NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It must be as unpleasant to our readers to listen week by week to our criticisms as it is to us to make them. Nothing, in fact, would give us all more satisfaction than to be able to say we had found an end to them. The situation, however, is far from warranting such a declaration; but, on the contrary, grows in some respects worse and worse day by day. Here we are in the ninth month of the most colossal war ever fought in the history of mankind, and we are still without anything more than the barest approach to complete national organisation. The spirit of unity, it is said, exists as never before in any nation; we are by profession a united people. Yet the machinery of the old class divisions continues to grind out discord and the minimum of national efficiency, for all the world as if the new spirit did not exist. That all the blame is put upon the shoulders of the working-classes is itself one of the most characteristic products of the class-machine. The Press, the pulpit, the law and all the minor prophets, have by nature a standing grudge against the class that makes their profits for them; and the truce that has been called in political party-warfare emphatically does not apply to their instinctive love of reprisals. Can it be the intensification of class-hatred at home as well as national hatred between ourselves and Germany.

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Led by the most ignorant Press any civilised country was ever cursed with, the public behaves, in regard to Labour in particular, much like the inexperienced school-teacher who punishes the boy who cries out when his cunning neighbour has stuck a pin into him.

Of the so-called Labour unrest, for example, nobody asks whose is really the fault. Out of hand the Press, followed by the public, lays the blame upon the men and will not stop to inquire any further. But we, who know our Labour like the back of our hand, undertake to say that not only is further inquiry fair and necessary, but in every single case of Labour unrest, without any exception whatever, there is a good and sufficient reason for the action of the men. The ease with which men can be got to strike is an invention of the Press. On the contrary, it is the most difficult thing in the world to get men to complain collectively even at the best of times; and on occasions such as the present, when national sentiment is aroused, the pin that must be stuck into them to provoke them to a cry must be as thick as a crowbar. Why is this not taken as axiomatic? The evidence in our slums and workshops alone is enough to prove that our workmen will endure purgatory without complaint. Why, when they complain, is it not assumed that of the classes economically above them. These classes did not wait for their grievances to become acute before crying out upon them. They were exerting their silent pressure upon the Government to satisfy their demands before even they were publicly uttered. But Labour, on the other hand, blind like Samson, sees nothing in advance of its nose. They need not need even to cry out in the hearing of the public at all. Within a week or two of the outbreak of the war they were exercising their silent pressure upon the Government to satisfy their demands before even they were publicly uttered. But Labour, on the other hand, blind like Samson, sees nothing in advance of its nose and feels the future without any of those antennae with which Capital apprehends approaching enemies. Until it is hurt, Labour does not cry out. Until it is in deadly pain Labour certainly does not strike in a time like this. Yet when it does the silly world wonders.

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For an explanation of the malevolent superficiality with which the public treats Labour, we should have to
go to the Press and to the "influence" of the governing classes. Practically everywhere, save in unreel journals, slanders upon Labour are not only published, but published as if no answer could possibly be made. Their air of unchallengeability is, in fact, the main source of their strength. That they are challengeable and, to be brief, usually downright lies, could as easily be proved, if the Press desired to demonstrate the fact, as any other simple proposition of observation. No great intelligence, after all, is necessary to discover that twice two are five when all the world knows that they are four. Events disprove it even if reason refuses its existence. But while reason and events are growing, the truth is starving, and then the former find only incredulity to receive them! Look, for example, at the campaign the Press made on the subject of Conscription. The first of its lies is still alive while the first of the truths to combat them is still struggling for life. What were the obvious and, hence, the carefully overlooked, facts of the case? That this country was in a different situation from that of any of our Allies in that more than half of our men were required to manufacture munitions for the rest and for our Allies. Did this emerge during the storm of abuse that raged about our shirkers and their white feathers? It has scarcely emerged to this day.

Again, upon the subject of the recent and current wage-strikes. The fact, caused to be writ large by means of the Press, is that the wage-strikes are due to men striking. But the fact that, in every single case, the men have struck because their masters have raised prices and profits, though recorded here and there, has been encouraged to melt into the background. There, nevertheless, is the pin if the public would only look for it and remember it; there, in the fact that they, the profiteers, have been cunningly and silently bleeding the nation and their men until the latter, if they were not dead, could not but find a voice. Why, we ask, did not the "Daily Express" employ its pathecanthropoid genius to state this fact in a form to impress its readers day after day? The sequence of ideas was presumably within its compass: masters raise prices, the men therefore try to raise wages and at the same time to save the nation from the exaction of high profits; all so simple that a Protection parrot could repeat it! Yet it was not repeated by the "Daily Express" or by any other organ of pills and plasters. And it was not repeated for the simple reason that the class of pills and plasters did not mean the fact to be remembered.

The latest libel to pass into currency to the detriment of the workmen is that their drinking habits are worse than those of their masters. The campaign now being undertaken to convince the public of this is, perhaps, the most mendacious, the worst-motived and the most presumptuous upon public thoughtlessness of any we have yet endured. The teetotters, in the first place, are at the back of it, though so discreetly as to be able plausibly to deny that they are looking for their millennium in the chance conditions of the war. Next come the employers who are anxious now to cast the onus of their failure to carry on the nation's industry upon the workmen for whom nevertheless they claim to be wholly responsible. Then come the baying packs of the Press rager to get upon a track for which their noses have been blooded by their masters. What a delight to them to find still another excuse for hunting down Labour! Finally we have Mr. Lloyd George and other eminent ministerial teetotters urging that workmen's drink is a greater enemy than Germany or Austria, and must be fought barrel and bottle. The facts upon this sensational work of fiction will only emerge, we suppose, when it has done its dirty work: the facts, namely, that drink is practically as necessary to overworked artisans as rum to our trench-weary soldiers; that, far from causing any loss in production, it is—in the special circumstances of war-industry—a stimulus to production; and, finally, that the same prohibition applied to the administrative classes, from the Premier downwards, would arouse as much active opposition in them as it is likely to stir the passive sulks in the working classes. These facts, we say, that are obvious and self-evident, will all be deliberately overlooked by the gin-sodden Press in its zeal for casting a slur upon the proletariat. So there be mud enough thrown at our workmen, enough can be expected to stick to disqualify them for any public appreciation when the war they will have won is over.

Of course we do not say that our working classes are spotless of fault. It would be strange indeed if a system of industry so inhuman as the wage system had not left its marks upon them as well as upon their masters. The whole lot of us are demoralised more or less, since, like creation, we grow and suffer together, being (awful thought!) members one of another. At the same time, the reflections ought to occur to every reasonably free mind that, of the two classes of workmen and masters, the class that at present claims and exercises all responsibility is alone responsible and thereby open to condemnation and punishment; and that, reriminations apart, the job before us is to amend our national ways in a national manner. If it be true, as undoubtedly it is, that some of our workmen act irresponsibly, thinking, like most of their masters, of themselves alone, the remedy is not to resent the effect because we have hitherto despised the cause, to box them here and cane them there—but to impose national responsibility upon the men's organisations as well as upon the masters' federations. All the police and soldiery the Army Council can spare cannot supervise the workmen as efficiently as they would do themselves if they had an established and recognised collective public responsibility. The fierceness of their discipline under those circumstances would be positively terrible. Without, however, some such industrial revolution we not only shall have the war indefinitely prolonged, embittering everybody; but, if Germany should prove more apt to learn, we may even in the end gain none of its main objects. We should thank our lucky stars, indeed, that Germany as yet shows no signs of better intelligence than our own. In Germany, we learn, the profiteers and agrarians are still pulling against the rest of the nation—to our advantage! But how much better it would be if we learned first to pull nationally together and thus to win a double victory over Germany and over our own profiteers! We admit, we say, that our workmen are no more responsible to the nation than their masters. It is our case against the wage system in short. But we affirm that the remedy is neither abuse nor quick- cure quackery, but the application of national responsibility. As Mr. Lloyd George wittily said of the Englishman that he is not a hero until he is asked, Labour, we may say, will not become responsible until it is asked. We believe,
however, that we could find the words of invitation which, on the Government’s lips, would stir the workmen to the spirit and discipline of their sons and brothers in the trenches. The words are not more wages but collective national responsibility: in one, Guilds.

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We hope we shall be allowed, this Easter, the privilege of another plea in self-defence. After all, we can claim to be saying to-day no more and no less than we have been saying for several years, with only this difference, that what hitherto has been speculative is now actual. The "Nation," as everybody knows, turned tail upon its pacifism on the outbreak of the war, and has been careering ever since towards jingoism as fast as its reluctant legs could carry it. The spectacle, even for patriots, is Appenrodian in its humiliation. Better, we say, that the "Nation" should have died of consistency than of the bitterness of swallowing its words of seven years’ iteration. There was nothing of pacifism in these pages for us to swallow. The war found us in that respect prepared and without surprise. But neither have we found anything to swallow of our social criticisms and constructions. The very contrary, our trumpet saith! During the peace of the last ten or so years, the nation, we said, was becoming rapidly rotten; and the first great shake to our national house would threaten us with our own rafters. Has it not been so? Is it not so? All about us the walls and ceilings of our institutions are cracking and bulging under the strain which has suddenly been intensified, but not now first put upon them. The wage system, we said, could not support us during a crisis. Its beams were worm-eaten, its foundations were upon sand. It has not supported us! We should be less than human to fail to continue to say on the Day of Judgment what we have said during our life. Besides, the Rhadamanthus whom we serve would not allow it! Rotten as the nation was, rotten as the nation is, we must continue to say it was and is; but with this consolation, that has never left us, that we are not only not yet too rotten to live, but, with God’s help, we may still become strong enough to prosper in the van of the world again.

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So much substance may be conceded to be in the complaints of the Press as to validate its choice of Work or Fight for everybody. We cheerfully assent to an Inquisition upon the services each of us renders to the nation in return for our keep. The proposal, however, goes nearer the roots than even the most radical have hitherto ventured to dig. What? Inquire of every man, rich as well as poor, how much he is doing for his country, and both men, this industry half a million, that a score of thousand, the other a million? Ah, that is what no man and no Industrial Council, whether of Masters or Workmen, can say. And why? Because, in the first place, the control of industry is in the hands of a scattered oligarchy, a mob of profiteers, each intent upon his unco-ordinate task of wringing the maximum of profit out of the minimum of utility; and, in the second place, because rent, interest and profit make liars of men and we cannot believe the best of profiteers as easily as the worst of generals. Industry thus needs to be unified before it can become a national service. The first need in industry, we repeat, is to unify its control, branch by branch, bringing each under State pledge (not necessarily State control) and circumstances permit, until, by the end of the war, the whole of our industrial population, officers and men alike, is enlisted in national service. What would then be easier than to dispatch a Guild here and a Guild there, as the industrial war required, to provide this need for the army and that need for our civil population? The task would admittedly be one for organising geniuses. But there are so many of them! Over three thousand applied for the post of Engineer- ing organiser advertised by Mr. Lloyd George. What should take the lot of them and commission them to supply all England, military, naval, industrial and civil, with its needs. A dot of a country like our own, a red speck upon the British Empire, ought to be relatively easy for a few thousand masters, with the greatest of initiative and with satisfaction to us all. Or if not to all, to all who do not prefer private looting to public service, and the chances of dishonest profit to honest pay according to rank. * * *

We are not now concerned with the rights and wrongs of the old criminal case known as the "Penge Mystery." The interest of Sir Edward Clarke’s article in the "Cornhill" upon the subject lies, for us, in his comments upon the judge (Sir Henry Hawkins) who condemned the four defendants to death. "He was," says Sir Edward, "the worst judge I ever knew or heard of. He had no notion whatever of what justice meant or of the obligations of truth and fairness." This from a distinguished advocate upon a judge who was made a peer cannot be set aside as the raving of a common hedge-lawyer. Not to beat about the bush, we may conclude that it is true. But what would have been said if the comment had been made at the time instead of some forty or so years afterwards? We know, since we have had occasion to pass the same judgment upon at least one of our present judges.

Nothing would have been said, and nothing would have been done! The Guild of the Law, being without real national responsibility, has no particular interest in purging itself of its incompetent members. Live and let live is its motto and let positive justice take care of itself. Puerility will come too late to intervene.

A FORGOTTEN TUNE.

From the French of Verlaine.

A frail hand steeling sets the keys astir
Wan-faced in the vague twilit rose and gray,
While like the wafture of light wings in air
A doting melody begins to sway,
Falters uncertain as with fear a stray
In this room rife with all the sweet of Her.

What longing flows
From the French of Verlaine.

And what is this swan-like and-fro that goes?
Like fondling hands of my poor beauty’s fate?
What would you, wavering song? What longing flows
In the soft babble of your shy refrain,
Now wafted out to the wide world to drowse
Beyond the window where the garden blows?

WILFRID THORLEY.
The exigencies of Easter printing have led to these notes being written before the publication of the April reviews, and I am consequently deprived of the pleasure of satisfying my curiosity in one respect—I cannot read a letter which Mr. H. G. Wells has sent to the “Nineteenth Century.” I believe, from the advertisement, that the letter relates to “self-appointed statesmen,” and the phrase is not a bad one to apply to Mr. Wells himself. Since the war began Mr. Wells has given us several articles relating to the terms of peace, and in every article of his I have read he refers in some favourable way to the “new Europe” on the other side of the Atlantic. Not content with favourable references of this kind, Mr. Wells has more than once given it as his considered opinion (we may assume, for the sake of argument, that he is capable of arriving at one) that the United States ought to be consulted, if not indeed represented, at the peace conference, when it begins. To advocate such an equitable and justifiable course of action. Why are we asked to include America in our conference? What influence is the United States to be asked to exercise over European affairs? Unless there should be some very extraordinary development of international situation, it is not, I can add, the intention of the Allied Governments to consult America in any way when the peace terms are being discussed; and, even if we wished to consult America, the attitude assumed by President Wilson and his advisers makes the exercise of such influence impossible for us to do so without a very definite request from the United States that American interests, in so far as there may be any in question, shall be taken into consideration. To this extent we may be bound to the United States by courtesy, but assuredly there is no other connection.

It will be recollected that President Wilson made several speeches in the course of the campaign in which he advised his fellow-countrymen to remain strictly neutral, even in thought, and on one occasion he urged them to go about their business as if there were no war on the other side of the Atlantic at all. From such advice as this we may judge that the American democracy made no great effort to resist the temptation. But, in view of the reiterated statements of Mr. W. J. Bryan and Dr. Wilson, we had at least the right to expect that the admitted violations of The Hague and Geneva Conventions would have brought a vigorous protest from Washington. As we know, there was no protest when the Germans sowed mines in neutral waters under the cover of neutral flags; there was no protest when undefended towns were bombarded; there was no protest when hostages were seized; there was no protest against the “military necessity” by which the German Chancellor sought to justify the invasion of Belgium; there was no protest when it was found that the German Red Cross men were equipped with arms and ammunition. These are violations of international agreements which are admitted even by the enemy; but in the last few weeks, if we may judge from the German papers, they are prepared not merely to admit but to justify a great deal more than this. “Military necessity” is a very wide plea indeed and may be held to justify the upsetting of any Convention, Geneva or otherwise, ever made.

It was precisely international agreements of this nature, however, which Mr. Bryan, Dr. Wilson, and many other American public men used to talk about with so much enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan in particular, one thought, would rather have lost a hand than fail to act up to the spirit and letter of international engagements to which his country was pledged. I warned New Age readers against this in 1912, when the Democratic Administration showed what it was really capable of by scrapping the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty and renewing it grudgingly, or rather executing it grudgingly, at the express desire of Dr. Wilson himself. Even then there were loopholes left for further commercial negotiating, and a dispute over the Panama Canal, its tolls, and its fortifications is sure to come sooner or later. Most people, however, gave the Americans credit for good intentions, and the matter was forgotten. It was confidently assumed in England and elsewhere that when the German atrocities and violations of international treaties became known at Washington the official support of the Government there would be extended to the Allies. As we know, nothing of the kind happened. The American Government, they will be taken too late to save the face of the Wilson Administration. In short, the people whom Mr. Wells is so anxious for us to consult have not lifted a finger in the last eight months to save a single clause of a single international agreement. If this is how America regards such agreements, what are we to expect in the future from a vindictive Germany and an irritated Austria? Turkey, for her part, has obeyed the rules of warfare much better than her colleagues; and she is not going to regard for international agreements than the Americans. I say this in spite of the Armenian massacres and the promises of reform which were not always carried out. But America, after talking for years about the sanctity of treaties, has shown herself unwilling to uphold their validity when they are menaced at the point of the bayonet.

Unfortunately for the pacifist philosophy of Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Morel, that has always been the fate of international agreements in so far as they sought to substitute arbitration for a war of honour. That this war is a war of ideas has been stated by more than one writer; but the forcible application of our enemy’s ideas did not necessitate the use of mines in neutral waters and the seizure of hostages from among the civil population of France and Belgium. It is we, in short, the French, the Russians, the Belgians, the Serbians, the Montenegrins, the Japanese, and ourselves—who are fighting for the very principles to which the United States has done nothing more than lip-service. It is not likely, therefore, that the Americans will be seriously consulted later on; and when the peace terms are discussed it will be quite possible for our very efficient governing classes to appoint diplomatic representatives without calling upon Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Morel.
Towards National Guilds.

There are cowardly people about who imagine that the war will put an end to the Trade Union movement for the abolition of the wage-system. Nothing of the kind. Quite the contrary, we must see a beginning rather than the end of our endeavours. With undisputed supremacy England will owe it to the world to pioneer the new age of economic liberty; and, should she fail, Providence will assuredly raise another power to replace us in the van. But we must not fail. On the proletariat will now depend the taking of the next step. Workers, unite!

It is far from unpatriotic, as we have many times said, for the workers to mind their own business of class-emancipation. If they alone were likely to benefit by it, we should have little to say in their behalf. But the whole world will benefit by it. Does not the world breathe more freely as a result of the abolition of formal slavery? How much more then, when we have abolished real economic slavery! Nor is it unpatriotic for the workers to mind their own business even during the war. It may be true that the war is a national necessity, but only as a condition of the discharge of a further national duty. England's victory will be of value only as it is made England's opportunity; and the abolition of the servile class, we say, is now within our range and certainly in the line of our duty. But the initiative must be taken by the Trade Unions. Trade Unionists, prepare!

Attempts have already been made to rob the workers of their share of the credit in this war; and it may be said that our invitation to Trade Unionists to mind their own business is another instance of class-sell-out. But, in the first place, how many of the 80,000 killed, wounded, and imprisoned are proletarian? A good ninety per cent., we should say. Trade Unions ought at once to publish a return showing the numbers of their members on active service. They might supplement this by recounting the services performed for the State by the Unions at home. With such enemies as they have, prepared to use them only afterwards to abuse them, it is imperative that their light should not be hid under a bushel. We suggest that a tract should be prepared in anticipation of the charge that will certainly be made. In the second place, all Trade Unions cannot be on active defensive service and are not required to be. In their civil leisure they can render no better national service than to maintain their Unions in readiness for the use of their thinking of nothing but the war? More than that is required. The spirit of the Germans is infinitely better than this, for they did, at least, undertake to build something beautiful as the carvings of Reims. If they cannot equal it after their own designs out of their own hearts, let them leave it in splendid historic ruin. Better ruin than restoration. At the same time we learn that a Statue to Joan of Arc is to be set up by the Allies at the point nearest Paris reached by the German Army. The opportunity here for the Guild of Sculptors is inviting. Let them offer to carry it out as a Guild and so immortalise the time as well as the place. And, by the way, there is bound to be a demand after the war for marble and other permanent memorials here in England. Is it ridiculous to hope that the sculptors, etc., will unite as a Guild to undertake the work? Nothing would be more honourable than that such a Guild should be formed to record in brass and stone, and in the best spirit of craftsmanship our age affords, the conclusion of the European nightmare.

Lecturing recently at the Church Socialist League meeting in Leeds, the Rev. Father Drury based his remarks upon "National Guilds," "a book," he was good enough to say, "with which he was inclined to agree entirely. Father Drury enlarged with great intelligence upon the campaign being affirmed by the National Guilds. Wages—subject worth special consideration. Our returning troops, hitherto (most of them) familiar with the wage system alone, will bring back with them the experience of serving for pay. They will know that the feel of the thing is different. If they are to conduct a campaign on the wage system, with payments proportioned to the work done! The idea would not occur in Bedlam. Nevertheless, in our industrial campaign upon Nature that is how we proceed. Our army of workers is not organised for service with pay and pension guaranteed; but each is left to get what he can in competition with his fellows.

Amidst other things the Board of Trade is attempting the national organisation of the Dyeing industry—but with the workers left out as usual. The firms concerned are to form a limited company, part of the capital of which the State undertakes to supply. The Government, moreover, will take all the necessary steps to acquire the chief dye-producing works in this country for the purposes of the new company, or to secure their co-operation. What is now to prevent the men's unions in the dyeing industry affirming their collective right to be taken into consideration? If the employers can be assisted by the State and collectively recognised, the employees, through their unions, have a right to make the same claim. Or is it only the sense that is lacking?

At a meeting of the Trinity College Dialectic Society Mr. G. Baracchi, the prelector, recently delivered an expository lecture on "A New Socialism: the Guild System." He appears, from a report we have received, to have made an admirable statement of the case; and we express our admiration of his courage as well. For, alas, so many of our sympathetic readers are ashamed of us and dare not mention the Guilds in their polite society! In the discussion that followed, Professor Harrison Moore failed to see how the Guild system differed in essentials from the wage system. Men would have to get on or get out under the Guilds as under present industry. Why, so they would; but the inducements to getting on would be a thousand times greater if the idea was different than if they were not. If they think what they now are, individual. Once more we would remind our readers of the parallel of the Army and Navy with National Guilds as we conceive them. The "work" in these national organisations is not—would anybody say?—less onerous or less dangerous than in ordinary industry. Yet the inducements to getting on with it are not material rewards: they consist largely, in fact, in the very absence of material rewards—in honour, in esprit de corps, in patriotism. A civil or industrial Guild would have all these as motives to getting on. Sir Arthur Stanley concluded the discussion with a piece of frank philanthism, to which, moreover, the conduct of our troops has given the lie direct. "The average man was only concerned with the question—What shall I get for my toil? No, that is the profiteers' question, peculiar to the mercantile classes. National Guildsmen.
The wage system must be abolished. That is the first thing you must get clearly fixed in your mind. You must determine that no longer will you spend time and money on organisation for mere strikes, or sick benefits, or political representation, but that you will have an organisation which aims at the destruction of the system that binds the body and soul in chains that cannot be broken by any of your old methods. But how is the wage system to be abolished? you will ask. It is to be abolished by the acquisition and the right wielding of economic power by the workers; economic power to be achieved by the reorganisation of your forces with a conscious determination to use your organisation for one specific purpose, and the first step in this direction is closer unification. Do you realise that, at the present moment, there are over a thousand Trade Unions in this country; that of the thirteen million wage-earners but a small minority are organised into the Trade Unions (I am ignoring changes due to the war), and that of the organised a great number are purely benefit members who are in no way interested in the revolutionary element that constantly calls for strikes nor toleration for the political element that wants more labour seats in Parliament. And these numbers who are dissatisfied have reason on their side, if they have not the sense to demand something better that they may know that the best thing one can say of wage strikes is that they may occasionally prevent wages from decreasing, and that the political field is a barren one under present circumstances. They want something entirely different from what Trade Unionism now offers to them, and, I suggest to you, that something else is real economic power.

In your works you have, I presume, a certain number of clerks employed. These clerks may or may not be Trade Unionists. In many quarters, I know, the clerks are proving themselves as good Trade Unionists as the manual workers, but not long ago the clerk regarded himself as a superior sort of being; no Trade Unionism for him. He was of the same class as his master; he was encouraged to believe himself a possible independent man, a person paying for the revolutionary element that constantly calls for strikes nor toleration for the political element that wants more labour seats in Parliament. And these numbers who are dissatisfied have reason on their side, if they have not the sense to demand something better that they may know that the best thing one can say of wage strikes is that they may occasionally prevent wages from decreasing, and that the political field is a barren one under present circumstances. They want something entirely different from what Trade Unionism now offers to them, and, I suggest to you, that something else is real economic power.

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Irresponsibility in Journalism.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

The New Age has a right to be proud, not merely because it foretold the war and explained its causes, or because it exposed the financial thimble-rigging that resulted in a four per cent. war loan and in extortionate prices. Something equally important was stated in the columns of this journal several weeks ago—in fact, before Christmas—and that was this: that conscription, which was being much discussed at that time, was entirely impracticable in this country, because, if men continued to show their patriotism by enlisting in the same proportion as formerly there would be a dearth of labour in industry. That dearth has now come about, and it is so acutely felt that the Government has had to have recourse to extraordinary and in some cases unsound measures for supplying the notorious deficiencies.

A third report on the effects of the war on employment has been issued by the Board of Trade (Cd. 7830). It is based on the reports of more than 24,000 industrial firms and 3,000 agriculturists; and one fact is so prominent as to make it almost cliche that only the most careless of class readers can possibly overlook it. There is a great scarcity of labour in nearly every trade, whether the trade belongs to those engaged in supplying munitions of war or not. Fewer workers, male or female, are working short time. Much larger numbers are working overtime. Even the cotton trade, which was very dull up to December, has since shown a great improvement. In the jute industry labour is now so scarce, through the normal amount of labour available in January and a large number of men looking for work in November and December. It is well known that the metal, shipbuilding, and engineering trades are working at high pressure. The building trade has shown a dearth but there is no distress—because, as it appears from the reports to hand, all the available men have enlisted and there is work enough for the remainder. As for agriculture, 15.6 per cent. of the men employed in farm labour in January have enlisted, and in nearly all the agricultural counties—particularly Surrey, Sussex, Wilts, Staffordshire, Warwick, Westmorland, Yorkshire, and South Wales—the dearth of labour is described as serious. So acute is the scarcity of labour in Norfolk, Kent, and Hereford that whole acres of land are going out of cultivation altogether and this at a time when the question of our food supply makes it necessary for us to encourage agriculture at home by all the means in our power.

What is, in its way, an amusing indication of the altered feeling in some quarters with regard to recruiting is furnished by the "Globe," one of the most rabid pro-conscription newspapers that one could find. The "Globe," even in time of peace, never ceased from demanding Prussian methods in this country—not in so many words, of course, but that was what its campaigns in favour of national insurance, national service, and evening appeals to the worst passions of the mob. But Mr. Gwynne is equalled in snobbery by Mr. James Sexton, the fanatical Clerical who preaches democracy in public and benevolent despotism in private, and seldom lets the world of his intimacy forget that he is above all things a follower of the Pope. No harm in that! But one must lodge a protest against the suble methods of the Vatican being applied to strikes within our own borders. If members of the Union want one thing, and "Jimmy" wants another, but what right does "Jimmy" threaten the Union men with expulsion?

It is the "Daily Mail," however—a paper even more irresponsible than the "Daily Express," and that is saying a good deal—to which great exception is to be taken. More than its frothy contemporaries, the "Daily Mail" has distinguished itself by a shameless attack on our workpeople, on our ruling authorities, on our War Office, on Lord Kitchener's judgment, on the Prime Minister—on everything, in fact, in which there is anything to hold the nation together. The climax surely came on March 30, when the "Mail" concluded its leader with the words: "How long the war lasts depends, in fact, on how long the Government delays compulsory conscription." The insolence of such a statement is eclipsed only by the petulant brainlessness that produced it. Simply because three nations—unwilling to face war, and therefore not prepared for it—have been unable to "annihilate," as they say, the two most military peoples in Europe, which has been this war for twenty years and more, the "Daily Mail" has recently begun to display the irascibility of a cross baby with a pin in it; and the reason is well known to everybody: In Fleet Street. The newspaper has suffered a good deal from the loss of advertisements since the war began; and business in this respect is not "picking up" with sufficient rapidity to please the parvenu nobleman who "runs" them. It would not serve the Northcliffian interests to see Germany and Austria victorious, not to mention Turkey; but it would be to their advantage, certainly, to see the war at an end without further ado. Hence the "Mail" and the "Times" campaign in favour of conscription. The shallow bunglers who write leaders at Printing House Square and at Carmelite House cannot realise that in modern warfare the army in the field must have behind it an even greater industrial army at home, partly to send them munitions of war, partly to supply the non-combatants with the necessities of life, and partly to engage in production to a sufficient extent to maintain the country's international trade. It is generally assumed that Germany's foreign trade has been suspended since we began our "reprisals"—there was, in fact, many people who fancied that Germany had not been able to trade with foreign countries at all since August. That impression, of course, is utterly ridiculous. Germany and Austria engaged in non-contraband business by sea down to the end of February; and since then she has continued her trade with Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. She could not have done so if she had not kept at home a huge industrial army.

It is not necessary to remind any reasonable person...
The International Impotence of The Hyphenated States.

The present war, as was suggested recently in this place, has revealed the United States as inhabited by hyphenated Europeans, rather than by Americans. It is, therefore, interesting to observe how this condition of hyphenation affects the international status of the United States.

The most peculiar illusion of American commentators upon the war is their belief that the United States will be in a position to dispense a divinely impartial justice when the terms of peace come up for settlement. Journalists and official persons, professors, and ex- "statesmen," are constantly engaged in explaining the God-sent mission of their country. One gathers that the innumerable virtues of the Republic, beginning with that omniscient democrat George Washington, who foresaw every conceivable event in modern history, have been rewarded by the "blessings of peace." Consequently, from a lofty elevation of moral eminence the United States will serenely disentangle the knot of European rivalries and set the erring nations upon the path of righteousness. Much play is made with the catchwords "secret diplomacy," "effete monarchy," and the rest. One is grievously assured that the absence of military history in the recent event is due to the democratic and God-fearing regimes which have successively scorned these remnants of a darker age. In short, if Uncle Sam is merely making profits, instead of losing lives, in the present conflict, it is because of the enlightened Governments he has chosen. Guided by the wise counsels of these representative citizens, America has sought the kingdom of the Lord, rather than the worldly triumphs of immoral European diplomacy. If all the rest has been added unto her it is but to enhance the windiness of her style.

The "moral prestige" of the States has been the discovery of various delighted citizens since the war broke out. The presence of mind which enabled the Government to acquiesce in the violation of Belgian neutrality, who allow themselves to be entangled in bloody wars for matters of that kind. Far better to stand aloof and denounce the callousness of Germany while supplying armaments to all and sundry who can obtain them. Thus it is possible to have all but reach the recruiting limit. The number of shirkers among us is very small.

That is a very important point to note. That this country is responsible for the supply of munitions to all the Allied Armies is a definite statement of fact which cannot be too often repeated. The Government should by this time give our conscriptionists a hint to "drop their catchwords" and get on with the business of the war. Practically every available man has given his services to the nation. Even the hysterical "Saturday Review" must surely take cognisance of the Board of Trade reports. Or will nothing suit our conscriptionists but a confirmation of the wisdom of her choice. Guided by the wise counsels of these representative citizens, America has sought the kingdom of the Lord, rather than the worldly triumphs of immoral European diplomacy. If all the rest has been added unto her it is but to enhance the windiness of her style.

Some more candid enthusiasts have claimed that "the moral leadership of the world" has always been America's, and to this view they have now brought the majority of their countrymen. Since the United States have risen to the dignity of lecturing European nations, politely attentive, for obvious reasons of opportunism, none but the most sceptical Americans will doubt that this is a testimony to the innate moral qualities of the people. So delightful is this sensation of superiority, so refreshing a chance opportunity to make one's self grand, that nothing must be done which might militate against the final triumphant exercise of this newly-found advantage and privilege. The whole of Europe may be foredoomed, provided Americans can sit in judgment upon the ruins.

In practice this theory has resolved itself into pious indignation where Belgian lives were concerned, and strong protests where American profits were threatened. The apologists agree in explaining that any action taken over the question of Belgian neutrality would have weakened the position of the Government. So long as
the latter uttered no opinion upon the subject nobody could question its impartiality, while the soundness of its sentiments might be taken for granted. Armed with this pachydermatous covering of ‘impartiality,’ America would all the more powerfully impose her views when the terms of peace are discussed. No weak, humanitarian emotionalism, it is argued, should deprive the Americans of “a wonderful opportunity to set forth in all the terms of peace are discussed. No weak, humanitarian emotionalism, it is argued, should deprive the Americans of “a wonderful opportunity to set forth their glorious mission by retarding the date of the Day of International Judgment only to be used for home-made political products in the necessities of the anti-German side. But the pro-German interest is by no means negligible and has made itself felt, as witness the case of the “Dacia,” and the agitation for an American merchant marine, to be composed of interned German ships. The effect of the German vote must be estimated rather by what the United States have retracted from doing than by what they have done. Such demonstrations as the recent German-American convention in Washington, where a complete pro-German programme was resolved upon by fifty-eight of the American vote for re-election. In a country where certain employments depend entirely upon election results the number of people affected by the sympathies of the candidates is obviously considerable. While all parties agreed that the war provides a special opening for the pious aspirations peculiar to the Republic, this point of contact is reached by very divergent routes. Transplanted Germans and their Gaelic friends assert that the time has come for this great democracy “to join hands with President Wilson’s program for emancipating mankind from the shackles of English domination. Their opponents hail the occasion as one on which to initiate corrupt Europeans into the sweet mysteries of government by the Nonconformist conscience. But a genuine solidarity of interests and opinions cannot be counted upon, except on one condition: Let the ranks of Rent, Interest, and Profits feel a menace to their welfare, then the Government disposed of itself as sources of strength. All wavering and impartiality are forgotten once the profiteers have given their instructions, for then the Government knows that a united body of opinion is behind it, with the power to enforce its wishes. Whereas vengeance takes its hyphenation—that is, its nationality—inexhaustible vein of Transatlantic puritanism is yielding an rich stream of platitudinous, thought-saving material. The burden of it all is: God in His infinite wisdom has spared His own, that they may instruct and elevate the backsliders in Europe. Yet, strange to say, the clichéd are not unanimous, except in their belief that this war is specially devised for the glorification of the United States. Those who imagine that the influence of this country is being carefully hoarded for the Day of International Judgment only to be used against the Germans are angry at such duplicity. They profess to see in every passive move of the Government an act of friendship for the Allies and demand that the pretence of neutrality be abandoned. Then, at least, they say, we shall know exactly how things are. On the other hand, those who wish for that triumphal entry of America upon the scene of European politics vow that the United States have failed, or are risking failure, in their glorious mission by retarding the date of interference. Nothing short of active open sympathy with the Allies will satisfy them. It is in vain that the professional apologists of inaction explain the wisdom of lying low and saying nothing, but of uttering a great deal of vague wisdom while in that recumbent position. The hyphenation of the States is too fundamental for such an attitude to be acceptable. There are necessarily two sections of opinion, pro-Ally and pro-German, and neither would suit the Americans as the ‘national point of view’ alone. They want something more substantial than that decidedly airy fiction.

Thus it happens that the American Government has failed to satisfy the people by dint of precisely this policy of neutrality. Neutrality would be an admirable policy if it expressed the attitude of the country; but as the country is hyphenated its feeling cannot be voiced by one administration. The consequence is that as either section can exert its influence the Government is swayed. If President Wilson’s action has, in the main, not actually impeded the Allies it is because the sum total of American opinion inclines slightly towards
The Mad City.

Exactly how or why it happened is not generally known. Some point to one cause, some to another. But everyone seems to agree that it started with the old, the very old—indeed, the oldest—man in the land. His children. They were a numerous brood, and mostly step-children; and each wife brought to his household some of her former progeny. Mercilessly he beat them; and as he had, on entering, locked and bolted every door, none could escape his sudden onslaughts. But there were among them some stalwart fellows who, naturally resenting such treatment, began to retaliate most lustily. Thereupon his wife (though herself, on several occasions, treated with the utmost cruelty and brutality) put her hand upon his shoulder, and told him point by point, what appeared rather strange and unaccountable to some, instead of going to that humble house to protect and succour its suffering inmates, they altered their intentions, and set out to take advantage of his adversary's absence, broke into his home through a back door, and played the greatest havoc with it.

Meanwhile the humble dwelling was wreaked and its contents demolished, the struggle between the old man and his family grew more fierce and violent, and the whole family was soon engaged in a most deadly and brutal massacre. Each sought to do the greatest harm to the other, setting fire to their houses, and clutching at one another amid the raging and devastating fires. The shout of fire, the blood, the dishevelled, and the blood streaming down their scarred and scratched faces. Indeed, it was difficult to distinguish who was mad and who was sane, for they all raved and fumed like lunatics.

One man, a notorious bully, cried out in a gruff voice that he "will not allow the poor children to be treated by their besotted parent in such fashion," and he began to elbow his way through the crowd, with the evident intention of breaking into the house. Some among the crowds burst into loud laughter, for their sense of humour was tickled by the idea of that man, himself the cruellest, most unfeeling and pitiless father known, should thus get angry with another for the ill-treatment of his children. One of them, however, did more than laugh. He put his hand upon his shoulder, and told him point by point, that he would not brook such unwarranted interference in the private affairs of the family. This fellow turned out to be a cousin of the old man's, a famous braggart, and perhaps not less a bully than the one he confronted. The excitement of both wagers, while they stood, like two fighting cocks, prepared to spring at each other, another man stepped out of the crowd and said, though poetically, that any insult offered to his old friend (meaning the man who spoke first) he would be obliged to consider as an insult to himself. The cousin, recognising in the speaker one with whom he had an old family quarrel, turned on him with such stern look that he fled in terror to his house. But the former, who began to evince unmistakable signs of the same mental malady that befell his kinsman, ran after him; and meaning to overtake him before he reached his home, dashed into a house that stood in his way and which was inhabited by a humble but industrious and respected little family. He dashed into it with a wild hurricane, smiting and over-turning everything and everybody that came to his hands, and before the amazed and terrified tenants realised what happened, their little home was in a state most pitiable to behold.

The report of this soon spread throughout the city, and everyone was aghast at such misdeeds. Particularly touched by the report was a distinguished family who lived right at the end of the town, on the other side of a stream. "The poor, innocent sufferers must be protected," exclaimed the head of the family. "They must be protected, and the lunatic secured," added every member of the household. There was a ring of the old chivalrous spirit in their voices for which the family was well known. They were soon on the other side of the water (they were famous swimmers), and, what appeared rather strange and unaccountable to some, instead of going to that humble house to protect and succour its suffering inmates, they altered their course and went straight to the polite gentleman, to whom they offered their assistance should he be attacked by the madman. This resulted in various rambles, spread, no doubt, by mischievous and malicious people, to the effect that this honourable family, too, had succumbed to the infection of insanity (which was fast becoming a perfect epidemic) and they knew not what they were doing.

And the crew of excited onlookers grew ever larger and more excited. Indeed, such has been the malicious and contagious character of the raging frenzy, that very soon all were affected, and everyone took sides: some with this party, some with that; so that the whole city, erstwhile engaged in sober and peaceful pursuits, was within a brief space of time converted into a veritable inferno.

All fought together—brother against brother, friend against friend, and a horrible and deafening noise went up to heaven.

The longer this unnatural combat continued, the more enraged, the more cruel and ferocious grew the combatants. Each sought to do the greatest harm to the other, setting fire to their houses, and clutching at one another's throats with most mad and murderous intent.

From the surrounding towns and villages multitudes of people gathered together to witness the strange spectacle of a whole city gone mad; and the greatest danger, it was feared, was that these, too, might become affected. For their behaviour was rather curious. Some looked on indifferently, as if at some ordinary event or occurrence; some (incredible though it be) seemed to derive a kind of amusement and watched with curious interest and delight the swaying movements of the crowds of lunatic combatants; while others even urged them on with yells and cries as they tore and trampled upon one another amidst the raging and devastating fires.

It was an awful, a horrible, an ungodly and unearthly sight, this of a whole community of men killing, maiming and mutilating one another.

And a long time it lasted, till the city was laid in ruins, and the inhabitants almost decimated. Some of
those that survived have in course of time regained their reason; and when they recalled the things they had done, oh! how they wrung their hands and tore their hair in remorse and regret.

Some, however, when they had completely recovered from the terrible ordeal they underwent, began to realise the deadly and perilous nature of the disease which, if not thoroughly eradicated, would sooner or later break out again. They, therefore, immediately set about investigating the true cause and origin of the madness that so suddenly attacked them, and to devise means whereby to destroy it. But how far they succeeded is not yet known.

Sol. Davies,

Impressions of Paris.

When Zeppelins come one wishes one were at peace with the world. The people upstairs went down in their caves. I would have gone perhaps if I had known about caves. I felt like a bird when the owl is outside, or a baby stark awake to the Bogey-Man. Wretched the alarm. Completer failure I could hardly wish them.

haps I might just tell him that with a literary style like presented with yells from all the machinery. And now I shall never of spirits. And when I put a little spirits in as usual, more than a doll. One day without my knowledge someone put burning essence into the creature instead It always was a trial of nerve and patience, but amusing because a friend of mine who was there had caught on to way of welcoming the spring. Whack, whack, bang, bang, from eight-thirty to nine-thirty. The birds fly away horrified by this competitive succession of imbecile women hidden in clouds of dust.

The other day an interested crowd watched a vehe- ment bourgeoisie at a high window beating a pair of trousers against a wall, which they cleaned perfectly. You would have believed they were indeed her husband.

Do not expect any thoughts from me. I am become simply a suffering receptacle of the horrid comedy of things. The battle of a mechanised, over-feminised world against itself leaves me without any other excuse for existence. Since we got out of bounds, everything, except the machinery which robbed us of our handicraft, has come down to our level: but, of course, it couldn't stay there very long. The closest any lady can do now while men are having it out with themselves and Nature, is to make a dash for the best corner and prepare in a glad rage to stay there, be addressed as Madam, and forbidden to buy the Daily Mirror, go to Selfridge's, or use the telephone. A whole crew of women's pet serpents are going to be scotched before the world gets clean of its rot. We are in for a bad time, and we might as well take it on its easiest side. Only to think how, two or three years ago, nothing but its name save the Rights of Women, and now we are thankful to be out of reach of violation and slaughter! Just when we were on the Point of leading men to Glory, getting the vote and putting everything right just there and then they went frantic and unsound. And they may very well stay frantic for another thirty years, settling what's what and who's who among them-selves, while the real question as to who shall decide about vaccinating little Johnnie is left without a man be-hind it! And here is a case of one of those curious, bungling, partial conditions of Nature: it needs a man even to decide who shall decide. If Papa decide that Mamma shall decide, Mamma will decide; but if Papa decide to decide, Papa will decide. As Joubert says, "One can play at illusion while knowing the truth."

Joubert's note on the nature of war: "That which comes by war will return by war; all spoil will be re- taken; all booty will be dispersed; all conquerors will be vanquished, and every city full of prey will be sacked in its turn." I never read Joubert's letters in England —but then who else English of my generation ever did? One knew all about Rémy de Gourmont and Jamies and the rest of them. Here is a little letter to Madame de Vintimille, one of those clever women of yore who contrived to mix with men without rivalry.

"It is the month when I was born, and the month when I first met you, twenty years ago. I saw you on the First, again on the Sixth, and since-always I

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flattered himself, indeed, on feeling conveniently. "When I am in the world I live it as though I would never leave it; when I go to my estate, I think no more about the world." Again: "I forgive easily because I do not hate; it seems to me that hatred is very passable. When anyone wishes to be reconciled with me, I feel flattered, and cease to regard as an enemy a man who does me the service to give me a good opinion of myself." There is very little of Joubert's "drop of light" in all that. Montesquiou could never have written the letter to Madame de Vintimille! His nearer approaches to delicate feeling are through the intellect, the best way, no doubt, for men who have once and for ever tested the solarplexus, but generally for those who adore each sensation as it arrives. It has been said of Montesquiou that he was absurdly credulous of anecdotes, to the point of confounding thereby his philosophic principles. He was pettily interested in details of vice, and he died of a fever. I can well believe that he cut off his nose to spite his face all his life; had a timidity for the vulgar which he tried to satisfy by words of superiority; wanted to love and was too vain not to excite women's distrust; and died of the female bile which rises when the general finally escapes the particular.

He was certainly a sand-hill of naïve vanity. "When," he says, "I see a man of merit I never dis-compose him; a mediocrity, with some good qualities, him I dis-compose." It never occurred to him that to disobey a man of merit and an absolute fool are equally difficult, but that to dis-compose a mediocrity is easy work even for a second mediocrity. No, I don't like Montesquiou; he lacked antennae. Could any compliment have been flatter than that he boasts of having paid to the Queen of England: "Madame, I cannot imagine that any country where you reigned would not be great." That is the little style of Montparnasse amiable; and his irony is also that of Montparnasse which chaffs you like a spitefully playful pachyderm poking with its horn from a cage and imagining that you don't notice its impotence to get out. "The English are much occupied," he says, "they have not time to be polite." Gentlemen of the guard, fire first! Well, he has fired; and now I will tell him with the politeness of a mosquito to a pachyderm that certain French travellers of yore misled us English into despising their nation as at once heavy and frivolous.

Oh, shall I never be quit of this creature! I am starving with hunger, and the carpet-beaters have begun, and everybody, except those who would prefer I should die here than live anywhere else, advises me to leave Paris and go to the sea because I cannot get cured here-Paris and go to the sea because I cannot get cured here! I was interested in Gaby, partly because I had never seen her before, and partly because the dictionary defines "gaby" as "a silly, foolish person." She was rightly named Gaby. I had always heard her described as the chief of the "bare-backs," and had imagined that the phrase expressed some occult reference to the American currency. But it seems that it was a most literal description, and whichever bishop it was that objected to the sight of her bare back must have been gratified by the fact that she was clothed and apparently in her right mind when she made her first appearance. Barrie had accomplished what no other author had dared to dream; he had put clothes on Gaby, who felt so strangely in them that she had to draw the attention of the audience to the fact lest, not seeing, they should not believe that it was she who stood before them.

It might be thought that putting Gaby into garments was not a sufficient reason for writing "Rosy Rapture, the Pride of the Beauty Chorus"; but think for one moment of the significance of the event. Gaby, in this respect, is only a symbol. Her popularity expressed the desire of many of her sex to return to nature and to meditate in public on their navels, like the Indian Yogi. Herself is not worth looking at; there is no beauty that we should desire her; apparently the only use she can make of her head is to shake it about like a mop twirled by a sailor to free it from water, and her arms and legs (both plentifully exhibited in the supper club scene) remind me of nothing but a bassinette containing one invisible and inaudible baby.

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lies to the truth, asserting anew the dogma of domesticity.

Obviously, Barrie could not get far on this line; so, as Gaby was a very recent convert, Barrie arranged a "back-sliding" scene. I have never seen the Gaby Glide, but it really is wonderful to notice how Barrie makes use of everything in the cause of morality. Gaby finds domesticity dull after eight o'clock at night, and she glides back into the beauty chorus. How otherwise could the little minister enlighten us concerning the temptations of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil? Somehow she loses her way and turns up in France, to be saved by a "sentimental Tommy" from rape by a Junker; and, under the stress of emotion, she manages to call him a "very nice Tommy" and to dance with joy at the thought of becoming "Missis Tipperary."

The humour is quite innocuous, you will notice, and the situations are all resolved according to the morality of Barrie's comedies. Besides, a minister receives a fee for marrying people.

But the castigation of modern follies becomes almost unbearable in the next scene; Satan, I feel sure, would not thus have rebuked sin. Mercilessly, Barrie describes the home life of "the Ruppers," the Keepers of the Chins. This almost Hebrew fervour of denunciation cannot be without effect on the gay population of our great city; and his description of the Scarlet Women as "Our Disdainfully Melting Chorus" should warn all young men against the lure of the socalled "confound the wise."

Preacher is heard again. "What doest thou here, Gaby?" it seems to say; but what actually happens is incidentally, the scene affords her the opportunity of impressing upon us the depravity of an ungodly life; besides, a minister receives a fee for marrying people.

The psychological effects of this telegram cause so considerable a degree of muscular inco-ordination that her husband is able to carry her away captive. There is no place like home; and, although the lover attains an abduction, his hereditary virtue operates at the crisis, and makes him loose his impious hand.

Barrie's pen declines its office for the next scene, and he calls the cinematograph to his aid. Baby proceeds in an automobile bassinette on a journey of discovery, to find out the means whereby Gaby can be kept at home. There is no place like home.

At the supreme moment of this orgy, when Gaby is receiving back into this empty and pernicious frivolity is only Barrie's way of impressing upon us the depravity of an ungodly life; incidentally, the scene affords her the opportunity of proving her identity to the audience. But the lesson of virtue is not entirely forgotten, for she accords an interview to a reporter at the request of the reporter's fiancee, because they will be able to marry on the money he calls the cinematograph to his aid. Baby proceeds in an automobile bassinette on a journey of discovery, to find out the means whereby Gaby can be kept at home. There is no place like home.

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In this respect, the sheepishness of the publishers has been remarkably true to their animal type: the war-book of one publisher is indistinguishable from the war-book of another except by its covers! Messrs. Dent, for example, have recently published a new instalment of their "Everyman's Library." Hitherto they have sent copies to The New Age and I imagine that I or one of my colleagues had something to say on each of them. Of the present instalment, however, not so much as a specimen has been sent. Why, Mr. Dent? You profess an interest in letters and have been recommended by me for a knighthood on the strength of your admirable "Everyman" series. You publish a weekly journal—or once did, for I saw a copy of it—and are in the trade of journalism, so to speak. Why, then, during the war, have you neglected the usual means of announcing your publications? Of another publisher, whose name I forget, I heard the other day an amusing remark. Asked, nay, pressed, to send Mr. Ivor Brown's novel to The New Age for review, he said he feared for his publisher, "A. E. R.," would get hold of it. Very likely he would too; but fear of "A. E. R.'s" judgment is less dignified than brazening out its verdict. I gird up my loins and run to acquit Mr. Brown of collusion with his publisher in thus closing the law. Like the talented but vicious young man I take him to be, Mr. Ivor Brown positively strokes "A. E. R." on the back as Walpole used to wish to stroke English earthquakes. No, it is his publisher—whatever the man's name is.

At the outbreak of the criticism of German "Kultur," someone remarked to me that our Press meant to baffle their old English enemy, Culture, under cover of its German caricature. "Kultur," in fact, was to be English Culture's whipping-boy. Certainly the zeal with which Fleet Street semi-literates went to work upon German philosophy, literature and art, suggested
The Confessions of a Solitary Traveller.

I went to Brighton in order to be happy. Happiness, I know, is in emotional stability, and emotional stability for me is in isolation. In order to be sure of being happy I went to Brighton alone.

I took with me a copy of Dostoevsky's "Idiot," two volumes of "Hume on the Understanding," and a brown-paper parcel. It was my intention to read Hume very carefully in Brighton; I took the "Idiot" for my pleasure, and the brown-paper parcel because it contained my nightdress. I had no change of clothes, so that my mind should not be distracted by the desire to make myself beautiful. It was my intention, while at Brighton, to write an irreproachable poem on "the Sea."

I found an empty smoking carriage and, pulling down the blinds, I lit a cigarette. It was a pleasure for me to enjoy what is considered a male privilege without offending taste.

At the words "male privilege" I had the ill-luck to think of Anchises. Anchises is a man of a very stubborn nature. His name is a symbol of resistance to every opinion I hold dear. The thought of Anchises raises such a storm of indignation in my mind that I lose my intellectual concentration. If I allow myself to think unguardedly of Anchises, I remain idle for days at a time.

In order to banish a thought which must betray me, I settled myself in the corner of the carriage and began to make experiments in contemplative piety, after the manner of the exponents of the Higher Thought. I united myself by contemplation with the ideas of divine beauty and infinite love. I flung myself into the supernatural lake of transcendental grace. As I had been led to expect, I experienced complacent ecstacy. Unhappily I suffered a quick reaction. I noticed with disgust the shape of my boots, I remembered that for three days I had not brushed my beautiful hair. At the thought of my hair again I remembered Anchises. With the spirit of an exorcist I opened Hume. I set myself to read twenty pages of an Introduction, noting that I was glad to find myself in Brighton when I had finished the sixteenth page.

I trudged into the town, my boots a symbol for the state of my soul. The boots were square, they were honest boots, but turned up at the toes and a little green. They had been thrown by in a cupboard since that is now two years ago. Since I was no longer a social reformer, but a modern poet, I felt an anachronism in those boots.

I was discontented when I stood opposite the Aquarium and took my first look at the Brighton sea. I felt that there was nothing I could put into conscientious verse about such a sea. It was grey, it was arranged in waves that were too tidy, it was spoiled by the Brighton Pier, and the particularly silly roundness of the Hotel Metropole stood opposite the Aquarium. The Hotel Metropole was filled me with gloom. The Hotel Metropole was the last thing I should have expected to find myself in Brighton when I had finished the sixteenth page.

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I trudged into the town, my boots a symbol for the state of my soul. The boots were square, they were honest boots, but turned up at the toes and a little green. They had been thrown by in a cupboard since I gave up my house-to-house canvass for the "Society for the Preservation of International Virginity," and that is now two years ago. Since I was no longer a social reformer, but a modern poet, I felt an anachronism in those boots.

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Where shall a woman, alone in Brighton with three books and a nightdress, sleep? The very idea of sleeping in Brighton with three books and a nightdress filled me with gloom. The Hotel Metropole was to the right, or so I thought. I took my way leftward and entered a little green gate. A terrible landlady faced me with her husband behind her. She didn't like me. She would never have taken me in if every other virtuous woman had not been kept out of Brighton by fear of honest coarse cooking. I turned right and entered a gloomy bedroom in which I slept on the floor. I was in a bed so unnaturally large that the Vacant Lot Allotment people ought to be told of it. She gave me cold pickled pork, and I
God help me, that reminded me of my spiritual emotion and I read my Dostoevsky. I read to the scene where I went to bed. I meditated for ten minutes on duality, the lady throws the banknotes into the fire, and loves the little Christ that any modern doctor would trepan.

I am myself so like this woman in the Once I thought I had found him. I let down my hair. "Idiot." I am Magdalene, I have Magdalene's maternal instinct awaked in me, and I wanted to be I would have dried Anchises' feet. Anchises told me to do up my hair and come out to lunch. And now I know I shall never find my redeemer. Thank God for sleep.

In the morning I saw through my windows theBrightont sea. I read two chapters on the Human Understanding, and deciding that I did not care about the subject two dams, I went to walk on the promenade. For pleasure I began looking at the children. My maternal instinct awakened in me, and I wanted to be kind to something. By the merest good luck I came upon the nursemaid of a friend, exercising a dubious control over three lusty boys. The sight of the smallest of the boys reminded me that I would bear Anchises a spiritual child. also that by a genealogical feat I would be a mother to him. I would teach him to sell his pictures. I became happy and thoroughly interested in the little boys. By this time my maternal instinct was thoroughly awake. I crossed the road with the intention of buying the children some chocolate. I was so eager that my foot slipped on the kerb. As I covered myself I smiled. It is a nervous habit of mine sometimes to smile. While I was smiling I caught the contemplative eye of a very large and opulent-looking stranger. I entered the chocolate shop. I had not come to any arrangement with the young lady behind the counter before the light of the shop door was obscured by the figure of the large and opulent-looking stranger. He burst hurriedly into our conversation with the desire of buying me everything in the shop. This embarrassed the young lady, since what would have been good for business would plainly not have been good for me. The large gentleman insisted on paying the shilling for the small boys' chocolate. I went out of the shop, meditating on the economic position of women. "Anastasia," I thought, "it is a very curious thing that one smile should be worth a shilling to this gentleman, particularly when you are wearing such very ugly boots."

There is nothing really cheering in this reflection, but for some reason it made me gay. When the large gentleman regained me, I was in particularly good spirits. "I did not want you to pay for the chocolate," I said.

"I didn't imagine you did," he answered. "It is a pleasure."

I smiled, reducing the value of my smiles, on that market, to sixpence a smile.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Clarkson," said he. "Will you come and drink champagne?"

I knew from Mr. Clarkson's quick offer of champagne that he was beginning to value me. "I don't like champagne," said I, "particularly in the morning."

"There's no reason for you to like my champagne, even if you drink it," said Mr. Clarkson in a manner that revealed to me the generosity of his soul.

"Then I should be in your debt," said I.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Clarkson with such charm that I added positively: "I never drink champagne at all, you know."

"Under those circumstances I will catch the next train back to town," he said.

"Always, under those circumstances, I will come with you," said I.

"Done," said he; and we went.

I found Mr. Clarkson's conversation very interesting in the Pullman. He is a bimetallist, and one of those generous natures that do not compel a woman to drink their champagne.

I left my three books in Brighton, together with my nightdress, but I sent a compensation to the terrible landlady.

To-night I have promised to meet Mr. Clarkson at the Imperial Institute, but I think I will do my hair perfectly and go and dine with Anchises. I have given up feminism. I am not sure that I am a poet. I shall buy an entirely new pair of boots.

ANASTASIA EDWARDES.

Rubbish.

At the door of a round native hut in British East Africa sat a misericord. His legs and arms were like blackened sticks of cedar wood and his body like a charred log. Upon the top of his head was balanced his head, which swayed to and fro as if its balance and fastening were insecure.

He was a gugu—a sickly not-wanted one—in the native Kikuyu reserve. For eight years he had lived there in the round hut of his parents, and now all at once he had been told to leave the reserve and go and earn rupees on a settler's farm thirty miles away. He was to accompany three other native boys who were returning to work after a visit to their homes.

He was scared and terrified; he had never even seen a white man, and he knew no other horizon than that of the grassy plane. Every day for eight years he had observed the round yellow sun rise out of the dried grass, traverse the sky far above him, and go down again behind the purple mountains.

To his dim intelligence eviction from the smoky hut he had deemed so happy for so long, the news of his impending and fatal, and accustomed he had become to the smell of it, to the view inside and outside, to the very scratches on the cow-dung plastered walls.

The next day he started; neither his father nor his mother was in the least distressed to get rid of him; they had other better-favoured children. The man was talking and smiling, and hardly moved his painted, decorated head to see him go; the woman went on with her cooking. It took three days for him to reach his destination.

They had no adventures on the road except when a hyena followed them in the dusk and all night kept up its horrible howling round the hut where he and his companions were sleeping.

The particular settler to whom he went had a kindly disposition; if he ever struck a native it was with his own hand while he was still angry. So the life of the gugu was at first tolerably happy.

There were about fifty natives employed on the shamba, many of them quite young boys of his own age. He learned to pull flax, spending all the day squatting by the forest of fresh green stalks ornamented here and there with light blue flowers.

But he never got over his longing to retrace his steps along the narrow mud track which led to his home. Well, one day at the end of his third month, and after the daily allowance of ground maize (posha, as it was called) had been distributed, the settler announced that he was going to send some boys up to the next farmer who was in need of labour. The gugu was one of the five to be selected.

This new master had a bad reputation among the natives; he was known as the "bwana mtiwakati," or the master of the whipping post. He had been a butcher in England, and perhaps his experiences in the shambles had made him indifferent to the look of eyes in pain; anyhow, he was continually having boys stretched out and lashing them with his kiboko (a whip made of rhinoceros hide) in the shamba, in the fields.

By the law of British East Africa it is illegal to strike a native, but this makes little difference, as it is an unheard-of thing for natives to report ill-treatment...
to the district commissioner—they are far too ignorant and far too frightened.

A single glance at this man would have revealed to a philosophic observer how well adapted he was to this world with his firm unfeeling eyes and great fat legs wound round with khaki puttees. He never ill, never even unfortunate, and he would certainly never receive condign retribution. This perpetual sight of writhing outstretched black bodies filled the gugu with terror. At last he made up his mind to give his new master notice and find his way back to Kikuyu. Theoretically it was perfectly possible for him to do this, but when he approached his great khaki porcupine, he was given his new master notice and driven away with a kick. The settler stopped him on the road to Kikuyu, so he tried to get work on another shamba. This he managed to do. Three days later, however, a native policeman appeared. These gentlemen are ruthless in the exercise of authority, and may have seen all native porcupines and victuallers with red caps, black faces, and stiff pillar-box attitudes. If the gugu had remained silent he might have been unnoticed, but, like a rabbit that shrieks at the mere sight of a stoat, he fell down on the grass and began to scream and cry for mercy. The policeman took him back to his master.

“My husband knows how to treat the natives,” said the settler to his wife. “I’ll send him back where he came from.” So that it came to pass that this unfortunate morsel of humanity was entrapped on this capricious and isolated planet. The gugu was driven from his home, his wife to a friend a few days later, “a runaway was here,” said the settler to his wife. “I don’t think that boy will ever come to no good. I don’t think that boy will ever come to no good.” The gugu had indeed to be from the huts, and flogged him till he was red all over. It’s the only way to treat them. We must put a stop to this running away somehow or other. I don’t think that boy will try it on again.”

He did not. But for all that there still remains a way of escape open to those who find themselves evilly entrapped on this capricious and isolated planet. The gugu began to die. He became useless on the shamba, his black lacerated body never healed—flies feasted on him. “That gugu is going to kufa,” said the settler to his wife. “I’ll send him back where he came from.” So that it came to pass that this unfortunate morsel of humanity, black deformed consciousness crept back to the first shamba.

The vultures far up in the sky saw him—a tiny black speck—as he trailed along the narrow mud paths leading over the grass downwards; the olive trees, wizened, twisted, near him as his stumps scrambled across the broken scrub country; the red-winged lorry shrieked at him as he passed through the forest. The red-winged lorry! what did he care—he, who watches with tufted plume and cold green breast all that goes on this red-winged lorry! He was too ill to do any work, he just had strength enough to creep into a hut and lie down panting for breath. The natives told the settler that a boy was ill, and the next day that his friends determined to drag him to a lorry for the hyaenas to eat. This is their way of disposing of the human body. He set there was a crash, and the roof collapsed.

In the middle of the raging furnace could be seen the body—the little human-shaped body—lying quite still and unperturbed like an infantile Abenego. The settler walked back to his house. “What a funny smell there is to-night,” said his young wife. “It’s like burning rubbish.” “Yes, it’s just what it is,” answered the settler.
that of Thebes will be necessary to guard not only Croce but Hobbes has declared that philosophy likely to thrive in a Guild-State where the Guilds, qua rules under the Act for the determination of details, most useful (nay, necessary) to besides, we must have some hope of making our evil measure to futile endeavours of Parliament to work out which cannot be settled by Parliament. He calls this political from the economic power of the State. It does confuse the essentials of legislation and politics should be concerned with Supply, while the peculiar business of economic organisations should be the consideration of Ways and Means. In any highly organised State such as the Guild-Writers project, politics will be a consideration of supply; it may even be the life of virtue that the Greek writers demanded; but there is no doubt that what is implied by the word "Supply" will be its principle. It will deal with principles more than with details; with what is desirable rather than with what is practical; it will free itself from that characteristically English confusion of ideas that was expressed in an old petition of the City of London against the naturalisation of the Jews, as tending extremely to the dishonour of the Christian religion, extremely injurious to the interests and commerce of the kingdom in general, and of the city of London in particular.

If there be any validity in this forecast it is obvious that the political organisation of the government should not be corrupted by the ideas proper to the economic organisations. It is a vice of English legislation that it does confuse the essentials of legislation and administration; as Dicey says: "The cumbrousness and prolixity of English statute law is due in no small measure to futile endeavours of Parliament to work out the details of large legislative changes. This evil has become so apparent that in modern times Acts of Parliament constantly contain provisions empowering the Privy Council, the judges, or some other body, to make rules under the Act for the determination of details which cannot be settled by Parliament." He calls this simply an awkward mitigation of an acknowledged evil; as, of course, it is; but it would be an evil more likely to thrive in a Guild-State. Consequently, however, it would not become a despotism of detail. Not merely should the Guilds, qua Guilds, be excluded from the governing body, but no Guildsman should be eligible for membership of the governing body until he had been some years out of trouble. Industry denatured, but not necessarily, so in this age of machinery than in the age of Aristotle; and a period devoted to bulb-growing, or fishing, or any other method of meditating upon Nature that is customary in this era of even ten years' golfing, may well be prescribed as a necessary preparation for a legislator in a Guild-State. The incompatibility of freedom with expert government can only be nullified by learning the limitations of both, and by using experts ad hoc, and not for all purposes.

REVIEWS.

Brunel's Tower. By Eden Phillpotts. (Heinemann. 6s.)

We live and learn—even from Mr. Phillpotts. It seems that pottery is so mystical an art that it can be successfully practised only by perfectly truthful people. Harvey Porter began his career at Brunel's Tower with two lies: he said that he had run away from the workhouse, and he had really run away from a reformatory; he said that his name was Harvey Porter, and it was really Lee Hather in the event he was a potter, although he tried his hand at every process, and was keenly interested in the subject. Benvenuto Cellini did some good artistic work, although he was not morally perfect man; but pottery is possible only to the George Washingtons of this world. But Harvey Porter could not become a potter, he could become the next best thing, a worshipper of pottery and potters. He adored George Easterbrook, his master, and did everything to please him; to add a lustre to the fame of the pottery associated with him. But in spite of all his trials and experiments, George Easterbrook had never been able to throw such big pieces as had made the fame of Todd's, a rival pottery; so Harvey Porter set himself to discover this secret that had been the private possession of the Todds for generations. He made himself acceptable to Miss Todd, and she told him the secret without any trouble; then he sought her company no more, but devoted himself to the making of a big piece of pottery. Another of his delinquencies was this: George Easterbrook's aunt was a painter of pottery, and, as she became old and infirm, she spoiled much pottery. No one had the heart to tell her to stop working; so Harvey Porter, full of zeal for the fame of Brunel's Tower, told her. She stopped work, and shortly afterwards committed suicide. Harvey's treachery to truth was made known to Easterbrook the night before he was asked to look at the big piece of pottery; and Harvey was kicked out of the place for having discovered the secret of the Todds by sentimental instead of scientific means. Thereafter, George Easterbrook underwent a transformation; he had formerly believed that heredity was nothing and environment everything, and he came to the conclusion that man's character is the product of heredity and environment. Harvey, too, began to find an environment expression for his hereditary impulses, and at the end of the book all was forgiven. But there are no converts to pottery or proflity; so Harvey saved the life of George Easterbrook and lost his own. "Who is the potter, pray, and who the pot?" We do not know, but we may add to the dictum of John Stickle's, and say: "No hopes for them as laughs or lies."

Rain Before Seven. By Eric Leadbitter. (George Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

Mr. Leadbitter has chosen as his hero a congenitally neuroasthenic type, and traces his history presumably with the idea of showing how neurasthenia may be cured. In Michael Leadbitter, the current possibility, failing entirely to win success or recognition as a musician, and then, through the instrumentality of a
scientific and business-like brother, being instructed in the mysteries of business, ceasing to despise the bourgeoisie, becoming a bourgeois, and settling down to a nice girl and a comfortable home won by his own exertions. It is suggested that his work in organising the sale and distribution of his brother's invention of wireless electric lights was of more value to civilisation than his musical compositions or performances; and Mr. Leadbitter probably knows his hero better than we do.

To come to this end, he has to fall in love with a girl under great sexual provocation, and be tantalised by her in Richmond Park even after she is married to another man; he has to be engaged to a girl whom he is obliged to jilt because his supplies of money are stopped, and the failure of his first recital makes it impossible for him to obtain remunerative employment as a pianist; he has to become a pianist in a cinema theatre, a copyist of music, a patient in a London hospital, a temporary stevedore at the docks, and a tramp, before he is restored to his own people and his progress to affluence and matrimony can begin. Even then, he has first to go to a service in a country church before he can obtain the tranquillity of heart necessary for his third and fatal proposal to a girl; and feeling that "Thought, and the striving after Truth, was useless," "the problems of business fade into insignificance," and there is nothing before him but marriage.

Killing for Sport. By Various Writers. With a Preface by G. Bernard Shaw. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.) This is a series of essays on the cruelty, and the cost, of blood-sports, with the usual essay by H. S. Salt on the "Fallacies" of his opponents. We must admit that we find Mr. Shaw's preface by far more interesting than any of the other contributions to this volume; for his gift of paradox finds fitting expression in it. By admitting that he knows "many sportsmen, none of whom are ferocious," and "several humanitarians, all of whom are ferocious," he has rescued the subject from the jargon of the humanitarians. Cruelty and murder, he sees, are necessary to human existence on this planet; the only question that arises is to whom they shall be applied. The sportsman prefers to afflict the sportsman; Mr. Shaw prefers to afflict the sportsman. And it is precisely the amiability and general kindness to animals of sportsmen that Mr. Shaw detests; if only he were cruel, he would be humane, and, like Mr. Shaw, a companion of the "decent people" who will inherit the earth. "Men must be killed and animals must be killed; nay, whole species of animals and types of men must be exterminated before the earth can become a tolerable place of habitation for decent folk. But among the men who will have to be wiped out stands the sportsman"; to which pious proposal the sportsman will probably add the name of Mr. Shaw.


We presume that the purpose of this edition is not to acquaint the British public with the philosophy of Omar or the poetry of Fitzgerald; we are all Omars now (if our clergy are to be believed), and a variorum edition appeals more to the scientific than to the poetic mind. The delight in the history of the development of each stanza is not of the same order as the primary delight in the whole poem, and structure which consists of poetic appreciation; and to see four different renderings of the same stanza on the same page does not enhance that primary delight, but drives the reader back to technical considerations—and one does not discuss the technique of Edward Fitzgerald with much consideration! Which is the most elaborately dress'd? Yet you will see in European art the graceful nude by the marble goddess dart, or in a thousand galleries surprise A naked naiad laughing in your eyes; Whithard Fitzgerald would be enchanted town! At any goddess drawn without a gown. Or, if you think this argument is false, Recall the fair enchantress of the valse. Take her at noon with gleaming healthy tan. And bid her walk awhile in Belgrave Square.
“An outrage!” I can hear Dame Grundy say, 
Yet why, O prescient lady, why, I pray?
Because so modest to most?
At all that’s sacred, in an evening frock—
Until ’tis evening! And the other case—
The time was right, no doubt, but not the place!”

So that we may with justice all agree
An artificial growth is modesty.
Fair as it is, and fragrant, yet we find
it is not natural to human-kind.

What’s right in England is a black taboo
In the religion of a strict Hindoo;
Nor will the customs of the Scotch agree
With the traditions of the Caribbee;
And tribe with tribe, and race with race reveal
How various is Modesty’s appeal.
What British matrons wear for their respect
In Africa for wantonness is deck’d,
And when to wickedness some tribes would run
They clothe themselves and dance beneath the sun.

Go to those plays un-musical where throng
The weary devotees of soulless song;
In tropic latitudes where life is thirst.
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Current Cant.

"Our boys—Christ's all."—JOHN OXENHAM.

"Let us talk about the war."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Can you shave the Kaiser?"—"Answers."

"Our greatest foe is drink."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Gaby Deslys is an institution."—"Times."

"War to the knife and fork."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"The child's guide to the war."—BARRY PAIN.

"Sinking of the 'Falaba.' The most amazing photographs of the war."—"Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Austin Harrison is one of the foremost literary characters in Great Britain."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"For years the German people have willingly listened to the teachings of egoists and madmen such as Treitschke and Nietzsche. For years they have scoffed at the teachings of egoists and madmen such as Treitschke and Nietzsche. But now they have come to see that their leaders were right, and that the world is at last ready to accept the teachings of the German people."—MARIE CORELLI.

"Wagner's feeble music."—SIDNEY DARK.

"If a working man can earn enough for his necessities and comforts in four days, he will refuse to work six."—"Town Topics." of the Press Bureau. In any event, why has not the anti-drink agitation due to the desire for more efficient use of the submarine fleet been suppressed? The answer is that the workers are subject to the control of the Admiralty, and that they are not very useful, owing to their lack of experience and skill.

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superiority of the working population over their feudal masters." "The key to their earlier history," he proceeds, "is military organisation; to their later, economic achievement."

Now a German Conquest would, doubtless, at first, have similar depressing results for the free (sic) and privileged population of this country; but if accepted, as the Norman Conquest might solve for all the problem of unifying Western Europe as the earlier solved that of unifying Southern Britain. Then, if it be true that "economic power precedes political power," the greater might of British industrialism could be trusted to assert itself, and in combination with that of Germany—by itself unequal to the task—to overwhelm the thus out-chilled military element, and transmute an empire founded on the sword into one resting on the stabler foundation of a re-organised economic system. Undeniably, such a result would be better achieved by peaceful means, just as the Norman Conquest meant much suffering for those of the moment; but since in both cases mutual jealousies have prevented, per chance the sacrifice of one, two, or even three generations might be recompensed by the achievement of the ultimate goal.

* * *

FROM AN ONLOOKER.

Sirs,—I wonder if it is humanly possible at the present noisy moment for a feminine and unknown voice to be faintly heard?

There is a great deal of gabble about militarism and piffle about peace congresses, and how one can put down the other.

To talk about peace at all during our present sojourn upon this unhappy planet is to wallow in Utopianism. It seems to the writer that people never get to the root of the matter at all, and that all this talk "about it and about" is like the ravings of actors who have learned the lines without having understood the inner meaning of the drama.

The flighty-headed who advise universal peace can be likened to a surgeon who would advise the removal of one of the tentacles of a cancer.

This is a war of greed, envy, and spite, and until these hideous diseases of the mind have exhausted themselves there can never be any peace on this planet.

Anybody who has ever made a success of anything, no matter how trifling that thing may be, cannot do so without arousing jealousy in some human heart. Anyone who owns anything, beauty, clothes, property, influence, position, can only keep these various possessions by constant struggle and changeless determination. The least unwatchful moment, an hour of carelessness, and the wolves are upon us, and we awaken to realise how we have been living in the present moment, and have we not added to their already abundance of cattishness need only express sympathy out of that nastiest of passions, spite.

It may be patriotic, but it is also a new game, and an outlet for that nastiest of passions, spite.

Anyone who does not believe in the existence of a super-abundance of cattishness need only express sympathy for our present foes at their attempt to tear us a limb, and I hope I may be present. It will be a melancholy satisfaction to me to gather their remains into the dust-bin and return them to their sorrowing relatives.

Though I am a neutral myself, and have never expressed any sympathies, I have been insulted frequently by women who hated the Germans or envied me, and who took this occasion gladly to let say "hate and spite." Some day, when our present whirlipool of unchained passions will have exhausted itself, those of us who are still alive may have the back and consider what part we have each played in the present frightful combat. How many times have we met Germans abroad and sneered openly at their table manners, how we have held ourselves when a fat German and his family have endeavoured to climb into our compartment? How have we acted at winter sporting centres, and ski boots, and mountain fastnesses? How have we made them feel that they were ornaments to the landscape, and that we thought them becomingly and fashionably clad?

After all, the Germans are human (one hesitates to make so advanced and revolutionary a statement at the present moment), and have we not added to their already natural dislike of our territorial aggrandisement by our manners and methods?

Could one small human (if human if it pleases the B.P. any better), could one small emperor cause such universal hatred in all the hearts of two enormous nations?

The influence of people on one another is so great that it is almost beyond conception. We have encouraged jealousy and ill-feeling against our successful friends, our acquaintances, enemies, rivals, and, if we are bruilliant writers, politicians, foreigners in general, we have hated the classes above and below us, the rich and the beautiful, the poor and the humble, and the slow and the swift.

We have sown a wind of spite, and now we reap a perfect whirlwind of fury.

Let us look at ourselves in the face for once, and confess that it is the greed, nastiness, and envy of the whole lot of us that has precipitated this calamity on our own heads.

The English nation to a man, and, certainly to a woman, is persistently nasty to all foreigners.

Some are weak and cannot retaliate, some, like the French, are indifferent, but at last we have crossed swords with a violent, proud, determined people, a people as brutal as we are hypocritical, and as determined as we are clever.

And we, the ordinary people, the man in the street, and the tea-table tabby, we have made them hate us to a man, and to a man they have arisen in their might, and to a man they will kill us if they are able.

* * *

FLORA KEYES.

CHILD LABOUR AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

Sirs,—A brief editorial in last week's New Age lays a much needed emphasis on the fact that when the war is over the glut of labour in the market will be so great that the end of the war will prove more disastrous than the war itself. In face of the wide recognition given to this fact, surely it is time that the organised working class movement took steps to place the matter of child labour on a satisfactory footing; for certainly it will...
be a highly discreditable state of things if thousands of unemployed adults will be walking the streets while children of the early years of age are idle-time wage-earners.

The victory of the Farmers' Union and its powerful allies in their attack on the education of the rural child and on Trade Unionism shows the need for prompt and determined action on the part of the executives of the organised working class movement.

For it must be remembered that the high privilege of exemption from school at the age of twelve years as intended by its supporters, including leaders of Social Democracy like Lady Warwick and Mr. Hyndman, not only for children engaged in agricultural pursuits, but when, because life is being so freely spent on the battle-front, can hardly be entertained in any state of society, is eminently suited for earnest discussion at this time, as Sir George Newman tells us, a "dead letter." When, because of exemption from school at the age of twelve years is provided that they can qualify, and the number of children over twelve who are now fed in town schools, in the rural areas the provision of Meals Act is, as Sir George Newman tells us, a "dead letter."

The glut of labour in the market when the war is over could be eased if in the work of reconstruction we laid it down that no child under the age of sixteen should be a wage-earner until the last unemployed able-bodied adult has been set to work. I submit, therefore, that the issue is not a question of the efficiency of the Union movement should take definite steps to secure the realisation of the oft-repeated demand of Trade Union Congress that the school age should be raised absolutely to sixteen, and that in place of the wages now paid to the child by the employer a maintenance grant should be given out of public funds.

The great majority of the most intelligent propagandists in the Trade Union and Socialist movements read The Age, and to them I commend this proposal as one completely suited for discussion at this time. When, because of exemption from school at the age of twelve years is provided that they can qualify, and the number of children over twelve who are now fed in town schools, in the rural areas the provision of Meals Act is, as Sir George Newman tells us, a "dead letter."

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times speak truly, and that Sir Christopher Wren was probably the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral.

P.S.—Mr. Bennies seems to forget that promotion is the act of a superior, that even in the French army officers are not elected by their subordinates. Moreover, such a factor as the condescending pity in his phrase, "poor old Netherman," is very bad for a philosopher to teach by means of metaphors! In times of peace "G. D." might have written.

Another instance of splitting unity.

"Sure enough." (Is "G. D." Irish?) Carlyle "literally soaked himself in German culture from youth to old age." So this sort of culture really is wet.

"But contradictory or crazy as Nietzsche may have been, he has at least placed upon record his opinion of Prussianism and German culture. They are somewhat remarkable." Prussianism and German culture are remarkable, we know; but "G. D." is referring to Nietzsche's opinion.

"While reminding "G. D." that writing was not "discovered," and that "them all" is preferable to "all of them," I should like to add, "Sure enough." So, the Pyramids could not keep him away to the bust-bin with him.

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