Barbarian, he
Sing to me of his life and of his death,
Sing for the later sons of the Hellene
Of Futurity!

Alas, that Destiny
Whom in all things he still would follow
With a galliard love and a free,
Granted him not his life
To yield in the strife!
Upright to die, to rally
For the last sally,
Spanning the bow,
The heavy, the shining,
Whence the last shaft, humming and whining,
Dartles and hisses,—
The ponderous bow of Ulysses
With the sinew that thrills
As thrillette the joy-bringing swallow,—
The bow that but one man wills
To bend 'gainst the hordes that flow
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As a crater spent.
Then as with water formless
The hollow craters refill,
The crater silent and stormless
Forgetful of battle-fires,
So did an equal substance never still
Flow in the place of flame,
As a crater spent.

I am a Greek,
I too will sing of him—
Son of the ancients—with a potent song,
For that I spake when as I heard him speak,
His loneliness was even like to mine,
My misery like to his misery.
For that I said: "This man is kin to me,
This stranger, this Barbarian hard and strong,
Who drank deep bowls of fierce Campanian wine,
And, drunk with freedom and with mastery,
Drove through the sounding sea
All hungry for the pines
Where men with gods walked in the air divine
And both were Greeks.
This is my brother;
We greeted the triremes red
We bore a wreath for the dead
To the tombs of Marathon
In the Ephesian fane like Heracles,
He brooded on the thoughts that bound him
By the golden halo of San Marco
In the shadow of the seas,
And all the winds of summer round him
In the meridian glow swelled up his sails,
Midway between Cumae and Sorrento
In the gulf where Vesuvius glows and pales.

To force my austere strife.
And when the avalanches rattle
I know with beak and claw to battle,
Ripened the potent wisdom he had won,
The land-breeze blowing to the sea.
For the gardens of Italy,
The end of the fray.

TO NIETZSCHE.
Fire from the lightning of his thought doth smite
The universe to chaos; and his soul
Fashions the superman, majestic, whole,
Fashions a universe of glorious might.
Where vaster spheres of thought from pole to pole
Stretch endless, and from out the vast there roll
Clear voices of the dawn, serene and bright.
For him have all things striven, all life, all death;
All things have striven for this transcendent birth.
Current Cant.

"Pity, liberty, and reason."—"Daily Express."

"I congratulate the 'Times' on its Socialistic principles."—ROBERT BULLCHORD.

"Peace without mercy."—"John Bull."

"The 'Daily Chronicle,' the great national newspaper."—"Daily Citizen."

"Cheerful thrills at one farthing per thrill."—Hepworth Films.

"The disciple of Christ is to be an expert merchant in the commodity of time."—Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.

"Liberty is a very fine thing, but liberty to die of typhoid is liberty gone mad."—"Globe."

"The 'Times' has taken a fine and firm stand, and has given the nation independent and faithful advice."—British Weekly.

"The German man regards his womankind, whether it be his wife, mother, or sister, with the utmost contempt."—Joan Hay.

"The wise woman will tell your soldier-boy's character free."—"Home Notes."

"The British soldier is about to be made into crows' meat in order that England may hold her race meetings."—Arnold White.

"On Sunday will be published the first number of an entirely new kind of paper, a Sunday picture paper. Mr. Arnold Bennett is contributing, so is Austin Harrison, the brilliant editor."—"Daily Mail."

"Great men who suffered from nerves. Balzac, Flaubert, and Tchaikovsky... these sorely tried men have doubtlessly escaped their nerve sufferings if Sama- togen had been within their reach."—"P. F.'s Weekly."

"At the Hippodrome, before any physically well-developed young man is engaged, he is asked point-blank why he does not join the Army."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"The temper of our age is social."—Rev. J. D. Shakesppear, M.A.

"Mr. Arnold Bennett is one of the most contented and peaceful men I know. I know of a heaven-sent faculty of writing that no amount of training could produce."—"Daily Mirror."

"In order to relieve my mind from the stress of the war, which has halved my income and doubled my expenses, I have been reading fairly tales."—George R. Sims.

"A Labour member, in the course of a debate, hoped that the Government, in taking control of the firms, would show more energy and speed in reconciling differences as they arose. We can read in this an expectation that the Government will 'reconcile' the insatiable malcontents by conceding every demand which may arise and possibly sympathising with the men who make so much money in four days that they need the rest of the week to get rid of their earnings in drink and wastefulness."—"Referee."

"Great death of lady secretaries."—"Everyman."

"In the spy business I am a feminist, a militant Suffragist, though not against the little people."—Vance.

"What is the difference between an Egyptian camel and a Clyde striker? An Egyptian camel can work six days without drinking, and a Clyde striker can drink six days without working."—"Town Topics."
offered with this change an advance in wages of 6s. per week. The coal-heavers refused to accept the 6s. rise (the men knew that business would not always be so brisk at the new changehouse, that novel institution which will not want to wait penniless until the paying-off day at the clearing-house). They struck work and would not have the pill with its six shillings' worth of sugar-coating.

The union officials, who appeared to be a select society for the promotion of clearing-houses, tally systems and other inventions for the smooth running of capitalism, refused to back up the men, and went so far as to denounce the promotion of clearing-houses, tally systems and other institutions. It is to back against the wall, and probably readers of the "Daily Citizen" and not of THE NEW AGE, but that whilst on a tramcar I overheard a conversation of some of the strikers. "We know what we're out for. We're not going to knock 'em down and out." JOHN DUNCAN.

The Admiralty sent down naval coal-heavers and Mr. T. P. O'Connor came along with his bludgeon, "The Daily Citizen" and not of THE NEW AGE, but that whilst on a tramcar I overheard a conversation of some of the strikers. "It's straight, Bill," said one, who was not tidy enough to be a labour leader. "We know what we're out for. They've got the Union's back against the wall, and they're doing their very best to knock 'em down and out." JOHN DUNCAN.

SIR,-Very remarkable reports have been circulating for some time past concerning the activity of the War Department in bringing pressure upon officials of other Departments of State, who are men of military age, to compel them to join the Officers of the Army. It is supposed that the motive of the Government in authorising this procedure is a desire to effect economies in other Departments than the War Office, by reducing the staff of inspectors of various kinds who are entrusted with the duty of safeguarding the social welfare of the community.

These methods will be resisted by those concerned by the clauses in the various Acts relating to the employment of inspectors, so that the latter can be "released" for military service.

This proceeding is one of the most odious forms of coercion. Rather than this process of methodical persuasion being used, and the threat being used as a deterrent to induce the men to enlist, it is much more desirable to induce them by addressing to their intellect of the working man to the extent disclosed in the monthly journal of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers for February. The said "Journal" contains suggestions for alteration of rules. One, of these is quoted in this fashion. "Auditors shall have been members of the society for two years, and shall also have been members of the approved section of this society." Note.-That all officers of this society must be members of the approved section.

Sir,-I have no doubt you are aware of the existence of a weekly newspaper which has a large circulation in the North, under the name of the "Sunday Chronicle." It is a good enough paper as such nowadays; but you may not know that it is by "aggressive" people in the world of commerce of the city over such a little matter will necessitate another visit of a politician to seduce them again. By the means of the "temporary settlement" is used to-day we might almost think Capitalism had no history.

May I note, Sir, that the leaders of this union are most probably the leaders of "Daily Citizen" and not of THE NEW AGE, but that whilst on a tramcar I overheard a conversation of some of the strikers. "It's straight, Bill," said one, who was not tidy enough to be a labour leader. "We know what we're out for. They've got the Union's back against the wall, and they're doing their very best to knock 'em down and out." JOHN DUNCAN.

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THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND RECRUITING.

Sir,-There are two points that concern me particularly, which have the greatest interest for me, and that, but for them, I am not clear. May I note, Sir, that the leaders of this union are most probably the leaders of "Daily Citizen" and not of THE NEW AGE, but that whilst on a tramcar I overheard a conversation of some of the strikers. "It's straight, Bill," said one, who was not tidy enough to be a labour leader. "We know what we're out for. They've got the Union's back against the wall, and they're doing their very best to knock 'em down and out." JOHN DUNCAN.

Sir,-In the "Morning Post," March 9, appeared the following report (among the War news), under the head-
ing: "The End of Turkey. Mr. Herbert Samuel's Promotions." "Mr. Herbert Samuel, President of the Local Government Board, speaking at a Serbian dinner at the Lyceum Club last night, said we were on the eve of great events. There was the taking of Constantinople, and that would not be long delayed. It happened that the end of the domination of the Turk in Europe was at hand. Turkey by the negotiation carried on at London, and the slicing off his nose and upper lip, and the shouting advice to the still living man: 'Go home and show your wives how pretty you are!' All, with very few exceptions, had taken noses. An old man of seventy had only taken two, but excused himself upon the ground of having fallen ill at the beginning. His son had, he said, done very well through, and so would he. God willing, as soon as he was well.'

I could add examples also from my own experience. I am not of those who would impute to Mr. Samuel the crime of 'deicide'—if such a crime could possibly exist. But I do regard him as a foe to civilisation and to progress.

I am grateful for S. Verdad's lucid explanation of what "at present" he considers to be the plans of the Triple Entente with regard to Turkey. In the course of explanation he has made one statement which I cannot allow to pass unchallenged. He writes: "It is fully recognised here that the reproaches which the Porte has to bear at the present day are not due to the sins of the people, but to the ambition and ignorance of the Young Turk Committee."

The Young Turk Committee was willing in 1913 to abdicate, practically, in favour of a British dictator and British officials to take over the control of all departments in the State. Was there no Mrs. Verdad? He has not done me the honour to read my contributions to The New Age, or he would have learnt to distinguish between the Committee and the Turkish Cabinet. Ener is undoubtedly ambitious, Tala't and Jemil are called so by their enemies, but I cannot at the moment think of any other Turkish nationalist who could be called ambitious in a personal way. If S. Verdad means that the Young Turks are ambitious for their country, then the charge may lie. Ignorant of the guile of Europe they undoubtedly were when they first recognised they perhaps over-estimated it. As for the reproaches which the Porte has to bear at present," are they not due in great measure to the very dirty business of our seizure of the Turkish Dreadnoughts? Considering that England has twice in six years had the offer from the 'Young Turks' of a virtual protectorate of the whole Ottoman Empire, why did she not accept? At least according Turkey strong protection, she could have won the heartfelt loyalty and deep affection of the Muslims everywhere, and that she refused that offer, helping Turkey's enemies, it is pitiful to read at present: "The problem, therefore, is to show Turkey, and, incidentally, the Muslims of the world, that the Allies are sufficiently strong to deal with the Ottoman army and its German officers, but at the same time to impress the lesson on the pupil without recourse to over-ostentatious disciplinary measures."

Romney must forgive me if I do not take his comments seriously. His 'Young Turks, who are but Old Jews writ large,' is merely parrot repetition of a current lie. And his story about the Turkish soldier's boots, as he says, done very well though, and so would he, God willing, as soon as he was well.
carrying their boots, with so many more important things to carry, and dropped them by the way. I am supposing carrying their boots, with so many more important things that there is some ground of truth for Romney's story. TURKEY.

The British Government, containing business men, solicitors and a gang of Constantinople British merchants, are not likely to show much consideration for such an "unbusinesslike" race as the Turks. The stupidity of our diplomats in conjunction with the mad commercialism rampant in this country which caused Turkey's many British friends said to me, "I do believe they have attacked and exploited the weaker, inoffensive races of the world. It is only just that they should feel religion and their own particular brand of civilisation."

THE POSITION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The validity of the Appropriation Act is not impugned, nor is it an Act of Parliament. There is, however, a breach of the Statute of Anne; as he has misapprehended the whole of my contention, which raised a narrow but important question of law. The Statute of Anne declared that every member of Parliament who accepted an office of profit under the Crown was to be regarded as "naturally dead." The Crown was to be regarded as "naturally dead." The Parliament who accepted an office of profit under the Crown.

Sir,—I sympathise with Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall in being unable to display any enthusiasm over S. Verda's association with the American League as an ignominious event in his life. The House of Commons is not an Act of Parliament, though Anne has not been repealed. A mere resolution of the House of Commons is a breach of that Statute, inasmuch as the Statute of Anne has not been repealed. A mere resolution of the House of Commons is not an Act of Parliament, though it is an act of the House of Commons.

The remedy is to secure a declaration from the Court of Chancery that the resolution of the House of Commons is a breach of the Statute of Anne, which I shall reply to in detail in due course. The fixity and unfavourable facts or produce the most feeble rationalisations as an answer to them. The positive part of his propaganda is illustrative of the well-recognised dilepitical method of estimating evidence which forms part of the mental machinery.

Apparently, he does not, for instance, appreciate the incongruity of making use of the expression "the failure of inoculation to protect" after he has re-asserted "there are three points in Dr. Hadwen's letter which deserve some consideration. He points out that the vast majority of the men who went out in the Expeditionary Force were not inoculated, and it is not, therefore, surprising that most of the cases of typhoid occurred among the un inoculated. But he is unaware that the majority of the survivors of the first contingents were vaccinated at varying periods after their arrival on the Continent, and that the majority were inoculated of the later contingents? He is further aggrieved over the few cases of death reported as occurring from inoculation. This is certainly an unhappy accompaniment of the treatment, which one hopes to see eliminated as the result of the active vigorous measures. The absolute figures are, however, exceedingly few in comparison with the number of men treated, and although they deserve important consideration, there is no more conclusive or overwhelming case against the treatment than do deaths from chloroform or the idiosyncrasies manifested by individuals towards practically every kind of treatment.

His culminating effort, however, appears in his rejoinder to the statistics given in my letter. I quoted results drawn from a cooperation of over 60,000 individuals illustrating the incidence of typhoid in inoculated and un inoculated, and over 400 cases of the disease showing the relative case-mortality. In reply to these, he writes: "The figures given by Mr. Dillon can be contradicted by others, in which it was the inoculated and not the uninoculated who happened to suffer most from typhoid." This, I might point out, is hardly convincing. Those figures Dr. Hadwen darkly hints at are, I take it, judging from much that has been written about "cooked" statistics, the genuine ones as opposed to the "cooked" material of the authorities. Let us ask Dr. Hadwen to produce them. It will be doubly interesting to see the figures and to learn their source and authority for, as he must it must be a matter of exceeding difficulty to obtain accredited statistics when the responsible officials are engaged in falsifying them. I see no reason of how it was done should make a fascinating narrative.

If Mr. J. L. Murray had followed the former controversy in The New Age on inoculation, he would have understood my reason for "deriding" sanitation. His own letter, however, supplies sufficient evidence of the fact that sanitation has its mark on every book. It is not the panacea the anti-vaccinationists would have us believe.

FREDERICK DILLON.

VACCINATION.

I am indebted to correspondents for letters and suggestions. C. H. NORRISON.

GUILDS AND WOMEN.

SIR,—I think all Guildsmen should be grateful to Mr. Reckitt for his vigorous and broad-minded treatment of a very difficult theme. I have just two points to raise in criticism.

I understand that, according to Mr. Reckitt's system, a Guildsman would draw pay from the Guild according to the number of residents in his house. Now, suppose a man by a combination of carelessness and misfortune were to find himself the father of six fine daughters, all of whom elected to stay at home and "fulfil many functions which, though not immediately obvious or exactly calculable, are not the less important in the Home."

Is the Guild to be burdened with the upkeep of these ladies? Mr. Reckitt may protest that I am taking an extreme case; but surely it is easy to imagine what a daughter or daughters are being supported by the Guild for very shadowy services to society. This is no more than sponging. Personally I would hold any amendment to Mr. Reckitt's system to the effect that the Guild would pay for two or three women in the home, and that if a man chose to support six daughters he should do so not at the public, but at private expense.

In the second place, I really think Mr. Reckitt will have to plump for "voting" and have done with it. Obviously he does not like the idea. Perhaps the Guildsman's aversion to politics and the sensible man's aversion to modern "feminism" are so mingled in him that he shrinks from the fateful work. But I cannot help thinking that he has argued himself (rightly, to my mind) into a logical demand for the vote and the ballot, and that the majority of cases essentially consumers, it would be in every way unreasonable to exclude them from any organisation intended to represent the public point of view. In this sense, then, women must have a share in the activities of the State."

Now that either means voting or wheeling men of that opinion is to be preserved, the two the former is infinitely preferable. Guildsmen, with a few exceptions, profess themselves democrats; democracy involves choice and who has the right of choice in the activities of the State surely implies voting. I can't help feeling that Mr. Reckitt would assent to this if he wasn't so terrified of being identified with the Vote. But one can be a Guildsman and a democrat without committing oneself to the inanities of the "whole sphere of industry is woman's province" feminists. IVY BROWN.
DEMOCRACY AND COMMAND.

Sir,—Mr. Brown began this controversy by asserting that democracy was the principle of the Guilds; I replied to that, and apparently he abandoned his assertion, for he then put forward two propositions relating to aristocracy. I replied to each of these in turn, and apparently Mr. Brown has abandoned them.

I said that if you consider the slave-basis of Hellenic society, all Hellenic societies may plausibly be called aristocratic. But I am not considering the slave-basis but its political possibilities in a description of Hellenic society prior to Solon as aristocratic. It is a simple fact of Greek history that government began as a monarchy, passed into aristocracy, and from that point of view into democracy. The aristocracies rose to power about 600 B.C.; they were organised in hereditary clans, and they judged, according to their own opinion and tradition. The lower classes organised themselves into brotherhoods, and by 650 B.C. they had attained some political power. The wish to make the usual one-man rule a substitution of formulated law for judgment in equity, and the reforms of Draco were followed by those of Solon, from which the Athenian democracy finally began. In short, the Athenianbourgeoisie wanted no more than unpopular law; they wanted no persons in politics or government, least of all collective persons; and, consequently, political positions were divided into rich and poor, or classes. As Mr. G. S. Brett says in his "Government of Man": "The ideal was that of impersonal law, equal for all; freedom was to mean absence of tyranny and the local and loyal co-operation in the advancement of common good. The ideal was not realised. Beneath the movement lay the tacit assumption that all members of the community have by birth a share in political excellence. The fallacy of this assumption was shown in the later history of Athens; it was seen beforehand by Socrates and his followers. What Mr. Brown would be up in arms against a mention of the restoration of democracy, and suffered the loss of his country. It was a talk about the age of Pericles which made Mr. Brown overbear his readers. The age of Pericles shows us the state of affairs somewhere between primitive and national life. There is more liberty in the strict sense—more of town manners, more attention to politics, art, and literature. The politician being more important than the general, and the man in politics more attention is paid to ability than to birth, to shrud counsels or even to persuasiveness than to high moral character or the power of compelling men. The signal is marked by signs, acts, and cruelty, such as the ruthless slaughter of captives; for versatility and display are more developed than humanity. Here began the appearance of the smart man whom the philosophers hated and the people dreaded, the clever man whose abilities seemed to be devoid of moral control and to be justified by the temporary success which they achieved. Lastly, political life was not the same in several parts of the state; the democracy finally removes the distinction of birth, proclaims equality of all citizens (though not of all men), and produces new conditions. The main features of this period, the last before Alexander's conquest of Greece, are common to all similar stages of development in other countries. The warrior's ideals are gone, good and bad alike; a greater humanity is on the whole prevalent, and commercial interests are more prominent. At the same time, there is a more materialistic spirit. The spirit was amused, the materialism is less considered, the struggle between States is less obvious than the struggle between individuals; jealousy and greed become rampant; there is a RANDY TENDENCY TO BE CONTINUALY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE SMART MAN WHOSE ABILITIES SEEM TO BE DEVOID OF MORAL CONTROL.

Most of the other points raised by Mr. Brown turn on a confusion between political theory and political fact. Ectymologically Mr. Brown is right when he says that anarchy means "without rule"; but when he goes on to say that it means that all is left to the spontaneity of rightous men, he has added an aspiration to a definition. Anarchy has no necessary connection with righteousness than has any other archy; if I were to say that oligarchy was government by the rightous men of the community, Mr. Brown would be up in arms at once; and really the attempt to monoprise the virtues for any form of government is absurd. The virtues are in the men, not in the principle of their association; and democracy differs from other forms of government principally by the dilution of virtues to make them capable of being exercised by the people. I am the best convinced of this by experience that, when people are released from rule, their righteousness is not usually the dominant characteristic. Ectymologically, democracy means the power of the people; but when Mr. Brown says that the "imposition of rules and regulations by the people," he has added another aspiration to a definition. Left to themselves, people impose tyrants on one another. I may quote here a private letter of Mr. Brown, although I could wish that he had shown a little more comprehension than he has chosen to do; but if he is not willing to debate my main proposition, I must leave him alone with his contempt for Socrates. But Frede-Faguet (Professor Dicey would, I think, be up in arms against a mention of the restoration of democracy, and suffered the loss of his country. It was a talk about the age of Pericles which made Mr. Brown overbear his readers. The age of Pericles shows us the state of affairs somewhere between primitive and national life. There is more liberty in the strict sense—more of town manners, more attention to politics, art, and literature. The politician being more important than the general, and the man in politics more attention is paid to ability than to birth, to shrud counsels or even to persuasiveness than to high moral character or the power of compelling men. The signal is marked by signs, acts, and cruelty, such as the ruthless slaughter of captives; for versatility and display are more developed than humanity. Here began the appearance of the smart man whom the philosophers hated and the people dreaded, the clever man whose abilities seemed to be devoid of moral control and to be justified by the temporary success which they achieved. Lastly, political life was not the same in several parts of the state; the democracy finally removes the distinction of birth, proclaims equality of all citizens (though not of all men), and produces new conditions. The main features of this period, the last before Alexander's conquest of Greece, are common to all similar stages of development in other countries. The warrior's ideals are gone, good and bad alike; a greater humanity is on the whole prevalent, and commercial interests are more prominent. At the same time, there is a more materialistic spirit. The spirit was amused, the materialism is less considered, the struggle between States is less obvious than the struggle between individuals; jealousy and greed become rampant; there is a RANDY TENDENCY TO BE CONTINUALY IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE SMART MAN WHOSE ABILITIES SEEM TO BE DEVOID OF MORAL CONTROL.

Mr. Brown's enthusiasm for democracy as at Athens ought not to mislead any of his readers.
men don't want ruling; they are capable of ruling themselves," said the democrat whose letter followed that of Mr. Brown. When Mr. Brown asks me to find out what I do mean, he should have asked me to explain clearly. I reject aristocracy in government, and democracy as really no government at all; because it is a fact that, when the principles of democracy are most logically applied, society loses its cohesion, its common machinery and an alert people.

But I said in the same article that this definition of democracy as really no government at all; because it is clear. I had defined aristocracy as government, and mean, he should have asked me to explain rather more.

Sir,—Whatever wisdom there may be in elaborating details of Guild structure, there can be no doubt of the fact that, when the principles of democracy are most clearly as elective bureaucracy. The question is quite evidently a fact that, when the principles of democracy are most clearly. I had defined aristocracy as government, and mean, he should have asked me to explain rather more.

Turning from the general problem to the particular case of the Guilds one can only ask our aristocratic extremists to explain how the best men can acquire or be pushed into responsibility there. Neither "Romney" nor "A. E. R." seems to have any further interest in this matter. The advocates of democracy and advocates of autocracy alike believe that the work of governing should be done by a relatively few members of the community willing and able to occupy responsible posts, but that these few are limited to some vaguely defined upper class which is simply childish nonsense to anyone who knows intimately the lives and capacities of the workers. In the best sense of the word there may be an aristocracy, though it is certainly not limited to any existing social stratum. The democrat believes that a wide popular selection from all elements of the community will be more likely to produce that aristocracy than any other method. He does not believe that all men will be managers or officials, but that all men shall join in choosing their rulers, managers, officials, aristocrats—or whatever they may be called.

Sire, I have for some time been on the look-out for a formula which would explain the position of ignorance in which "Romney" and "A. E. R." stand with regard to the working-classes, and I think I have found it in La Rochefoucauld:—

"Nous pardonnons souvent à ceux qui nous ennuyent; mais nous ne pouvons pardonner à ceux que nous ennuyons."

It is, of course, a matter of grave regret that your two contributors could not be present at the meeting to which the workers, who bore them to death, but I think they should be told that we are fed up with their air of insolent superiority and we always adopt a mask of ignorance and humility when we come in contact with them, or those like them, because we feel that the barrier between us can never be broken down; and I don't know that we have any particular desire that it should be. What we don't understand is why "Romney" and "A. E. R." are worrying over us much, why they don't leave us alone? They try to probe into our intelligence worse than Lloyd George tries to probe into our morals and our wages, and they make mistakes just as bad. "Romney" and "A. E. R." are not the democratic ideal because he could not get non-commissioned officers to distribute railway passes. The military system is kept going by tyranny, and the fear of starvation or punishment like
in their various departments. There is not a department in all the multifarious ramifications which these armies are not daily and hourly exercising special capacity for definite duties. "Romney's" sixteen of any reasoned opposition. Reasoned opposition for leave. That one of them may prove incompetent to "Romney's" sixteen N.C.O.s Think of it. N.C.O.s are enough to girdle the solar system could not embrace should fail from the same cause is less credible still. That one of them may prove incompetent to perform so trifling a duty is barely credible. That N.C.O.s are commanded to perform an identical duty, a N.C.O. Six other men work all day, write letters, pay visits, tell lies, and four get three orders each, and two get nothing. These six latter are the salariart. We have to put their designs and drawings right on our benches. The marvellous results of the salariart are obtained empirically, and we are the people who do the cutting and contriving. Unless they come quickly, we shall have to provide a new salariart of our own.

Sir,—One could sympathise with "Romney's" bad attack of "Aristocracy" if his championship were less inartistic.

Sir, I write to you in sorrow, for I prefer always that my mind should dwell on pleasant things. Mr. Pound is not pleasant. And he has mentioned my name in The New Age. I am ashamed. That is my own side should wish me had done without it. Nor is it likely that an Oxford batsman would put down his wicket to provide a side which finds itself 150 runs below the total of its opponents, and may therupon be requested by the latter to take its second innings directly following its first. That one touch of Nature.

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James Stephens.
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