

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1177] NEW SERIES. Vol. XVI. No. 22. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1915. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE.**

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If any apology be necessary for confining ourselves in these Notes to industrial affairs while a bloody and momentous war is being fought out not two hundred miles away, let it be found in our fear that the end of the war may inaugurate a bloodier peace. The world now knows that it was from shortsightedness before the war that many of our present military evils have been derived. If, for instance, our plan for enlisting Territorials by Counties instead of by County-Lieutenants had been adopted (as, we believe, Lord Haldane was disposed to adopt it) four or five years ago, not only would the delay in equipment have been avoided but we should have had inexhaustible reserves of at least partially trained soldiers. The myopia caused by too close an application of the national mind to profiteering naturally, however, resulted in our overlooking a future that stared us in the face. People were too busy muck-raking to observe the sword suspended over their heads; and thus in the midst of an industrial prosperity unequalled in history it fell upon us. But exactly as we were taken unprepared by the war which only the few foresaw, we are likely now to be taken unprepared by its industrial sequel in this country. Fewer even than those who foresaw the war now foresee what the industrial aftermath of it may be. We are, in fact, almost alone in our apprehensions of the state that will supervene upon the conclusion of peace; and of us it may almost be said that the public would better relish our instruction at the hands of the mob than from ourselves.

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Because for the moment industrial affairs are surprisingly calm, with unemployment and pauperism below their usual level, the public is lulled into the belief that all is well. All may indeed appear to be well even in a state which is the preliminary of a raging fever: the condition is well known to doctors as euphoria.

But no economist diagnosing the symptoms of our present case and, above all, examining the rash remedies that are being applied, could conclude anything else but that we are steering straight to industrial disaster more terrible even than the war. The reckless Sabine rape of women and children into industry, for example, is one of the most desperate devices our commercial classes could possibly adopt for a temporary shortage of labour. It is certain by all the rules of simple arithmetic to produce such a congestion of labour by the end of the war that the competitive struggle for wages will then become indescribable. Even supposing that the world market were likely, immediately after the war, to resume its pre-war activity, the addition of so much new labour would make a problem. But it is far from being the case that the end of the war will witness the instant resumption of normal industry. Very much the contrary! Without speculating an inch beyond our tether it is certain, to begin with, that the price of Capital after the war will be considerably higher than our generation has ever known it. The destruction of some thousands of millions of capital in the form of machinery, etc., cannot but have the effect of raising the market price of the remainder to a fabulous height. And what will this not mean but a tax upon industrial production, having the effect of depressing industry at the very moment when we shall need industry most? For, in the second place, this dearness of capital will coincide with the return to industry of a million or so men now engaged in consuming capital without adding to it. What, again, will this mean but that wages will fall in consequence of the double weight of a shortage of capital and a plethora of labour? The present population of England is, after all, largely a product of Capital. But for our vast accumulation of machinery it stands to reason that human labour alone could never have provided for the doubling of our numbers within the last fifty years. And now we have destroyed many millions worth of our machinery! Must it not follow that the population,

bred and brought up as a consequence of capital, will prove, when capital has been destroyed, much in excess of our power to support them? But if the price of capital is raised and wages simultaneously are everywhere reduced, the effect upon Demand must not be overlooked. The effective demand or purchasing power of the many will be at its minimum exactly when, to put industry upon its legs again, it should be at its maximum. The whole situation, in short, will resemble a vicious circle revolving and contracting at the same moment. Shortage of capital will involve us in cheaper labour and lower wages; lower wages will limit demand which in turn will maintain the shortage of capital. Nothing but a new sword will be of use to cut the knot in which society will be bound; and that new sword—the abolition of the wage-system with the establishment of National Guilds—is scarcely even begun to be talked about. What a prospect for our soldiers returning from the front, and for our nation awakening from its present glorious nightmare! If the approach of the war deserved the consideration of a Cabinet Committee sitting continuously for years to plan the measures that should be taken, a thousand times more does the approaching peace deserve to be prepared for. The pinch of the war, we repeat, has yet to come for industry. For the present we are prodigal sons living upon our nation's capital. The restoration of peace, however, will put an end to this debauch and then we shall realise how much we have consumed of our substance.

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The supposition, no doubt, will be entertained that from the predicament in which peace will place us, our capitalist and employing classes will be able to deliver us. They claim as much themselves, in fact, when they assume as a matter of course that the control of industry will be restored to them intact after the war. But it is really to expect too much for them to imagine that, having failed the nation during war, our old confidence in them will be fully resumed when the war is over. The conditions of war have, on the one hand, been almost ideal for the exhibition of their long-boasted mastery of the industrial system. Everything conspired to give them plenty to do, full power with which to do it, and a supply of labour neither too much nor too little, and patriotically docile to boot. If under the circumstances of the greatest sacrificial war of all time, an industrial demand of unprecedented amount, and a labour-supply disposed to unparalleled self-discipline and obedience, our capitalist classes have nevertheless been rightly cashiered and their control assumed by the State, what failure may not be anticipated if their control is restored under the circumstances of the approaching peace? As the conditions we foresee may prevail on peace are to the conditions prevailing during war, so will the failure of the employing classes be to their present failure. To-day we have seen them superseded in their industrial control, but without much discredit save in the eyes of a few. But to-morrow, when the horrors of peace take the place of the horrors of war, their failure is likely to prove a national tragedy unconcealably discreditable to every one of us. No, it is inconceivable that the control of industry after the war should be restored by a sane State to the class that has forfeited its right to control during the war itself. This broken reed—broken in a gale—how shall it bear our weight in the coming hurricane? "If thou hast run with footmen, and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?"

But in the enforced abdication of Capital from control, where must the State and the nation look for their new partner? The State cannot carry on industry by itself; for it is certain that any attempt to do so would result in a combination of Capital and Labour threatening the very existence of the State. The syndicalism of Labour would, in fact, be nothing to the syndicalism that would ensue upon the combined attack of Capital and Labour on the State and the general consumer. The reply must, therefore, be that the State must no less beware of throwing Capital into the arms of Labour than of trusting again to Capitalism alone. On the contrary, its appeal for partnership must be addressed to Labour. We are quite aware of the apparent absurdity at this stage in our industrial history of suggesting such a partnership as the only wise form of statesmanship. But for those who discard the newspapers and look to facts for their conclusions, the proposition is by no means ridiculous. In the first place, there is no doubt whatever that the Trade Unions have demonstrated their power to upset industry at any moment they choose. That they are stupid and still ignorant of their strength, and only exercise it in a kind of dream, may be true without securing us against their possible awakening. What will happen if ever they know themselves as powerful as they are? In the second place, it is trifling with the situation to pretend to believe that the Trade Unions after the war will be less strong or less disposed to aggression than during the war itself. The period of the war, on the other hand, sees them at their weakest rather than at their strongest. Not only have thousands of members enlisted from them, but the disposition of leaders and men to carry on industry peacefully puts a curb upon their aggressive spirit which the public would be foolish to regard as a sign of weakness. Their comparative self-restraint during the war is, in fact, a proof of power; and augurs well for the revival of their fighting spirit when the war is over. But, in the third place, as we pointed out last week, this power, collective in its nature, is most dangerous so long as it carries with it no corresponding collective responsibility. To leave the Unions strong enough collectively to wreck any form of industry that can be devised without their consent, and then to depend upon the individuals composing the Unions to check that power, is the height of folly. Against the collective power of the Unions there is only one possible defence: it is the collective responsibility of the Unions. And this collective responsibility the State should, in our opinion, thrust upon them if they are too idle or cowardly or modest to take it on themselves.

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That the State is in some slight degree prepared to take this course not only did we affirm last week, but, in an interview published on Monday in the "Daily Citizen," Mr. Lloyd George himself dotted our i's and crossed our t's. No doubt need exist in anybody's mind—not even in that of our correspondent, Mr. G. D. H. Cole—that, for the moment at any rate, the State in the person of Mr. Lloyd George is looking around for a new partner in national industry and has its eyes upon the Trade Unions. Examine carefully, we beg our readers, the interview referred to, and reflect upon its possible significance for the future of industry. "The most important feature," said Mr. Lloyd George, "of the whole recent industrial mobilisation* was the fact that Labour, for the first time in the history of this or

any country, was taken into the confidence of the Government." Precious little comfort in that, we may be told; the devil was sick the devil a Guildsman was he. We are under no illusions concerning Mr. Lloyd George's skill in calling spirits from the vasty deep. But on this occasion the call was not a voice and nothing more, nor was it made without necessity. The mobilisation of the engineering industry, rendered necessary by the failure of the private employers, required the co-operation of collective Labour as no State enterprise has hitherto required it. Though he were the arch-enemy of Trade Unionism, Mr. Lloyd George was still, as the practical mind of the Cabinet, compelled to take Trade Unions into counsel and to endow them with a national recognition and status in consequence. Whether this step, however, remains a step only or, still worse, is taken back when the war is over, depends less upon Mr. Lloyd George than upon the Unions. For him it may be an emergency measure to be withdrawn when the present crisis is past. For the Unions, on the contrary, it may be the beginning of the abolition of the wage-system, since it provides the precedent condition of the Guilds in the form of an alliance of the State and Labour. But was Mr. Lloyd George aware of this? He was. "If," he said, "Labour was prepared to work this thing in a broad and generous spirit the document of the Agreement ought to be the Great Charter for Labour. . . A great new chapter was opening up in the history of Labour in its relations with the State." And we believe it, though Mr. Lloyd George has said it. Why should we not, since we have said it ourselves times without number?

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But now that exhortations no longer need to be addressed to the State, the need to address them to the Trade Unions is stronger than ever. And not exhortations merely but enough of the only language they understand to make them sit up and listen. The time to treat the Unions as if they were promising children with centuries before them in which to learn their business in life is almost gone by. The war has demonstrated the failure of Capitalism too soon for the slow minds of the Trade Unionists: the demise of whose predecessor finds them still toying with wage-strikes and such like childish playthings. All that we have said during these last few years appears, we confess, to have passed in at one ear of their minds and out at the other. Never were learners slower, more hostile to ideas, more perversely misunderstanding. Listen, for example, to Mr. Wardle, the railwaymen's M.P. and the editor of the "Railway Review." Despite the fact that his own industry was the first to be mobilised, the engineering mobilisation took him completely by surprise. It is true the poor man had heard somewhere (probably in his sleep) that such "a partnership between the State, the managers and Labour" had been advocated only a few short weeks before the war as "some far-off divine event"; but even this caricature of our doctrines had not prepared him for the "solid fact," which is likely, he now thinks, "to become more so." What has the man been doing all these years? Living in Sleepy Hollow? But Trade Union leaders such as Mr. Wardle are only too many; and what can we expect of them? As certainly as possible, as we do not conceal from ourselves, the cloudcapt towers of Mr. Lloyd George's offer of partnership to Labour will disappear like an insubstantial pageant at the end of the war unless the Trade Unions are able to give reality to them.

The State, we repeat, must have a partner in industry. If the Unions are not ready when they are being called upon, we should ourselves, if we were Mr. Lloyd George, return to the Capitalists and make fresh peace with them.

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We forbear at this moment to cite further instances of Trade Union blindness. They are as numerous as blackberries in autumn. The so-called advanced Press, on the other hand, well deserves to be called to account, and shall be. Consider first the attitude of the "New Statesman," that monument to dead Fabianism. Founded at vast expense to a pack of living corpses for the express purpose of forwarding some rational scheme of industrial organisation, the "New Statesman," for all its contribution to the industrial problem during the war, might as well never have existed. The bureaucratic control of industry is still its ideal, as if the existence of strikes even during war-time had not laid the ghost of Collectivism for ever. Is it impossible for the "New Statesman" to see what all the world now sees, that the extension of bureaucracy is precisely the last thing that is desired or can be permitted? The need, as Señor de Maetzu has pointed out, of combating bureaucracy is, on the contrary, the first motive for forming autonomous national industrial guilds. The "Nation," likewise, is content to plunge its head into the sand and to see only what is in its own poor mind. "We urged," says the "Nation," "we urged long ago that the Trade Unions should be called into council, and that at every stage in the organisation of industry the workpeople should be treated as responsible partners in the cares and perils of the State, and not as children or as mere instruments." Oh, excellent discourse! But how long was this "long ago"? And why, since the "Nation" is in the same boat with us, should not the name of "National Guilds" be used? Not every idea must needs be called cocoa! The "Daily News," finally, is among those who shake their heads and say something must be done, something must be done, with no intention of allowing anything to be even so much as suggested. "The war," we are told, "has revealed the fundamental injustices which lie at the roots of our present industrial system." Excellent opening, but what is the conclusion? Why, lame of every leg! It is that the prevailing division of profits and wages is unjust and must be amended. But how, dear Mr. Cadbury, how? We say, on the contrary, that the existing division of profits and wages can no more be amended except by smashing the wage-system than Columbus' egg could be made to stand until he smashed its end. Wages being fixed by the supply and demand of Labour as a commodity has no direct reciprocal relation with Profits at all. Profits may well be highest when Wages are; they may equally well be low when wages are low.

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Of the "Times" under the malign influence of Lord Northcliffe nothing should be expected, for it is contrary to the nature of things that such a man can procure to write for his journal men of greater intelligence than his own. Either he would dismiss them or they would leave him. The gyrations of the "Times" on the subject of the services of Labour to the State are thus easily intelligible. Not a controlling mind in the "Times" office thinks the same thought two days running. One day its readers are admonished to speak well of organised Labour since no fewer than a quarter of a million workmen have volunteered for the front. And on the next, the class from which these volunteers are drawn and who, against their will, remain in industry, are treated to abuse as shirkers or as fools who have fallen under the influence of false doctrine. On Wednesday last the "Times" published a leader which might well have been suppressed by the Censor as an attempt to rock the boat in which the nation is crossing a perilous stream. Upon whom, both for our industry and as a reserve for still more troops, does the country now rely but upon the working classes; and chiefly, we

may add, upon those sections of the workmen who have had the spirit to strike against the State's enemies, the contracting profiteers? Yet of these men, because they have thus done the State a service which the "Times" neither could nor ever would have done, the "Times" says that "they have steadily been taught for years to think only of their own welfare, to regard their interests as something apart from the community to which they belong, and to insist upon rights without acknowledging any corresponding duties." Their leaders, too, have "systematically flattered and fawned upon them, always appealing to their worst passions" until in the end it is not to be wondered at that they exhibit a total indifference to public welfare. But even if this were the case, the fault is not in the workmen nor in their leaders: the fault is in the facts which the "Times" does its best to maintain. It is the fact that workmen whose labour is their only saleable commodity are without a stake in the country and are no more under any obligation of duty than horses and cattle. It is the fact that not we or the men or the men's leaders were needed to convince them that their interests are apart from those of the community, but the simple phenomena witnessed these last ten years of abounding profits and increasing wealth with stationary or falling wages. It is equally the fact that if the readers of the "Times" were treated as the workers of the nation are treated, their indifference to public welfare would become positive and amount to rebellion. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, the logical conclusions from these facts weigh little upon the workmen. Though denied all responsibility in the control even of their own industry (we say nothing of politics!), and refused even a chip of a stake in their own country, the poor fellows still aspire to citizenship and even believe themselves to be, in some mysterious fashion, as patriotic as their profiteering parasites. Pathetic spectacle! economic slaves fighting for the land of their masters. And then to be abused by Lord Northcliffe for not equalling his own well-known devotion to the public welfare.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

I AM glad to see that such a storm has been aroused by the remarks of "A. E. R.," of others, and of myself upon the fitness of the lower classes to exercise authority. When people protest so vigorously one may usually surmise that they are not quite sure of their beliefs. I am sure that most of the letters published were written as much to convince the authors as for any other reason, and my conviction is strengthened by the fact that they were more conspicuous for cheap "scores" than for any genuine desire to advance the business. A large number assumed—heaven knows upon what grounds—that a company of two hundred and fifty simply *must* contain sixteen good commanders of sections, and that it is therefore the officer's fault for having failed to find them. I can only reply that there isn't any "must" about it. If you don't believe me, come and try. One of the more sensible letters, signed "Charles Chester," after assuming for some unknown cause that I have been a Socialist, goes on to explain—what I should be the first person to admit—that the reluctance of the sixteen N.C.O.s to select men for pass was due to the fact that they had to live among the men whom they selected from, and that the duty might therefore be unpleasant. In Mr. Chester's words "it might have disturbed the harmony of the camp." And that is precisely my point. Men of any class—but of the lower classes in particular—will nearly always sacrifice their duty to the goodwill of those whom they must live among: and it is exactly for that reason that for good administration one must place over them a man from a higher class who does not live among them, and who is therefore deterred by no such considerations.

Mr. Chesterton's other theory that election from below ensures the best leaders because the common man, though unable to rule himself, insists upon efficiency in those who do, is true in parts. When the mass of men are thoroughly roused—e.g., in times of national disaster—the "wild mob's angry feet" are assuredly no bad method of elimination; but for the rest, when a man comes to me and tells me that the people will select their own leaders in the best manner, I can only answer "Do they?" "Is Asquith the ablest man in England?" "Are the Trade Union officials the persons best qualified to advance the cause of the Trade Unions?" and so forth. The truth is that the People with a big P is too large a force and too terrific a one to be set in motion except upon rare and extraordinary occasions. The control of normal times and of the details of national administration fall by default to the few at all seasons and under all constitutions, whether nominally democratic or not; and the sanest constitution is the one which recognises the fact. Has even France been other than a nominal democracy? and have not there also the Parliamentarians been the most absolute of oligarchs? The people are like a good commanding officer, who interferes when it is absolutely necessary—and on other occasions leaves the details of administration to those with the time and knowledge to attend to them.

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In reading of the delays and hesitations of the neutrals of Europe before the inevitable joining in the strife, one is reminded of the four and twenty free and independent voters of the borough of Eatanswill who shut themselves up in a coach-house and resisted the blandishments of both Buffs and Blues until tackled by the astute Mr. Perker with "short and convincing arguments." It is a pity that our Ministers do not retain a Mr. Perker, as we can assuredly face the competition of the enemy in the matter of "short and convincing arguments." What is the use of being a small power with a large army at this stage in the world's affairs if you cannot get a little on account for its services? When the great fall out the poor man's market price goes up. It is for that reason that every true lover of the poor has regretted the restriction of corruption at elections in England. Formerly the poor man got a fiver for his suffrage. Now he gets nothing—except a fractional and quite nominal share in a Member of Parliament.

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One cannot but be surprised at the restrictions which are still placed in England upon the proper training of troops. It is the almost incredible fact that at a time when tactical experience is of the utmost importance, and when that experience can only be acquired by accustoming officers to the handling of men in varied circumstances and varied countrysides, the bulk of our troops are confined to a few measly commons and parks, most of which they know by heart within a week of arriving near them. Surely it is not a matter of expense?—money being literally thrown away daily upon a multitude of rotten fads. In all these things there is an appalling lack of proportion. Large sums are spent without a grumble upon the training of men to hit a fixed mark with infinitesimally greater accuracy, or to jump up and down with infinitesimally greater alacrity, or upon complicated infantry rangefinders that smash within a week of arriving overseas, or are of little use in any case—and troops are literally refused the chance of acquiring that tactical elasticity and tactical judgment which outweigh all these little things a thousandfold. It cannot be denied that the training of England's New Army has not been conducted with intelligence. Much has been done, but much more might have been. The New Army will go into action as good, sound troops. It might have gone as the best of the armies that the world has seen; but this last would have required a creative and imaginative power which the modern bureaucrat does not possess.

Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

By a mere accident the proposal to set up an Executive Council for the United Provinces came before the House of Lords in the form of a Proclamation instead of a Bill. Had the Government introduced the measure as a Bill, it would, presumably, have been treated as non-controversial business in view of the party truce now prevailing; but the form of the introduction enabled Lord MacDonnell, Lord Sydenham, and Lord Curzon to oppose a measure which the Viceroy himself wished to see passed into law. A perusal of the official papers laid on the table does not show that the action of the peers in question, and of the majority who voted with them, can be justified. We may be sure that the plan suggested had not been ill considered in India before the Proclamation was drawn up; but an unfortunate and little-heeded concession made in the course of the passing of the Morley-Minto reforms in 1909 gave the House of Lords a veto on the extension of Executive Councils to provinces under the control of Lieutenant-Governors.

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There is, indeed, no question that the United Provinces are entitled to their Executive Council. Educationally and politically they are more progressive, and stand higher in prestige, than other administrative areas which already enjoy the advantages of an Executive Council. Reasonable arguments of this nature, however, are never in the minds of the small section of peers who take part in the debates on Indian matters. The bee in their joint bonnet is "personal rule," and they strongly object to anything which seems likely to interfere with this fetish. It is true that the habits, the learning, the philosophy of the Indian peoples all tend to encourage personal rule; and if Indian habits and learning had never been interfered with no doubt we should not have heard of the proposal to establish an Executive Council for the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. But Lord Curzon and his friends stumble over a difficulty which I pointed out last week in connection with the Young Turks. They endeavour to encourage one political factor while encouraging, with equal fervour, another political factor which cancels it. Thus the Young Turks sought to lay themselves, at one time, under the political protection of England by asking for the loan of inspectors, though at the same time they confirmed and added to the German commercial concessions in Turkey to an extent that rendered the loan of English officials an impossibility. In precisely the same way a reactionary type of English official still insists on the necessity for "personal rule" in India while he encourages the best classes of Indians to ape the English, to learn English, to assume the superficial aspects, at least, of English civilisation.

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It is still true to say that the masses of the Indian people appreciate the benefits of personal rule, when they get it, and when it is adapted to their needs. But of late years these very masses have turned their attention away from the newer and more bumptious type of bourgeois civil servant, "crammed" for examinations, which we have been sending to India as an administrator. The Indians have given their confidence to certain of their own public bodies and public men whose names are well known and respected—to the Moslem League, for instance, to the Indian National Congress; to such men as the late Mr. Gokhale, Mr. Bhupendranath Basu, Mr. S. Sinha, and Mr. M. A. Jinnah. These are the leaders of modern India; these and men like them. Many of them have been educated at English universities; most of them have travelled widely in Europe and America. They do not seek to effect such a cleavage between old traditions and twentieth-century necessities as the Young Turks attempted; but they are endeavouring to induce the authorities to apply, with innumerable safeguards, some adaptation of the western

electoral principle to the requirements of India. The reforms which have already been tried in this sense have shown excellent results. The reactionaries, both in the Indian Civil Service and at home, ignore these results.

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Señor de Maeztu has supplied us with a clue to the proper understanding of this attitude. The Indian Civil Service is one of the most powerful, and, it cannot be denied, one of the most efficient bureaucracies in the whole world. Like all bureaucracies, it hates the very thought of being obliged to yield up even a little of its power; and its power is threatened, not by educated Englishmen, but by educated Indians. Educated Indians, certainly, are often hard to put up with; but it is not to their more common vices, such as unpunctuality and prosiness, that the bureaucracy objects. The bureaucracy objects to them because, even with the present restrictions, even with the scales weighted against them in every possible way, they are beginning to supplant the bureaucracy and to undermine its power. If Lord Curzon, Lord Ampthill, Lord Sydenham, Lord MacDonnell, and all the other retired reactionaries could express their real feelings in words, that is what they would say when confronted, as they are from time to time, with measures for the more liberal administration of India. (I can use the word liberal, thank God! in no party sense nowadays.)

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But it is wholly unfair to lay the sins of the bureaucracy of India at the door of "the Lords," as the "Daily News" and a few other papers have done. It will have been remarked since the war began—and even "Liberal" newspapers have commented on the fact—that political discussion has attained a higher level in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons; and in normal periods it is usual to find foreign affairs discussed with greater insight, and certainly with greater knowledge, in the Upper than in the Lower House. The reason is, it seems to me, that the Lords, if they can be said to form a bureaucracy at all, form a much more enlightened bureaucracy than the bureaucracy of India; and they have always known how to preserve their power by yielding a little of it occasionally. Many peers, for instance, are or have been in the diplomatic service, and in that service courtesy, thorough knowledge, tact, and what is colloquially described as give-and-take are essential qualities. They are, however, qualities which the Indian bureaucrat (who is very much in the minority in the House of Lords) need not cultivate to anything like the same extent—indeed, he may, if he wish, follow the example of Lord Ampthill, Lord Sydenham, and Lord Curzon, and refrain from cultivating such qualities at all where India is concerned. It is, indeed, curious enough to observe the skill, adroitness, and patience which Lord Sydenham will bring to the discussion of, say, military and naval strategy, and the abruptness with which he will treat a question relating to India. I have seen Lord Ampthill address two or three assemblies of workmen and gain their sympathies by hearty denunciations of capitalists and a genuine flow of good-humour; but confront him with an argument, be it ever so reasonably expressed, in favour of the election of a couple of Indians to the India Council in London, and look out!

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The fact that the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, is in favour of measures to which the reactionaries object is a most favourable sign. By yielding a little with a good grace we increase our prestige and safeguard the balance of our power. And who but a Prussian would value power that had to be maintained as the reactionary Civil Servants would appear to be willing to maintain our power in India, by force of arms? I am glad to know that the Secretary of State for India intends to persevere with the proposal, even though this digression compels me to go on pickling for another week the rod I am preparing for the insufferable Mr. H. G. Wells.

Letters to a Trade Unionist.

XIII.

IN considering the strike as a weapon for labour we have established two facts. First, that it is an effective weapon, when rightly used, so far as paralysing an industry is concerned; for, without paralysing their respective industries, the dockers, engineers and coal-porters in 1888, and the railwaymen, transport workers and miners in 1911 and 1912, could not have accomplished what they did; and, secondly, that it has failed to improve the condition of the workers in spite of the terrible privations it has so often imposed upon them. On the face of it such a statement seems self-contradictory; but if you will think it over for a moment you will come to the conclusion that it is not. If a man were systematically robbing you of seventy-five per cent. of your income every week, and using a part of it to fortify himself before, and justify himself in the eyes of, the law, the conventions, and even members of your own class, you would come to the conclusion that the best argument you could use with him would be a club. And you would be right. But when you had floored him with the club you would not be such an utter idiot as to be content to take back only five per cent. of the stolen goods; and then let him get up, admitting to him that he was now in a quite honest position with regard to yourself and at liberty to follow up his old practices. But that is precisely what you do with him in industrial life. An industrial and commercial system has been developed which allows the employer to rob you of the major part of the value of the goods you produce. Certain "economic laws" have been recognised, laws which you are invited to regard as inviolable. These laws may bear you down almost to the dirt, but you must obey them as if they were sacred; the only concession made to you by society being that you may kick a little when your condition becomes so unbearable and so scandalous that you are a danger to society itself. And you have accepted this reading of the law. You are prepared to work faithfully for your master so long as he will pay you sufficient to keep your body animated by the flame of life that is so necessary to you—and to himself. When the return for your labour is so low that the flame is in danger of sinking to a flickering spark you strike against him and, according to the measure of your determination and sense, the blow is more or less successful. It is successful in making him treat with you, meaning by that the restoration to you of a fraction of the wealth of which you have been deprived—which is all that you ask for. Obviously, what you should do is to strike for very much more, but mere wage strikes will not bring you much more. Under conditions now governing industry there is one insuperable barrier in their way, the Wage System. You strike for and win, say, five per cent. and prices are raised against you. Always you are brought down to one level, the level of bare subsistence. With the tremendous weapon of the strike in your hands, all you have been able to do is to knock your mate and employer down in turn, for the privilege of picking them both up again.

The Wage System is in your way. Now what is the Wage System? It is a method whereby the employer buys outright the thought and labour, the bodies and souls, of the workers from them for individual cash payment. The employer buys a factory; he buys the necessary mechanical equipment; he procures the raw products of his industry, corn, cotton, iron, or what not; and then he looks next for labour. To him each of these factors represents merely cash expense, capital sunk out of which profit is to be extracted. The machinery must be run at the highest pressure to turn out the largest amount of the finished article. The raw product must be pushed through as rapidly as possible. The worker must be paid as little as possible and worked at full pitch. Everything that the employer buys must

come in at as cheap a rate as possible; his manufactured goods must be sold at as high a rate as possible.

Now, just consider the relative positions of the machinery and the men. The machines, whilst being worked hard, must have every attention. They must be oiled, cleaned, and attended to with the greatest possible care. They are insentient beings owned by the master, things which cost money and, consequently, must not be replaced more often than necessary. The worker is in the same condition, except that he must look after himself and it costs nothing to replace him. Just as the machinery has no views upon its work, just as the raw commodity is simply material to be fashioned into anything that pays best; so also is the worker to have no human feelings, no emotions with regard to his powers of creation or transformation, no control over the good or evil that he performs whilst earning his wages. He is a machine. He is paid for his labour power; he sells it as a commodity; he is not human; he is a "labour unit," a "hand." Having agreed to work for a weekly wage, he is regarded as having sold himself for so many hours a day. What he does during those hours, what becomes of the product of his labour, what his master charges for the product, or how he disposes of it, whether it is used to the benefit of the worker or the nation, or to the benefit of the enemies of the nation and the worker, is no concern of the wage-earner. As his name implies, his business is to earn his wages; incidentally, he will soon find himself in the street if he is not also earning what are regarded as adequate profits, but under no conceivable circumstances is he to control the quantity or quality or price of the goods he produces.

Is it not obvious that under such a system the worker can never hope materially to alter his condition? Does it not explain why his wage movements leave him always at the same level? Consider it in this way. A manufacturer is in the baking trade. His annual turnover is £10,000. He spends so much on machinery and the like, so much on flour and other commodities, and so much on labour. If the rest cost him £6,000, and the margin between what he pays to labour and the remaining £4,000 is his profit he will obviously pay labour as little as possible and pocket as much profit as he can. If that profit is £1,000, and labour forces another £500 a year out of him for wages he is not going to lose the £500. He puts up the price of bread and so gets back not merely a fraction of the extra wages paid to his hands, but also an extra amount from each individual member of society who trades with him. For every gain in wages that any section of workers has made, the rest of the workers have been mulcted. The price of coal goes up every time that the miner's wage is raised, and so on. Under no conceivable set of circumstances, so long as we have a system of wages which marks off the workers as mere units of production, as hands incapable of and debarred from exercising control, will the worker be able to absorb the whole product of his labour. His power is bought for the sake of margins of profit; and his business is to cease selling it on such terms. And the first step in the direction of the change that is necessary is for the worker to cease selling it as an individual. Indeed, Trade Unionists have already some glimmering idea of this, for what do they mean by standard wages and the like if not that there is to be no more individual bargaining? All the talk of recognition, of collective bargaining, all the demands made for Union representation in place of individual demand and individual complaint are but half-blind gropings in the direction of saner organisation and more human relationships. When the implications of these things are thoroughly, consciously understood, we shall be on the way to the destruction of that inhuman state that binds the worker in the chains of something almost as bad as slavery, we shall be preparing for the final onslaught on the cursed Wage System in industry.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

Death and Resurrection.

A FEW days ago the newspapers spoke of a French artillery officer who, mortally wounded on the battlefield, began to talk to his companion about the supreme beauty of dying for one's country, and who, when feeling the shadows of death upon his eyes, cried: "Vive la France!" and expired. I cannot tell what image of France crossed the mind of the dying man—perhaps the ascendant France of Joan of Arc and Rheims; perhaps the noon of France under Louis XIV and Napoleon; perhaps the sanguinary spectre of the French Departments devastated by the invader; perhaps the ironical recollection of a bourgeois, rationalist, and pacific France, satisfied with the Here and Now, but far away from that region of sacrifice, creation, and destruction which seems to be the central point of life. What is probable is that the officer died in the intuitive certainty that his life had not been lived in vain. He probably believed that his blood, in one form or another, would not be fruitless: either because the death of her sons immediately assures the continuity of France, or that the same spirit which to-day leads French soldiers to die for their country will to-morrow, perhaps, induce the women of the land to sacrifice their momentary selfishness on the altars of the survival of the Gallic blood. What is certain is that through the soul of this dying officer and of many other thousands of French heroes passed in the last moments the Themes of Death and Resurrection which, in their intermingling, form the fundamental mystery of nearly every religion.

The best modern English book I have read, "Themis: A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion," by Miss Jane Harrison, satisfactorily proves the thesis that the Olympic gods, with their *athanasia* or "eternity through not dying," achieved at the cost of life, were elaborated by the Hellenic spirit centuries after Dionysos and the other gods of Death and Resurrection—the symbols of the succession of the seasons of the year, of the permanence of the tribe amid the deaths of individuals, and of the universal palingenesis of Nature. From Miss Harrison's book we see that the gods of classic Greece gradually get rid of everything that, in primitive times, identified them with the cyclic pulsations of life; they expel from Olympus all the gods or daimons who still retain the feet of a goat or the body of a cow or serpent as if to indicate their earthly origin; and they end by turning themselves into mere negations of the "mystery-gods" of fertility.

"So far then," writes Miss Harrison, "our conception of the Olympian is mainly negative. He refuses the functions of the totemistic daimon, he sheds his animal or plant form. He will not be a daimon of Earth, nor yet even of the Sky; above all he refuses to be a year-daimon with his function of ceaseless toil. He will not die to rise again, but chooses instead a barren immortality. He withdraws himself from man and lives remote, a 'jealous god.'" "The Olympian has clear form, he is the 'principium individuationis' incarnate; he can be thought, hence his calm, his *sophrosyne*. The mystery-god is the life of the whole of things, he can only be felt—as soon as he is thought and individualised he passes, as Dionysos has to pass, into the thin, rare ether of the Olympian. The Olympians are of conscious thinking, divided, distinct, departmental; the mystery-god is the impulse of life through all things, perennial, indivisible."

What Miss Harrison has done with paganism can also be done, and with less labour, with the religion of Israel. Although it may be truly said that the religion of Israel and of the Old Testament is the only one that was never acquainted with mysteries or mythologies, a reading of the prophets is enough to convince one that among the Jews, too, the concept of God underwent an evolution analogous to that which, among the Greeks, changed Dionysos into Apollo. The God of Moses still remembers that other divinity which primitive Israel worshipped in the symbol of the Golden Calf. He was

still an immanent, national, actual God who spoke directly through the mouth of the prophets. And the later prophets devoted themselves to little more than ridding the idea of God of those naturalistic traits which recalled, as did the Golden Calf, the periodical Death and Resurrection of Nature. The God of Israel was gradually outgrowing the confines of Israel and of the Earth until he made himself completely transcendental, unknowable, and unimaginable—a mere concept of righteousness and justice, even by the time of the Prophet Amos.

It is curious to note that this progressive rationalising of the idea of God is always effected at the cost of Death and Resurrection. It is significant enough that the God of the Decalogue—who was still the God of Israel and not yet of the world—should have forgotten to include in his Commandments that of giving one's life for one's country in the hour of danger, and of perpetuating life in successive generations. The first prophet to speak of God as a God of Love was Hosea. Unhappy in his marriage with a frivolous woman, Hosea conceived the ambition of awakening her better ego, and of fanning her sparks of goodness into a pure flame. In this relation of the loving husband to the beloved, whom he wishes to save not only by tenderness, but also by discipline, Hosea saw a symbol of the relationship existing between the Creator and his creatures. It might be thought that this amorous conception of the deity would have made Hosea more indulgent to the rites which recalled the old gods of fertility. Not at all. No one mocked more bitterly the symbols of the Golden Calf; no one more strictly separated the cult of Nature from the cult of Divinity. Although the naturalistic rites had millennial traditions, Hosea saw in them only a corrupt and corrupting paganism of which Israel had to cleanse herself.

Even to-day it is characteristic of the upholders of a purely rationalist morality to dislike any standard of conduct which is based on the mystery of Death and Resurrection. It might be said that the morality which such people preach is purely spatial, in the sense that they wish to extend justice to all men and nations over the entire surface of the earth. This spatial morality, which is that of the cardinal virtues, may be called rationalistic, that is, selfish, because its results are immediately and pleasantly apparent, in the sense that if we behave with prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance towards our fellow-men we thereby extend spatially the action of the moral sense, and thus free ourselves from the fear that our misconduct might make us the victims of revenge. But Mr. Benjamin Kidd has already told us that this spatial ethic is not enough. Mr. Kidd could not see the possibility of the permanence of a civilisation unless by rooting it in an act of faith. Without the sacrifice of the present generation for the sake of the generations to come, humanity would die out even though it had succeeded in making social justice prevail in every corner of the globe. And this sacrifice of the visible to the invisible, of the present to the future, cannot be consciously achieved by the practice of the cardinal or rational virtues. It requires, in addition, the aid of the theological: Faith, the root; Hope, the flower; and Charity, the fruit.

When humanity is located in space, it is only logical that the ethical ideal should lead us to wish that the earth might be changed into an Olympus without cradles or graves inhabited by immortal gods. As this is impossible, many "spatial" moralists recommend the ideal of reducing, as far as possible, the number of births and deaths. Thus we may explain the pacifist and Malthusian ideas which have become so widespread in our days. The blind alley into which these ideas lead us was most candidly revealed by Mr. William Archer in a recent article in the "Daily News," in which he affirmed the antithesis of "Fecundity versus Civilisation"; for, if fecundity is the contrary of civilisation, the civilisation to which Mr. Archer aspires must be sterility.

Compared with this sterility of the "rationalising

reason," there is a spring breeze in the impulse which leads Miss Harrison to follow M. Bergson in his desire "to apprehend life as one, as indivisible, yet as perennial movement and change," and nevertheless to disown the dogmas and even the symbols through which the full life of Dionysos transforms itself into the empty abstraction of Apollo. If I had to choose between the world that ought to be or ethic of Mr. Archer and the world that is, or logic, of Miss Harrison. I should remain, naturally, with Miss Harrison. Between the reason of Nature, which logic offers me, and the nature of reason, which ethic offers me, I take my stand by logic. Between an absolute, teleological, iron monism, such as that of the religion of Israel, and an absolute meaningless and fluent pluralism, such as that of Dionysos and Cybele; between a sterile civilisation and a fecundity without sense, I should rather give up the meaning than life; I would sacrifice the Commandments of Jehovah rather than those of Nature. For I may or may not be a man who lives conformably to the Law; but I cannot do otherwise than live conformably to Nature.

But I am not bound to choose. Every religion which has lasted in the world has necessarily had to be a mixture of the vital principle and of the rational principle; because the world, with all its creatures, is of precisely such a mixture. It was not for nothing that in the Temple of the Oracle at Delphi the year was divided into the rites sacred to Dionysos and those sacred to Apollo; for although it is impossible to think simultaneously of an immortal and of a god that dies and rises again, yet when our spirit passes from the world in space to the world in time, it finds that it can establish a profound affinity between its two pagan symbols, and can see in Apollo the projection of Dionysos in space, and in Dionysos the projection of Apollo into time—in Apollo a Dionysos visualised in plastic, and in Dionysos an Apollo fluent in music.

Thus, too, our Christianity. For "we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness" (I Cor., i, 23); the Jews and rationalists call us pagans and tell us that our God dies and rises again, like Dionysos. And why are we not to be called heathens? Heathens we are; heathens and Jews, both. By the side of the transcendent god who cannot be represented or thought, such as Jehovah or the Immovable Mover of Aristotle, we place a god who dies and rises again, and this god permits us to exclaim triumphantly, with Saint Paul: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (I Cor., xv, 55), and then we declare that there is only one god, and not two. We think of God as transcendent and immovable, or as immanent and vital, and then we say that his distinct and separate Persons form no more than one God. We admit that we cannot explain this mystery of the Trinity; but we add for the sceptical reader that this mystery of the divinity is no more mysterious than that of the first reality which presents itself to his eyes.

For it is characteristic of every reality, as, for instance, the piece of paper I am writing on, that everything in it flows and does not advance by leaps; that it is continuous and yet changes incessantly; and that in the whole of Nature no particular change is exactly like another, but only more or less analogous. Everything is continuous and everything changes. These are the two principles of reality: it is continuous, because we cannot conceive of a reality which could be discontinuous; it is heterogeneous, because it is continually changing itself into something else, and change presupposes heterogeneity. And this unity of continuity and heterogeneity—a necessary postulate—is that which gives to reality its character of irrationality. As, in the smallest of its parts, it is a continuous heterogeneity, it slips fatally away from our concepts in its unity. And not only vital reality, as M. Bergson says, but all reality, including the so-called inert matter.

Every reality is a continuous heterogeneity—heterogeneity is change; change, death; continuity, resurrec-

tion; every reality is something that survives, dies, and rises again, something of whose continuity and heterogeneity we cannot think at the same time, but in which we must suppose that there exists a unity of continuity and heterogeneity that is not rational. We cannot make reality rational except by artificially suppressing its heterogeneity, as in mathematics and physical science; or by suppressing its continuity and cutting it up arbitrarily into segments, as we do in history or the descriptive sciences. The enthusiastic Bergsonism of Miss Harrison carries her too far when it leads her to see a danger, "an almost necessary disaster," in "each and every creed and dogma." Are we to suppress in ourselves the tendency which inevitably leads us to theorise on our experiences? If we cannot conceive reality but as a continuous heterogeneity, how can we conceive of the God of this Reality but as continuous or eternal and as heterogeneous or changing, that is, dying and rising again? What has Miss Harrison in her book but a dogma of Dionysos? What has Bergson in his "Evolution Créatrice" but a dogma of life? And why disaster in dogmas when dogmas, too, are heterogeneous continuities which die and rise again? No reader, on reading this article for the second time, will read in it what he read there for the first. Some of his ideas will have died, but others will have risen from the corruption of the letter.

And thus this war, a magnifying-glass, makes us live again, in the faith of a French artillery officer, the profound life of the dogma of Death and Resurrection. In times of peace we had almost forgotten that life is essentially a tragedy: the tragedy of Death and Resurrection. We had fallen into the ridiculous aspiration towards an *athanasia* far from the flux of life. The example of the heroes who die that their country may live will stimulate the nations to give up their dream of a Malthusian and pacifist Olympus; and thinkers to adjust, as far as possible, their theories to the mystery of life and reality: Death and Resurrection.

RAMIRO DE MAZTU.

Letters to my Nephew.

The Service of the State—(continued).

VIII.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—It will not have escaped your philosophical eye that a man goes into the Civil Service, but not into the service of business. No; he says he is going into business. But a domestic goes into "service"; and occasionally one hears of some servile understrapper who says he is "in the service" of Mr. Smith. In like manner, an officer goes "into the Service"; so also does a private or a bluejacket. These distinctions are suggestive. Service denotes discipline and obedience. Discipline clearly indicates a hierarchy or a command; obedience indicates willingness to obey. Thus, when an officer says he is "in the Service," he really means that he belongs to the Service only in the sense that he belongs to the command. It is true he may be a mere cogwheel in the command, bound to obey his superior officer. But he knows that he is serving an apprenticeship and hopes some day himself to be in actual command. A private or bluejacket has no such expectation; obedience is his lot to the end. It is not substantially different in the Civil Service, where discipline is maintained by the same principle of classification. On the other hand, when a man "goes into business," by implication he rejects the discipline of service and is quite frankly "on his own." He is bent on piracy.

If you think of it you will realise how important are discipline and classification in the Government service, particularly from the possessing classes' point of view. For it is to a closely integrated and homogeneous Governmental organisation that we must look if we are to preserve intact the existing social and economic life of the nation. Our social structure may be fundamentally wrong or it may have grown rotten by age

and wrong usage. I am too old to be under any illusions. I know it to be morally rotten and I believe it to be fundamentally wrong. What I think hardly matters. I shall soon "go hence and find it is not so" (I hope you read Matthew Arnold); but you and your generation will soon be facing reconstruction, whether you like it or fear it or hate it. It matters enormously that you should see through the conventions and grip firmly the realities. I often wonder whether Oxford and Cambridge clear or obscure your social vision. It is certainly odd, and even significant, that whereas the university students of Eastern Europe are overwhelmingly revolutionary, the students in the universities of Western Europe and America (that is to say, the industrialised countries) are overwhelmingly conservative and conventional. Only the other day I was dining with a Harvard graduate, and a D.Ph. to boot. He seriously argued that John D. Rockefeller must be *ipso facto* a great intellectual force. "Intellectual?" I shouted. "Yes," he drawled, "just intellectual." As he was my guest I found it safer to discuss the vestigial traces of Maya civilisation in Central America. But I mustn't divagate. It is certain that, given a social organisation, the Government service will respond to the wishes of the dominant factors in the body politic. Hence the necessity for classification. The ruling factors in the service must be the bone and flesh of the ruling factors outside. And the ruling factors inside base themselves upon the monopoly of the first-class clerkships. I dare say you know that the abyss between the first and second class clerkships is as deep and impassable as the abyss between the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks in the Army and Navy. I see that the Socialist journals, which I assiduously read, are rejoicing that, under the pressure of the war, promotions from the ranks are now numerous. They are very stupid. They fail to understand that a promoted sergeant of pleb origin would be always on his good behaviour, just like a Labour man in Parliament. It is to me astounding that the ordinary Socialist and Labour papers are so utterly ignorant of the psychology of the class whose claims they advocate. But I suspect that the great majority of the promoted soldiers belong to the same class as the officers themselves. Anyhow, you may bank on it, the Army hierarchy is not so foolish as to introduce social dynamite into the mess. *Tout au contraire*, they are even careful to keep it out of the canteen. To any threatened invasion by a real democracy of the Army, Navy, or Civil Service our mandarins would all show their teeth and shout, "Hands off!" Between ourselves, I should find it very amusing to see some of their teeth drawn!

There is, then, an implied contract that on entering the Service you must do your share to preserve the social order. No nonsense about that! You would not be told in plain terms that rent, interest and profits are sacred. The governors of Great Britain are more subtle. You would be told that this is a democratic country and that, in consequence, you must show courtesy and consideration to all, to the lowest as to the highest, to rich and to poor. Courtesy and even sympathy not only cost nothing, but bring a rich reward in the contentment and docility of the working and lower middle classes. When a deputation of working-men has been to you let them report to their mates that they were treated like "bloomin' dooks." If no "interests" clash you must yield gracefully, assuring them that no act of your official life has given you greater pleasure. If rent or interest are affected your task is not so easy. There are, however, various ways to "fob 'em off." You can generally raise the question of expense. If hard put to it you can damn the Treasury, which is always willing to play Jorkins to your Spenlow. Or you can play for time. "The subject is most interesting, gentlemen, but several novel points have been raised, demanding our most careful and anxious consideration. I know you would not expect this department to act precipitately. In your own interests it would be most unwise to do so," etc., etc. If this cock won't fight,

then you can ask the deputation if they have the necessary capital to carry on the business, because you fear—in fact, you know—that the employers would not continue if such onerous responsibilities are thrown upon them. I know no easier task than to fool a working-class deputation. You must sedulously act the part of umpire, but you must never give your own side out. If you do, good-bye to promotion.

Suavity, you perceive, is the first essential to success in the Civil Service. The second is like unto it. Talleyrand summed it up in his historic phrase: "Par trop de zèle." You do not always know what your superiors are really aiming at; and, if you do, it is unwise to betray your knowledge. Every great official likes to think that he is a second Machiavelli. Nothing annoys him so much as to see that you have spotted his game. There is no room in a Government office for Vorticism. Out of too much energy you may draw the wrong pattern or brew the wrong emotion. On the other hand, do not ape humility too much. Always nurse a grievance and, on due occasion, trot it out. A very clever Civil Servant once told me that he was offered a small promotion in lieu of a grievance. He declined it. "No," said he, "my grievance is worth more than that." So, to quiet him, they finally made him an "Assistant-Comptroller" or something of the sort. He not only got an improved status, an increased salary, but also—oh joy!—two carpets, a hearth-rug, and a fire-screen. One of these days they will knight him.

Do not believe, however, that I take an altogether cynical view of the Civil Service. Wellington, with Irish terseness, remarked that the King's Government must be carried on, and it is the Civil Service that carries it on. Its political chiefs pass, some too quickly, most too slowly; the Service works on—and sometimes sleeps. I freely admit that the vast majority of its members work conscientiously. They have mostly joined because they want, in the days of their youth, that *otium cum dignitate* which ought only to come with extreme old age. That, I suppose, explains why so many of them are quite old and formal at thirty-five instead of at seventy. But they have brains, and our Government offices are well informed and far-seeing. Our Diplomatic Service is really the best in the world. It combines subtlety with strength, and it always has something to bring to market. The Colonial Office, too, is remarkably efficient in many ways. It has always restrained excesses in the employment of natives. Planters and prospectors have often gnashed their teeth when forbidden to "wallop their niggers" or starve them. Now, in the days of our extremity, the result is shown in comparative quiet throughout our Dominions. The result justifies the Colonial Office; I am not so sure that it justifies the negroes and other subject-races. Thank goodness, it is their affair and not mine. I wonder whether the Kaiser does not bitterly regret that his friendship with God hardly suffices to induce the Almighty to transform negroes into Irishmen. It is the Colonial Office which trains our Pro-Consuls and Satraps, who subsequently govern vast territories and variegated races with skill and address, and occasionally with genius.

A Colonial Governor has his thrills. I wonder what all our Colonial Governors felt when, on the outbreak of war, each went to his safe and took out a sealed envelope marked "To be opened only in the event of war." The instructions contained in this envelope (which had been handed down by predecessor to successor I know not how many times) will probably remain a secret. The Governor sits alone, reads the portentous documents, finds himself suddenly changed into an autocrat, with sweeping powers to imprison, deport, or even shoot or hang, with a full indemnity promised by his Sovereign Lord and King. Do you know, I think I should like to be a Colonial Governor. But to get there means a long series of gradations and no end of puzzling problems—unpleasant tasks, too. I once drifted into the office of a very high official. He had just been in to discuss with the Governor a number

of questions. Then they fell to discussing Greek. My man quoted from Aristophanes. The Governor didn't recognise it and asked that it be written down. So said, so done. "Your accents are wrong," said the Governor. "Very likely. I'm weak on accents, but I think I'm right." "Let's look it up," said the Governor. So they verified the quotation. I forget who was in the right of it; I tell you of the incident to illustrate that my official was highly cultured. He took a first in Mods. as a matter of fact. In the course of his career he had been stationed in China. In his district they wanted ten thousand Chinamen for South Africa. "They had to be examined for venereal disease," he told me, "and as there was no available doctor I sat on a chair and examined the whole ten thousand." "Good God!" I exclaimed, "they ought to have given you a seat in the Lords and a pension of ten thousand a year." "I did my own work, in addition," he added grimly.

Puzzling problems, too! Up in Coroyal, in my Colony, there were repeated complaints of a water shortage. We drink rain-water out there. The water is collected and run into great tanks during the rainy season. Towards the end of the dry season these tanks ran dry. "Give us more tanks," cried the natives. The Government procrastinated. At this time it was discovered that there were two or three cases of leprosy in the colony. So an ordinance was passed to build a small leper hospital and segregate these cases. It chanced that one of them was Peter Hamilton, of Coroyal. He was a harmless old nigger. He would sit outside his little shack, where he lived alone, and chant a queer negro melody:

My Mammy say dat I am her love,
De sun goes down in de west,
My Mammy say, "Good-night, my love,"
De sun goes down in de west.

Down among de sugar canes, I see Mirandy,
De sun goes down in de west,
I call out, "Mirandy, be my love,"
De sun goes down in de west.

Mirandy, she bring to me a little piccaninny,
De sun goes down in de west,
An alligator cotched him in de great Mississippi,
When de sun went down in de west.

In this way did Peter tell us all about his life, its loves, its hardships, its toil and care. I used to bring him cigarettes and sometimes a nip of rum. "Tank you, Mistah, I will sing you ma little ditty." Then somebody told him that, very soon, he must go to the new leper asylum. Peter said he would rather stay where he was. They told him that there was a new law. That night, when the sun had gone down in the west, Peter drowned himself in the one remaining tank of drinking-water.

Next day the D.C. and the M.O. met in anxious conclave. What was to be done? The M.O. said that the water was unaffected and not harmful to health. The D.C. couldn't stomach the thought of letting the people drink any more from the tank. So they telegraphed to the Governor for instructions. More consultations. Finally, they ran the water off and sent up a schooner laden with water-barrels.

Yes, on the whole, if I were a young man going into the Civil Service, I should choose the Colonial Office. My only advice to you is to go into something that involves a minimum of desk-work. Do things; don't only write about them. I should hate to see you with a silk hat, an umbrella, and a black-leather portfolio travelling up and down a suburban line, discussing coins, china, and flowers with your own little coterie. It would not be long before a smudge on your well-polished boots would give you acute discomfort.—Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.

Axioblabogenes in Hell.

ALL Tartarus was in festival. For the first time since the principle of damnation had been established, the traditional routine was abrogated. The smell of charred and simmering flesh no longer percolated through the stagnant corridors of Dis. The screams of the tortured no longer competed for violence with the exultant yells of the tormentors. Pluto at last could issue his hoarse commands, undefeared by the hissing of serpents, the crackling of flames and the lashing of thongs. For all Tartarus quivered with wonder and rejoicing at this new thing, the Furies lounged about the brazen gates of Orcus and amused themselves with teasing Cerberus. Ixion was unstrapped from his wheel; Tantalus was allowed to sleep and to dream that he was a perfect Heliogabalus; and Sisyphus sat viciously on the top of his stone at the bottom of the hill and mopped his forehead. Briareus of the hundred hands set himself in sheer voluntary sportiveness to wrestle with Hydra of the fifty heads. The Harpies skimmed the surface of Phlegethon river of flames and sang what they could remember of their pitchy madrigals. Chimæra ceased (quite gladly) to stand over the bodies of certain whole-hogging but indigestible optimists and to lick his blood-clotted chops. The Titans, who, on account of their disrespect for divinity, had been condemned to an everlasting perusal of the biographies of the gods, rubbed their bleared eyes and talked, or rather spat, sedition. The daughters of Danaus kicked their sieves into the waters of Acheron and the Gorgon ceased to go about and stare at people. Nor was the consolation of this respite accorded only to the notorious aristocracy. The poetasters were at last enabled to spew out the scrolls which they had devoured from their dying day, and on which were written not only their own compositions but the opinions of their more enlightened contemporaries upon them. The philosophers stopped drinking a black, viscous fluid from bottles labelled "jargon." Rhetors no longer addressed acres of empty benches, and lawyers were no longer skinned by their clients. Conquerors ceased to clean out the stables of the Centaurs and to eke out, as best they might, the pound of sulphur flung them as a reward each week. The vultures, the size of whose beaks was increased at compound interest rate as they fed upon the vitals (enlarged equivalently) of recumbent usurers, flew off to see the sights, and the styluses upon which scribblers were impaled, were withdrawn from their bodies.

For Axioblabogenes was coming and all Tartarus made holiday to welcome him. As he stepped into the special infernal chariot of Pluto that awaited him on the hither bank of Styx, the Furies unharnessed the four black thoroughbreds—Sorrow, Disease, Fear and Hunger—and hitched themselves to it. And Axioblabogenes, crowned with hellebore leaves, rode as a second Cæsar in his triumph through the grisly realms of Dis. He passed through wastes of burning sands and his thoughts took Imperial flights. The chariot was clogged in barren steppes of snow, and he reflected that the place was rich in minerals. The trees, whose roots grasped soil from which for flowers grew gleaming swords and daggers, bore cauldrons on their sapless branches, and he said "What unprecedented natural resources." He drove through fields of bitumen, of brimstone and of molten lead, and he whispered, "My factories, my factories." A dew as of ashes fell from the dank and muddy air, and he murmured, "My furnaces, my furnaces." He tumbled over the river Cocytus, whose bridge is of human bones and whose waters of blood, and he thought as he gazed upon the flood that, as an injection for increasing the work capacity of labour, it would serve an indispensable end. Regions of murk and of triple night encompassed him about, and he considered that they would do for the workers' suburbs. And, as he rode, the Furies howled like Bacchantes and the people pressed upon him in

myriads, crying "Deliver us, deliver us." Nor did they cease to importune him until the chariot drew up to the frowning gates of Pluto's palace.

And, because they would grant him no peace from their dolorous clamourings and thronged upon him eagerly from every side, Axioblabogenes arose and addressed them. He declared that reform was in the air. The masters could no longer ignore the just claims to existence of their men. They were all citizens of a great Empire, and for the sake of those little ones who should inherit the glorious future, the little children who played about their knees, they should all buckle to, put their noses to the grindstone and keep the flag of prosperity flying. Their great service to humanity, aye, and the more to damned humanity, was to keep busy. Work was the great Condy's Fluid of life (or rather death). Let them all rally to a new tocsin, the tocsin of Co-operation. Unselfishness . . . trust . . . duty . . . loyalty . . . reverence . . . patriotism . . . service . . . usefulness . . . endurance . . . self-sacrifice . . . purity . . . thrift . . . gratitude . . . a humble and a contrite heart . . . shouldering another's burden . . . progress . . . more blessed to give than . . . Surely this was the darkest hour that precedes the dawn. He, even he, was that dawn. For suffering—helpfulness; for sin—the salvation of industry and the contemplation of a more profitable, a more efficient destiny. He extended his hands to them—he, their good shepherd, let them—the sheep—come lovingly into the fold.

And the multitude, being bewildered in the significance and bearing of these matters, shouted their acclamations and dispersed in good heart, leaving Nero, Messalina, Thersites, Midas, Clytemnestra and Tarquin to an agreeable and familiar conference. But Axioblabogenes drove through the palace gates, and was received at the portals by a three-headed Hecate, all smiles, a Pluto all graciousness, and a Proserpine all coquetry. And, having acknowledged their salutations, he came, without further ado, straight to the point. This torture, he suggested, was all very well. It was, in the first place, indiscriminate. There seemed to be no proper distinction of classes, and it was the worst possible example to mete out penalties alike to the upper and the lower ranks of society. It was, in the second place, too easy-going, too purposeless, too lazy. It was not, in the third place, according to economic principles. What did Pluto make out of it, he should like to know? Just a thankless overseeing job and for nothing, for nothing. It was true that an exacting course of torment kept the people in a decent subjection; but what was the good of that if he made no use of it? Now let him consider Tartarus itself. The place was a positive gold-mine. Minerals clamoured for the pick. There was iron for foundries, coal for railways, lead for bullets, sulphur and charcoal for gunpowder (they four would of course require Elysium for a permanent residence), poisonous fumes for gasworks, steel for factories of every kind, steam for machinery and power stations, pitch for petroleum, for carbon and for hydrogen, timber for hoardings, yes, and wood-fibre for newspapers, for newspapers—the eyes, the ears, the pulsing heart of the perfect State. Why, an industrial civilisation, an Imperial concession, lay at his very doors if he had but the will and energy to build it. Away with this leisurely, superannuated damnation. Would he be content to torture these teeming millions when he could employ them, when he could exploit them? What shall it profit a man if he gain a whole Empire like this and lose his own advantage? They were all the instruments of the divine purpose. Wealth and all its power for good, wealth that would shrivel Midas to the station of a bank clerk was theirs for the possessing. Who were they to take their hands from the holy plough, to neglect their holy mission? "And now, my friends," said Axioblabogenes, "I raise my glass to the first limited liability company of the Shades, and I, the president, declare that the Imperial Tartarean Consolidated Fund is hereby appointed, founded and established."

Timon, who had been rejected from Elysium because

of his open discourtesy to the edifying exhortations of Cicero at the Examination of New Applicants Committee, flung his tools into a Lethe that had burst its banks with the accretions of soot that of late had so swollen that otherwise lethargic stream. And the panorama of a brand-new Tartarus, a Tartarus feverishly speeded up, passed before his moody eyes. He saw the rich, the usurers, the conquerors, the scribblers, the poetasters, the philosophers, the rhetors, the lawyers and the politicians released from their agonies and exercising their several and extremely lucrative professions for the glory of the I.T.C.F. He heard the clank of hammers, the thunder of engines, the roar of machinery, the thud of explosions and the execrations of the Furies as they hounded on his fellows to their labours. He saw smoke, steam, sparks and grit overcrowding the air, opaque perhaps in the days of his leisured endurance, but hardly solidified to a concrete substance. He saw Nero playing upon a harmonium and deriving sensations from a flaming tumult that put burning Rome into the shade; Messalina dictating to a scribe her new book, "Night Life in Bohemia"; Thersites running an illustrated weekly; Midas turning factories into gold; Clytemnestra lecturing on the Home; and Tarquin occupying the post of agent provocateur to the new company. He saw a well-plumped Ixion the new traction president; Tantalus controlling and extolling the genuine and unrivalled pretensions of the Amalgamated Fruiterers Association; and Sisyphus a speculating expert in the art of jerry-building. To his right, the Titans toiled in the mines, and the daughters of Danaus in an up-to-date hydraulic establishment. He saw Seneca, whose qualifications to bliss the mild Elysians had refused to consider, as head caterer to a vast nexus of cinematograph houses. Before his eyes, the hydra, the gorgon and all the monsters of the ancient world were trained to equilibrist postures for the diversion of the elect; while the Harpies above his head practised dropping inflammatory explosives upon specified targets they were unable to hit. Nor had the multitudes of the toiling and inconspicuous damned the time, as of old, even to groan. And Axioblabogenes rejoiced at the approaching consummation of that ideal State for which, a practical visionary, he had laboured so long.

But rage and disgust, like a hurricane, swept Timon from that discretion seemly to a subordinate. He arose, and running to the top of the hill of Sisyphus which that worthy, thanks to a funicular railway, now reached with ease, called in a loud voice to the people. And, abandoning their work they rushed, thick as the particles of soot which blackened even the ice of Hades, to the bottom of the hill and, with a new and less delusive hope lifting their hearts, awaited his words. But Timon, saying nothing, pointed to the palace of Pluto, now reserved exclusively for Axioblabogenes. And the multitude, led by Clodius, Alcibiades and Cleon, poured onwards like a tidal wave, and surging about the palace in dense legions, shouted "Axioblabogenes, Axioblabogenes, give us Axioblabogenes." A trembling president of the Imperial Tartarean Consolidated Fund appeared at the balcony, and with as much suavity and as little stuttering as he could command, inquired what in reason he, the good shepherd, could do for his sheep. And Timon, passing through a lane of the people, turned his back upon Axioblabogenes, and looking upon them with a lean and fierce countenance, he cried: "Choose, O People. The new or the old? Tartarus as we knew it or Tartarus as he has made it?" And, as the multitude swarmed furiously into the palace, a Titan caught Axioblabogenes by the heel, and swinging him in the manner of a discobolus, hurled him through the mirk of Dis, over the six rivers, over the fields of bitumen, over the steppes of snow, over the burning sands, past the gaping jaws of Cerberus, through the tangled roots of the earth and the sea, clean through the caverns of the Underworld and back upon the earth, right into the middle of Fleet Street.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

Verses by Perse School Play Boys—II.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

A summer's eve had passed away,
The moon came out with silver light,
The ending glories of the day
Had faded out in falling night.

Phil-o-mel from a tree did sing,
And a blackbird—rustled with his silky wing,
The lone pines swayed,
And a watch-dog bayed,
And the fairies danced in a mushroom-ring.

(Age 12.)

J. M.

THE WIND.

Screaming through tree,
Bush and brier,
Howling the wind went over the lea,
Never to tire.
Wild is the sight that meets your e'e,
O'er the bleak mire.

(Age 11.)

SMITHEREENS.

AUTUMN.

Little brown elves
In little brown hoods
Are stealthily creeping
Into the woods.

They touch the green leaves
Before it grows cold,
And their green hues change
To crimson and gold.

The little brown leaves
Have all fluttered down,
And the little brown elves
Are in Elfintown.

(Age 12.)

S. N.

THE SWALLOW.

"O, bird with the fork'd tail,
What name bear ye?"

"My name 'tis the swallow,
That singeth to thee."

"O, bird with the fork'd tail,
Whither fly ye?"

"I fly to fair Egypt
Over the sea."

"O, bird with the fork'd tail,
Where did you rest?"

"Under the eaves of yon house
In my nest."

(Age 11.)

C. S.

THE MONK AND THE KNIGHT.

"O, monk with the gray gown,
Whither go ye?"

"I go to my cell
To pray for thee."

"O, monk with the gray gown,
Canst thou tell me

Where goes my lady,
And whither goes she?"

"O, knight with the black arms,
Wilt thou pardon me?"

I know of no lady—
But I pray for thee."

(Age 14.)

R. F.

THE MONKS OF ELY.

Merrily sang the monks of Ely,
As Knut the King rowed by,
And louder came the singing
As slowly he drew nigh.

"Row faster now, my merry men,
Row faster now," quoth he,
"For verily methinks it comes
From yonder plot of fee."

A monastery now came in sight
It stood upon a hill,
Its walls were grey and tall and firm,
And everything was still.

The chant had stopped, and everything
Was quiet and still as death.
The King stood upright in his barge,
"Row closer now," he saith.

(Age 13.)

PETER OF ELY.

EATING.

O, men they eat the golden corn,
And fairies eat the brier,
And giants they eat the mooing cows
And roast them at the fire.

O, kings they eat the venison,
And queens the honey sweet,
But I am just a little wee page
And there's nothing I will not eat.

(Age 11.)

TOM THE PIPER.

DAMNED SPIRITS ALL. (i)

See how the night is drawing to its end
And dawn appears.

A weary way these ghostly spirits wend,
Broken with fears.

For these are damnèd spirits who do hate
The light of day,
Hiding their dreadful shame and bitter fate
As best they may.

(Age 12.)

PUCK.

DAMNED SPIRITS ALL. (ii)

When the veil of darkness flies away,
And the cock begins to crow,
From over the hills and over the dales
The damnèd spirits go.

Away they flee with the darkness
To their homes in the churchyard graves,
And the sun rises high in the heavens
As o'er them the yew trees wave.

All white and transparent go flying
The ghosts; like a whirlwind they pass,
And into the churchyard they gather
And bury them under the grass.

(Age 11.)

SIR REGINALD.

Excepting two, each of the above poems represents a twenty minutes' homework of a boy in the second form. "The Wind" I culled from a so-called book of "Nonsense Rimes," and "Eating" was also voluntary work written with other verses to make up a chap-book. Originally there was only one stanza, but I recommended the addition of another, and dropped a hint which suggested the last line. Apart from this the verses are entirely unaided. In conception "The Wind" and "Eating" are entirely original. The others illustrate very clearly some common characteristics of Littleman composition and his use of models. The idea of "Damnèd Spirits All" is taken from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," III, 2, line 403. I discussed this fully in THE NEW AGE of April 2, 1914. I can think of no model for the opening of "Midsummer Night," but the second stanza is a compound impression of the best songs in "The Tempest" and "The Dream." This poem is one of the best in our repertory of "play-songs," i.e., those recited by the whole class to a kind of rhythmical setting indicated by the beat of sticks. "Autumn" was suggested by a picture seen in a friend's house, and the play-boy must have composed it on the spot, because he showed me only two stanzas and explained, "It is not finished yet because I had to go home after that." After a month's delay I caught him suddenly and demanded a concluding stanza. The immediate need was evidently more efficacious than long meditation, for he had it done in less than five minutes. That is Littleman all over. A play-boy out of Ely made the Ely ballad from a hint I sent him on the flyleaf of a book of folk-

songs. (For the original see Ten Brink's Eng. Lit., Vol. I, p. 148.—Bohn.) "The Swallow" and "The Monk and the Knight" are the best possible examples of a close imitation of form. They are both modelled on "O, Ship with the White Sail," in our third play-book. The congestion of consonants in "fork'd tail" is used in our recital to indicate the swift changes in the bird's flight. "The Monk and the Knight" makes a delightful miniature play. We actually find it worth while to dress up for it. The pause after "no lady," if well done, raises shouts of laughter.

H. C. C.

Readers and Writers.

At a time when the Whites and Harrisons are bellowing forth their nonsense about Germany, it is a relief to find the same matter dealt with in a spirit of satire, and that, too, by a man who has more cause to snarl at Germany than anybody in Fleet Street. The title of his book is too good to translate or curtail: "Professeur Knatschké. Oeuvres choisies du Grand Savant Allemand et de sa fille Elsa. Recueillies et illustrées pour les Alsaciens par Hansi. Fidèlement traduites en français par le Dr. H. P. Colli" (Paris, H. Floury, 1915). The "Petit Traité de prononciation Allemande" makes a characteristic beginning, thus: "The German language is certainly the clearest and finest of known tongues; it is also the most euphonious and the easiest to pronounce. However, as for these reasons it is very different from the French language, here, for a start, are a few useful hints concerning the sound of certain letters, to allow the reader to enjoy with understanding the beauty of the German phrases quoted in this volume."

* * *

The book itself is a skit on the Pan-Germanists. Professor Dr. Knatschké first describes his impressions of a visit to Paris in the company of his friend Rechnungsrat (Conseiller-de-Calcul!) Lempke. The Professor thoughtfully provides the reader with a guide to the prononciation of French names. Thus, gare de l'Est must be articulated "Kardläst," Louvre as "Luwer," Quartier Latin as "Kartiélatäng," Moulin Rouge as "Moulängrusch" and so on. With pedantic sagacity he suggests that Bouillon Duval is possibly a descendant of Godefroy de Bouillon. Altogether, the Professor and the "Conseiller-de-Calcul" were disappointed with Paris, for "we are bound to state that the night life there is most expensive. Here, twenty centimes for a programme; there, a ten centimes tip. . ." A piece of penetrative malice on the observer's part!

* * *

In a postscript, the Professor proceeds to reveal suggestions for a Germanisation of Paris. Local names must be changed to a more suitable form. Thus, Boulevard Montmartre becomes "Marderberg Bollwerk," Boulevard Poissonnière, "Fischreiches Bollwerk"; Notre Dame, "Unsere liebe Frau"; Place de la Concorde, "Eintrachtsplatz"; Tuileries, "Ziegel-eien"; Bois de Boulogne, "Bolonesisches Holz"; les Folies Bergères, "Die Schäferischen Verrücktheiten." (How far from exaggeration this is can be seen by reference to the next paragraph, quoted from a recent German paper.) He is rather plaintive over such names as Clichy and Rochechouart, because they cannot be adequately Germanised by any literal process; but he proposes to replace them by entirely fresh designations according to the German method with refractory place-names in Alsace.

* * *

The German papers of the last few months have found other matters than literature to discuss. War Bread, and the digestive problems it raises, for instance, are of more immediate importance than vers libre or symbolism. Then there is the urgent need for replacing English tailoring terms by native ones. A symposium of throbbing intellects sitting in council on breeches, ulsters, cutaways, knickerbockers, raglans, covercoats and other garments with offensive names, has decided to reject them. "In my humble opinion," re-

marks a Baron von Heintzen, "it is a national duty to change the English designations of our German garments." Unfortunately, there is a sad lack of agreement about the substitutes. Breeches, for example, are to be Reithosen, Reiterhose, Kniehosen, Sporthosen. Smoking (sic) is variously metamorphosed into Rauchjackett, Abendsakko, Frackjacke, Halbfrack, kleiner Frack. When these and similar problems have to be definitely settled, Germany will be threatened with a civil war.

* * *

The fact, however, that an author of Ludwig Fúlda's reputation took part in this ludicrous discussion only shows that the madness of which Mr. Wells writes so homelyly has not kept only to one side of the North Sea. Here is Hugo von Hofmannsthal with twenty lines of doggerel in a newspaper; Hermann Bahr has turned out a war farce; Richard Dehmel, I understand, has celebrated the war in the worst poem ever written. There must be something in this, because the Kaiser has rewarded him with the "Order of the Red Eagle (Fourth Class)." Fourth Class is a really happy touch. Among other bards similarly distinguished are Gerhart Hauptmann and Rudolf Presber. In consideration of the fact that I recently distinguished Presber by translating one of his sketches into English, I protest against this piece of impertinence on the Kaiser's part.

* * *

But Germany (or rather "Simplicissimus") has produced at least one tolerable jest on the situation. The school-child who, not satisfied with "God punish England," enlarged the scope of malediction by adding "God punish Russia," was rebuked with the remark: "No, we can manage Russia by ourselves."

* * *

Some weeks ago Mr. George Raffalovich was kind enough to suggest that I should translate some extracts from Shevchenko. As some English versions by Mrs. E. L. Voynich are already available, I was unwilling to trespass, when so many untrodden paths demand a pioneer. Mr. Raffalovich, however, sent me Shevchenko's works in Ukrainian, and I have compromised to the extent of translating one poem—the famous "Zapovit" (Legacy), written during an illness in 1845. The rendering by Mrs. Voynich errs by deviating too far from the form and content of the original. Why, for instance, she should distort the line that strikes the keynote of the whole poem "I vrazhoyu zloyu krovyu" (And with the evil blood of foemen) into "With blood for rain," I cannot understand. If Shevchenko is too downright, better leave him alone. Anyhow, here is my own version, in which such features as rhythm, internal and imperfect rhymes (as at the end of the second stanza) follow the form of the original:—

When I'm dead, then let me slumber
Underneath a mound,
'Mid the rolling steppe, with precious
Ukraine earth around;
That the mighty girth of acres,
Dnieper's craggy shores
I may gaze on, and may hearken
How the blusterer roars.

When it bears away from Ukraine
To the azure sea,
Foeman's blood—then I'll depart from
Mountain-side and lea:
These unheeding, I'll be speeding
Even unto God,
There to pray. But till that happen
I'll know naught of God.

Grant me burial, then uprising
Shatter every gyve;
Drench with evil blood of foemen,
Freedom, that it thrive.
And my name in your great kindred,
Kindred free and new,
Ye shall cherish, lest it perish—
Speak me fair and true.

P. SELVER.

Views and Reviews.

State Sovereignty and the Guilds.

IF I keep harping on this subject, it is because the proposal for the formation of a National Guild System is so revolutionary to modern English ideas and practice that its implications are not readily understood. Here is Mr. G. D. H. Cole, for example, lecturing to the Aristotelian Society (this lecture was referred to by a reviewer in the last issue of *THE NEW AGE*), and trying to prove that the National Guild System is incompatible with State Sovereignty. If this were so, I should be inclined to say: "So much the worse for the National Guild System." But if we turn our attention not to theories, but to facts, we find no such incompatibility. The sovereign State, of its own volition and power, has created subordinate legislatures throughout the Empire, and has endowed them with power, without relinquishing sovereignty, which, in the last resort, is only a veto. There is no intrinsic difference between this devolution of political sovereignty and the functional devolution demanded by the National Guild System; and Mr. Cole's bravado: "The demand for functional devolution is not a demand for the recognition of associations by the State, but a demand that the State itself should be regarded only as an association—elder-brother, if you will, but certainly in no sense father of the rest"—comes perilously near the absurdity of paradox. Precisely because the National Guild System is functional devolution, political power will remain with the State, and will really be our only safeguard (with, of course, the assistance of the judiciary) against the tyranny of economic monopolies. The "General Will," which Mr. Cole seems to find expressed in "the complex of organised associations" which he calls Society, will be most clearly and powerfully expressed through the State, or Parliament, by means of its legislative Acts and the judicial interpretation of them. It is at least likely that English legislation will develop some similarity with Continental legislation, of which Dicey says that "foreign laws are, what every law ought to be, statements of general principles," of which the detailed application is from time to time made valid by decrees of the executive power.

It is precisely because the State is sovereign that the Guilds will have to go to it for their charter; and that fact disposes at once of the "elder-brother" idea expressed by Mr. Cole. At this moment, when the State has received (or, rather, has assumed) an increment of power that has converted a constitutional government into a practical despotism, the absurdity of such phrases as "man has made the State, man can destroy it" is apparent. This cant of revolutionary ideology has nothing to do with National Guilds; indeed, in any strict sense of the words, the National Guild System is not "functional devolution," for the State has not organised industry nationally. The National Guild System, in its political aspect, will be a new creation of the State, one more exercise of its sovereign power; for it will concede a considerable measure of self-government to the organised workers in industry. It has a considerable resemblance in its general principles to the proposal for *décentralisation par service*, made by Duguit among other French writers on constitutional law; it differs, of course, by extending the idea beyond the civil services to productive industry. But the theory as there expressed invalidates in no way the sovereignty of the State; and as certain practical deductions from it, made by Dicey, are not without relevance to the National Guild System, I make here a long quotation from Dicey's new edition of the "Law of the Constitution."

"In the treatises on the constitutional law of France produced by writers entitled to high respect will be found the advocacy of a new form of decentralisation termed '*décentralisation par service*,' which seems to mean the giving to different departments of civil servants a certain kind of independence, e.g., leaving the

administration of the Post Office to the body of public servants responsible for the management of the postal system. This body would, subject of course to supervision by the State, manage the office in accordance with their own knowledge and judgment; would, as far as I understand the proposal, be allowed to share in the gains effected by good management; and would, out of the revenue of the Post Office, make good the compensation due to persons who suffered by the negligence or misconduct of the officials. On the other hand, the officials would, because they were servants of the State who had undertaken certain duties to the State, be forbidden either to organise a strike or in any way to interrupt the working of the Post Office. To an Englishman, the course of proceeding proposed is extremely perplexing; it is, however, from one or two points of view instructive. This so-called decentralisation looks as if it were a revival of the traditional French belief in the merit of administration. This reappearance of an ancient creed possibly shows that French thinkers who have lost all enthusiasm for parliamentary government look for great benefits to France from opening there a new sphere for administrative capacity. It certainly shows that Frenchmen of intelligence are turning their thoughts towards a question which perplexes the thinkers and legislators of other countries. . . . It shows that the slightly increasing likeness between the official law of England and the *droit administratif* of France must not conceal the fact that *droit administratif* still contains ideas foreign to English convictions with regard to the rule of law, and especially with regard to the supremacy of the ordinary law courts." He proceeds to show an increasing similarity between the conditions of France and England, raising similar problems; and he suggests that we "might gain something by way of example from the experience of France." That "something" is an extension of official law to control the increasing power of civil servants, in fact, a development of *droit administratif* in England.

But *droit administratif* is, in the most precise sense of the words, a supreme expression of the sovereignty of the State. It practically absolved a servant of the State from punishment for any act, however illegal, performed in the execution of his duties. The functionary in France, to this day, is not amenable to the jurisdiction of the common law; as Faguet says: "In France you cannot [bring a suit against a functionary who, even in the exercise of his functions, seems to you to have injured you]. You really can do it, but if you do, the functionary makes a plea of incompetence which brings the case before the court of conflicting jurisdictions. This court, being composed chiefly of functionaries of the State, cannot decide for the private citizen as against the functionary. As a matter of fact, the right of a private citizen to bring an action at law against a functionary does not exist in France."

I am not supposing that the creation of National Guilds will make workmen "functionaries" in this strict sense; but it must be obvious to everybody that a National Guild will have considerable legislative powers. The power to make by-laws given by Parliament to railway companies, for example, is an indication of what will be necessary to a National Guild; which, in this case, would include not only all the railways, but all other forms of transport, as the proposal stands at present. The more the Guild tends to be self-governing, the more will it attempt to withdraw its members from the jurisdiction of the common law, so far as it relates to actions performed by them in the execution of their duty; and there is only one power possessed of the authority to facilitate this process, and that power is the sovereign State. If the "General Will" of the community, as expressed through Parliament, is not favourable to this exemption, the National Guilds, being organisations subordinate to the State, will have to abide by the decision. But the sovereignty of the State will be asserted in either case, since it alone will have the right of veto on the actions of the Guilds.

A. E. R.

The London Group.

(At the Goupil Gallery.)

In these paintings two distinct attitudes are represented; the one that of kindly agnosticism, aiming simply to reproduce vision, without recognising distinction of rank in objects or even individuality,—not only giving no more consideration to a man's face than to his boot or to a teacup, but not even defining the boundary between his face and surrounding objects. Form is dissolved in light, the possibilities rather than the perfections of nature are the subject: as with the Gothic builders, who would decorate their churches with floods of warm light from stained windows, rather than with frescoes clear and definite. This attitude is represented with charming ability by three women, Mary Godwin, Ethel Sands and Sylvia Gosse; floating on the great stream of Rembrandt tradition, with which is mixed now the water of various lakes, their work may be called English Rembrandtesque. But the Dionysian force, which carried the Dutch nation over the seas and gave to Rembrandt his vision, is a spent force in Europe to-day; nature as a female appeals to the sympathy of man. Ruskin saw her in danger of rape, and insisted on the forms of Christian faith, as a protection against the faithless: who should see her charms etherealised in Gothic architecture. But the wilful one was not awed, and against him Marx arose, who sent the Trinity to Heaven: socialism is the will of passive nature to absorb the individual in itself. As these painters signify, with their invasion of outline by chiaroscuro: in which they follow Rembrandt, but, inasmuch as nature is now the weaker, unlike him are to be called feminists in art. The difference is apparent also in the colouring; the famous reds and yellows, browns and golds, being now succeeded by harmonies of blue. If we do not find in the work of the Master this still-life treatment of the face, it is because the intensity of his vision required a symbolic expression: in his naturalism it is the very face of the god we see. The antithesis of this attitude would be the idealist, in which a painter keeps definite ideas and valuations before his eyes, only reproducing his vision so far as it can be reconciled with these: and this, theoretically at least, is the attitude we find in contrast at this exhibition.

While the women bring to nature the scientific charity of the Socialist, there is a company of men who feel the need to be more assertive; they imagine remnants of the ideal lurking in their eyes, which for reality's sake must be plucked out, whatever the pain. The charms of nature they feel to be seduction, and repel the harlot with scorn; chastised they produce her for us, hardly to be recognised. This attitude is represented with conviction and enterprise by six men, Jacob Epstein, Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier Brzeska, C. R. W. Nevinson, Edward Wadsworth, and William Roberts; they are the Futurists,—not to split hairs over denominations, this comprehends the various parties working in defiance of tradition.

It may seem a simple thing, the statement of reality; to the Kodak company, at least, it presents no difficulties. But that reality is complex, of two kinds, we have proof in the existence side by side of religion and science: between these two the artist holds the scales, exercising both faculties of perception, representing complete humanity. Art is therefore a balance of the natural and the ideal, and within this definition the work of the Futurist comes: the fact that the ideal is a minus quantity does not alter its character,—to be conscious of it the Futurist must exercise the æsthetic faculty, his abstraction of it is a religious act. It might be supposed that a true balance having once been found, a great picture once painted, the artist's work would be done for ever; the Athenians thought so after the production of Sophocles' *Antigone*. But five years later, or less, they found that reality demanded a new adjustment of science and religion: for nature had become more real to man, his ideas less so.

It is the function of the artist, by his subtle sense, to catch the orthodoxy of his day; compounding in his dogmas just so much of naturalism with just so much of idealism, as each in that day has of reality,—for example the works of Claude and Turner both. "Granted," say the Futurists, "therefore the work of art has no value after its day; it is an impediment to the artists of the future." A work of art has the same value for future times as a heroic deed or a fine order of society, not as something to be mimicked apishly, but as an exhortation to man to realise himself; to let no element of his humanity tyrannise over another, to represent each fairly and himself completely. Without the triumphant examples of the past, man would abandon his aspiration, resign himself to the laws of nature: as to all appearance he has done to-day,—the only proof that he has not being the variance between the same man as individual and as mob.

In the heart of the individual man is an eternal aspiration to distinguish himself from nature,—including his kind,—both to govern and to love her, two things which are forbidden by natural law: but he must find a stable adjustment of these two passions, his pride and his love, else one will consume the other, and the individual be absorbed again in nature. This adjustment is man's religion, this and nothing else; it is the key to his manners, to his ordering of society, to his architecture, to his idea of everything and all things. For example, our idea of water is not merely the average of the impressions made by all the water we have seen, though it is inevitably corrected by these; it is the measure of our love or sympathy with water, our imagination of soul in it, that essence not represented in the term H_2O .

Thus ideas have reality, not derived from nature: but that reality begins and ends with religion, with man's aspiration to distinguish himself from nature. A time inevitably comes when man, too long individuated, feels that he must recover health and sanity in reconciliation with the gods of earth: then come such phenomena as protestantism, democracy, nationalism, science, and all that we are familiar with. By science is to be understood the accumulation of particular facts, so passionately urged by Bacon, so exactly performed by the photograph; and the setting up of a new standard for man, the average in place of the ideal. A mediæval painter reproduces nature, only so far as he can reconcile it with the Christian idea: for to him the ideal form is the reality, the accidental divergence of the particular having no significance,—if indeed it is apparent. It is hardly to be supposed, that the Futurist is so inspired by his idea of no ideals, as to see only forms deformed according to his pictures: though some are agonising toward that state of blessedness.

A painter of the Renaissance reproduces nature exactly, eagerly discovering in particular flowers or women that perfection, which man for a thousand years had seen only in the ideal; strong in the certainty of taste, which long faith had given him. The excitement of that adventure is something we can hardly imagine: for man to-day, having lost himself among the accidents of nature, is feeling for the universal again. The Futurists caught this feeling, but lacking either patience or sensitiveness, they produced as the new idea the old turned inside out; and talked proudly of clearing up the dregs of the Renaissance. Following that spring-song, often interrupting it, we hear the solemn music of the Puritans: naturalists also, but seeing in flowers their mortality. These appear as enthusiasts for earth, whence all flowers arise, and in which the stores of beauty are infinite: theirs is the spirit moving Savonarola to opposition, moving Rembrandt to new creation, who shows us the earth opened, and all the unformed beauty of flowers therein; lit by the light of the sun in his midnight house. The Humanists had overthrown the religion of darkness, which now challenged an aristocracy prematurely established: the naturalism of Rembrandt was, in effect, aggressive romance.

In portraits of the eighteenth century we find the new ideal, coming between us and faces we should like

to know: a proud wilful male ideal, imposed on nature by the impetus of that very force, which liberated nature from the Christian ideal. But what comes between us and these exciting scenes of war, presented to us in such mocking wise by Nevinson and Brzeska? an ideal not of the past, but of a discontinuous, an inhuman future. Thus we have a new form of priestly obscurantism, ordinarily an attempt to enforce an idea, after it has ceased to be real; here an attempt to deny ideas which are still real.

Though our religious instinct has grown ever weaker, as we have left the days of Order further behind; though we abandon ourselves ever more recklessly to the law of nature, yet some idea of man and of things still survives in our minds. True, the Futurists had reason to doubt its reality, reason that would excuse anyone but an artist: to all appearance man, the proud and loving, is no more. Dead or a prisoner, at the mercy of the usurer and the harlot, to whom in his frenzy for nature he gave the power: these rule him by his own brute passions, loosing the beast upon the god. Surely still to aspire were vain in man, so said these artists, standing between the ideal and the natural; these false knights, the pretended champions of the individual.

"Resign yourself, man," they said, "to the brutal mechanism of nature's law; come, learn to love it. Dare to know that you are its victim, and your forms and your manners delusion; what are you but a reproducing machine? Know the vanity of your civilisation, of your classic standards; see if the works of niggers are not as great. Beauty and love leave to women and dreamers, for men the ruthless pursuit of reality: by form it is concealed, so break up form. What god, what hero shall we sing?—why, that which has given us so much, mechanical law; let the artist also breathe the pure air of mathematics. But not content to ignore ideals, we shall tear the lying tongue out of nature; we shall be ultra-scientists." It is important to keep this distinction in mind, for the Futurist in exercising the æsthetic faculty, though it be turned against itself, may claim to pass the limit of the scientist: which is infinity, or life,—the female principle of the universe, symbolised in the circle.

Inaccessible to reason or force, it yields to love; artistic creation is the marriage of man to nature,—a union in which his individuation is not lost. Though the essence of Futurism is to eliminate from nature whatever is lovely, in order to know this the artist must love; he cannot deny an ideal without stating it, nor destroy a form without imposing its absence. See how the artist appears in Epstein's Rock-drill, and incidentally how Futurism is refuted: there is a force in the figure, distinguishing it from the machine between its legs. It is the same which distinguishes man from a machine, not the capacity to reproduce himself, but the aspiration to govern and to love: though here it aspires to deny itself. The plaster is informed with a spirit not of nature, not accountable by the mechanical laws of evolution; there is a sensitiveness in this sneer at love.

In presenting man in terms of a machine, not an idea in itself, the Futurist implies by contradiction a certain idea, man's desire to play; to forgo, whether in work or war, something of his advantage for the sake of manner. He introduces into nature a gloomy agony, a subterranean quality; he gives to men the forms of the nether world. European society has now arrived at the mouth of Hell, according to the mediæval conception of it; and the Futurists are the demons sent to pitchfork us in,—the scientists only ask us to join the monkeys in the trees.

The religious character of Futurism is best discovered in its relation to Christian asceticism: in each case religion, standing between the finite and the infinite, delivers one over to be the subject of the other. The Christian tried to eradicate will and pride, and to lose himself in ecstatic adoration of the infinite; but to eradicate will there must be a will, even as we saw that in Futurism there must first be love. Thus both are mutilators of nature, caught in the same snare:

the difference being that the Christian aspired to Heaven by the scourging of his flesh, the Futurist to Hell by the scourging of his soul. To the World, which likes decency above everything, honouring on this condition candidates for either destiny, such types are merely curiosities: the philosopher perhaps may see in Futurism a foreshadowing, may recognise the distorted silhouette, of a male order of society. He has heard its prophet in Nietzsche: to whom the Futurist stands in the same relation as the ascetic stood to Christ, the prophet of the female order.

It is true that the Futurists talk with scorn of Nietzsche, but they are not associated with him without reason: both have appeared as antagonists of romance, of all relics of the humane idea. Both have praised war, but here note a difference: Nietzsche as bringing out the god in man, the Futurist as bringing out the beast. Without being a nationalist he cries up national enmities: like the rustic who being asked what he would think the greatest joy, said to get a barrel and put into it a rat and a stoat and a dog and a cat, and to stir them all up together. Such is the Futurist ideal, which is still unrealised, even in this the most unmanly war that ever was waged: maybe this is why Futurism is returning to work. It is remarkable that, at the outbreak of the war, it was generally taken for granted that Futurism would be heard of no more: the reason being that men's idealism was for the moment so quickened, they could not imagine anyone again denying ideals.

The war which Nietzsche praised was not the national brawl, but those wicked dynastic wars our histories tell us of: in which king or duke led forth his men for glory's sake, and cared as much for style as for advantage. He exhorts man to distinguish himself from nature, as Christ did: but by governing it, by imposing his will, rather than by loving it. Not to refuse love altogether, for that would be to identify himself with the active force of nature; pride without love is vulgarity. All that is catholic in the tradition of the Church he accepts, only challenging that which is Christian: for the Catholic ideal is Olympian, transcending the advantages of nations,—to it we owe our conception of culture, as opposed to the German conception. The Futurist cares no more for the establishment of order in the world, than cared Saint Simeon on his pillar: who felt himself a citizen of no city but Heaven.

Not that Futurism has any sympathy with socialist or feminist ambitions: in terms of politics it means an aristocracy of demons, with Satan as feudal underlord. Excluded also is the political science of Machiavelli, in which man is to be governed only by fear: the Futurist always recognises the power of ideas. This is the third art movement which has aspired to avoid the naturalism, possessing Europe since the French Revolution: first was the romantic, including the Pre-Raphaelites, which for want of a religion, a definite relation of love to pride, collapsed in sentimentality. Second was the so-called art for art's sake, which for the same reason collapsed in vulgarity: against these disasters Futurism has provided itself with a religion in the negative. All the while impressionism has pursued its unambitious way, determined to see all there is to see in nature, before we commit ourselves to blind faith again; taking notes which will be embodied some time in the new idea, and in the hands of some great one now and then achieving orthodoxy.

There is another enemy of the ideal, one we have always with us, who must be mentioned; not because he needs to be distinguished from the Futurist, but because their antagonism is significant,—he is the humorist. When man fails in his aspirations, he may be always sure of a welcome back to earth from the humorist: who will encourage his spirit to rejoice in its bondage. Likewise he awaits the man aspiring to the nether world, who by mischance bobs up to the surface of Avernus; and for those Quixotes who have read over-much in the

lore of the future. Humour, as the enthusiasm of earth, holds a middle position between romance and cynicism, interfering with neither when they contain reality; but when either becomes morbid or outgrows itself, joining with the other against it. For example, it is the idealist who calls Epstein's Rock-drill "the joskin with the ratchet appliance to his knee, and the undigested roly-poly on his chest": he who talks of its poignant reality, its statement of eternal mysteries, etcetera, is a new species, the unsentimentalist. Futurists have heard abundantly from both, and of the two are said to prefer the former; Marinetti is at his happiest when the dead cat flies, and the rotten egg taketh unto itself wings. He feels that idealism is refuting itself; that the critic, should he ever appear, will have nothing to do but to become a Futurist.

There remains just one more distinction to make, that between Futurism and the luxurious pessimism of the Asiatic, Ecclesiastes or Omar: these are aristocrats, the opposite of the humorist. If they sing the vanity of man's life, it is because they feel so strongly his distinction from nature, the reality of his ideal; and yet have to recognise his bondage to nature. Having tried thus far to suggest what Futurism is, it is time now to consider whence it arose: like the Christian ascetics these have been called enemies of humanity, but it transpired later that there was more in the Christian motive than malice.

Let us notice more particularly the state of mind which preceded Futurism, and continues alongside of it in the English Rembrandtesque: here are painters, who to their dealing with nature bring abundant love but no idea, whose work therefore is a positive snub to the intellect. They deliberately paint a face as if they did not know it were a face, as if no nerve connected eye with head, but eye could telegraph direct to hand: a fiction in which they have a purpose. For if pure æsthetic were their concern, they would appear as decorators instead of artists, would introduce no subject; in thus introducing one to ignore it, they actually employ the two faculties of perception.

But their devotion does not carry them to Futurist excess, which would mean to tear the intelligence out of their vision; they are content to cultivate the drunken state. When Whistler exhibited musical visions of fog and factory, things that no sober man had yet thought of as beautiful, people really felt themselves insulted: as if a man, meeting friends in the street, should entertain them by embracing the lamp-post. For men still kept a feeling of the dignity of life, and dared to view it in the sharp light of a clear day: but horrors since have come so thick upon the sensitive soul, it is glad of Whistler's hint and has made him a classic.

In the New English Art Club painters grew even cunninger; showed us how we might open our eyes on the sunniest of days, and yet not understand. What these three women say to us is, that the intelligence is to be used for achieving a purpose, but not for valuing the facts of life, not for forming a theory, not for imposing a law; they confirm old England in her kindly habit of muddling through, of philosophic empiricism. We are to live with our hearts, to know that nothing is common or unclean; not to care for forms, but for the glow which makes everything acceptable. Their subjects are homely, or are resolutely made so; Corfe Castle receives the same treatment as an old stable. And all for truth's sake,—though it is a fact that men, coming into view of that hill between the hills, never without its stronghold since the world began, and seeing through the mists of war and love this ruin of the last, have found themselves on the sudden armed from spur to plume, on charger caparisoned with lance in rest: a fact of which the country police have sometimes had to take cognisance, and which only these artists obstinately ignore.

But gallantry is not a homely virtue; the kind simplicity, suggested in the cup of leadless glaze, they will gladly portray for us. True, this has been observed be-

fore, and artists in defiance have hung their dressers with the prize cups of Hampstead Heath, so stylish in their aniline pink and gold: partly to avoid the dilemma, which only a genius for orthodoxy can tackle, the Futurists fled into the Egyptian desert. Lacking the subtle sense of a Manet, not content with the women to make a science of emotion, nor yet to discover with Nietzsche an æsthetic of pride: they leapt over this last, and took a stand outside of humanity.

Manet paints a barmaid, because there are no queens to paint in his time; but he gives her queenly dignity, so far as we still feel it to be real,—a great picture, the bar of the Folies Bergères. His flatness represents a cooling of Rembrandt's enthusiasm, a fastidiousness in naturalism, a high-church protestantism; not a reaction, but a stickling for the real in tradition, a rigid standing on honour. Most vital to man are these weak survivals, for no new religion was ever established that did not contain many threads of the old: they are the trust of the artist, whose work is high above the affairs of nations,—as his crime is above all crimes if he be not faithful.

For an example of the æsthetic of pride, mentioned above as the alternative to English Rembrandtesque, see in the National Gallery the frosty beauty of Uccello's battle-picture: in which colour, instead of aiding as a vehicle of light in the dissolution of form, is with light severely subordinated to line. Thus the individuation of the male is clearly established, while nature is conciliated by a sufficient modelling; the choice of colour suggesting alike the gaiety and the valour of an Olympian race. To the Cimabue beside it, glowing with the spirit of the Crusaders, this picture is as the morning to the evening; one might imagine that the artist had looked into the souls of our flying-men. The subject of course contributes to the effect; and the management of paint, in which the degree of sympathy with passive nature is apparent.

Thus the craftsmen of the Middle Ages allowed the material largely to influence the design, the Greeks only slightly, for with them love was less than pride; the English Rembrandtesque is an adoration of paint, the medium being always allowed to go its oily way, that no example may be given of nature forced to the will of an individual. It would seem that in expression of this mood the oily medium finds its proper use, and that its quality influences the mind of the artist; definition requires a certain sharpness, a certain dryness. In Futurism abuse of material is a positive feature; in some pictures hair or wood being also attached to the canvas, to make the insult more general. For the forces of nature know no love, active nature has no sympathy with passive; that is a characteristic by which man distinguishes himself, a sign of that aspiration which Futurism would invert.

Similarly, amid his arrangement of forms deformed, the Futurist will allow some feature such as an eye to be recognised; in this strange contradiction of method he has a purpose. No pretence of pure vision with him; the eye is represented with sinister consciousness of the idea it will evoke, that ideas may be insulted in particular also. In the simple vulgarity of our time, in our government buildings, restaurants or churches, we find a bland unconsciousness: either of the significance in form or of the soul in material. Being designed to gratify the pride of a swell mob, aping the manners of those who rose above nature,—so far as they don't interfere with comfort bodily and mental,—all that is needed is to produce an effect: which is done in the most economical way, with much mechanical ingenuity, sometimes currants and sometimes nuts being thrown. Reacting from such things, the English Rembrandtesque loses its will in ecstasies of sympathy with substance; while Futurism would cure the ape of his chief characteristic, by preaching an ideal of brutality.

It may claim with truth to have unveiled the governing spirit of our time, but that is not to state the orthodoxy of our time; for man in his individual quality, whether as soldier, poet or shoe-black, is not repre-

sented in mob. Man the individual is the aspiring, the religious being; man in the mass is a beast, desiring only safety, comfort and the satisfaction of his appetites,—just those things which are the study of our age. In a time of order, of rigid tradition, the artist intervenes on behalf of nature, as the source of life and strength; in a time like ours he is the sole representative of the individual man. Black treachery is this art, which turns to the aspiring soul and says, "There is only mob, only the brutality of nature is real;" and such is the soul's bewilderment to-day, it knows not how to say yes or no.

For the sake of the will in it, the male quality, Futurism is tolerated: just as the asceticism in the last days of Rome was for the sake of the love in it. What humanity is aching for to-day is a single passionate will, to impose itself on the welter of nature; let it come pitiless, let it consume as a flame, only let it not come reasoning, let it not come free. This virtue of Futurism is best seen in the decorative branch: which, having no duty to ideas, seeks its pleasure wilfully. Brave colours are preferred to proper, fancy patches to flowers, melodies in the key of orange; and in all this there is an enslavement of material, which stops short of the frantic.

We feel with the Futurists, that the time of mystic communion with nature is past, that it is time for the spirit to define itself; for art to record not merely emotional experience, but also the imaginations of pride. We are interested in man and woman, trees, mountains and rivers, rather as forms of the universal than as objects to catch the light; and art tends to have a ritual character. We observe with the Futurists the life of man to-day, the empire of his mechanics and the empire of his lusts; but before these, in these and after these, we observe the erect stature of man between earth and sky. In the snare of Futurism are caught alike the false of heart and the too impetuous; the former we can imagine creeping out by the way they came in, of the latter we can only hope that they will burst the thing which holds them, and so issue forth.

FRANCIS MACNAMARA.

Pastiche.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Lady Selwynne, while investigating the slum dwellings round about the Bull Ring in Birmingham during a special missionary week, inaugurated by the Bishop, discovered Mrs. Wooten, an old lady of some sixty years, known in the Ring as the "old Booser." Only at rare intervals was Mrs. Wooten sober. You could find her, when recovering from some exceptionally heavy carouse, sitting in her dirty little room repeating to herself the muddled history of her past.

Among the inhabitants of the Bull Ring she was regarded as a mascot, and was invariably invited to all weddings, christenings and funerals which took place in the district. The old lady knew several old songs which she would sing for a few drinks. Nobody knew who she was or where she came from; yet most people in the Ring could remember her from youth upwards—she was a tradition.

Lady Selwynne, with her genius for charity investigation, soon discovered that the "old Booser" had once been a woman of decent family, and, what was more, of a Church family. After spending an hour in Mrs. Wooten's tenement apartment, Lady Selwynne elicited the supremely important fact that old Mrs. Wooten had, in early youth, been confirmed!

"I wuz dressed hup orl in w-hite, dearie," explained the old lady, "orl in lovely w-hite. I wuz." Lady Selwynne stood with her back to the door, perceiving that a human soul had fallen from Divine grace. "Will you come with me to the church next Sunday morning?" she asked, severely, "the Bishop will be very pleased to see you." Old Mrs. Wooten eyed her up and down craftily, and chuckled.

"Will the lady fetch a kerrige for an old woman?" she piped. Lady Selwynne hesitated for a moment: she

glanced round the small room, noting the empty beer bottles upon the mantel-shelf, and the comfortless aspect of the apartment generally. In a flash she seemed to see the old woman change into a girl again, living in a clean and wholesome fashion, surrounded by decent church-going people. Moreover, had not this old bundle of demoralised womanhood stood before the altar of God and received the Sacrament! The old woman rocked to and fro in her chair, mumbling to herself, oblivious apparently of Lady Selwynne's presence. "Orl in lovely w-hite, dearie, I wuz; orl in lovely w-hite. Fetch a kerrige for an ole woman wot can't walk, dearie. Fetch a kerrige, fetch a kerrige." Her quavering old voice grew shriller and shriller. Lady Selwynne shivered. "All right, Mrs. Wooten," she exclaimed, as she half opened the door, "you shall have a carriage to the church. I will take you in my own motor."

* * * * *

Sunday morning came, and with it Lady Selwynne's rose-tinted Limousine, a huge car that had some difficulty in turning the sharp corners of the narrow streets. A crowd had gathered around the entrance to Mrs. Wooten's tenement. Lady Selwynne was smiling. "Just like the queen," as a bystander remarked. The crowd burst into cheers and laughter as the "old Booser" tottered out of the doorway. She had procured a huge piece of white gauze from somewhere, and had tied it around her neck twice. As she caught sight of the fine motor-car which was to give her a fine ride to the church, a look of grotesque triumph came into her bleary old eyes. "Oops, dearie," she exclaimed, as Lady Selwynne helped her up, and as she fell back upon the soft cushions she waived a skinny hand to the crowd.

The scene inside the church was very solemn. The Bishop nodded his approval as Lady Selwynne steered Mrs. Wooten into a front pew. The church was thronged; the organ pealed forth an anthem; then the Bishop read a Special Sacrament Service and said a few words of encouragement and cheer to those who had fallen from grace. He then consecrated the wine, and stepping down towards the first row of pews, handed the large chalice reverently to Mrs. Wooten. The old lady took it, raised it to her lips, tilted it in the air, and drained it to the dregs.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

WIND AND WATER.

With which is Incorporated
SIGNIFYING NOTHING.

What will win the war? by Mr. Hilarious Bellicose, who is ready to book lectures at any Pier, Picture-Palace, or Skating Rink. Terms strictly cash.

This week I intend to discuss the vital question, What will win the war?

There are four means by which we can overthrow the Prussian. These are (1) Assiegement; (2) Recruitment; (3) Munitionment; (4) Psychological Conditionment.

(1) If you look at the sketch-maps, which occupy the next fourteen pages, you will see a geometrical proof of the proposition that the Germanies are closely assieged. I am here making use of a brilliant phrase coined by that rising and quite capable critic, Col. Comyn T. Garden. It is true that he foolishly and Saxonly uses the word besiege, but I insist on the purer Latinity of the prefix ad.

(2) I have nothing to add to my thirty-nine articles, in which I conclusively showed that the number of available Germans on February 1 was 3,471,634. A correspondent has kindly pointed out that eight of these have since died, according to the correspondent at Sluis. But I warn him against the Dutch press: they have been bought by Berlin.

(3) Munitionment. I have nothing to add to my articles in the "Daily Retch." "Look after the guns," said I, "and the guns will look after the Huns." "It was with artillery," as Napoleon said when he left Moscow to the sound of the samovar, and listened to that beautiful lark that sings so sweetly on the Polish plains about the coming of the primrose—"it was with artillery that I did the devils in."

(4) Psychological Conditionment. When Berlin flung the war on Europe, the Prussian had a plan of campaign. The achievement of that campaign, although it did slightly interfere with the strategy I had prepared for the Allied Powers in the British Press during 1912, has broken down. When the Prussian machine breaks once, it breaks for ever. Only the spontaneity of the Latin peoples can re-create. Berlin is doomed, for Bergson is on our side.

Next week I shall discuss the momentous question, "Does the War Pay? On this subject, I have a good deal of private information and experience.

IVOR BROWN.

Current Cant.

"I remember old Bunyan."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Compulsory service at once."—"Sunday Herald."

"Dieu et mon droit."—"Daily Call."

"They are terrible people, these Germans. They are always eating."—ETHEL LEVY.

"'Rosy Rapture' is a freak of genius."—"Daily Mirror."

"Give England an inch and she will take a Dardanell."—"Echo."

"The poet of the war: Shelley."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The music-hall artist has got to rediscover his individuality."—FRANK ALLEN.

"Graves of German soldiers each with a border of empty wine bottles."—"Daily Mail" Competition Photo.

"Mr. Austin Harrison has always written about women with sympathy and understanding."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"What I am most concerned about at the present moment is the honour of my own class."—WILL CROOKS.

"At the garrison towns they have christened the new skirt the 'Kitchener skirt.' You would never guess why. An actor told me."—"Sunday Herald."

"Something to come. Look out for another spy trial by court-martial."—"Sunday Herald."

"'I'll Make You Want Me!' Our grand new serial of love and passion."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"Soon you will be soldiers, but remember in the heat of the battle that you are Christians. . . . Strike hard and kill as many of the enemy as you can."—CANON RIVIERE.

"The Jockey Club's decision as to the continuance of racing in war-time is precisely in accord with the line taken in the 'Academy.'"—"Academy."

"Drunkness in working hours is at this time more than an individual offence. . . . It is a matter of public safety. The 'Saturday Review' can speak plainly on this subject without fear of being suspected of fanaticism."—"Saturday Review."

"Thinking and drinking."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"If the majority of the working classes cannot control the loafers and shirkers among them, cannot shame them, bully them, kick them to decency, they must be judged as a whole by their pro-German minority."—JEROME K. JEROME.

"A Radical Government is ever too ready to pander to the improvident classes. . . . Instead of inculcating habits of thrift in the workers themselves, masters are compelled to combine with the State in schemes of insurance."—"Town Topics."

"The correspondence columns of the newspapers are very instructive reading just now, particularly for those who are interested in the spiritual state of the nation."—"Methodist Recorder."

"Society in the old sense of the word has ceased to exist—it has simply disappeared."—"Manchester Guardian."

"Fabre, the great little old Frenchman, the famous naturalist with the patience of Job and knowledge of the insect world second to none. Bluebottles and meat; bluebottles and game; Fabre and Selfridge's; Selfridge's and 'English Review'; butchering and literature; meat and imagination; you've got it in one. . . . So priceless is imagination, even concerning meat."—"Callisthenes."

"Of course, peace must inevitably follow war."—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHANCELLOR'S CHARTER.

Sir,—I think the writer of "Notes of the Week" can hardly have been quite himself when he composed the notes in your current issue. He there acclaims the recent conference between the Trade Unions and the Government as an adoption of Guild principles and as a Trade Union charter. I should like to draw your attention to a few points which may cause some modification of these raptures.

(1) The so-called "Charter" includes the imposition of compulsory arbitration upon the workers. (This fact caused the representatives of the miners to withdraw at the close of the first day, and to refuse to have anything more to do with the conference.)

(2) The effect of the later clauses is to authorise such relaxation of rules as will flood the skilled trades with unskilled labour, both male and female.

(3) Though guarantees are offered that there will be a return to pre-war conditions after the war, no machinery is set up to enforce these guarantees.

(4) The "Guild" "charter," with which you are so pleased, will therefore involve a permanent lowering of the standard of craftsmanship, and, so far from promoting the Trade Unions to any form of partnership with the State, will leave them so weak at the end of the war that the capitalists will easily reimpose their dominion upon them.

The one hopeful fact is that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has not, as yet, fallen a victim, like THE NEW AGE, to Mr. Lloyd George's blandishments. It has refused to be a party to a "charter" which will inevitably mean the lowering of the skilled standards by the introduction of cheap labour.

If these are the results you look for from the establishment of National Guilds, I fancy your readers will learn of it with a certain amount of surprise.

G. D. H. COLE.

[The said writer was quite himself when writing the Notes of last week; and Mr. Cole seems to be quite himself in his criticisms of them. I carefully guarded myself against professing that the mobilisation machinery was any more than an application of some of the ideas of National Guilds; but Mr. Cole has failed to observe the reservation. It is true that the "Charter" includes the temporary adoption of Compulsory Arbitration and the suspension of the restrictions upon skilled labour; nor have I failed to point out the problems these concessions will create for the sequel of the war. But I also observed that, provided the Trade Unions retain their will to power, their recognition at this juncture by the State and their partial partnership with it, will ensure them after the war more power than they have ever yet known. I have not the least doubt, of course, that capital will endeavour when the war is over to revert to the old conditions plus any advantage the war has brought them and minus any of its disadvantages. I rather think I have said so on several occasions recently! But the Trade Unions have now a support which they never had before; and it will be the business of Mr. Cole to make them use it. The partnership of the State, with Labour instead of with Capital, is a first principle of National Guilds, and a condition precedent of every other guild principle. Is not one revolutionary step at a time enough for Mr. Cole? It was, at any rate, enough for one week's Notes for me. Alas, however, for Mr. Cole's "one hopeful fact" in his gloomy outcast. The A.S.E. has, like THE NEW AGE, now fallen a victim to a Guild principle.—THE WRITER OF THE NOTES.]

* * *

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY.

Sir,—In replying to Mr. Ince on March 11 I said: "It is quite true, as I stated in my 'Notes' of December 31, from which Mr. Ince quotes, that German exports, since the policy of protection was adopted, have risen from a trifle to a large amount. When I condemned the method of this increase—i.e., the advances made by the bankers to the business houses—in the abstract, I did so because it was in the abstract—in other words, theoretically, unsound. Its unsoundness I deduced, with other critics, from its practical effects." It is hardly possible for me to express that more plainly, so I am forced to repeat my own words. As to Mr. Ince's further remarks, I do not see where they lead. It is a very loose piece of logic to say that because the interests of the masters demand a free trade policy the interests of the men, "being opposite and at least equal," must require some form of pro-

tection. We can tell from the experience of the United States and Germany, to mention only two protected countries, that protection eventually results in an increase in the cost of living without a proportionate increase in the wages paid to labour. In those two countries, as in our own, labour fetches its value as a commodity. In this country, at present, wages in some branches of labour are rising—not because we have Free Trade, but because labour, especially certain kinds of skilled labour, is scarce, and therefore dear. In the United States, except in the case of a very few trades, labour is plentiful, and therefore cheap. Here, again, the protective tariff has nothing to do with the actual wages paid. A tariff influences wages only indirectly, for it raises the cost of subsistence; and a proportionately larger sum has to be paid to labour to keep labour alive. A smaller sum would be needed under a system of Free Trade, but the difference between the two amounts would find its way into the pocket of the employer. In other words, Free Trade or no Free Trade, Protection or no Protection, labour costs, or tends to cost, its subsistence-level value, as Ricardo pointed out two generations ago. The workman does not benefit from either economic expedient. Furthermore, it is wrong to say, as Mr. Ince does, that "the masters" have at present decided to support the Free Trade policy. True, the majority of them have decided to do so; but the almost reckless expenditure of the Tariff Reform League is sufficient to show that it would be to the interest of some manufacturers to exchange Free Trade for Protection; just as many American employers have found it to their interest to have the tariff reduced.

Mr. Ince's last paragraph is incomprehensible. Where in the world is the evidence of "our national prosperity, due to the vast export of British capital to foreign countries where industry is protected"? Our foreign investments, as I have shown more than once, have led to the enrichment of a comparatively few capitalists, and to the starvation of many of our most important national industries, such as agriculture and in-shore fisheries, which would be in a sound condition to-day if money had been sunk in them instead of in Brazil railways and Mexican copper mines.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

COMMERCIALISM AND POLITICS.

Sir,—S. Verdad writes, "There is so much in this pamphlet ('The Black Crusade'), as in everything Mr. Pickethall writes, with which I agree that I should very much like to find out, if possible, what still divides us." And in his subsequent article—an article so much more temperate than some which we have had from the same pen upon the Turkish question, that I am tempted to reciprocate his opening compliment—he concludes that what divides us is the fact that I, and such as I, do not ascribe due weight to the commercial aspect of the question, which he, and such as he, more justly estimate. There is much in what he says, I quite admit. I do not ascribe the same importance to the purely commercial aspect of a political and human question which the present British Government ascribes to it. I go further, and declare that I consider a commercial attitude detestable in those who control the policy of a great Power. Such an attitude cannot fail to cause disaster to a great Power which has much to do with Orientals. But even if I did agree with S. Verdad upon this point, points of serious difference would still divide us, chief among them being this: that S. Verdad has no very definite vision of the Turkish question, and does not connect it with any high ideal. Also, he has not been altogether frank with us these last few years. In this he only follows the example of the British Government, to whose ideas—or lack of ideas—for ever changing, I have sometimes thought him too obsequious. In the article to which I refer there are two bad examples of this lack of candour on his part—the worse because they are reiterations of mis-statements which I had corrected in our former argument in *THE NEW AGE*. I cannot better indicate the gulf which still divides us than by once more answering them.

"If the Young Turks had not had the army on their side they would never have been able to eject the ex-Sultan; nobody, I imagine, will deny that. But the Turkish army was led, for the most part, by officers trained in Germany; and the influence of the army was consequently on the side of Germany, when a side had to be taken. Even under the Young Turks, General von der Goltz Pasha trained the army, with the aid of German officers; and when he was withdrawn another German, General Liman von Sanders, took over his post with even greater power."

S. Verdad omits to mention in this context that between

the retirement of von der Goltz and the appointment of von Sanders there was a little interval in which the Young Turks wished England to take over the whole instruction of the Turkish Empire, as well of the army as of every other State department. Moreover, while the Germans had the training of the Turkish army, the English had the training of the Turkish navy, which they did not greatly strengthen or improve. Their record as protectors of that navy culminated in the seizure without compensation of two Turkish Dreadnoughts at a moment when the Germans offered Turkey anything she might require for armament. But these are details. Would not any casual reader of the words which I have quoted imagine that the Committee of Union and Progress, or at any rate the Turkish army, was pro-German at the revolution? There is no historical ground whatever for such a suggestion. The German officers in Turkey were not popular. The German influence was associated with the despotism against which the Revolution was directed. And the tremendous ovation given to the British Ambassador at Constantinople on the occasion of the revolution is historical. The Young Turk movement was pro-British, and its founder was Disraeli. It may seem to S. Verdad astonishing that any one should connect a British statesman with the Turkish Revolution. But the connection is both natural and real. Disraeli's great idea of Muslim progress under the aegis of Great Britain aroused no small enthusiasm in the East. Midhat Pasha, the founder of the Turkish Constitution, was an avowed Disraeli-ite. At the time when Abdul Hamid II kidnapped and deported Midhat, suspending the Constitution which he had sworn before ascending the throne to promulgate and defend, Disraeli's fame was at its height. Disraeli stood for England. From that day onward for thirty-three years the Turkish people were cut off from free intercourse with Western Europe. Oppressed by a most cruel despotism, they longed for the former Liberal régime in Turkey, which had been to a great extent the work of England. Midhat Pasha, the Disraeli-ite, became the national hero. He was tried on a false charge by a packed tribunal sitting in the precincts of the palace, and condemned to death. On the intervention of the late Lord Salisbury, his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life and exile to a distant province. He was taken to Arabia and there strangled by the Sultan's orders, his head being sent to the Yildiz in a box labelled "Objet d'art. Précieux." Is it any wonder that every thinker in the land looked back to the old days of England's friendship as a golden age, and that when the Revolution came at last—the work in the first instance of a group of military officers, who S. Verdad would perhaps have us believe were pro-Germans—they all went mad in their enthusiasm for the name of England? They thought that it was still the England of Disraeli. The mistake was natural, for no formal change had taken place in England's policy, much less had its complete reversal been announced. They attributed our recent coldness towards their country to hatred of the despotism which they also hated. When they had overthrown that despotism, disbanded the enormous army of the Sultan's spies, established human rights once more in Turkey, and proclaimed a nationality independent of religious differences, they fully thought that England would assume a sort of veiled protectorate of their whole Empire, in accordance with Disraeli's policy. But England, as one now sees pretty clearly, having entered into hard and fast alliances, was much embarrassed by that great ovation of the Turkish nationalists, and did her best to fend them off, at first benevolently, then, as they still kept pestering, with ever-growing irritation. She forced them back into the arms of Germany, because, from her commercial standpoint, and in view of the concessions granted by Sultan Hamid to Germany, she was (in S. Verdad's words) "compelled to recognise that Turkey, for most political purposes, was simply a German province"! Nevertheless, again after the Balkan war the Young Turks asked for a British dictator and for British officials to control all State departments for a term of years. It took the Turks six years to learn that England would not under any circumstances help them—as S. Verdad now tells us, for commercial reasons—and they learnt their lesson in no gentle school. That S. Verdad should harp on the commercial aspect of that bloody page of recent history, in view of the human tragedy of it, and our own political failure—for Muslim progress is of more importance to the British Empire than any purely commercial or financial considerations whatsoever—shows, I think, what still divides us. He can accept complacently a decline in the whole tone of British statesmanship, which makes me rave, because of the inevitable loss which it involves of England's honour and prestige in Eastern lands. In the words of Burke's famous speech before the

American War, "A great Empire and little minds go but ill together."

S. Verdad writes: "It was Germany's determined veto which prevented us from 'lending' Turkey the inspectors"—for Armenia, I presume, since the demand for English officials for the whole Turkish Empire was refused at once with ridicule—"who would have enabled us to assume a virtual status as administrators of the Ottoman Empire." I beg to state that it was nothing of the kind. Had Russia—the "protector" of Armenians—not objected also, we should not, I fancy, have paid much regard to Germany's objection. Russia did object so strongly as to threaten an alliance with Germany. It was Russia's objection which caused our unknown rulers hurriedly to withdraw their promise to the Porte, and incidentally to break the Cyprus Convention—a scrap of paper, once intended to secure to us the heartfelt loyalty of all Mohammedans.

Mr. Gaetano Cipolla writes, "I do not know from what sources Mr. Pickthall got his information" regarding the Italian bombardment of Beyrout. I got my information in Beyrout itself from any number of neutral witnesses of the bombardment.

"The method of war of the Turkish army under the command of Enver Bey and relatives from Berlin were beyond any law, and only comparable to those of cannibal tribes." I have yet to learn (1) that Enver Bey has relatives resident in Berlin; (2) that any German officer held high command in Tripoli. Englishmen who were present in the Turkish camp give descriptions of its discipline and general conduct which contradict Mr. Cipolla's allegation. "Is Mr. Pickthall aware that a great number of our soldiers, fallen prisoners in the hands of the Turks, were, after war, found horribly massacred, while the rest went through the most terrible suffering during the time of their captivity?" No, he is not; and he esteems it highly probable that Mr. Cipolla is confusing Turks with Arabs, regular troops with irregular. Mr. Pickthall is aware that several English correspondents left the Italian headquarters after making formal protest against the indiscriminate three days' massacre by the Italians of the inhabitants of the Tripoli oasis.

"Did Mr. Pickthall read the correspondence of M. Jean Carrère?" He did not. "Does he know that the latter, for his courageous attempt to disclose before the civilised world the lies prepared in certain French, German, Austrian and English factories, was nearly losing his life by a murderous attack while walking through the streets of Tripoli?" He does not. "Can Mr. Pickthall tell why English people were not horrified at the time?" He can. Most English people were so horrified by Italy's apparently unprovoked attack on Tripoli that they considered anything that the native inhabitants might do in defence of their own homes justifiable. And those of us who know the Arabs well remarked in the Italian stories of atrocities an Italian rather than an Arab flavour. Take, for instance, the story of the twelve bersaglieri who were found "crucified in a mosque." "Impaled outside a mosque" would have been much more plausible. Also, Mr. Cipolla must remember that while several Englishmen witnessed the atrocities committed by Italian troops in Tripoli, no Englishman, so far as I am aware, beheld such great atrocities committed by the Arabs, much less Turks. When I referred to Italy as a "dishonoured" Power, I intended no more slight to any individual Italian than I myself incur when I impugn, as I do constantly, the actions of the present British Government. It seems to the idealist pathetic that a country, which so recently and bravely won its independence, should conceive and execute designs upon the independence of another race.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I think that most Englishmen, unless they are Nonconformists, are sorry for the Turks. I have always understood that the Turk was the gentleman of those parts, and that travellers returning from those antique lands preferred him to the rest of the inhabitants. S. Verdad has told us why we were driven to refuse assuming "a virtual status as administrators of the Ottoman Empire," but is recent diplomacy entirely to blame?

I remember hearing of a similar proposal in the spacious times of Queen Victoria, when Lord Beaconsfield held office, and the great Macdermott wrote the songs of the people, in the days when we had the men, the ships, and the pecuniary means; and I was told the reason why we did not accept was that: "It meant another India"; and

we did not feel equal to the task. It is all very well to talk of "the craven fear of being great," but there is such a thing as biting off more than you chew, and the fate of the little boy whose eye was bigger than his stomach is a matter of history. Augustus himself fixed the boundaries of the Roman Empire at the Danube and the Lybian desert.

Still, it is amusing to reflect how Lord Beaconsfield's rival, the god-like Gladstone, was compelled to invade and stick to Egypt; some have wickedly whispered in the interests of European financiers: Gladstone, whose respect for the Nonconformist vote—I mean conscience—was so great that, according to a recent writer in the "Daily News," he had a conviction that Nonconformity means a *robust* and consistent application of the Kingdom of God to the business of public life."

Verily, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and guarantees the payment of interest on loans.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

* * *

QUESTIONS FOR THE PRESS AND BUREAU.

Sir,—May a distracted citizen make an appeal to the Press Bureau through the medium of your hospitable columns?

We have been at war with Germany for over seven months; during that time we have had two victories per day, one in the morning papers and one in the evening papers. The Germans have also been driven backwards every day for the same period. According to my calculation there ought to be only two Germans left by this time, and these two should have been driven over the edge of the world, and be hanging on to nothing by their eyelids. Will the Press censor, therefore, explain why the German army still has possession of nearly the whole of Belgium and part of France, and is holding up the Allies on both fronts?

I have been informed by the Press at intervals—in leaded lines—that the German army is ringed round by a ring of iron, but I have looked in vain for the next chapter. What does a ring of iron do when it has succeeded in ringing the pig—I mean the army? Does it sit down and smoke, and allow the drove—that is, the army, of course—to walk through? If not, what in heaven's name does it do?

How is it that though Austria and Germany have been starving, rebelling, quarrelling with each other, and in an utterly distracted condition for months, they remain as they were before they was? Have these two countries learned how to keep fit and fat on a satisfying diet of air? If so, will they kindly tip us the wink? It might prove useful shortly—after we have had a few more victories.

How did the many thousands of British prisoners, and the three or four hundred British motor 'buses, get to Germany, since we have had no defeat? Did they go of their own accord—did the prisoners take the 'buses, or did the 'buses take the prisoners?

How is it, that after the Austrian army has been annihilated several times over, and also well spanked by "gallant little Serbia," that the same Austrian army is still fighting as hard as ever, and Serbia is appealing for help on the ground that she is starving and ruined, and that the land is strewn with men, women, and children "murdered" by triumphant Austrian Huns?

Why are the Death's Head Hussars still at the front, when they were wiped out by the Belgians at the beginning of the war—completely destroyed by the Allies in October—and utterly annihilated by the Russians in November? Such persistency savours of indecency, as does also the refusal of the Crown Prince to remain dead. Surely, only a Hun could continue in command after having been mortally wounded once, and dead and buried twice. Is it an idiosyncrasy of the Germans and Austrians to refuse to keep dead?

How did the Kaiser manage to recover from nervous exhaustion, fever, bronchitis, double pneumonia, and a severe operation—not to mention chronic madness—in a fortnight, and come back to the front as well as ever?

When was Reims Cathedral built up again? I notice that the Germans shelled it, and reduced it to ruins, a few days ago; but they utterly destroyed it some months since.

A. M. CAMERON.

* * *

NIETZSCHE OR CARLYLE.

Sir,—In your issue of March 18 there is a long article headed, "Nietzsche or Carlyle?" It quotes and purports to answer a letter of mine in the "Daily News."

Perhaps you would allow me room to mention that I have written, and the Editor of the "Fortnightly Review" has accepted, an article—"Carlyle and the German Empire"—dealing with the question your writer raised: "Would Carlyle have cursed the Kaiser clique?" That he would have done so is made plain by quotations not merely from his writings, but also from his letters and authentic records of his private talk.

Perhaps you may find room for a fresh reference to the matter when that article appears. Carlyle is unmistakably the greatest of English historians, and the only one of them who is esteemed of authority in Germany. The Kaiser referred to him in a public speech lately, when he was erroneously supposed to have alluded to Knox. "The Devil can quote scripture for his purpose," and nobody can hinder the Kaiser quoting the "great Scotchman"; but it is pleasant to be able to make sure that his simple Majesty is again mistaken. DAVID ALBEC WILSON.

* * *

DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—Although I have never met Mr. Brown, I feel sure that he is a very nice young man, and I still hope that he will become a sensible young man; but he must not waste your space and my time with the little debating tricks that make the reputation of young men in the Fabian nursery. So far as this discussion has proceeded, all the assertion has been on his side and all the argument on mine; argumentatively, he has been driven from position to position (this discussion is littered with his abandoned assertions), because he will not take the trouble to be precise in his use of words or accurate in his references to facts. To turn on me now with the assertion that I "have gone somewhat wrong in my idea of how this argument started" is to force upon me the necessity of demonstrating how reckless in assertion Mr. Brown is, and the demonstration will suggest what I hope is not true in fact, that Mr. Brown's memory or judgment is lacking in veracity.

He says that I criticised the democratic machinery of the Guilds proposed by Mr. Cole; that is true. But I did not proceed "to inveigh against democracy in general." What I did say was this: "If democracy means election, and it is the fundamental principle of the Guilds, then I shall have to invent an aristocracy of the Guilds, recruited by heredity, co-option, election, and even State appointment, to distinguish myself from Mr. Cole." If Mr. Brown calls that "inveighing against democracy in general," I can only say that he differs from me by the meaning he attaches to words; and this difference is no less marked by his statement that he came into the "dance, not on the subject of Guilds, but on the value of a democratic as opposed to an aristocratic ideal." The language of his first letter contradicts this statement; for example, "If there is going to be a definite effort on the part of Guildsmen to desert democracy, then I . . . am going to holler out. . . I believe in National Guilds. . . because I am a Democrat, and because I believe that democracy in politics is useless without democracy in industry. . . There are some of us who will not stand by in silence while an effort is made to filch the Guilds for noble minds and strong wills and all the pestilent frauds that we call great men." When Mr. Brown tells me that he "refuses to come back to the Guilds because he never started there," I can only repeat that we evidently attach different meanings to words, and that it is about time that Mr. Brown made the effort to make his meaning clear. I have a right to expect that Mr. Brown will debate with some sense of responsibility, and will not continue this practice of unvarnished assertion that compels me to be everlastingly quoting his ipsissima verba. If he is debating for victory, I will make him a present of it; I will write here that Mr. Brown has proved his case beyond any possibility of refutation by me. But I am not debating for victory, but for agreement; and these slim little tricks of the Fabian nursery do not make it easy for me to know what is precisely Mr. Brown's position. I have met every one of his assertions, and replied to them; but apparently with no other effect than to make Mr. Brown try to ride away on a question of my accuracy.

Take the question of Athenian democracy, for example. I quoted the passage from Faguet to show that democracy had no history; and for Mr. Brown to jump at one phrase in that citation, and to ignore the general trend of the argument, was to be guilty of attempting to side-track the argument into a discussion of a mere detail. I did not quote the passage with the idea of raising a discussion on democracy at Athens; but Mr. Brown devoted a third of his letter to this one phrase, and, as I said, did not deal scrupulously with Greek history. For the period to which he directed attention was a period in which "the

noble minds and strong wills and all the pestilent frauds that we call great men" that Mr. Brown detests were governing Athens. Thucydides said: "Pericles, by his rank, ability, and known integrity, was enabled to exercise an independent control over the multitude . . . in short, what was nominally a democracy became in his hands government by the first citizen." If Mr. Brown does not know that the chief purpose of my citation of Thucydides was the statement of that second clause, then he has something to learn concerning the proper method of quoting evidence. It was Mr. Brown's assertion that "ideals of democracy and freedom had a tremendous effect on the general efforts and 'kultur' of the Athenians"; I quoted the passage to show that the glory of Greece was more due to the presence and power of the very thing that Mr. Brown as a Democrat despises, "the noble mind and strong will" of a great man. To tell me now that Thucydides (the man who wrote his history "not as an essay which is to win the applause of the moment, but as a possession for all time") was partial, is to palter with facts; absurdly so, for Thucydides thought the first period of government by the Five Thousand the best ever known in Athens; but even if he were partial, he was a competent witness for the purpose for which I quoted him.

Just so with Alcibiades. "What in the name of common sense was he to do but abuse democracy if he wanted to worm his way into Spartan affections?" asks Mr. Brown. But the passage that I quoted did not abuse democracy, but stated the simple fact that "we [the aristocrats] continued to act as leaders of the multitude . . . meanwhile, we did not think it safe to alter it [democracy] under the pressure of your hostility." Alcibiades was a competent witness for the purpose for which I quoted him, to prove that the glory of Periclean Athens was due to the control exerted by the aristocrats, not to the ideals of democracy and freedom. In further support of this assertion, let me quote Plutarch's anecdote concerning Pericles: "A vile, abandoned fellow loaded him a whole day with reproaches and abuse; he bore it with patience and silence. In the evening he walked slowly home, this impudent wretch following and insulting him all the way. As it was dark when he came to his own door, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home." Mr. Brown will, I suppose, claim Pericles as a democrat, but the fact is otherwise. The Athenian democracy was no more pleasant than any other democracy; take this story, for example: "When the ostracism of Aristides was proceeding, an ignorant fellow came to him, not knowing whom he was, and asked him to write Aristides on his shell. On being asked what injury Aristides had done him, he declared none, but could not bear to hear him called everywhere 'the Just.'" These "ideals of democracy and freedom" exiled Aristides, exiled Themistocles, exiled Thucydides, exiled Alcibiades, and put Socrates to death. Democracy finally established itself when it abolished the distinction of birth, and the equality of all citizens was proclaimed; all "the pestilent frauds that we call great men" had been got rid of, and the glory that was Greece departed with them. Mr. Brown thinks it sufficient to call Alcibiades "a political turncoat" to justify the democracy of Athens; he overlooks the unmanly, hypocritical, and dastardly nature of the intrigue which led to the banishment of Alcibiades, and apparently it matters nothing to him that, in the opinion of Thucydides, Alcibiades' "conduct of the war was as good as could be desired, but his habits gave offence to everyone, and caused them to commit affairs to other hands, and thus before long to ruin the city." That Mr. Brown should say that it was once his "misfortune" to read Thucydides carefully, is only another of his reckless assertions; it is our misfortune that he did not read Thucydides carefully enough to understand him. So I might go on, pointing out that Mr. Brown cannot even describe a long quotation correctly, or understand its bearing on the controversy. I did not quote the passage from Mr. Brett's book to prove that "under democracy women painted and men gambled and went to law"; and if Mr. Brown cannot do better than this, he will destroy the last vestige of value of his advocacy of democracy for the Guilds. In the words of the proverb, I must ask him to "get wisdom, get understanding."

Mr. Brown's faith in election is really pathetic. "Pericles," he says, "had to put up for office year after year, and receive the approval of the demos." Did that make Pericles or the democracy any better? As a matter of fact, it only put a premium on persuasiveness; luckily, Pericles had ability, but that did not prevent him from being fined because the Peloponnesian War brought some straitening of circumstances to the Athenians. But the speech of Pericles is conclusive in its support of my con-

tion; it was Pericles who insisted on the necessity of fighting for the preservation of the Athenian constitution, the democracy actually sent Ambassadors to Lacedæmon to make terms of peace. It was Pericles who extolled Athens, and cherished its customs sufficiently to make sacrifices for them; the democracy would have let the town slide into subjection to Sparta if he had not roused them to sacrifice a little ease for their own preservation. And this brings me to another quotation that I want to make of Faguet's work: "A democracy can live only on condition of producing aristocracies or permitting aristocracies to produce themselves. That seems strange, but nothing is more certain. The vitality of democracies is measured by the amount of power they have to generate aristocracies." When the democracy of Athens refused to allow aristocracies to produce themselves, Athens ceased to be "greater than her reputation," as Pericles had described it. If Mr. Brown does not believe the essence of democracy to be equality, and that equality is always interpreted as the Athenians interpreted it, as the French revolutionists interpreted it, to mean that one man is as good as another for any purpose, and that it makes government practically impossible, then he had better find another word to express what he does mean. Advocates of democracy can say just whatever they please; but the fact is that democracy, as a form of government, results in no government at all. Representative government is not democracy. I repeat my request; I ask Mr. Brown to stop quibbling and to come back to the Guilds, for this is, in his own phrase, "perhaps the greatest issue in the world." A. E. R.

Sir,—Against "Romney" and "A. E. R." I quote Colonel Maude:—

"Promotion from the ranks has been for so long the tradition of the French Army that even wholesale appointments to commissioned rank create no disturbance. In our own army, and, in particular, in the Territorials and the New Army, we can count on finding an unlimited supply of officers." JAMES H. BENZIES.

DEMOCRACY AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—Although I agree with many of "A. E. R.'s" opinions upon democracy when he says "The management (i.e., of the Guilds) must be, in my opinion, an order of the Guild, self-contained and self-controlled, with succession secured to their sons, provided they can qualify" I must join issue at once. His proposal would have the effect of making Guild Managers into a closed profession, and with succession to their sons it would further create a vested interest. His proviso as to qualification counts for nothing, their fathers being their judges also. It is one of the weaknesses of many commercial houses that room has to be found on the management for sons of the proprietor, and business declines in consequence during the rule of the second generation. Managerial ability is surely not hereditary.

"A. E. R." suggests recruiting for the management "when necessary" from the ranks, but his tone implies it would rarely be necessary. Was it Mr. Lascelles who said a railway director should have driven an engine? Whoever said it, the principle is a wholesome one. Many well known organisers have sprung from the ranks, and, therefore, know their business from end to end, wedding theory with practice.

This leads me to "A. E. R.'s" contention that "putting designs and drawings right on the benches ought to be discouraged." How if the designs and drawings won't work? The comments of the man in the workshop on his colleague in the drawing office are sometimes quite unparliamentary, he wonders whether the chap who designed the job has ever seen the tools which are used or the materials they are used upon. Perhaps the claim of Sir Christopher Wren's assistant was nearer the truth than "A. E. R." or any of us know. Many folk are credited with work which is done by their assistants.

FRED P. BRADSHAW.

TRADE UNION RESPONSIBILITY.

Sir,—Your readers' attention ought to be drawn to an exceedingly able letter appearing in the "Daily Citizen" of March 19. The writer describes himself as a branch president of one of the trade unions under the County Council and he replies to the pleas urged by that body on its employees not to ask too much in wages at a time like this. He concludes as follows: "Where the money is to come from is a matter that concerns management. As, up to the present, the Council have not invited our association to take that part in the management that we might be asked to take, we cannot reasonably be expected to take responsibilities of this nature off their

shoulders. Let them acknowledge that we are capable of assisting in the management of London's tramway system, and we will gladly accept any opportunity in that direction they may offer." This looks like a demand for status such as THE NEW AGE has long advocated.

D. L. GUTHRIE.

INOCULATION.

Sir,—There is a certain charm of antiquity about the evidence in Dr. Hadwen's last letter. He rises to the challenge and triumphantly produces figures of 1901 to show that present-day inoculation is a failure. Why he stopped in this historical research at 14 years it is difficult to say. If he had gone back 40, he could have found stronger arguments against inoculation, and not a whit more ridiculous. He apparently does not realise that 14 years makes an enormous difference in a rapidly developing science like Medicine.

His remarks concerning India in 1910 are interesting from their really fatuous worthlessness as quoted. If he had stated the figures they might have been of some significance, or had given the comparison between the incidence of typhoid before and after the introduction of inoculation, or had quoted the relative case-mortality. He simply makes use of a vague comparison which might refer to the ordinary variation in highly inoculated companies, or to half-a-dozen other possibilities. A foxy thing to do for an experienced controversialist. Bearing on this, however, I am able to subjoin a short paragraph from the "Lancet" of January 23, 1915: "Sir W. B. Leishman in a letter in the 'Lancet' of August 12, 1914, instanced the fact that about 93 per cent. of the British garrison in India have been protected by inoculation, and the disease which used to cost the nation from 300 to 600 deaths annually was last year responsible for less than 20 deaths. Again, inoculation was made compulsory in the American Army in 1911, it having practically abolished the disease in American stations; in 1913 there were only three cases of typhoid fever in the entire army, and no deaths."

The process of suppression is painfully obvious in the recent figures which he quoted. He compares three sets of official statistics, and carefully leaves out the case-mortality, which shows a most striking diminution in inoculated as compared with the uninoculated—a significant repression this, of the painful idea—and he lumps together the fully with the partially protected. Fortunately, Mr. C. E. West's opportune letter placed the latest figures in their proper perspective.

When will the poor man realise that the case against vaccination is not proved by simply pointing out that inoculated individuals contract typhoid? That is evidently what he means when he talks of the "failure of inoculation to protect." Instead of making himself acquainted with the actual claims of the inoculationists, he constructs a grotesque mosaic of assertions, projects it, in the well-known fashion, names it the "inoculation myth or fallacy," then assails it vigorously and with the greatest solemnity.

To be sure, he is particular to tell us that statistics are of little use in a problem like this. Not figures but Science is the proper Court of Appeal. It seems that when statistics fail you, you appeal to Science; when Science becomes unfavourable there still remains to be acclaimed crystal-gazing or clairvoyance, the only trustworthy and authentic method.

But this "Science" of his is a quaint thing: "When they leave statistics," he writes, "and come to 'Science,' they begin to talk of imaginary entities like toxin and anti-toxin, the very existence of which they cannot prove, but concerning which they have built up a fanciful chain of theories, etc., etc." Will Dr. Hadwen be good enough to name a few sciences that don't make use of statistics and that don't employ "imaginary entities" or "fanciful theories"? (No, by your leave, not palmistry, nor horoscopes, nor phrenology). What are "atoms" and "electrons," and the ether with its irrational set of qualities? Are they anything but "imaginary entities," and have they been "proved"—the "very existence" of them? And what about the "fanciful chains of theories" that have been evolved with the ether for foundation—the wave theory of light and electricity, for instance?

Let me whisper to Dr. Hadwen the real secret of his energetic opposition to vaccination. Let him not impose on himself a day longer. It is not any logical or rational conviction. It is an indirect gratification of a complex—in other words, a wish—fulfilment in symbolic form.

Psychological mechanisms do not lie.

If he doubts me let him ask "A. E. R." to psycho-analyse his dreams.

FREDERICK DILLON.

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