TOWARDS WHERE MILITARY NOTES. By Romney

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad

WHERE ENGLAND HAS FAILED. By S. Verdad

MILITARY NOTES. By Romney

TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS. By "National Guilds-

LETTERS TO A TRADE UNIONIST.—XV. By Row-

land Kenney

STRIKES AND RECRUITING. By C. H. Norman

LETTERS TO MY NEPHEW.—IX. By Anthony

Farley

STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND THE GUILDS. By G. D.

H. Cole

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By Alice Morning

ON ART AND LUXURY. By Ramiro de Maeztu

NOTES OF THE WEEK

We feel disposed to ask the rest of the world to stand aside and to leave the I.L.P. to us. Our qualifications for addressing it, though its leaders have never listened to us before, are of a very special kind. Not only do we know their history from its beginning, but in a certain measure, as the world knows, we share their wishes and their aspirations. No doubt whatever that if we and the I.L.P. were each to find things as we would have them, they would turn out to be very much alike. Moreover the I.L.P. has been met by the same problems that we have long ago encountered and overcome. The same hopes and fears that now beset it. Moreover the I.L.P. has been met by the same difficulties were once ours. Particularly has this been the case with the subject of the relation of foreign policy to domestic social policy. Five years ago, except for articles on foreign affairs that might have appeared in any radical journal, the Labour and Socialist press knew scarcely how to spell its way upon a map of the world. But since that date we have given our best attention to the subject. We claim to understand the relation of foreign policy (including, of course, foreign capitalism) to Labour and social policy as no Socialist journal has ever understood it before. It is true that, as a rule, no Socialist will ever learn he once felt a rude surprise to them to learn that they have been effectually against contamination by middle-class ideas—even to the extent of formal pacifism and formal ethics. We say "formal," because it is obvious that the peculiar contribution of the middle-class propagandists to these movements is not practice, but merely a popular vocabulary. Who in the world, that knows them, would regard even the very members of
these societies, let alone their acolytes, as in any practi-
cal sense more peaceful or ethical than the rest of us? The I.L.P., however, has, of all the Labour particles, fallen off so sadly to the I.L.P. with the effect, as we now see, that the I.L.P. is, of all Labour particles, the least distinguishable from the societies presided over by Mr. Stanton Coit and Mr. Nor-
aman Angell respectively. But what a fate to befall a party that set out some twenty years ago to produce a revolu-
tion in the economic status of working men! To be swal-
lowed by Mr. Coit and Mr. Angell, and to be em-
ployed in forwarding, not the welfare of the working,
but the welfare of little Bethelism.

* * *

It is certain, however, that these middle-class micro
ces could not have found a lodgment in the body of the I.L.P. unless there had been in its system some alien matter for them to feed upon. From its earliest
days, indeed, the I.L.P., though nominally Labour and
Socialist in programme and in intention, has been actu-
ally in and personnel composed in equal parts of ethicists
and economists. Jesus Christ and Karl Marx have
equally “inspired” the movement from its foundation.
Think of Mr. Keir Hardie who revelled in the name of
“The Christ of the movement”; and, on the other side,
of Marx’s “Capital” as “the Bible of the Working
Classes”, the two theories hitherto believed to have been
names are plainly at daggers drawn with each other. Admitting that they may and must in life proceed side
by side, it by no means follows that room can be found
for both in the same party. As a matter of fact there has
never been room for both in the I.L.P.; but each
alternately, or both confusedly together and at cross-
purposes, have dominated the policy of the party, to the
bitterness of the observer and the despair in turn of
each of the component sections of the party. When, for
instance, questions of ethics have almost entirely arisen—drak-
ing, gambling, moral vice and what not—the I.L.P. has
usually examined the matters as economists; the effect
of these things and of the reforms suggested upon
wages is considered. And when, on the other hand, pure
ethical questions have arisen, then the I.L.P. has examined them as
ethicists. Always it is
Karl Marx who pronounces upon the problems of
Jesus; and Jesus who determines the problems of Karl
Marx.

* * *

This misapplication of thought and utter confusion of
ideas can be traced throughout the history of the I.L.P.;
but its consequences have never been as serious as they
are likely to prove to-day. By so much as the war is
the greatest event with which Labour has ever been
faced, by so much is the error of the I.L.P., in envisag-
ing it as an ethical problem mainly, greater in its magni-
tude and in its disastrous effects. On lesser matters, an
error, due to confusion of thought, may be unfortunate
but retrievable. On a matter as great as war, an error
must be fatal. On the main point of the main
problem, however, not only is the I.L.P. confused funda-
mentally, but the confusion is of such a contrariety of
texture that nothing clear can ever come of it. The
speeches and the resolutions of the recent Congress,
for instance, are not so much examples of perversity as
examples of stultifying self-contradiction. Literally, if
the meanings of the same were added up and their re-
results compared, the effect would be seen to be a mutual
cancellation to a perfect zero of nothingness. But what
is the main confusion to which we refer? It is, as we
have indicated, the belief, somehow or other entertained,
that a political party can carry on the work of an ethical
society, or that practical politics can be at one with
idealist ethics. A political party, however, has no
reality unless it is confined, in the first instance, to
objects practicable and realisable in a given political
community. On the other hand, an ethical propaganda that
is merely local in its scope or practical in its ends is
ipso facto not ethical in the broad sense, but an affair
of manners. The I.L.P., we readily admit, has not
taken it very much into its narrow mind. On the contrary,
as local and particular as its political outlook
is, so wide and universal is its ethical outlook.
With the narrowest of political interests possible to any
party at all, it tried to combine ethical interests as wide
as those of the ethical Church in its palmest days. This
is most clearly shown, perhaps, in its attitude towards in-
ternationalism and pacifism. On both these points of
view (for they are no more), the I.L.P., the party of the
proletariat, holds opinions no one might have distinguished
from the aspirations of the saints. Its internationalism,
for example—what is it but a cosmopolitanism such as
the early Christians dreamed of, in which race, nation,
caste, creed, colour and sex should be obliterated in a
universal brotherhood? Very truly we say it as an
ideal for a propagandising society; and all power we wish
it—no less than we wish all power to its precise oppo-
site. But it is not, we must point out, compatible with
the most restricted economic doctrine ever formulated
by any group of men. To imagine that an I. L. P. ethics
means to combine universal brotherhood with the particular
interests of the workers, as one might in the narrow
realm of its party politics, is to invite the wrong
sense of history.

* * *

The penalty, however, of confusing an ethical pro-
paganda with an economic mission is not alone hypo-
crisy in the former. (Fancy Mr. J. R. Macdonald
as an early Christian martyr—the man is Scots of Scots)
—it is failure in the latter. Pacifism is not only in
itself no foreign policy whatever, but it application of
Labour economics robs Labour of any foreign policy
whatsoever, by which act it is merely local in its scope or
practical in its ends is ipso facto not ethical in
the broad sense, but an affair of manners. The I.L.P.,
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The New Age

April 15, 1915
economists, the question is crucial. So far from accepting the universal ethic, Labour, on the other hand, must adopt, if it is to succeed, a most particular and precise economic. Instead of formulating a negative foreign policy on the basis of primitive Christianity, it must formulate an opposition to the capitalistic foreign policy that now prevails. Let it be admitted that the foreign policies of present-day nations are determined by capitalist interests—as undoubtedly they are—the Labour reply in this practical world, where power, money, and parties are dominant, is not to oppose it to a sublime ethic, attainable only by saints and martyrs, but a foreign policy to be determined by the interest of Labour. Exactly as capital formulates and carries out its foreign policy pari passu with its domestic policy, so Labour must do the same. And what its foreign policy must be is a foreign policy to be determined by the interest of Labour. Labour finds itself. It is not internationalism; nor is it pacifism with the ulterior motive of social reform. The true foreign policy of the Labour Party is that the national capital abroad no less than at home; to bring it within the direction of the class that produces it, without the consent of Labour.

The true foreign policy of the Labour Party is to control the nation's welfare. The Labour foreign policy is the fusion of mind of the I.L.P. That he entertains more concerning English diplomacy, of which our national diplomacy has been secret, than concerning German diplomacy, of which the public has not been officially informed, Mr. Jowett is both an honest man and a painstaking student. If Mr. Jowett, then, of all the leaders of the I.L.P., has fallen into confusion and committed contradictions, the cause is not to be sought in cunning or in intellectual imbecility, but in the pretensions upon which the I.L.P. has based its present attitude. That he has fallen into contradictions himself, we believe, will admit when we have pointed them out. They are very many, in fact, and some of them are glaring. Let us take, to begin with, his declaration of the double object of the I.L.P. According to him, the business of the I.L.P. is in general to protest against the existence of "secret diplomacy," and in particular "to state the facts concerning the origin of the present war and which the public is not sufficiently informed." But leaving aside, for the moment, the impracticable ethical demand for an open diplomacy—even the I.L.P. has its secret conferences which rig its public conferences—the inconsistency between complaining that information is secret and of then showing its secrets upon the housetops is surely apparent. If our national diplomacy has been secret, whence have Mr. Jowett and the I.L.P. derived their knowledge of the facts of which the public has not been officially informed? If it is true that Mr. Jowett has satisfied himself that he has all the facts at his disposal (and not only of our own but of other nations' foreign policy), then diplomacy is not secret, but only somewhat of a trouble to trace; and no complaint can lie against it. But if, on the other hand, as seems more probable, Mr. Jowett has only a crumb or two of information more than the rest of the world, he is claiming to set his judgment on a part against the Government's judgment on the whole. What is this, under the circumstances, but to refuse to give, in a dispute between contending nations, the benefit of the doubt to our own? Doubt, ex hypothesi, must needs exist concerning the diplomacy no less of our own country than of our enemy countries, whose diplomacy, by necessity, is equally secret with ours. But of the relative degrees of doubt, Mr. Jowett, it appears, entertains a little, than concerning German diplomacy of which he knows nothing. In a dispute where all the parties have acted with greater or less secrecy, what is there in justice to lead Mr. Jowett to give his own nation out? The benefit of the doubt may surely be claimed, in the first instance, for our own side.

If Mr. Jowett's cosmopolitanism (improperly termed internationalism) has led him to favour another nation before his own—in strict accord with ethics, but at variance with his class economics—an equally ill-defined but cognate democratic belief has led him to attribute more virtue to the German people than to the English. "We defend the German people," he said, "particularly that section of the German Socialist Party which has stood true to the International." There may be evidence that Liebknecht and a few other individuals in Germany have kept their heads and remembered their working-class mission even in the midst of the war, but to identify them with "the German people" or the German people with them is to do both an injustice. Not only is there no evidence that the German people is innocent of the war, but Mr. MacDonald all unwittingly as good as charged them with it within a few moments of Mr. Jowett's declaration that the I.L.P. "defends the German people." "The only way you are going to upset Prussian militarism," said Mr. MacDonald, "is by upsetting Prussian politics . . . and the smashing blow must come from the German people themselves." What is this but to admit that the German people have maintained Prussian militarism, the cause of the war, and thereby to charge them with it? To defend the German people who have had it in their power to "smash" Prussian militarism and who nevertheless permitted it, is to defend, not the innocent but the guilty. It is, moreover, by innuendo, to condemn the English people, and thus, once more—and all in the name of internationalism—to prefer a foreign people over our own.

At the price of appearing the mountebank he is, Mr. Norman Angell, the I.L.P. Cassandra could patriotically do under the circumstances was to commit hari-kari for three years or the duration of the war. The best course would have been to remain silent on the subject and meanwhile to return to its proper task of economic propaganda. Strangely enough this very course was recommended by Mr. Jowett himself at the same Conference at which, for the rest, nothing but the war seems to have been discussed. We have seen that in his opinion the immediate mission of the I.L.P. is to warn us of what we were steering into that even with the I.L.P. now to see the country exposed from which we have been free for a century? The least the I.L.P. Cassandra could patriotically do under the circumstances was to commit hari-kari for three years or the duration of the war. Its best course would have been to remain silent on the subject and meanwhile to return to its proper task of economic propaganda.
some of the consequences that usually followed war.” Very good is the task to go; but if gigantic to be incompatible with the mission of publishing the facts concerning the origin of the war; it is nine months late in being determined upon as the policy of the I.L.P.; and, besides, it condemns the I.L.P. to economic idiocy forever. Nine months, we say, have gone and in all that time the I.L.P. to our knowledge has published no pamphlet, leaflet, direction to the proletariat or appeal to the Government, upon any subject save the war in which it professes to take no part. No part of the social revolution the dearly-beloved “worker” have been such, we should have thought, as would justify more than contemplation of their consequences after the war. In these columns—unread by the I.L.P.—we have for some months been engaged in diagnosing the relations of the war and noting the social revolution in which industry, all unknown to its Labour leaders, is being involved. Why has not the I.L.P. been similarly engaged, with its conscience so void of national offence, its hands so clean of complicity in the war? The answer is to be found in the capture of its platform by middle-class pacifists, more concerned (oh, infinitely) in the peace of capitalism than in the war of the proletariat.

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The ethical society appeared again in the suggestion made by Mr. Jowett that the way to end war is “to extend the Hague Tribunal and form a Federation of European nations.” We have heard this before, we fancy; and once at least in the remark by the old lady, of the present war, that “it was a shame the Great Powers did not intervene.” It is all very well to advocate Hague tribunals and federations of the nations against war; we are not opposed to their propaganda, but wish well every society engaged in it. The propaganda, however, is not only unbecoming the political party of a section of a nation—with quite other intentions up its sleeve—but it is particularly unbecoming to the I.L.P. at the recent Conference above all conferences. For what are the facts concerning the Hague Conventions now before the world? That with the exception of the Allied belligerents, whose alleged motive, at any rate, is the maintenance of the conventions and of treaties in general, not one of the signatory nations, now neutral, has protested, even against the most flagrant breaches of the articles they solemnly swore to preserve. But if the Hague Tribunal cannot preserve even the humane decrecencies of modern warfare, its power to preserve peace is as insubstantial as a shadow. And what, we may ask, was Mr. Jowett about, when denunciation was nothing, but is that the object Mr. Jowett has put them right—is that England never wanted to fight, but that Germany did, as the construction of her challenging fleet and her invasion of Belgium would seem to show. In this, of course, they are wrong, for Mr. MacDonald has said, that the I.L.P. and the I.L.P. will neither admit that our soldiers are criminal lunatics who deserve to be treated as such, nor that they are as well informed as the rest of us concerning the origins and authors of the war, we are left in this quandary. Our soldiers did; they could not (under the conditions of the deplorable “secret diplomacy”) almost as much as the I.L.P. With such information as they have they have volunteered to fight for England. With the little little more in the possession of the I.L.P., the I.L.P. have volunteered to put them ”moving tributes” and otherwise to let come a defeat that will expose us to dangers which we have avoided for a century. Oh, the little more and how much it is! It appears to be the difference between victory and defeat!

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It would be a matter of the smallest consequence to anybody what the I.L.P. thought if its position and reputation (gained in other fields) were not committed in the work of discrediting the working classes. As it is, however, the I.L.P. is running the risk of robbing the workers of the credit their patriotic sacrifices are winning, and of leaving them, after the war, without a rag of public justification. Doubtless this depression of the status of Labour will be welcome to the middle-class theorists who at present dominate the I.L.P.; but is that the object Mr. Jowett has in view? Again, as we have shown, the formal pacifism and of parties is incompatible with even so much as the beginnings of a foreign policy for Labour; and of no policy at this moment is the Labour Party more in need than a positive foreign policy. When we remember that English capital is now being used, to the extent of hundreds of millions a year, to exploit cheap foreign labour for the purpose of further exploiting the English worker as a consumer, the need of Labour to watch foreign affairs and to have a policy upon them is imperative. With the first export of Capital to Ballybar, from a Labour point of view, ceased to be watertight. But with four thousand millions invested abroad Labour is scarcely even a peninsula, it is an integral part of the capitalist world. It follows from this that for Labour in particular the control of foreign policy, by means of the control of English capital, is more necessary than ever. And if it should happen that this control is most easily to be won by concentrating upon economics at home, the duty of the I.L.P. is to drop its windy sentiment about ethics and peace, and to resume its business of organising labour. We say in all seriousness that, since wars in future will more and more be won or lost, not upon the playing-fields of Eton, but in the factories of the Clyde and Tees, who controls labour controls the world. Here, perhaps, is a hint which the Marxian I.L.P. may insist upon not submitting to its Jesuses for judgment.
Foreighn Affairs

By S. Verdad.

In THE NEW AGE of April 1 I referred to the proposed to set up an Executive Council for the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh which, by mere accident, came before the House of Lords in the form of a Proclamation instead of a Bill. A Bill would have been treated as non-controversial instead of being battered by the criticism of timid Civil Servants; but the Proclamation was treated as Government business and was voted out. At the sitting of the Legislative Council at Delhi on March 25, when the Budget and other matters were being discussed, Lord Hardinge concluded the proceedings with a speech, in the course of which he said:

With a sense of profound regret I have heard that a motion for sending an address to the King-Emperor against the Proclamation creating an Executive Council for the United Provinces has been carried by 47 votes to 20. The House of Lords was induced to reject the proposals of the Indian Government. Lord Curzon is accepted by all the groups of political parties in this House. The project of Executive Councils has taken root in India and cannot now be eradicated. The inclusion of an Indian gentleman in a provincial Council is a source of great strength.

It may be taken for granted that an official in the responsible position of the Viceroy of India did not make these remarks without having well considered the effect of his words. There can be no question that what he said was justified; for it is well enough known in the quarters chiefly concerned why the House of Lords was induced to reject the proposals of the Indian Government. Lord Curzon is accepted by all the groups of Conservative and Liberal peers in the Upper House as the highest authority on Indian affairs; and Lord Curzon, with the interests of the Indian bureaucracy at heart, has invariably refused to support any measure tending to make more liberal and elastic the administration of India. For, when he was in India with Lord Curzon, was understood to be not unfavourable to more liberal administrative measures; and as Lord Curzon was forced to come home when he had a dispute with Lord Kitchener, it follows that plans which might be brought by Lord Kitchener's sympathy would be likely to be met with Lord Curzon's opposition. The consequent danger of taking it for granted that Lord Curzon is capable of giving an impartial view on any Indian question is a point that does not appear to have occurred to the House of Lords.

As the Viceroy's proposal—approved of, as he has reminded us, by the Indian Government, and by Indian public opinion—will eventually be passed even by the House of Lords, the matter might well have dropped for the time being if it had not been for the extraordinary leading article which appeared in the "Times" on March 20, a few days after the Viceroy's statement. Had the "Times" been The Hague Tribunal, sitting in solemn conclave and rebuking a defaulting South American Republic, its ponderous judgment could not appear to have occurred to the House of Lords. The result was that not a word about the performance of the "Times" was mentioned in the House of Lords, and its interest in India, Lady Northcliffe withdrew, as I have said; but before doing so she summoned the representatives of the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" and ordered them to go home, or to return to their offices—or to go on further adroit, for all that I know. The result was that not a word about the performance appeared in the "Times" or the "Daily Mail." It is personal pique of this kind which is at the back of the leading article on the Viceroy from which I have quoted. "Criticism in the "Times" must no longer be regarded as the well-considered if occasionally wrong-headed views of responsible men; and I mean this remark to apply to home and foreign affairs as much as to India. The Viceroy is as right as the "Times" is wrong; and there is no excuse for the publication of an article which seeks to bring Lord Hardinge into disrepute merely because he holds more enlightened views than Lord Curzon and Lord Sydenham.

is in this tone; and we find such expressions as "Drop it, ' get on with the war," ' some members of the Government are so intoxicated with the idea that they are seeking to apply the methods of an unbridled autocracy to every branch of the Administration, including many branches which have nothing whatever to do with the war."

This last sentence will surely amuse even the Indian Civil Service—one of the most complete and powerful autocracies that ever existed, and an autocracy which, in minor and major matters, is continually acting in a perfectly arbitrary manner. In the "Times" Educational Supplement of August 4, 1914, we find an exquisite instance of this arbitrariness. At a certain Indian university it was decided to re-arrange the academic terms so as to avoid the hot weather periods. This would, naturally, have been to the interests of teachers and students alike, as the "Times" admits. But the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, who acted as Chancellor ex-officio, refused to consent to the proposal of the university. Lord Curzon was forced to come home when he had a dispute with Lord Kitchener, was understood to be not unfavourable to more liberal administrative measures; and Lord Curzon, when he was in India with Lord Curzon, was understood to be not unfavourable to more liberal administrative measures; and Lord Curzon was forced to come home when he had a dispute with Lord Kitchener, it follows that plans which might be brought by Lord Kitchener's sympathy would be likely to be met with Lord Curzon's opposition. The consequent danger of taking it for granted that Lord Curzon is capable of giving an impartial view on any Indian question is a point that does not appear to have occurred to the House of Lords.

"No Viceroy of India has, to our knowledge, ever addressed a similar admonition to either House of Parliament. We can only suppose that, at a time when so many constitutional precedents are in the melting-pot, Vicerays as well as Cabinet Ministers become a law unto themselves. In our view, this unfortunate Indian controversy is extremely deplorable. It is just as reprehensible as any of the labour difficulties. It is a squabble which ought to be dropped at once, for it brings us nothing but discredit." The remainder of the article
Where England Has Failed.

It has recently been remarked by observers of events, and commented upon as a noteworthy phenomenon, that the diplomacy of England broke down just when the diplomacy of Germany began to act with acuteness and decision. It is acknowledged even by the Germans themselves that their Foreign Office did not serve them very well in recent years up to the outbreak of the war. Too much attention was devoted by the Wilhelmstrasse to the task of separating, or attempting to separate, England from France and France from Russia, with the result that when war did finally become inevitable England, France, and Russia were found standing firmly side by side. It was the belief of the German Government, first, that Russia would hardly dare to make war, and, secondly, that England would assuredly confine her support to kind words. The Kaiser's advisers were obviously annoyed, though not perhaps utterly astonished, when Russia decided to go to war on behalf of Serbia; and they were profoundly surprised and vexed, as we all know, when England decided to support France.

Up to that precise moment our diplomacy, in my judgment, had been well conducted. I am not arguing the question, which I see a few Liberal and Socialist writers and speakers still keep harping on, whether our foreign policy of the last twenty or thirty years was the proper policy or not. I am assuming the actual facts, namely, that Germany wished to secure some of our possessions and a good deal of our international trade, that to this end she entered into agreements with Turkey so as to be able to jeopardise, or at any rate to threaten, our position in the Mediterranean and in the Persian Gulf, and that she finally started to build a navy which was admittedly intended as a challenge to our sea power. It was obvious that we could not allow our interests to be placed at the mercy of a country which was at once the strongest land power and the second strongest sea Power; and the diplomatic counter-steps we took were admirably planned. We had many differences to settle with France and with Russia, and they were settled. When, therefore, the war which Germany instigated, prepared for, and openly demanded; these columns several weeks ago to the plan which was in preparation for leasing an island from the Nor-

dy; and it would have put an immediate end to the hesitancy still shown by Greece and by Bulgaria.

Why is it, however, that Greece has been allowed to hesitate, and that Bulgaria has not been made sufficiently aware that if she attacked Roumania in the rear it Roumania fought for the Allies her ultimate punishment would be certain? And why, taking the neutral countries generally, was the German propaganda allowed to get such a firm hold before the English side of the case was presented? I can answer for one or two points, and before proceeding it may be well for me to give what I know the Foreign Office would put forward as a defence.

It is known that the Treaty of Bucharest (1913) which was supposed to settle the Balkan War did not, in reality, settle the main points connected with that war. In the first place, the whole financial side of the question—the indemnities, if any, to be taken from Turkey; the proportions of the Ottoman Debt to be allocated to the conquering States, etc.—was confided to an International Financial Commission, which was to sit, it will be recalled, in Paris. This Commission did actually meet three or four times; but its proceedings were so very stormy that there were considerable intervals between the sittings, and when the parties concerned were trying to reach some kind of extra-Commission agreement, to be discussed at another session, the present war broke out and the proceedings were adjourned indefinitely. Many important financial matters relating to the Balkan War, then, still remain to be settled. In the second place, no territorial question was decided by the Bucharest Treaty. It is clear that the campaign against Turkey ended when a struggle broke out among the Balkan League States. Without much warning, Bulgaria suddenly turned on her two chief allies, Greece and Serbia, and attacked them savagely. Her excuse was that Serbia and Greece were conspiring to defraud her of territory. Whether there was any truth in the suggestion or not is a matter that need not concern us. The fact remains that Serbia and Greece defeated Bulgaria and seized, as compensation for the treacherous attack, territory admittedly Bulgarian. Serbia possesses a large part of Bulgarian Macedonia; Greece a large part of Bulgarian Thrace.

Austria and Germany always made a point of sympathising with Bulgaria, and the Vienna Government, as we are now told, definitely gave Bulgaria to understand that Austrian assistance might be confidently expected if the time ever came when Bulgaria thought herself strong enough to tear up the Treaty of Bucharest. The time for that has come sooner than was ever realised. Bulgaria has never made a secret of the fact that she expects to be able to take Bulgarian Macedonia from Serbia towards the end of the present campaign; for it is clear that Serbia cannot go on fighting indefinitely without becoming exhausted. An Austrian-German victory would, of course, preclude Russia from punishing Bulgaria for another treacherous attack on Serbia; and it is an Austro-German victory which Bulgaria has been led to expect. That she has been led to form this expectation is not saying much for our diplomacy.

It is true, as has been hinted in our newspapers vaguely from time to time, that English diplomatists have been trying to bargain as between Serbia and Bulgaria and between Bulgaria and Greece, so as, if possible, to arrange for an exchange of territory without hurting the feelings of any of the countries concerned; but these negotiations, which have been proceeding, I think, since October, and certainly since November, have not yet reached a definite result. The consequence is that Bulgaria still menaces our potential ally,
The New Age

Roumania, and that Greece, once all but won over, is
surely lost to us for the time being.

It is really no excuse for our diplomats to say that
any of these neutral countries would gladly join us if
they knew we were going to win. It is perfectly
comprehensible that such countries as Holland, Denmark,
Greece, Norway, Bulgaria, Italy, and Sweden should
prefer to wait for a definite indication. But it was the
duty of our diplomacy to make them realise what is
the fact, viz., that the Germans were defeated the
moment their plans were shattered on the banks of the
Marne, and that henceforth their ultimate downfall was
only a matter of time. It was the duty of our diplo-
mat to arrange for the benevolent neutrality of
these smaller countries, if not for their actual par-
ticipation. It cannot be said that we have received
marks of special favour from any of them since the war
began. It is true that both Sweden and Holland have
protested against the German attacks on merchant
steamers; but they have also protested against our
blockade.” As for the United States, the Washing-
ton Government has done nothing but endeavour to
hamper our movements ever since the campaign began.

There has not been a single American protest against
the innumerable German violations of The Hague Con-
tvention; but there have been several against the de-
defensive measures which the tactics of our opponents
made it inevitable for us to take. To-day, after nearly
nine months of war, we find ourselves with no stronger
support than we had at the beginning. We have now
on our side Belgium, Serbia, Russia, France, Monten-
egró, and Japan, as we had at first. We have not had
the assistance of Portugal, Italy, or Denmark, which
ought reasonably have been expected, although we lent
Italy a large sum of money; we have not had the assist-
ance of Roumania, which could not move because we
failed to secure for her the neutrality of Bulgaria; we
have not secured the moral support of Holland and of
the United States, we have not yet entirely
subdued the rising in South Africa; and our ally, Japan,
had entered into negotiations with China which have
caused no little embarrassment to the authorities at
home.

Nor is that the end of the indictment. There is no
doubt that the connivance of at least two, and very
probably three, South American Republics enabled the
Germans to utilise certain islands off their coasts as
coaling stations, in defiance of international law. There
is no doubt, also, that the Allies’ case has not even to
this day been adequately presented to the South Amer-
ican Republics; and that the person whom the Foreign
Office here has authorised to place our case before them
is not a wholly competent person. Further-

more, in August last, Spain was warmly sympathetic to
the Allies’ cause, in September she was rather in-
different, and since October she has been largely pro-
German. In China there have been pro-German
intrigues. Truly, a remarkable record for the Ger-
man and their diplomacy since August, and a mighty poor
record for us!

And the cause? Chiefly that quality of aloofness
which distinguishes our Foreign Office—a quality which,
admireable as I gladly acknowledge it to be in many
ways, is positively pernicious when a country is trying
to obtain for itself the moral sympathies and the moral
support of the world. Our Foreign Office appears to
have thought that it could take a holiday when the work
of the war began; but it should be impossible so long
as it is the duty of the Foreign Office, in time of war, to
support the army. Indeed, it never occurred to me that
such an elementary principle would have to be pointed
out. The Wilhelmstrasse made haste to support the
German army. A Press campaign was opened in every
neutral country in the world; and when I say a Press
campaign I do not mean a few perfunctory articles in the
newspapers. No less a person than the German Ambas-
sador in Washington undertook the campaign in the
United States, and one of the most important public men
in Germany, Herr Denburg, went over to assist him.
The newspapers here, evidently acting upon instructions
from on high, poured contempt upon this propaganda.

In reality both Count Bernstein and Herr Denburg
achieved remarkable results. The German Press cam-
paign in Scandinavia was organised by one of the clever-
est diplomats in the service of the Kaiser, Baron von
Kühlmann, up to August last First Secretary of the
German Embassy here. Baron von Kühlmann, having
organised Scandinavia, organised the German case in
Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey; and he has
just now become German Minister at The Hague.
Prince Buelow was set to win over Italy. Of course,
every German consul, and practically every German
business house in these countries, has been pressed into
lengthy shrewd little arguments. It is perfectly
comprehensible that such countries as Holland, Denmark,
Greece, Norway, Bulgaria, Italy, and Sweden should
protested against the German attacks on merchant
steamers, at least, to arrange for the benevolent neutrality
of the Fatherland, and private letters and
leaflets add to the weight of the German moral case,
impress people with the power of the German army and
the German navy, and make clear to them the stability
of Germany’s finances.

In other words, the Germans not merely respect the
views of neutrals; they take all possible care to secure
the sympathy of neutrals by appealing to them in their
own language. As I have often said in these columns,
the German case will not stand the test; but, in the
absence of any other case, it is plausible. A little ex-
aggeration here, a little suppression there, makes a
great deal of difference. It has meant to us the dif-
ference between support and suspicion; between bene-
volent and hostile neutrality. Our Foreign Office will
have to change its tactics, and quickly.

S. Verdad.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

By far the most important matter at the moment is the
shortage in munitions—a shortage which, affecting as it
does not only our own arms, but the forces of all our
Allies and particularly Russia, bids fair to delay the
great concerted advance which was to have decided the
contest in the late spring. The blame for this shortage
may be attributed to various persons—men will lay it
according to their predilections upon the shoulders of
masters, of men, or of that dread spirit, alcohol; but
whatever be the truth, the State is only immediately
concerned to end it at once. The apportionment of the
blame can come later—when the armies have
exchanged relations with the French. Meanwhile, it is an astounding
thing that, having in its hands such legal power as no
British Government has had before, and certain as a
Government ever can be of the undivided support of
the nation, the present Ministry can offer no better
solution than that the King and Lord Kitchener shall
give up beer! The thing is too silly and too piti able.
If the drink shops are at fault, shut them; if the masters
are at fault, hang them; if the men are at fault, shoot
them all; but for God’s sake, don’t pander and
muddle. The crisis is supreme.

* * *

The time is approaching when Germany will make
some definite offer of peace upon the basis of the status
quo or terms to that effect, and in spite of the loud
words of Ministers there is a danger that we may be
inclined to accept it. England does still contain a
larger proportion than any other country of persons
able to delude themselves, and the dear creatures who
before the war might be heard explaining away Ger-
many’s deliberate and three-year-long preparations for
an aggressive war will doubtless be heard again. Men
will be found to suggest that the Russians have been
shown they cannot maintain in Europe—every one of
them is all which is wanted. Now one may as well admit
quite frankly that from the point of view of France, and

April 15, 1915
perhaps even of Russia, such a peace would be quite worth considering. France would undoubtedly be compensated with a portion of the lost provinces, and Germany is not in the least likely ever to attempt their reconquest. An arrangement between Germany and Russia is also not impossible.

It is England who would be the loser. The German fleet would come out of the struggle practically intact, and able to resume the competition for the mastery of the seas. The whole energies of the German people, a people which, be it understood, would not feel itself anything like defeated—would be able to be turned to the destruction of England, which, it is significant, has already been indicated to German opinion as the real object of the war. In addition the devastation of Poland, of Belgium, and of Northern France would have removed some of her industrial competitors. One therefore hopes that England will not be sufficiently foolish to accept such a peace. At no time shall we be stronger than we are at present; at no time shall we have more Allies; at no time will Germany be nearer to her knees. Village idiots like the headmaster of the school may not be able to perceive these facts, but the intelligent portion of the community may be trusted not to lose sight of them, and to remain staunch through the remainder of the campaign, however long. It is our leaders whom we have to fear.

Pope Joseph Hocking has decided that war can be Christian, so henceforth the whole weight of British Nonconformity will be thrown upon the Allies' side. This is spiritually a great comfort; there is more joy in heaven over one lunatic that returns to sanity than over ninety and nine sane men who never needed a strait waistcoat. Also the supreme Pontiff's arguments, as exposed in Good Friday's "Chronicle," are sound enough; but on the other hand one is tempted to ask why was not all this discovered before? War has existed since the beginning of time, Nonconformity for about three centuries, and Mr. Joseph Hocking for about fifty years; and yet it requires a cataclysm involving seventy-five per cent. of Europe and a struggle with our national existence for the stake, to convince these people that it is lawful to bear arms and to defend oneself. Well, I can tell Mr. Hocking, on behalf of the conforming portion of the community, that practically his repentance is not worth trumper; that he and his Nonconformist brethren of to-day have not enough guts in them to make their eminency or their assistance of the least account in such a contest as this; but that what has mattered is that through the long years of peace, when it was as open to them to be converted from pacifism as it is now, and when their conversion might have been of considerably greater value, he and they spent all their time endeavouring to abolish the Army, to reduce the Navy, to hamper our diplomacy, and generally to throw every obstacle in the way of those whose saner vision foresaw, and whose saner judgment sought to prepare against, the struggle that was coming. A book which Mr. Hocking and his kidney have brought into some dispute by their misuse of it informs us that a dog returneth to its vomit. We shall see Nonconformists asking us to spare the poor dear Germans before the year is out.

Anyone who has been to Hungary and seen the rich black earth and suffered from the almost complete absence of roads, will understand why a Russian invasion is at present impossible; but anyone who has seen the long, treeless, hedgeless, ditchless plains will also understand that when the summer does come and the passes are forced, there will be every opportunity for the destruction by cavalry and Cossacks of the Germans' one remaining granary. We are now learning from the British press of how gentle a creature is the Cossack, and how truly Christian is his way of making war. I don't know, but I have my doubts, and all I can say is that I should not like to be a dweller in the plains of Hungary at the present moment. For the rest, as soon as that sort of thing begins there is an end to Hungary's share in the alliance.

Towards National Guilds.

From the review of "National Guilds" in the "Manchester Guardian" we conclude that the reviewer (Mr. R. C. K. Ensor) thinks he could write a better book on the subject. "The subject," he says, "deserves a systematic exposition, but the authors have skimmed over it." Well, we are not jealous, we anonymous persons. If Mr. Ensor or anybody else will make a systematic exposition we shall be the first to—examine it!

"The Socialist Review" (Mr. Bruce Glasier) has all the cant of the old-fashioned anti-Socialists, and of the new utopians (Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Graham Wallas, Mr. Lippmann and other incontinent thinkers). A definite scheme is anathema to those loose-edged nimboids. We have forgotten, it appears, the "complexities" of highly organised society, and we have ignored the "higher factors that make for emancipation and progress." Come, Mr. Glasier, you are not addressing an audience of sentimental admirers now. What do you mean by these "higher factors." Are you one of them? And if they are "higher" are you able to control them? On the other hand we have, it seems, flown too high in our faith in the proletariat. Mr. Glasier writes of "the improbability of the workers demanding or the present owners conceding" the rise in status we advocate. Where are the higher factors now? Oh, but we are mistaken when we say we would abolish the wage system! Gradations of "pay," such as we suggest for the hierarchy of the Guild, are only wages after all! There is no reasoning against this; it requires a mallet.

An able review in the "Fabian News" remarks on "a curious resuscitation of the crude labour-value theory of three-quarters of a century ago." We are not sure to which theory Mr. Webb refers—there have been so many. But perhaps the Fabian researchers will indicate it more exactly and then contrast it with our own.

A recent correspondent remarked on the likeness between the ideals of Robert Owen and the theory of National Guilds. The history of the Owenite movement, as rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Webb in the chapter on "The Revolutionary Period (1829-1842)" of their "History of Trade Unionism," is full of interest to Guildsmen. To Robert Owen, it is there written, "political Democracy, which was all-in-all to Cobbett and his readers, appeared quite secondary to industrial Democracy, or the co-operative ownership and control of industry answerable to the economic co-operation in all industrial processes which had been brought about by machinery and factory organisation." Again quoting: "Owen and his more enthusiastic disciples were persuaded that a universal voluntary association of workers for productive purposes on his principles would render the political organisation of society of comparatively trivial account." Owen's proposals were akin to Syndicalism, as he intended the land and instruments to be owned by those who used them. The Trade Unions, as "national companies," were to control industry very much as is contended by the Syndicalist of to-day. The joint-stock interest-mongering dangers of this course have been already emphasised enough in these columns.
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

Let us assume that we have succeeded in absorbing all petty Unions in an industry into one large Guild; let us further assume that we have enrolled in the Guild the salaried workers in the industry; the question then arises as to the direct objects to be attained and the steps necessary to accomplish those objects. But first you must notice what complete Guild organisation implies: Any industry in which the workers have progressed beyond the confines of Trade Unionism will be entirely at the mercy of the Guild; for no Guild will be complete until it has enrolled in its service all the men engaged in the industry. That is, it will have formed a Labour Trust. Competition in the sphere of its activities will be impossible because, having monopolised all the labour capable of carrying on the industry, the future of the industry will be in its hands. At present the greatest danger to the Trade Unionist is the Non-Unionist; given a Guild, the Non-Unionist would be non-existent. Also note that we must take care to see that all industries develop on Guild lines at a fairly even rate. For our own sakes, and for a variety of reasons, we cannot have one or two sections of the labour army getting miles ahead of the others; so that even the approach to National Guilds must be made under the banner of organised solidarity.

Having noted the above points we may now proceed with the direct objects of the Guild. The first object is the substitution of "pay" for "wages." As rent, interest, and profits in the last analysis, are the margin between the price paid for labour and the price of commodities, rent, interest, and profits must be attacked through the cost of labour. Instead of individual workers offering their labour to employers, even at what is called a standard rate, the Guild will offer to carry on the industry, furnishing all the labour power and conducting for profit.

The clause is as follows:—

That the labour of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce. Nothing contained in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence of any operation of labour ... organisations, instituted for the purposes of mutual help, and not having capital stock or conducted for profit.

In its way the insertion of this clause in a Senate Bill unanimously passed by the Senate of the United States. What loose language, what exaggeration, what cliché, our readers will say! But wait a moment and it may be agreed that the description is sober and accurate. As everybody knows, there has been a good deal of anti-Trust legislation in America. What everybody, however, does not know is that the more we observe the more certain we have become that the commercial Trusts have every reason for seeing the labour unions included with themselves in hostile legislation, it is a wonder the two have ever been distinguished. The Senate, however, in Section 7 of the recent Bill, proceeded in distinguishing between a Trust in commodities and a Trust in labour, and in terms that should delight every reader of The New Age. The clause is as follows:—

That the labour of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce. Nothing contained in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence of any operation of labour ... organisations, instituted for the purposes of mutual help, and not having capital stock or conducted for profit.

In its way the insertion of this clause in a Senate Bill is as great a triumph for freedom as the famous declaration against chattel slavery. It marks the first formal recognition by any government in the world of the principle we have done our best to bring to light—the principle, namely, that whatever custom, expediency or profit may prevail in regard to labour, labour may not, on peril of the complete degradation of the human race, be regarded theoretically as a commodity. We congratulate the American Senate on being the first public body to recognise this principle openly and in plain language. We congratulate ourselves on having lived to see it so adopted. We congratulate our readers on the prospects now opening to the world. An olive-branch has been brought to our Ark; the Flood is subsiding.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
except, perhaps, in the actual transition period. They will be dealing with the State as the sovereign body of the whole people. The employers will naturally try to save their position when the power of the Guilds becomes apparent. As the organisations are developed and the workers grow in strength and intelligence, the employers will come forward themselves, declaring in the same old tone that the interests of employment are identical. The Press will be set on (business as usual) to persuade labour to use its strength to buttress up capital. Indeed, we have already had examples of this. The recent propagandists of Labour-Copartnership is an attempt to perpetuate wagery in spite of the growing power and the dawning intelligence of the wageslaves, and, wherever you find capital in a corner there you will find it smiling and beaming on labour, asking for co-operation and sweet reasonableness. As one instance of this let me remind you of the long series of railway accidents in 1912 and 1913. Public opinion began to turn against the companies. It was seen that profits were of more concern to railway directors than were the lives of passengers or employees. So, after one accident as after the other it seemed, as if in the first place to lack of safeguards, had been secondarily caused by a lapse on the part of the engineer-driver, the general manager of the railway got hold of the driver, and tried to keep them out of the hands of their Union leaders, and asserted that the interests of the men were the same as the interests of the company. Whoever puts capital in danger will be courted by capitalists.

Given a Guild we may reasonably hope that the employers' blarney will cease to be effective. If once labour has the intelligence to link up its forces and strike a blow at wagery it will certainly have the intelligence to tell the employers what to do with themselves. And the weapon they may be powerless to the profiteers the margin between wages and the selling price of commodities; the transference of capital from one industry to another industry; the cessation of work for wages and consequent profit by employers; and the organisation of a contractual bond between the Guild and the State. ROWLAND KENNEY.

**Strikes and Recruiting.**

By C. H. Norman.

One of the most remarkable results of securing Labour representation in Parliament has been the change in the point of view of some of those towards the needs of the class from which they have sprung. The use of Parliament as a kind of home of rest for superannuated Trade Union secretaries has had disastrous consequences upon the working class movement. As examples of how far such thoughts have delayed the work of Parliament. In method we have weakened the moral fibre of some working class representatives, one has only to compare the letter of Mr. G. N. Barnes, who has been Secretary of the Engineers, with the article of the Archbishop of Glasgow, published in "The Tablet," criticising some editorial comments in that journal. The Archbishop wrote:

"Your leader writer speaks of the men as the Trade Unionists of Glasgow who are flattering for another farthing an hour for their work, and threatening to withhold ammunition till the bribe is paid. What is meant by the word hirelings—evidently used in an unfavourable sense on some of his language. Is the trade union not; the men are paying members of the trade union, and they have the right to vote and direct policy just as is done by members of Parliament. In what sense are the hirelings of the masters? In that sense nearly all of us hirelings, and there does not seem to be enough reason to reproach the engineers. How then, do you find capital in a corner there you will; nor are we hirelings. The men are "chauffering for a farthing an hour." (By the way, this sum is a rhetorical misstatement.) Since then, the men have been rewarded a peeny an hour advance in the "unofficial tribunal" of middle class bureaucrats. Are not the masters also chauffering? Why should men only be censured? It may be said—because they have moved, gone on strike. But the masters do not want to move; they have only to sit still, their profits go on and wages do not increase unless the men strike. The masters are ready enough to use their special weapon—a lock-out—when it suits them. It would not suit them just now. They want work to go on briskly and to produce good dividends, without having to pay higher wages. Meanwhile, prices of food and other necessaries go up. The men, most of whom, thank God, do not believe in race suicide, have families to think of their wives and children. Most of the masters and shareholders would be very little inconvenienced even if food prices should rise further and their dividends be somewhat reduced. As it is, they are by the trouble of looking out for new investments for surplus profits. We do not at present observe any very stringent conditions on the part of the employers; trade improved, the employing firms were full of orders—

G. N. Barnes, Esq., M.P.

Your leader writer speaks of the men as the Trade Unionists of Glasgow who are flattering for another farthing an hour for their work, and threatening to withhold ammunition till the bribe is paid. What is meant by the word hirelings—evidently used in an unfavourable sense on some of his language. Is the trade union not; the men are paying members of the trade union, and they have the right to vote and direct policy just as is done by members of Parliament. In what sense are the hirelings of the masters? In that sense nearly all of us hirelings, and there does not seem to be enough reason to reproach the engineers. How then, do you find capital in a corner there you will; nor are we hirelings. The men are "chauffering for a farthing an hour." (By the way, this sum is a rhetorical misstatement.) Since then, the men have been rewarded a peeny an hour advance in the "unofficial tribunal" of middle class bureaucrats. Are not the masters also chauffering? Why should men only be censured? It may be said—because they have moved, gone on strike. But the masters do not want to move; they have only to sit still, their profits go on and wages do not increase unless the men strike. The masters are ready enough to use their special weapon—a lock-out—when it suits them. It would not suit them just now. They want work to go on briskly and to produce good dividends, without having to pay higher wages. Meanwhile, prices of food and other necessaries go up. The men, most of whom, thank God, do not believe in race suicide, have families to think of their wives and children. Most of the masters and shareholders would be very little inconvenienced even if food prices should rise further and their dividends be somewhat reduced. As it is, they are by the trouble of looking out for new investments for surplus profits. We do not at present observe any very stringent conditions on the part of the employers; trade improved, the employing firms were full of orders—but an agreement is an agreement, and the men loyally worked on. The agreement was due to expire on January 13, 1915. On June 14, 1914, before war broke out, the men, after considering their position, decided to reply for an advance of twopence an hour. In the terms of the application was put in on December 7, 1914. The application was put in on December 7, 1914. The application was termed unreasonable and unjustifiable. . . . Later, meetings took place between masters and men. An increase of first one farthing then one halfpenny an hour was offered and refused. All this time the old scale of wages continued, and profits went on. At last the men lost patience and struck.

Mr. George N. Barnes, Labour member for one of the divisions of Glasgow, expressed some views very hostile to the men in an article in the "Daily News," which provoked the following letter from the present chronicle of these matters:

G. N. Barnes, Esq., M.P.

Dear Sir,—I have just read an article by yourself in the "Daily News" upon the Clyde strike. As at one time a fellow contributor with yourself to "Forward," I
should be glad if you would answer me this plain question. How is it that trade union leaders, like yourself, are so very ready to criticise the men who have striven to place you in the position in which you are now? I am moved to put the question for this reason: that in all the strikes, including the Clyde strike, had I been acting as professional adviser to the men I should have had to put on record my opinion that their demands were far below what could reasonably be asked. Yet, in nearly every case, the men have been thrown over by their leaders on some trivial ground. The great Medical and Legal Trade Union leaders do not act in this way. I am puzzled to know why the leaders of working men should think it their duty to consider the interests of the employers and the ruling classes, when neither the employers nor the ruling classes ever give the working classes anything until they are forced to do so. Yours very truly,

C. H. NORMAN.

Mr. G. N. Barnes answered thus:

Dear Sir,—Your somewhat whimsical letter is duly to hand, and I have to say in answer to your inquiry that the action I took was because of two considerations. First, because I knew the strike to be irregular, contrary to rule, and against the advice of the Society officials. I knew that the Society had paid, and, therefore, that the whole thing would end in a fiasco. Secondly, I had been asked by the Executive officials to help in getting resumption of work and compliance with rules. This happened a week before my letter, and I did not comply, not because I was not willing, but because I believed the form suggested in which that help might be given would not be best, as I considered as much as it might be to bring the men together in an excited state of mind, when, probably, they would refuse to hear me, as they had already refused to hear their own officials. The chance presented itself to put my views in what might be called a neutral quarter, and I did so, I hope kindly as well as candidly.

And you have answered my question, allow me to ask you one, viz.: What experience or knowledge have you to justify your criticising myself and others who are doing, or seems right in the circumstances mentioned, and especially what knowledge or experience had you to give weight to your advice, which you say you would have given in all the strikes of the last few years.

Yours truly,

Geo. N. BARNES.

REPLY.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your letter, though I think your description of the "Daily News" as "a neutral quarter" somewhat surprising. I need not comment on your letter, which speaks for itself, but I will merely answer your question.

My acquaintance with strike disputes has depended upon a most critical examination of the proposals of the men, and my criticisms of that sort of instances, I have made myself familiar with masses of evidence tendered at all kinds of conciliation inquiries. I have never hesitated to approach the point of view that the pay of the workers should depend upon the economic value of their labour to the community, not upon the fact that they are of a class which is expected by the other classes to remain in a state of subordination and contentment, no matter by what means they are cheated out of the fair return for their labour (which is the only commodity they have to sell) by artificial variations in the prices of necessities, by means of which the real wage is insensibly decreased to the advantage of the capitalist.

Yours truly.

C. H. NORMAN.

The next batch of correspondence is concerned with the wider question of the impede of the Labour Party into the recruiting camp, without securing any adequate guarantees in regard to the treatment of the workers whom they are seeking to seduce.

Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, P.C., M.P.

Sir,—Your acceptance of a Privy Councilorship from H. M. Government gives me an opportunity of making a few comments upon your recent proceedings in connection with the present disastrous war. You have been expending a good deal of time and energy in inducing others to fight, and I have come to the conclusion that a Labour Leader should not only be a good man, but that he must have that sagacity and wisdom which is necessary for the good of his party and the country.

Yours faithfully,

C. H. NORMAN.
Mr. Arthur Henderson replied as follows:

February 1, 1915.

Sir,—Absence from London prevented my replying earlier to yours of the 22nd. You intimate that in due course your letter carried with it its own condemnation, and I trust this intention may be carried into effect, as I am convinced that your letter carries with it its own condemnation. I have always been prepared to discuss way public conduct with members of the Labour movement, or with opponents belonging to other parties, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to do so with those who make such unworthy and unwarrantable reflections upon my political motives and my personal honour. I would, however, suggest that when you next proceed to comment upon the actions of any public representative, it would, in your own interest, be advisable to pay a much higher regard to accuracy of statement than your present communications to me. You make, by way of innuendo, a charge that is despicably mean and insulting, and that is unsupported by a tittle of evidence.

By all means go ahead with your wide circulation, and let the public see how slender is your claim to act as the champion of what is "honorable and Christian."

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR HENDERSON.

Mr. C. H. Norman.

REPLY.

February 1, 1915.

Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

Sir,—Your letter of the 1st inst. to hand, in reply to which I need only remark that I am mindful of your reference to "honorable and Christian," which is a quotation from yourself. Personally, I cannot pretend to be a Christian in the modern, Parliamentary sense. I leave that claim to the advocates of wholesale murder. I also note that you have wisely abstained from detailing in what respect my letter contained any "inaccuracy of statement."

Yours faithfully,

C. H. NORMAN.

Letters to my Nephew.

IX.

Commerce.

My DEAR GEORGE,—

I gather that you are now minded to reject all the professions and the Civil Service. Remains that cruel and indeterminate world of activities known as business. I suppose it means that you "busy" yourself about something not otherwise defined. If you are a merchant or a manufacturer, you are in business; if you are a commission agent, you are in business; if you are a commercial traveller, you are in business. If you are a farmer or a planter, somehow, and for a reason not explained to me, you are not in business. If you are a manufacturer, you are in business; if you are a banker or a planter, somehow, and for a reason not explained to me, you are not in business.

Apart from the obvious fact that what is fun to Harold the child of the money-worshipers, who, not only by the hypocrisy of it. No, my dear Tony, it won't bear thinking of in the way of duty. My only defence is that I play it as a game, precisely as I play polo or auction. And I get more fun out of business than out of cards or golf." He was once concerned in a lock-out with his associated employers. He secretly rationed the families of his own employees and chuckled delightfully when the men won. "I was really the saviour of my own side," he said. "The trade unionists thought the fellows are fools not to see that high wages pay best all round."

Observe that two strains of thought run through the argument. The first, that life is an infinitely precious thing; the second, that false bargaining degrades life.

The most urgent danger of the war is that we may subsequently appraisal live too cheaply. I can only hope that, regarding our cause as just, we may convince ourselves that the lives spent in its prosecution were sanctified and ennobled. I wonder! Be that as it may, I dogmatically assert that life is the most precious thing known to us. A live dog is better than a dead lion; with life pulsating through us, are we not a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honour? But what happens in our body politic? We reduce the lives of the over- whelming majority of the population to a mere commodity; then we buy it at one-third of its actual value. You say it is a bargain between capital and labour. So it is; but it is a diabolically unfair bargain, based upon the hideous misconception of the nature and possibilities of human life. It is a man-made and strength (necessarily upon compulsion, for his alternative is starvation), he sells something which does not truly enrich the buyer and leaves him poor indeed. In many ways we have travelled beyond Ruskin, but his influence is emphatically felt. When William Morris, between wealth and ill-health remains valid.

I am forced, then, to the conclusion that our system
of industry and commerce is based upon a tragic error. Labour is not only the victim of an unfair bargain, but, conceived to be a mere commodity, it is the subject of an immoral bargain. It is the unforgivable sin—the bargain of prostitution. A woman sells her body—horrible! The man, less cunningly reduced to selling the bones and sinews of his body as a commodity. Is it not equally horrible? Point out to me any essential difference between a woman of the pavement and a sandwich-man of the pavement. I am usually regarded as an easy-going man of the world, sometimes, when I get down to the realities, I think of Kirke-White's passionate cry: "If this be their justice, God of the red right arm, where is thy thunder-bolt?" Some day a great statesman will arrive (why should it not be you?) who will not only denounce the commodity theory as a devilish contrivance, but also sweep away the wage-system which is built upon it.

If you can endure with some complaisance the existing social order, you have to do, then possibly, and even probably, you can succeed in business. The business-world is divided into two main divisions—the industrial and the commercial. There follow, of course, endless sub-divisions. Broadly stated, commerce buys and sells things, and industry makes things. For the life of me, I cannot advise you to enter industry rather than commerce. Suppose you go into commerce. You become a middleman. You can range over thousands of manufactured articles, buying at bottom prices and selling at top prices. The banks, by sweating their accountancy and the like. The banks, by sweating their finance, that strange and sinister function of the community has to screw out annually a fortune in perpetuity. (It is not really a law. Law is a word that is thoughtlessly employed by our professional economists.) But before you resort to Colonial or foreign exploitation, it is just as well to remember that there are a number of "respectable" commercial occupations—banking, stock-broking, insurance, accountancy, and the like. The banks, by sweating their clerks, pay big dividends. An employee in the insurance world does much better than a bank clerk. Then there is finance, that strange and sinister function of modern capitalism. If you "get in with the right set," you can make your way in finance, providing your conscience lets you sleep 'o' nights. If I had to start in business again, I should like to be an average adjuster. Do you know what that is? I'm sorry I can't tell you with any degree of accuracy. It has something to do with adjusting mercantile insurance claims and its findings are quasi-judicial. I have met average adjusters in various parts of the world. They have always seemed to be oppressively prosperous. Architects and surveyors also seem to do very well. I have met one or two "quantity surveyors" who appeared to have a "good thing." I do not doubt, however, that in all these apparently comfortable occupations you will find the proverbial "nigger in the wood-pile." Depend upon it, the profession is based upon a fiction of abundance among the people of this land. Labour breeds uncanny ghosts in every occupation, and, indeed, in every home.

I am hopeful that, in the war's cleansing process, we shall see the elimination of the army of financial sharks and touts who infest and infect London finance. Granting that finance is essential, under present conditions, to the development of business, it is self-evident that access to money should be made easy and cheap. London flatters itself that it is the financial centre of the world. So it was before the war and it may retain the leadership after the war. But it must set its house in order. And the first thing to be done is to squelch without mercy the financial touts who claim to "introduce" business. I can see them, even as I write, buzzing about the purloins of Throgmorton Street, their pockets stuffed with commission notes, hungering and scurrying between the offices of financial brokers and company promoters, offering this and that "proposition" (each worth at least a million—in the future), prospectuses all ready-typed and occasionally printed. If they cannot squeeze the vendor, then arranging at the outset "to be taken care of" by the broker or promoter. They must "stand in" somewhere. Criminal lawyers, I am told, keep their "runners" and their touts hanging round the prisons and police-courts to secure causes for their principals. In like manner must some sordid business man run the gauntlet of the financial touts. Often he is between the devil and the deep sea. He wants money but is ignorant of London ways. He is introduced to "somebody in the City." This somebody, who in reality is a nobody, says that he knows where the money can be obtained. He is quite certain. If our manufacturer or inventor will place himself in his hands, it can be done quickly. Then they get to business. A commission note is drafted, by which instrument the vendor agrees to pay a commission upon any capital the "somebody in the City" may procure. The days that follow are tragic. Our expectant vendor, daily buoyed up by encouraging reports from our "somebody," kicks his heels in some London hotel, waiting, waiting for his "somebody" to arrive. The commission note is not cashed. He wants money but is ignorant of London ways. He will resolutely keep the negotiation; in my own experience, London hotel, waiting, waiting. Meantime our vendor agrees to pay ten or fifteen per cent. Our expectant vendor, daily buoyed up by encouraging contents you will find the proverbial "nigger in the wood-pile." Depend upon it, the profession is based upon a fiction of abundance among the people of this land. Labour breeds uncanny ghosts in every occupation, and, indeed, in every home.

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State Sovereignty and the Guilds.


A student of Dicey, well known to New Age readers, has said that, if the National Guild system is inconsistent with State sovereignty, "so much the worse for the National Guild system." As this statement, was made in criticism of an essay of my own, I desire to make certain remarks upon it. For not only do I believe the Guild system to be inconsistent with State sovereignty; I also think that therein lies its strength.

To every actual social system corresponds a theory of social relations. Rousseau's conception of the General Will greatly affected Revolutionary France; the ideas of Bentham and Mill did much to mould the social legislation of industrial Great Britain. Every people, in fact, gets the social philosophy it deserves, and every social system in part throws up, and is in part thrown up by, an equivalent social theory. Guildsmen, therefore, cannot afford to neglect social theories, which are the stuff of which revolutions are made.

State sovereignty is the theoretical equivalent of Collectivist practice: Guild Socialism, in its turn, must face anew the problem of ultimate social obligation, and must work out for itself a new theory. "A. E. R.'s" willingness to take over an obsolete social theory rests, I am convinced, upon a misunderstanding.

In the paper to which he refers, I did not deny, as indeed, no one can deny if he desires to call himself either National Guildman or Guild Socialist, that industry is not everything, and that industrial democracy cannot be truly national unless it is responsible to some body representative of the community as a whole. What I do most emphatically deny is that this ultimate court of appeal is the State, in any sense in which the term is ordinarily understood. Of course, if by "State" is meant merely the territorial body, there is no more to be said: in this sense everyone who is not an Anarchist is an advocate of State sovereignty. But if the sovereignty of the State means the sovereignty of Parliament with its subordinate local bodies, then I maintain that it is utterly inconsistent with the principle on which Guild Socialism rests.

Parliament, Municipal and County Councils, School Boards, Boards of Guardians and the like, in fact, the whole complex machine which we call the State, are territorial associations, elected on a territorial basis by all the persons recognised as citizens who live within a definite locality. One and all, they are based upon the fact of living together, even if some relics of a different personality are thrown up, this separation of functions, which is fundamental to the idea of State sovereignty, or that it finds its sovereignty within the Guilds themselves.

The bond between persons who live together is, in its material aspect, the fact that they are users or consumers in common of commodities and services. Parks, roads, houses, water and many other "public utilities" are consumed in common by all the dwellers within such and such an area. The sovereignty of the territorial association therefore means the sovereignty of the consumer—a fact which is continually recognised and acknowledged by Collectivists. The General Will, as applied to industry, is in essence a denial of the industrial sovereignty of the organised consumers, that is, of territorial associations. It upholds the industrial sovereignty of Parliament, which "A. E. R." himself identifies with State sovereignty. But this does not mean either that it rejects the idea of sovereignty, or that it finds its sovereignty within the Guilds themselves.

Anarchism set out to destroy State sovereignty without replacing it: Syndicalism denied the sovereignty of the State only to enthron the General Confederation of Labour as the supreme guild association. And the Guild Socialists, who do not assume a purely industrial sovereignty is no advance on a purely political sovereignty, must create a political theory to fit the Guild idea.

Collectivists, we have seen, is the practical equivalent of State sovereignty. It is not generally realised how completely Syndicalism is an inversion of Collectivism. The one asserts the absolute sovereignty of the consumers, of the territorial association: the other the sovereignty, no less absolute, of the producers, of the professional associations. Criticised for leaving out the producers, Collectivists will ask what it meant when producers and consumers are, or would be in a Socialist Society, the same people; criticised for neglecting the consumers, Syndicalists make precisely the same reply.

Guild Socialists recognise that neither the territorial nor the professional grouping is by itself enough; that certain common requirements are best fulfilled by the former and certain others by the latter; in brief, that each grouping has its function and that neither is completely and universally sovereign. They see that the Guild, the grouping of all the engaged, in the same industry, is the body best fitted to execute certain purposes of a national character, and accordingly they assert that the National Guild is a necessary articulation of the national consciousness.

Similarly, they recognise that all the dwellers in a single area, the consumers in common of certain services and commodities, can best further their own and the nation's interest by joining together and forming a body to see to the supply of these services. They hold that the economic relationship between the workers and their masters finds full expression when producers and consumers alike are organised—when the producer and the consumer negotiate on equal terms.

At the first stage, then, Guild Socialists postulate a double organisation—the National Industrial Guild on the side of the producers, and the Municipal Council on the side of the consumers. And clearly above the various municipal bodies there is, on the consumers' side, Parliament, the sovereign body, which, as Mr. Ivor Brown pointed out in his review of my paper on State Sovereignty and the Guilds, that he was thinking all along of the Guilds as a multiplicity of separate Guilds receiving its charter from Parliament, and dealing thereafter directly and finally with Parliament. That is certainly not my conception of the Guild system. Just as I visualise the smaller territorial associations unified in the great territorial association of Parliament, so I conceive that the various Guilds will be unified in a central Guild Congress, which will be the supreme industrial body, standing between the producers and the consumers in the same relation as Parliament will stand to the people as consumers. To deny State sovereignty in industry is not to reduce industry to a mere multiplicity of warring Guilds; it is to confront Parliament with an industrial body which has an equal claim to be representative of the nation as a whole. Neither Parliament nor the Guild Congress can claim to be ultimately sovereign: the one is the supreme territorial association, the other the supreme professional association.

It is at this point that Guild Socialists may easily be tempted to go wrong, as, I think, "A. E. R." has been. While everyone visualises Parliament as the supreme territorial body, are we all equally clear on the industrial side? I had the impression, in reading "A. E. R.'s" article on State Sovereignty and the Guilds, that he was thinking all along of the Guilds as a multiplicity of separate Guild as receiving its charter from Parliament, and dealing thereafter directly and finally with Parliament. That is certainly not my conception of the Guild system. Just as I visualise the smaller territorial associations unified in the great territorial association of Parliament, so I conceive that the various Guilds will be unified in a central Guild Congress, which will be the supreme industrial body, standing between the producers and the consumers in the same relation as Parliament will stand to the people as consumers. To deny State sovereignty in industry is not to reduce industry to a mere multiplicity of warring Guilds; it is to confront Parliament with an industrial body which has an equal claim to be representative of the nation as a whole. Neither Parliament nor the Guild Congress can claim to be ultimately sovereign: the one is the supreme territorial association, the other the supreme professional association.

But, as a recent critic of Guild Socialism has pointed out, this separation of functions, which is fundamental to the Guild system, does not solve the problem. The nation is in all its aspects so interdependent, production and consumption are so inextricably intertwined, that no mere abstract separation of functions can furnish a basis for a theory of the modern community. It is this feeling, I imagine, which drives both Mr. Ernest Barker, in his "Political Thought in England from Spencer to To-day," and "A. E. R.," in his recent articles, to affirm the ultimate sovereignty of the State. It was, on the other hand, precisely the conviction that Guild Socialists must find an alternative to State Sovereignty which, as Mr. Ivor Brown pointed out in his review of Mr. Barker, was at the back of my paper on "Conflict-
I cannot decide whether it is a mouse, the rain, or a burglar; but it is very alarming. I shall be driven to adopt a child if this kind of noise continues. There is again. It cannot be a mouse, for mice do not wear boots, cannot be the rain, for of sovereignty. Such a theory I tried very cautiously, as befits a pioneer, to put forward in my paper. I can deal with the matter here only very briefly, and solely in its industrial aspect. Where a single Guild has a quarrel with Parliament or the rival Sovereign of Syndicalism are alike dethroned, it remains for Guild Socialists to affirm a pioneer, to put forward in my paper.

With much of the present representative of all the organised consumers and all the organised producers. The ultimate sovereignty in matters industrial would seem properly to belong to some joint representative body of industrial workers. Functional associations must be recognised as necessary expressions of the national life, and the State must be recognised as merely a functional association—"elder brother," "primus inter pares"—for I stick to my phrase of the national life, and the State must be recognised as merely a functional association—"elder brother," "primus inter pares"—for I stick to my phrase of the national life, and the State must be recognised as merely a functional association—"elder brother," "primus inter pares"—for I stick to my phrase.

Impressions of Paris.

I am in a horrid state of soul, right down in a rut of the war, and hanging head downwards—your perfect egoist. The blood of my ancestors no longer appeals to me. I don't care where or when they fought and bled. There's such a state as bleeding without fighting at all. The universe seems only just as far away as Paris is, and no more worth going out to behold. I am not going to travel anywhere—what is the use? I have seen it in all its glories, the world, and I'm not going to see it again. It cannot be a mouse, for mice do not wear boots, cannot be the rain, for of sovereignty. Such a theory I tried very cautiously, as befits a pioneer, to put forward in my paper. I can deal with the matter here only very briefly, and solely in its industrial aspect. Where a single Guild has a quarrel with Parliament or the rival Sovereign of Syndicalism are alike dethroned, it remains for Guild Socialists to affirm a pioneer, to put forward in my paper.

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On Art and Luxury.

By Ramiro De Maeztu.

Many artists feel anxious when they think of the possible reaction the war may have on the life of the arts and on culture in general. As war implies destruction of wealth in large proportions, these people have the impression that for many years to come men will devote their activities exclusively to re-making their lost fortunes in an existence of poverty and toil in which there will be neither time for leisure nor money for luxuries. That function of art is the decorative or ornamental, they conclude that if, in the next few years, there will be no money for luxuries, there will be none for the arts either; and they fear that, in the absence of Macceneases, the road to art will wither throughout the lands of Europe, as the flora and fauna of the high steppes of Asia died out when Divine Providence removed to other regions of the globe the clouds that fertilised them with their rain.

It is believed that art is one of the articles of luxury is so widespread, not merely among the Philistines but among artists themselves, that if you ask a painter what is the object of a picture you will be told in most cases that “the object of a picture is to adorn a wall.” The answer is of course, true. By the painter is placed in the category of artisans—carpet-weavers, furniture-makers, or paper-hangers; and even when placed in this category the painter is not the first among the artisans, but the last. For, in truth, the most decorative picture ever painted will always be less decorative than a mirror, a panoply of arms, a velvet curtain, or a chandelier, since the material a painter makes use of, his poor colours, will always be less luxurious and less rich than marble and metal and light and velvet.

The curious thing is that this absurd idea that art is an article of luxury has been spread by the same men who gave up their lives to waving the banner of Art for Art’s sake. I say it is a curious thing because the decorative conception of art is expressed by the formula of Art for Luxury’s sake, and this formula is obviously incompatible with that of art for art’s sake, unless we are prepared to agree to the proposition that art and luxury are synonyms of the same thing. Shall we agree to this, just for the moment? Anatole France prophesied ironically in one of his books that there would come a day when the famous actresses of Paris, instead of declaiming and sitting on the stage, would present themselves at the footlights, completely naked, and each of them carrying a bar of gold; and the public would applaud with the maximum of enthusiasm the naked woman who exhibited the biggest bar of gold. I do not suppose any other arguments are needed to show that luxury is not art. But the fact that the standard-bearers of art for art’s sake—Théophile Gautier in France and Oscar Wilde in England—were also the propagandists of art for luxury’s sake makes it clear that there was a fundamental error in their attitude, an error that rendered it unstable; and if we can root out this error we shall have killed two birds with one stone: art for art’s sake and art for luxury’s sake.

What is most surprising in the formula of art for art’s sake is that it refers to a novelty which contradicts the artistic traditions of a thousand years. Beethoven did not write the Heroic Symphony solely for the joy of making music, but he wrote it in the service of the French Revolution and in honour of its hero, General Bonaparte. Milton did not write “Paradise Lost” with the sole aim of bequeathing a poem to posterity, but in order that God to men. And Michaelangelo did not paint the Sistine Chapel only for the purpose of decorating a wall, but to depict before our eyes the omnipotent will of Jehovah. You may tell me that I have chosen examples of our own Christian art. But the Greeks, the most artistic people that ever lived... “The Greeks had no art-critics,” wrote Wilde in his “Intentions.” Only, the truth about Greek art is much deeper than that. The truth is that the Greeks never spoke of beauty as something distinct from knowledge or morality, religion or life. The word “beautiful” was never used by them to designate an autonomous cultural value. The ideal of every good Hellenic was that a man of art and a gentleman could not achieve perfection if he did not die a noble death. Both of the perfect gentleman and of a noble death the Greeks said they were beautiful. And the most artistic people the world has known used the word “beautiful” without giving to it the moral signification of perfection.

The Greeks had no art-critics because they had no Esthetics; but Esthetics is philosophy and not art. The depuration of the conception of beauty, the distinction between the form and matter of the work of art, is necessary for the philosopher, and perhaps also for the art-critic. But for the artist it is unnecessary. Not only unnecessary: impossible to achieve. In the heat of artistic creation the form is not and cannot be more than love for the matter of the work. No artist has ever conceived a work from pure love of art, but from love of a given subject. Art is love, and love does not love itself. No Greek or Gandolfini would practice the doctrine of art for art’s sake. Their formula can be accepted only as a battle-cry guiding art towards its emancipation from the tyranny of didactics. It was a device of some value against the people who sought to turn art into a weapon of pedestrian puritanism. But when Gautier and Wilde tried to separate art from morality and knowledge they found that art for art’s sake was a wheel of wind- ing the wind; and to find sustenance for it they had to harness it to the service of luxury, vice, and decoration.

Far from being a pure artist, Gautier was the apostle of a moral idea. A contemporary of the Sardinian parlor pictures of Delacroix of the “Orientales” of Victor Hugo, of the Orientalist ethics of the Saint-Simonists, and of the first French expedition to Northern Africa, Théophile Gautier preaches the Redemption of the world by means of a universal animalism. People are now in the habit of regarding his world as a “limerick” and “Mademoiselle de Maupin,” as pornographic books; but they are more than that. They are exhortations to pornography. Comte Georges, in “Fortunio,” has a politico-social idea, that the idea of Fortunio would compel beautiful women to exhibit themselves naked from time to time so that taxpayers should not lose the sense of colour and form. For Gautier, of course, love and lust are the same thing: “No woman resists so obstinately as virtue with ill-shaped knees”; “One woman is as good as another, if she is as pretty”; “Among beautiful and strong natures love is gratitude for satisfaction.”

But this animalism of Gautier’s is in a way a derivation. Gautier was primarily a reader of the works of other writers. He read with so much impressibility that at the end of a single perusal he was able to repeat by heart 185 lines of Victor Hugo’s verses. For his friends he was a kind of dictionary. He hated the reality of his age because “In this civilisation, which cares only about raising soap and candle makers on pedestals, one loses the sensation of the beautiful.” Thus the formula of art for art’s sake had for Gautier no other meaning than that of a mediatisation of reality, the word “mediatisation” being a weapon of a gentleman could not achieve perfection if he did not die a noble death. Both of the perfect gentleman and of a noble death the Greeks said they were beautiful. And the most artistic people the world has known used the word “beautiful” without giving to it the moral signification of perfection.

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of an animalism scarcely disguised under the veil of luxury.

The case of Oscar Wilde is almost identical with that of Théophile Gautier, whom he often quotes in his writings. "The Portrait of Dorian Gray" was not written merely for art's sake. Wilde tells us that he wished to express by Dorian Gray "The true realisation of a type of mind which they have often dreamed in fiction or in dreams—a type that was to combine something of the real culture of the scholar with all the grace and distinction and perfect manner of a citizen of the world."

Dorian Gray is not merely a character in a novel, but the incarnation of "A new Hedonism that was to recreate life and to save it from that harsh, comedy puritanism that is having, in our own day, its curious revival." The fact that Dorian Gray comes to an unfortunate end in the novel—and in the life of Oscar Wilde—does not mean that the author repudiates his motto: "To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul," formulated again in the phrase, "culture and corruption." Dorian Gray dies as the heroes of tragic dramas and of novels of the first order had to die: "Don Quixote," "Madame Bovary," "Wuthering Heights," or "Anna Karenina." Such heroes die because one of the categories of art is the religious; and the religious category is essentially Death and Resurrection. But Dorian Gray is not killed by punishment, but by love, because he is a hero; and Wilde expects to see Hedonism arising from his grave, as Christianity arose from the Cross. And there are still people who see in Oscar Wilde the precursor and martyr of the new Hedonism and corruption.

But that is not to preach art for art's sake; but art for luxury's sake, for pleasure's sake; art for the sake of "refinement" or decoration. And not art alone, but life itself; life as understood by the "smart set." The main chapter of Dorian Gray is certainly not more than an idealisation of the "smart set." "Like Gautier," writes Wilde, "Dorian Gray was one for whom 'the visible world existed'; 'And, certainly, to him life itself was the first, the greatest, of the arts'; 'His modes of seeing had their marked influence on the young exquisites of the Mayfair balls and Pall Mall windows'; 'The Roman ritual had always a great attraction for him'; "And for a season he inclined to the materialistic doctrines of the 'Darwinisms' movement in Germany'; "Yet no theory of life seemed to him to be of any importance compared with life itself'; "And so he would now study perfumes, and the secrets of their manufacture, distilling heavily scented oils, and burning odorous gums from the East'; "At another time he daily retired to music, and on a long latticed room, with a vermillion-and-gold ceiling and walls of olive-green lacquer, he used to give curious concerts'; "On one occasion he took up the study of jewels'; "Then he turned his attention to embroidery.' Here you have the complete circle: dandyism, religion, "Darwinisms," perfumes, embroideries, jewels, and music "in a long latticed room."

This description of Dorian Gray, of course, is nothing more than an idealised paraphrase of Théophile Gautier's "Notice of Charles Baudelaire, prefixed to the definitive edition of 'Les Fleurs du Mal'" the book that Oscar Wilde's personage possessed: "Bound in some Nile-green skin that has been powdered with gilded nenuphars and smoothed with hard ivory." As Baudelaire had really lived, Gautier could not tell us that he was surrounded with pieces covered with five hundred truffles, sixty pearls, like Dorian Gray; but he does tell us, giving all the details, that Baudelaire enjoyed symphonies and perfumes, insolent-looking coiffures, "in which something of the actress and the courtesan was mingled," cars which were appointed to essence, trees that the smell of valerian threw into a kind of ecstatic epilepsy," cold, cunning, and perverseness, "who carry into the soul the vice of the body," and the Black Venus of Madagascar.

The coincidence between Gautier and Wilde is due to the fact that there was common to them a strange belief that both Nature and the human mind had exhausted their creative capacities. Life had already engendered its riches; it only remained to enjoy them. Art had already produced its wonders; they had only to be recorded. From this vision of Nature the thing finished is born the animalism of Gautier, and from his conception of art comes his technique, which consists in reproducing the image that another artist had wrestled from reality. In the case of Oscar Wilde, too, his parasitic Hedonism springs from his speculative philosophy of life; and from his retrospective aesthetic comes his conception of modern art as a mere evocation of ancient art. In his essay, "The Critic as Artist," he goes the length of declaring resolutely that, "As civilisation progresses and we become more highly organised, the elect spirit of each age, the critical and cultured spirits, will grow less and less interested in actual life, and will seek to gain their impressions almost entirely from what art has touched." Both in life and in art his ideal was marred by industry.

In this cult there was the mist taken but saving conviction that an article of luxury must be carefully elaborated by a skilful artificer. I say "saving" because it led Gautier and Wilde to perfect their manner of using the material thing—and to give to other artists the sound advice not to be satisfied, when executing a work of art, with their good moral intentions. But I say "mistaken, because in the art of luxury the essence of luxury is not the material, but the rarity of the material—gold, skin, or diamond—or the quantity of labour displayed at our command. The object of luxury resembles the object of art in that both are expressions of power; but, while the object of art is only the expression of property or monopoly, the work of art tells us, through the power of the means of expression, that man is the master of Nature. Craftsman- ship means power. In the object of luxury the thing to be shown is the power of the proprietor. In the work of art the essential thing is the power of the artist.

The world of Gautier and Wilde is dead. The coming generations, whether they like it or not, must be the children of this war that found Europe dancing the Argentine tango and left it dancing to the tune of St. Vitus. The horrors and the bloodshed show us that neither Nature nor the human mind have at any rate lost their powers of destruction. But even now, in the middle of night, one may perceive a ray of hope and of creation. We may hope that knowing the causes and conditions of this catastrophe must bring us nearer the elements of human nature, and hence into the possibilities of a better life. This may involve a whole renovation of politics, ethics, economics, and of all the humanities. We have to think in the next few years for the half-century during which we ceased to think. And with the new ideals will come the desire to realise them immediately.

In this desire immediately to realise ideals we must see one of the categories of artistic creation as distinct from mere evocation. The secret of art will not be unravelled until we have a philosophy capable of constructing a satisfactory aesthetic. All the aesthetics conceived hitherto have told us the truth; sorcellerie, one of them saw more than partial aspects of the beautiful. The beautiful is more than a synthesis between what is and what ought to be (Kant), more than the perceptible apparition of the idea (Hegel), more than pure feeling (Cohen), more than the idealisation of the real (Croce), and much, much more than an article of luxury. Humboldt said that a work of art placed human nature "at a point whence rays surged out in all directions into the infinite. It is a union of reality and ideal, of present and eternity, of soul and body, of the empirical and the necessary; a present realisation of religious hopes; a reconciliation of man with all the spiritual and material elements, external and internal, past and future, of his life; because it is a sign—but
only a sign, not a proof: not even a sincere promise—that this world has been made for us.

That is why art will not cease because Europe may become poorer. The poorer we are the more we shall need it, for it will not be possible for us to lull our souls with the narcotic of luxury. Lyric poetry was never paid for in England, except in the case of Lord Tennyson. No other Mæcenases have fed it but the tears of the poets. And lyrics are one of the things that make of England one of the faces of God upon the earth.

Readers and Writers.

Apropos of no current event I have been reading Lamb's Essays for the first time for many years. Lamb holds a high place in English literature, and deserves to be challenged as well as saluted every decade or so. His style, there is no doubt, owes its characteristics to Burton and Sterne, each of whom contributed a recognisable feature. Much reading of Burton gave Lamb the taste for out-of-the-way words; much reading of Sterne liquefied his sentences so that they ran in and out, with parenthetical eddies upon them, like a stream in flood. His ideas, on the other hand, have, I think, been sacrificed to the charm which the dilettantes have discovered in his style. Actually Lamb is a greater critic than his present reputation gives him credit for. The essays upon "The Sanity of True Genius!" and "The Genius and Character of Hogarth," for example, are, as criticism, equal to Hazlitt, Cederle, and De Quincey at their best. But why has this strength of Lamb been forgotten? In part, because every age reduces its predecessors to its own compass; and eminently good criticism is not popular to-day. In part, it is because his book form which has never been reprinted.

In the April issue of "The Quest"—the most distingished of our esoteric quarterlies—Dr. Coomaraswamy has a learned and interesting article on "The Hindu View of Art." In such treatises it is usual to find more sound in vain sense, more learning than wisdom, more chaff than wheat; but in Dr. Coomaraswamy's hands the subject becomes substantial and intelligible.

Contrast the "Lays" of Macaulay with any pure poetry that any serious critic has ever condemned. Macaulay never wrote a line of poetry in his life. But he will be known to the age of magazines: he is the Prince of Magazine-writers, the greatest descriptive journalist that ever lived. But he willloom no larger in the history of literature than the age which bred him.

Anything said against Russia to-day is resented as savouring of pro-germanism; but it appears that any offence may be done Russia without provoking any comment. How largely our appreciation of foreign countries depends upon our appreciation of their literature will be worth discussing on some future occasion. My point at the moment is that Mr. Unwin, in publishing an old and a bad translation of Gogol's "Dead Souls" (with an introduction by Mr. Stephen Graham too!), has done our Ally as bad a turn as lay in his poor power. "Dead Souls" is admirable as a corrective of the excess of beautiful subjects among other Russian literature. Alone among Russian authors (save, perhaps, Tchekhov), Gogol has humour in the Western sense—that is to say, not grim. He deserved, therefore, a translation as perfect as it could be made; and particularly at this crisis in the relations of his own and our countries. Mr. Unwin, however, has saved himself the cost of a new translation and has republished (from 1889) a wretched translation from a defective text. With the Censor and the publishers therefore a translation as perfect as it could be made; and the letters from Russia sent to this journal by Mr. Bechhöfer are in the interests of our Ally, how much more should an atrocity committed on a Russian masterpiece be reprobed?

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The Confidences of a Patriot's Wife.

My husband, Alexander, has been influenced by the posters, and more particularly by the picture of the strong right arm. It has been brought to Alexander's notice that his country needs him, and now, when I would think of my husband, I am compelled to think of Mr. Hall Caine. This is not, I hope, because I love Alexander less, and since I have never set eyes on him it cannot be that I love him more. Mr. Caine is, as I remind you, a Manxman, and the emblem of the Isle of Man is three splendid right arms revolving round nothing whatever. When I come to think of it, the Manx emblem is three fine right legs revolving round nothing whatever. These appear to be taking a great deal of trouble to get no-one no-where, and they remind me of the military entusiasms of my husband Alexander.

It is only that Alexander is the head of a firm of solicitors, is in his forty-eight year, and is the father of my family, that prevents him from emulating the curious example of Vickers, his article clerk, who has gone to drive an armed motor-car through Flanders, on the grounds that he is an amature horse marine. The fact that Alexander is forty-seven and a solicitor, is less my fault than his father's, but that Alexander is himself a parent is to some extent attributable to me. Alexander's disconsolate expression on the Monday on which young Vickers set out to take command of the car in Flanders made me wish I had flowered later, as did Mr. Caine, but since I have not, I put into his knapsack, with his Thermos flask and a small electric lamp. My idea was that Alexander should read four lines of a sonnet, repeat them till he had memorised them, read four lines again and so on, till he had whiled away the long hours of the night by applying himself with great application and particularity. The air about me became eerie with tappings, with the flappings of flags and with the flashing of lights. Until Alexander was well enough to reassault the trench that had betrayed him, he used the whole of his huge military energy in mastering these two codes. In order to check the speed at which he read the signals Alexander made an arrangement consisting of two stop watches and a metronome; in order to interpret the code from flag signals, Alexander made a clever reflecting contrivance with three mirrors and a good deal of wire. These codes came to be an obsession with Alexander. I began to fear they would have an unfortunate effect on his nervous health. One night as we sat down to dinner I noticed his abstracted expression, and I was rather alarmed at the jerky way in which he filled a very small whisky with soda water. I regarded him carefully and found he was signalling to himself the word "temperance" in a clever reflecting contrivance with three mirrors and a good deal of wire. These codes came to be an obsession with Alexander. I began to fear they would have an unfortunate effect on his nervous health. One night as we sat down to dinner I noticed his abstracted expression, and I was rather alarmed at the jerky way in which he filled a very small whisky with soda water. I regarded him carefully and found he was signalling to himself the word "temperance."
has made a slight mistake in the way they have figured the compass at the top of the tower. This interested him so much that he spent the whole day of the tenth anniversary of our wedding calculating an altazimuth, rising at two o'clock the next morning to take an observation by Venus and the Moon. In an attempt to make quite sure about the set of the compass, Alexander hung head downwards over the top of the tower, only supported by a special constable, considerably lighter in weight, who held on to his feet.

Alexander has sent a report of the compass error to the Admiralty; I hope it will annoy them. I hope it will show them that the competition of these very talented young men is bad for their prestige. I hope this will emphasise the prejudice of the War Office against the volunteers. For, in the twentieth century, it is surely the business of every man to be a specialist, and while there are so few husbands left in England, is not the duty of what husbands there are to remain in their homes?

Discovering Drama.

It was Dundas who came to us in one of his excited moods with some talk or other of a "discovery" which he considered to be of universal importance—but none of us ever took Dundas seriously when we considered to argue with him, and Hilliard pooh-poohed his preliminary remarks with aggravating good humour. . . .

"Here you chaps are," Dundas was saying, "all of you developing a depressing pessimism because you believe that drama is dead—" "Can there be any possible doubt about it?" I interrupted savagely. "Just glance down the list of 'Plays' now running in Town; note the titles—isn't that enough?" Dundas waved his hand. "Your view is entirely wrong and one-sided," he replied; "you chaps seem to imagine that because drama is not apparent upon the stage it does not exist anywhere at all. But why should drama exist upon stages? I tell you that drama has been transferred from the stage—"

"Transferred from the stage," I repeated irritably; "where on God's earth to, I should like to know?" "Transferred," went on Dundas calmly; "transferred from the stage to—everywhere else. Don't you chaps realise," he continued fiercely, "that we do not go to the theatre nowadays in order to see drama, but in order to escape from it?" "We gasped.

"Drama," went on Dundas, "exists to-day in the theatre are all possible upon the film. Most of them have been filmed already. . . .

"The point you miss," said Dundas, "is that the whole business both of the theatre and music-hall is to enable people to effect a temporary escape from the drama of life itself. The cinema is more popular than either because, owing to its very specially evolved qualities in the scheme of civilised existence, it actually supplies four needs in one. Firstly, it is very cheap. Secondly, its performance is 'continuous,' thus fitting in with the erratic and meagre leisure of the masses. Thirdly, its grossly sentimental and insanely impossible films provide an effective escape from normal reality. Fourthly, the conditions under which the films are shown are favourable to the sexual instinct. In other words, the cinema is the most effective compromise with the ghost of decency yet devised in the interests of commercialism. Commercialism, in order to exploit normal and potentially healthy human needs, must, of its own evil nature, create abnormal and unhealthy ones."

"Do you make any distinction between the halls and theatres?" inquired Leslie, blinking rapidly.

"There is no real distinction," replied Dundas.

"Every week shows us a theatre which is becoming indistinguishable from the music-hall. Dramatists are writing revues and music-hall artists are performing in them at legitimate theatres. The theatre, like everything else, is in the melting-pot; any fool can see that."

"What is drama?" suddenly inquired Simmons, a quiet little man who seldom spoke. "You fellows never seem to arrive at any useful definition." "Drama," retorted Dundas, "is Life." "With a capital 'L,'" I added sullenly. "What Dundas really means to say," explained Owen, "is that we have drama but no dramatists." "Not quite," answered Dundas. "What I mean is that there is no need, no vital necessity, in modern society for dramatists. Just as there is no need for literary genius or, indeed, of any artistic genius at all,"

"Arf a mo,'" exclaimed Ashley. "You started off by telling us that we go to the theatre in order to escape drama."

Dundas nodded. "You also stated that drama is Life." Dundas nodded again. "What on earth are you driving at?" exploded Owen. "'Arf a mo,'" repeated Ashley, "a difficulty has arisen." "Where?" inquired Dundas calmly. "Will you very kindly explain," continued Ashley. "why over four million people visit picture palaces every week in London?"

"To escape from drama," answered Dundas. "But you just now said that drama was Life," exclaimed Ashley stolidly.

"Well," said Dundas, "what of it? doesn't the cinema deal exclusively with civilised life?"

"You're both getting muddled," said Simmons.

"Nothing of the kind," asserted Ashley. "It's quite simple. I maintain that over four million people go to the cinema every week in order to see drama—that is, life. Well, then, isn't it perfectly clear that people don't want to escape from either life or drama? And as far as the legitimate theatre is concerned, my argument holds good also. Whatever plays we have left in the theatre are all possible upon the film. Most of them have been filmed already."

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Dundas leaned back in his arm-chair and closed his eyes.

"As a child," remarked Owen sadly, "I loved the Punch and Judy show. There used to be a very fine one every Friday afternoon on the edge of the common. I remember so well the thrill it used to give me—something quite different from anything I have experienced of recent years in connection with the theatre. I've got so absolutely blasé that even a first night merely bores me. It's a fact. . . ."

"Same here," we muttered altogether; and Dundas groaned in his sleep!

ARTHUR F. THORN.

ANASTASIA EDWARDES.

Owen cautiously. "There is certainly something in the idea that we go to the theatre in order to forget our normal environment—as a relaxation. I've done it enough—consciously or, rather, sub-consciously."

"I've heard a more revolutionary statement!" "It all depends what you mean by drama," remarked Owen cautiously. "There is certainly something in the idea that we go to the theatre in order to forget our normal environment—as a relaxation. I've done it enough—consciously or, rather, sub-consciously."
May I be permitted to make a change? I do not wish to be pedantic; but for worlds I ask you to say "Anno domini" or "Thucydides"—but I do beg you to pronounce "Chekov." It is not too late. "Tcheh- 
chov"—Lord! what a word! We can drop the initial "t"; that is quite certain. Then there is the "kh." To cut the matter short, let me insist that it is far more "kh" than "k." If you say "Chekov" to a Russian, he will wince; it is as bad as to say "Anlet." Therefore let us say "Chekov!" Now I come to what I wanted to say. Chekov's letters are being published, volume by volume. Promising the extrauros I have expected great treasure is coming to light. But in the latest ins- 
stalment is his quarrel with the old Suvorin over the Dreyfus affair. Chekov was not convinced of Dreyfus's innocence, but he was certain that the "Novoye Vremya," was behaving very badly. Dreyfus being a Jew, Suvorin was thoroughly enjoying himself. His attacks upon Zola led Chekov to assure him that he did not value the whole court equal to one of Zola's fingers- 
nails. "The Novoye Vremya," he wrote to someone else, "makes a story short, and makes an insult on occasion. It is not a newspaper, but a menagerie—a band of ravenous jackals biting each other's tails. God only knows what it is! Everybody knows what a "Scandaal" is. It is a "scandal" with a stressed second syllable and signifies universal abuse. It is a disgraceful fuss, a disgraceful fuss. The "Novoye Vremya" is always mixed up in scandals. Since the memory of man, it has had its daily row with the "Retch," which is pronounced "Wretch," and means "speech." The "Novoye Vremya" was not the case; so perhaps there is a tendency after all. The latest scandal is this: At the opening meeting of the London "Friends of Russia Society," the representative of the "Novoye Vremya," went on much as usual. The in- 
stitutions are either smudgy photographs or horrible sketches of Cossacks spearing Germans. But this paper, costing threepence a week, has for years past given away books as supplements, twenty or thirty a year. It has actually presented the whole of classical Russian literature and a host of other authors. It was that popularised Dostoievsky and Tolstoi in their own country, and now it is down to Maeterlinck. So the "first volume of the complete works" arrived, in a pale blue cover. It burned excellently.

Taras Iván'ich, the butler, comes to call me to dinner. He is a grey old man, very obstinate, hard of seeing and hearing, and with a passion! He has three assistants in the house, Katerina, the fat, pretty young peasant girl, Michael, otherwise Mishka, an undersized boy, and Gregory, otherwise Grishka, his duplicate. They told me at Kiev that Mr. Graham understood to a certain extent what a peasant said to him, even if the opposite was not the case; so perhaps there is a tendency after all. The "Novoye Vremya" replied what it would re- 
ply (just like Mr. Austin 'Arryon). It said that the sole reason of the "Retch's" criticisms was that none of its "friends or relations" had made a speech there! Please observe how the "New Times," and our "Times" are getting together, playing in the same gutter. And they love one another. When the old "Times" was Jewish, it was anti-Russian, but now that it belongs to an ancient and lordly family, and Harns- 
worth takes—snuff, it's quite another matter. The "Times" is still regarded by the "Novoye Vremya" mind as semi-official; its war correspondent is the only one to be attached to the Grand Duke's staff—where he gets just as little news as ever he did at Warsaw, but adds a certain dignity to his comments on the Russian soldiers and hospitals. He has not, I suppose, that there has been a cholera hospital all the winter out- 
side Warsaw? On the whole, the Russian Red Cross is doing very well, considering the enormous number of wounded. In any town you may see the red-cross flag of a temporary hospital, every household is making shirts and blouses for the soldiers, thousands of women of all ages are working and play-
I beg your pardon, Elia Elich; did I say you were the same as somebody?

Out of my sight! said Oblomov imperiously, pointing to the door. I can't bear to look at you. "Others"?

A fine thing! Zahar, with a profound sigh, went out of the bedroom to his own little room. What a life! he grumbled, climbing on the stove.

My God! groaned Oblomov too—he had wanted to consecrate himself to work, but now he was upset for the whole day. And by whom? By his own servant, his own room. And by whom? By his own servant, his own room. And who he was, in what degree the parallel was possible to the level of "others" a breach of his rights to the exclusive preference by Zahar of his master's person to everybody else in the world. He dived in the comparison, and considered whose these "others" were and who he was, in what degree the parallel was possible and correct, and how heavy was the affront Zahar had heaped upon him; finally, whether Zahar had insulted him with full knowledge, that is, if he were persuaded that Elia Elich was just the same as an "other," or if he had made a comparison in thought, of the participation of his head. All this wounded Oblomov's self-esteem, and he determined to show Zahar the difference between himself and those Zahar conceived under the name of "others," and to make him realise all the abominableness of his behaviour.

Zahar, he called, slowly and solemnly. Zahar, half-opened the door, but did not decide to enter. Come inside! said Elia Elich. Although the door opened freely, Zahar opened it as if he had only made the comparison in words, without the participation of his head. All this wounded Oblomov's self-esteem, and he determined to show Zahar the difference between himself and those Zahar conceived under the name of "others," and to make him realise all the abominableness of his behaviour.

Zahar half-opened the door, and did not decide to enter. Come inside! said Elia Elich.

Zahar was still silent, and only blinked hard two or three times. They made your master angry! said Oblomov after a pause, and stared at Zahar, enjoying his confusion.

Zahar did not answer and decided not to understand what he had done, but this did not hinder him from looking respectfully at his master. He even hung his head a little in recognition of his fault.

What a venemous man you are! said Oblomov. Zahar was still silent, and only blinked hard two or three times.

You made your master angry! said Oblomov after a pause, and stared at Zahar, enjoying his confusion.

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and given him the glass, made as if to go to his own room.

No, no, you stop! said Oblomov. I am asking you, how could you insult your master like this, whom you carried in your arms when he was a child, whom you have served for ages, whom you hold in your benefaction? Zahar could not endure it; the word "benefactor" finished him! He began to blink faster and faster.

No, our Taras is much more impassive. He has his own ideas about things, it is true; nothing on earth will make him eat you hot potatoes if he has made up his mind you like them only cold! And he has a passion! Ye matrons of England, he has a passion for work, for scrubbing the floor, especially under the table. Rumour says that when he goes in a train, he takes his soap and brush and flannel, and scrubs under the seats! What magnificence of soul this labour of love displays, labour without reward, hidden, invisible!

For the particular benefit of all modern aristocrats (Who were their grandpapas?) I translate roughly some lines from Nekrásov:

When as I hear the woes of strife,
On violet and dead leaves, on battle plain,
I do not wail the friend, the wife,
I do not wail the hero slain.

Also the wife consoles her son,
The best of friends forgets his friend,
But somewhere is that soul alone
Thar tomorrow to the end!

Amidst all our vulgarity
And our hypocrisy and pose,
Alone in all the world I see
Sincere and holy tears are those,
The tears that wretched mothers shed!
'Tis not for them, 'tis for me to forget.

Their sons, on bloody fields, now dead—
As never weeping willow yet
Could raise on high its downcast head.

REVIEWS.

B. M. Malabari. Rambles with the Pilgrim Reformer. By Sirdar Jogendra Singh. (Bell. 2s. net.)

This is a very interesting account of the life and works of the late editor of the Indian "Spectator." Born the son of a poor clerk, and educated in a village school, he managed to join an English school maintained by a Presbyterian mission, and prepared himself for matriculation at Bombay. Like most poets, he failed in mathematics; but after four years, he secured a pass, and did not proceed with his studies for a degree. He obtained employment as a teacher at a missionary school, and managed to get it published, and drifted into journalism under the tutelage of Mr. Martin Wood, editor of the "Times of India." "In early life," says his biographer, "Malabar found his best friends amongst the missionaries. It was this early friendship with Europeans which made the Parsi poet such a persuasive apostle of a better understanding between the two races, parted by as vital a difference as age bears to youth." Sir Valentine Chiroil says in a preface: "His life was a long struggle both for himself, and to help his fellow-countrymen to accomplish, the arduous task of reconciling Eastern with Western conceptions and Eastern with Western methods. As is apt to happen in such cases, his manifest activities frequently challenged attacks from both flanks. A far more fervent believer than most Indians in the liberty of the individual—perhaps because he was a Parsi, and had, as such, a purer strain of Aryan blood—he realised more easily and more fully than other Hindus, especially Hindus, that release from the bondage of archaic social institutions was a far more pressing need for India than emancipation from British political tutelage." Malabari wished, first of all, to free the people from the priests, and the "Back to the Vedas" cry did not allure him. In a reminiscence of Madame Blavatsky (a very amusing reminiscence), he adopted her phrase of "fatuous flap-doodle" to describe the transcendental foolishness written and talked by Europeans about the Wisdom of the East. "But whether it comes from a Blavatsky, or an Ockott, or anybody else, one must be careful not to succumb to 'fatuous flap-doodle.' When a foreigner tells an Indian that he loves India more than the Indian loves her, or that he loves India more than he loves his own country, it is ten to one a case of softening of the brain, or worse still, some moral obliquity. Our Indian ancestors were decent enough in their day, and acted decently enough according to their own dim light. But it sickens one to hear perpetually of their glorious deeds, the more so when the foreign mentor talks in the same breath of his own forefathers, as nasal savages destitute of all shelter. That is 'fatuous flap-doodle,' and one must always be on guard against it. . . . It is not friendship but fatuity that usually dictates this line of conduct towards one's fellow-beings. No race can claim a monopoly of wisdom and virtue, least of all a race that lives in the past, trifles with the present, and throws away the future!" He regarded the Brahmins as the curse of India, and the cause of its downfall; and it is not without interest to discover that Malabari translated the Herbert Lectures of Max Müller with the idea of instructing his countrymen in their own faith. As a social reformer, he insisted on the cessation of child-marriages as a necessary condition of progress, both physical and metaphysical; he pleaded for the re-marriage of widows, for the limitation of land taxation, for the reform of education, and similarly reasonable things. That he failed to achieve any one of these reforms is to be regretted, but he seems to have set an example to the natives of India that is well worth their attention. We need hardly say that the Indian "Spectator," which was the vehicle of this practical common sense, won only a succès d'estime; but it seems to have exercised considerable influence, and the personality of its editor may still affect the development of Indian journalism.

The Invisible Event. By J. D. Beresford. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

We admire the accuracy of the title of this work; we have watched for something to come out of this story, and we must agree with Mr. Beresford that the something, whatever it may be, is invisible. We admit that the woman has a baby in the last chapter, and that her husband says to the "envoy," she has repeated the experience on two occasions, and her conscience no longer troubles her; but surely Mr. Beresford does not want us to believe that it requires three novels to arrive at the beginning of a man's life, or that a baby is an invisible event! Certainly, it was not inaudible; for the first thing that Jacob Stahl heard when he returned to the General Home was "a thin, but fierce and prolonged scream—the indignant, resentful cry of the new-born infant." The woman, we may say, was a clergyman's daughter; and as Jacob Stahl was married, she had many qualms of conscience while living with him. But when he lived with her, and she encouraged him with his work (reviewing and writing novels) until he established himself as "a good seller" and his wife died. Then he wanted children, and offered marriage to her; and her conscience had to take another turn before she could settle down. But she did settle down, and the first baby was born in a nursing home in Maida Vale. According to the "envoy," she has repeated the experience on two other occasions, and her conscience no longer troubles her. Jacob seems to be very happy, but not satisfied with his novels. We congratulate him on his happiness, and agree with his judgment of his work.

Remember. Anonymous. (Heffer, Cambridge. 1d.)

The writer urges the country to consider new ideas, to set aside the worst features of the party system, to remember that right is might, and to attend to its duty. "It is no sin to own an expensive motor-car, but a man who can spend £800 a year on his conveyance without making a serious effort to abolish our slums is past praying for." Heart in right place; style too despondent to be effective.
Pastiche.

THE OVERCOAT: A MONOLOGUE.

(To be spoken by a young Polish Jew with a shrill and powerful voice. While he is speaking, he digs his elbow repeatedly into his jacket and somewhat viciously, whilst not quite looking at his audience.)

“I tell you straight, I wouldn’t have a belt on an overcoat at any per-tee; can’t stick ‘em, looks like a patch—rotten! You take it from me, you can’t do better than what I’m a ‘telling you. Now, you listen to me; what did that swell tailor tell you to tell us this morning? Now, I know him; he’s a pal of mine; it’s a fact, makes for us all our family. But what for doing? has done donkey’s years. Now, he always advises me to leave it to him. Look at that cloth what he showed me this morning. May gawd for all our family—does he show—strike me dead this minute, but I tell you it can’t be beat—five bob! Now, he always advises me to leave it to him. Look at my boy; that’s what this overcoat cost. You take it from me, thirty dollars. Four yards of cloth—eight hog; cutting and sewing, seven and a tanner; fifteen and a tanner overcoat. Worth five quid! I tell you, that cloth what don’t cost more’n arf a dollar a yard. There’s—p’raps four, the coat’s rather full in the back—that’s ten hog for a start off. Now, may gawd strike me stone dead this minute they don’t pay more’n half a quid to cut and sew. I look at that cloth what he showed me this morn-ning. In what a piece of cloth! If it’s worth a penny, it’s worth five hog a yard—and what d’yer think he’s doing it on me for? Two hog a yard! Then there’s only seven and a tanner for cutting and sewing. Four yards of cloth—eight hog; cutting and sewing, seven and a tanner; fifteen and a tanner overcoat. Worth five quid! I tell you, old sport, you’re in it from the first. What I don’t know about overcoats isn’t worth salt. Fifteen and a tanner!!!

Do you know, my boy, what I could sell that coat for when it’s made up and I’m wearing of it? Name a figure—Five Pounds!!! May gawd strike me stone dead this very minute. I can walk out of the shop and sell it for seven quid in five minutes. No, I tell you straight, that cloth what we see this morning was some cloth, boy. Twice as thick as what you’re a-wearing now, what you paid forty-five hog for. There’s no getting away from it. That bloke’s some tailor. Look here. You take it from me. I can get you that cloth made up in ten days for sixteen hog. You never had such value in your life. I tell you, boy, it’s some cloth. What d’yer say?

A. F. T.

AFTER

Pierre Corneille.

Stanzas to the Marquise.

Marquise, if on my face you spy
Some trace of Tyme’s unsparynge graver,
Remember when as old as I
You’ll hardly shew a fairer favour.

For Tyme doth tayke in ruthlesse holde
The loveliest thynge that we doe cherish;
As he hath lined my forehead old,
Soe he will mayke your roses perish.

The same swift planets in their course
Draw on our dayes and nights unceasynge;
My face was once as fair as yours,
And yours must soone like myne be creasyng.

Yet have I dazzlynge charms to spare
The stern aspect of Tyme’s deportyng,
And give me courage to despise
The onward march of hys destroyinge.

Your charms by all are worshipp’d;
But those that you esteem so lightly
Maye well endure when yours are dead,
And all your beauty growne unsightly.

They may bestowe undying fame
On eyes that unto me are direct,
And in a thousand years proclaim
The beauty that for me thou wearest.

And that new race beyond the grave
To what I write shall render credit,
And you shall have no beauty save
As I alone have sung or said it.

Then ponder well, my fair Marquise:
Though silvery hairs doe so alight you,
Yet such as I twere well to please;
Whose printed word may bless or blight you.

WILFRED THORLEY.

CONSCRIPTION.

(An Imaginary Interview with K. of K.)

When, after surmounting numerous difficulties, I succeeded in securing an interview with the great British War-lord, I hardly knew how to open out. The stern expression of his face made all reserve.

"You wish to see me?" he queried.

I replied in the affirmative.

"I believe you represent the 'Public Echo'?

"I have that honour."

"You have an original military correspondent, I think?"

"I am delighted you have appreciated—"

"I would not miss reading his articles for a kingdom."

"If Dickson only knew how much you appreciate—"

"Quite so. I prefer them to 'Punch.' Superb humour!"

I looked at the grim face of the Secretary for War in an uneasy, half-comprehending way; but there was no suspicion of a smile on his face. I determined to get to business.

"Is there any truth in the rumour regarding proposed conscription? I asked.

"As much truth as there is generally in rumours," Kitchener replied, gravely.

"Then the Government will not introduce conscription?"

"A Government ought not to be precipitate."

"So there is no intention—"

"And, on the other hand, a Government ought not to be lacking in bold enterprise."

I had to agree with him in this sound logical statement.

"So the Government are—"

"Fighting to win."

"Then they are prepared—"

"To do whatever is necessary."

"Then you believe—"

"Many things that cannot be proved by any process of ratiocination."

I wiped the perspiration from my forehead. If the British soldier guards himself in battle as their great English poet guards himself in poetry, I thought, we had no chance.

"Many poems of K. of K. have appeared in the 'Punch.' Superb humour!"

"Then a Government ought not to be precipitate."

"Surely the war cannot last for ten years or more?" I asked, in horrified astonishment.

"There is a large proportion of the Government opposed to it on principle."

"But they will have to give in to necessity?"

"The next decade will decide." I suggested, tentatively.

I supposed you have heard of the nine years' siege of Troy, the Thirty Years' War, and the Hundred Years' War?"

"But the enemy's resources will be exhausted before the end of ten years," I suggested, with boldness.

"Never underestimate the strength of the enemy. It is the first canon of military law," he said, severely.

"Then, if the struggle is to be so protracted, conscription on a very wide scale will be inevitable," I remarked, tentatively.

The face of the War Lord looked, if possible, more adamantine than ever, the hard lines of his face intensified in severity. At last the oracle of the God was to speak, I thought. I looked at him with almost fierce eagerness and earnestness, hardly daring to breathe.

"The past, with its successes and its failures, is behind us. It will even remain as the past. In fact, as time goes on with leaden stepping or fairy tripping gait, it will even recede. The present, with all its joys and hopes, with all its cares and responsibilities, will ever be with us. Try how we will, we cannot escape it. It is an attribute of the present to be ever our companion. The future, yes, the future, about which poets and idealists dream round, the future, in which the young live perpetually, and to which the old look forward with apprehension, the future is still before us. And even the wisest of us cannot overtake it."
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Come out! come out! the soldiers are passing, crowds are astir in the street,
The bands are playing them down to the jetty, join in the swaying of their feet;
And drunken or sober they part in a moment that holds not the like in its train,
For many who go with a smile on their lips shall tread not this roadway again.

And many a mother hereafter, while at the point of death she lies,
Shall mourn that never a son stands by to close at the last her eyes,
Yet take what comfort clings to the thought of worse things spared her days,
Whose soldier sons might have starved at the end, survivors of dead praise.

Then if such things must be for ever, and men who guard, at the worst,
The proudest riches the world has offered to slake an army's thirst,
At best, their country's honour unblemished, shall find therein no aid,
How are we shamed who watch them pass to be by us betrayed?

Come out! come out! the soldiers are passing, crowds are astir in the street,
The bands are playing them down to the jetty, join in the swaying of their feet;
And drunken or sober they part in a moment that holds not the like in its train,
For many who go with a smile on their lips shall tread not this roadway again.

HARRY REGINALD KING.

A BALLADE OF LONDON THOROUGHFARES.

I will not chant the praise of Fleet Street, where The race is to the swift (a pun, you see),
Nor Piccadilly, haunt of gin and snare.
(Another pun! What has come over me?)
And though in Holborn wonders things there be, (Gamage's stony pile and Hamley's fane)
Unto such lurks let us not bend the knee,
For our hopes all converge on Chancery Lane.

Some are enamoured of the Strand, for there (So saith the ditty) all is wanton glee.
To some, the latitude of Leicester Square Shall mourn that never things spared her days,
For our hopes all converge on Chancery Lane.

The Old Kent Road displays a waggish air;
Pail Mall is statelier in like degree.
New Age, let Regent Street and Co. decree
What bounces shall bedizen Mary Jane;
Let Houndsditch haggle in its nasal key.
For our hopes all converge on Chancery Lane.

Some are enamoured of the Strand, for there (So saith the ditty) all is wanton glee.
To some, the latitude of Leicester Square Shall mourn that never things spared her days,
For our hopes all converge on Chancery Lane.

The soft enamel of the youngling blade
Here is the meadow green, whereon she stray'd
Here is the wood whereof my angel sweet
Here are the flowers that then felt her feet
My soul so deep that down to death I go;
Here sat she; there many footsteps mist:
On this frail loom, thought-builded, Love doth weave
The shadowy raiment of the life I live.

WILFRID THORLEY.

Current Cant.

"Clearness and Pertinacity."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"God, how rare MEN are!"—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Socialism in the home. Husband thrashed by wife."—Daily Express.

"I do not believe that the birth-rate will decline."—ST. JOHN G. ERIVINE.

"There is an extensive conspiracy of German agents in this country to foment strikes."—Spectator.

"Germany is, and has been for hundreds of years, a very poor country."—REBECCA WEST.

"The German spy wears a bowler hat."—Sunday Pictorial.

"There is no socialist talk in France to-day, there is no Labour talk at all."—Referee.

"No one can read Dr. Lyttelton's speech without a feeling of shame that it was the speech of an Englishman."—Daily Mail.

"God is not mocked. . . Let us gird on the armour of honest minhood and go forth with courage to greet the Resurrection's Dawn."—John Bull.

"In the recent deplorable self-exposition, or self-advertisement, of Dr. Lyttelton. . ."—MARIE CORELLI.

"I can see the Germans mad with hatred. . ."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Contrast the London of to-day with the London of 50 years ago. By dint of organisation we have secured for the workmen a large share in its government."—WILL CROOKS.

"The Fabian Society's true function is to be found in that part of its work upon which it largely concentrated in its earlier days, and to which it has shown a hesitating disposition to return. . . Research is not being undertaken by any other section of the Socialist movement."—Fabian News.

"Army Baker uses sword to 'cross' the Buns. How the little dog was robbed of Victory by a Turkish Shell. Spy Play Author marries Girl Scientist. The Foods Shot from Guns. Smith's first wife sobs in Court. Undertaker describes a q.s. 6d. grave. The Apron Dress."—Daily Mirror.

"The King has voiced the quickened conscience of England. The Britisher's Best Beverage is VI-Cocoa."—ECHO.

"It seems evident that compulsory service would not only be a help against the enemy but would also make for quietness and Peace and harmony at home."—A CRIGGWIN in the "Daily Mail."

"The 'British Weekly' School and Home Cinematograph generates its own light. . . A World Force, 'Seeing is believing,' The most direct way to the brain is through the eye."—British Weekly.

"Germans suffer from the quantity of beer which they take. . . German Students are disgustingly fat and gross."—Sunday Herald.

"Suppose the Kaiser at no distant date sends for 'his friend,' our recent War Minister? Are we to assume that Lord Haldane would say, 'Go to hell!?' He ought to, but would he? Is it, in fine, humanly to be expected that those who saw in Germany a culture and not a menace are the men to bleed her white?"—AUSTIN HARRISON in the "Sunday Chronicle."
GERMAN TRADE AND FINANCE.

SIR,—One is entitled to expect the writer of "Notes of the Week" to read with attention the letters to which he replies; if he will condescend so to read mine, he will see that the cry of "immediate successor" is based on the "reputed evidence," and that the reference is to a boast made by Mr. Asquith, speaking from the Treasury Bench. It is far enough from being my opinion, as his last letter implies.

The argument that wages are fixed at the subsistence level under either Free Trade or Protection ignores the vital fact that they are protected, there being no wages at all, as the glass-workers of Durham found when their employment was transferred to Belgium at the beginning of this century. Mr. Amman Bryce, M.P., speaking as chairman of the British Westinghouse Electric Company, on Monday before last, said: "The Germans had no need to go to war to secure our trade, for he believed that in the course of twenty years we should have had little of our trade left, German trade having progressed so rapidly." This he believes will happen because the German system as "theoretically unsound" is a very poor consolation for the English industrial workers.

HOWARD INCE.

NATIONALISM AND THE WORKING CLASS.

SIR,—You remark in your "Notes" that few people ever think of considering the working-class side to the wages question in recent strikes. Before the war most working class people would, in such circumstances of higher prices, etc., have got the district rate fixed for them, and, members of the A.S.E., they would be controlled by the rules and regulations of the society. I am sure that the best interests of all engineering workers would best be served by such organisation as I have indicated.

ENGINEER'S HELPER.

DOCKERS' BATTALIONS.

SIR,—The Press has generally spread the news, of the proposal for a Dockers' Khaki Battalion at Liverpool, which a committee of the dockers have yet joined, but the promoters pray God some may enlist on the 7th. Some remarks about this scheme may interest you. The battalion is an expediency creation by which the Government may own and control labour which will later be loaned to capitalists at so much a head, I suppose. The regiment will be a good example of labour as a nationalised commodity, good and bad property being tapped for private exploiters. The recent trouble at the Merseyside has a history which is, I think, worth the notice of any student of the labour movement. When the Insurance Act had to adapt itself to complicated dock work in 1912, a committee of employers and trade union officials was inspired to create a system of clearing-houses by which the dockers were registered and called. The men, wanting neither clearing houses nor Insurance Act, struck work. The union officials refused to recognise the strike, paid no strike pay, and worked with all the powers to force the men back. Since that day there have been continually unofficial strikes, and the secretaries of the Union have been able to utter with ease his sophistry at the general meetings. The turbulence of these meetings is well known to trade unions of the city. The great convention of 1912, a clear-sighted and straight leader of the men could have killed the Insurance Act at its birth. The men knew that the clearing-house system was purely in the interest of the employers with the purpose of regimenting them and keeping each docker on full time so as to have the surplus of men thrown on the general labour market. The employers have done their utmost to fortify this system of which they bear the greatest expense for upkeep, and it was a further move in this work which caused the latest dock strike with its great importance. The Dockers have been at每次 strike, paid no strike pay, and worked with all the powers to make the men return. Since that day there have been continually unofficial strikes, and the secretaries of the Union have been able to utter with ease his sophistry at the general meetings. The turbulence of these meetings is well known to trade unions of the city. If a clear-sighted and straight leader of the men could have killed the Insurance Act at its birth. The men knew that the clearing-house system was purely in the interest of the employers with the purpose of regimenting them and keeping each docker on full time so as to have the surplus of men thrown on the general labour market. The employers have done their utmost to fortify this system of which they bear the greatest expense for upkeep, and it was a further move in this work which caused the latest dock strike with its great importance. The Dockers have been...
play, should have written a dictionary.) So it follows that the new Dockers' Battalion could not break a strike if it tried. It could only displace any discontented ones who are willing to do so differently from the former. The Derby, the shipowners, and Mr. Sexton. In fact, in the last few years there has not been a strike of Liverpool dockers, although indirectly a union campaign is being carried on, partly to check the back of the matter, for when the town sees what one of your correspondents calls a brachy- cephalic head, it can think of nothing but of hitting it, as Mr. Harrison suggests. I suppose the town hall would explode if someone suggested that the trouble would be settled if the employers would not persist in fiddling with the pay day and "susies." The men refused the rise in wages; they only protested against malign innovation. How is it that a man like Lord Kitchener, who has the reputation for a direct mind, did not appeal to the shipowners to stay their efforts in forcing this leek down Labour's throat instead of demanding that labour should eat and not resist? Because, I suppose, he, with the ordinary prejudices of his class, thinks that Labour has but the spirit of Pistol and that the employers are very Fluellens. In the thought which sees Labour's representatives begging on their knees for the odious vegetable, and the employers so patriotically determined to have their own way over such a trifle in the midst of this siege of Harfleur? However, it seems that the Government dare not caution these Fluellens. "One should never ask heroism of a government," said Stendhal.

** THE INSURANCE ACT. **

Sir,—The active work of the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association is to a large extent suspended owing to the war, but it is certain that the members should receive the usual report of our work up to last August, and hear of our present position and intentions. The council has given careful consideration to the present situation, and unanimously is of the opinion that the Association must be maintained. The war, as we all know, is being waged against the dominance of Prussian ideals in Europe, and, when it has been brought to a conclusion by the success of the Allies, it will be most important to resume in England the fight we have waged for three years against the typically Prussian measure—the compulsory Insurance Act.

Meanwhile, realising that political propaganda is out of place, the council assistance in the formation of the Children's Aid Committee, and granted to that body the use of the Association's rooms and machinery. This committee, under the honorary secretarship of Miss Margaret Fluelle-Stewart, baronet is one of the shining lights of the Church of 1915.

In the early summer a small committee was formed to draft a Voluntary Insurance Bill, giving all the benefits of the present Act for a small sum. This bill was subsequently introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Willoughby de Broke and into the House of Commons by Sir Richard Cooper. The Amend, an exceedingly powerful organisation, having on its committee such men as ex-President Taft, Mr. Ogden L. Mills, and Mr. Samuel Gompers, sent a special commission into the working of social insurance in Europe, and their report on Great Britain, which has just been issued, endorses our general view that a most urgent duty is the drafting of a Voluntary Insurance Bill. If the American Commission declares positively that it is not advisable to import compulsory insurance into the United States, the council now appeals for funds to enable it to meet the rent and incidental expenses during this year. The provision of £500 will ensure that the Association is kept alive and prepared for eventualities, and it will also enable the members to give the Children's Aid Committee the free use of our premises, and thus render generous assistance to our soldiers and sailors and their families during the war. We therefore hope confidently that our members will renew their subscriptions and subscribe to this fund. Yours faithfully, ELLEN DEBART, MARGARET DOUGLAS, JOHN MCLACALUM, MOWBRAY & STOURTON, Hon. Treasurers.

** QUESTIONS FOR THE PRESS AND BUREAU. **

Sir,—Really your correspondent, Mr. A. M. Cameron, wants too much for his money. If that is due to his Scotch flavour. His conundrums ought to be addressed to Mr.—or is it General?—E. F. Smith. By the way, what has come over that frothy juvenile now? I am afraid Mr. Cameron is a pro-German. That is the usual one and only "safe" answer vouchsafed to such as he by the Press or by the public. Let him content himself as we do in the Second City, that all is well, for each evening one of our 'penny' fabricators tells us in heady headlines, "Allies still advancing." Like the curiously Cameron, I opine they should be tumbling over the other edge of Asia by this time. But I am more distressed by the appeals to rouse my feebile patriotism. One such, addressed in that touching interrogative style now becoming painfully familiar, asks, "What will you say when your children ask, 'What regiment did you fight in, father?'" I have cried over this, and spent sleepless nights, because, as behoves a decent bachelor, I haven't any children. And now I am in a dilemma: I do not know what to answer. I truly love my country, and thus grate juvenile impertinence; or, be dejected and be contented by the childless woman and the Patriotic Stimulator. I am ready for the worst. The entertainment is dead—the corner men would get such choice Government conundrums for "Massa Johnson" to answer. J. N.

** BUSINESS AS USUAL. **

Sir,—As an instance of the glibness capacity with which the profiteers of our glorious "Bulldog Breed" are waging their insidious war against the wage-earners of this country, the following extract betray surely one of the most barbed pieces of self-complicity. Philistinism that one could well imagine. It appeared in the "Dumfries Courier" of December 26 last, and forms part of the report of the annual meeting of the Stewartry Dairy Farmers' Association:—

"The chairman said that they were met together under very favourable circumstances, for in every paper where the Insurance Commissioners have detected resistance. Mr. Sutherland, of The Peal, Perth, who early in 1912 defied instructions of the Insurance Commissioners, who remained unmolested in consequence, is now being threatened under cover of the war with a civil action in the Court of Session.

During 1914 we have been able to give financial assistance to all those prosecuted members who required it, and to conduct very vigorous by-election campaigns, in which our large and invaluable, the compulsory exclusion of Mr. Masterman from public life for a whole year. During the Ipswich election, where we opened connections, a leading local of the Gib TERBARONNET, Baron ter, has been the editor and landowner in the Stewartry of Kirkudbrightshire, and until recently represented that division in Parliament for something like twenty-five years. Liberal told us he wished we had not come down, as they could meet everything but our campaign against the Act.

"The council has given careful consideration to the present situation, and unanimously is of the opinion that the Association must be maintained. The war, as we all know, is being waged against the dominance of Prussian ideals in Europe, and, when it has been brought to a conclusion by the success of the Allies, it will be most important to resume in England the fight we have waged for three years against the typically Prussian measure—the compulsory Insurance Act.

Meanwhile, realising that political propaganda is out of place, the council assistance in the formation of the Children's Aid Committee, and granted to that body the use of the Association's rooms and machinery. This committee, under the honorary secretarship of Miss Margaret Fluelle-Stewart, has undertaken to provide homes for the motherless children of soldiers and sailors and other children whose fathers are serving in the Army or Navy, or whose parents are in distress as a direct result of the war. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association officially accepted the co-operation of the committee, and has already sent us a resolution of thanks for our splendid assistance. The council encloses a report of the work of the committee, as it feels sure that the energies of our organisation have been utilised in this work of benevolence during the national crisis.

Though the Association has thus devoted itself to a non-political enterprise within the terms of the national truce, the Government has taken advantage of the white flag to confiscate immediately previous reports, where the Insurance Commissioners have detected resistance. Mr. Sutherland, of The Peal, Perth, who early in 1912 defied instructions of the Insurance Commissioners, who remained unmolested in consequence, is now being threatened under cover of the war with a civil action in the Scottish Court of Session.

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Christianity in these troublous days of tottering dynasties when the very foundations of States are being shaken to the bottom. It either requires an appalling height of brazen effrontery or a remarkable depth of lamblike mutton, wheat, oats, potatoes, and wool. In short, it is "the man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

What does "the present situation" mean to the mass of workers? "The present situation", it is assumed that they could play tunes on the patriotism of the men, because the miners had rallied to the ranks in such large numbers and might not be induced to make a strike, and the cowardly pit proprietors gave in—

not before letting us all see to what depths human greed will drive in order to fish up backsheesh.

The joint stock bank did come to pay their usual dividends, ranging from 10 to 21¼ per cent.; and the reason they have been able to keep up the former rate is—doubtless the result of the Government's boldness in the banks up with a view to "saving the credit of the nation"; and thus the money lords are able to give their shareholders a chance to run for their money. But all that Mr. Asquith can do for the men and women who are working night and day, producing the very means of carrying on the war, is to tell them to "wait until June".

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What does "the present situation" mean to the man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. The farmers are having the time of their lives, and the landlords are likewise chuckling in chorus with them over the present situation, because they know that any farm that is to let at the present time will be certain to command keener competition amongst would-be tenants, and consequently a higher rent.

It seems, however, that many farmers are not yet content with the benefits the "present situation" has showered upon them, for from all parts of the country come reports that there are agitation for the granting of exemptions from attendance at school. It either requires an appalling height of brazen effrontery or a remarkable depth of lamblike mutton, wheat, oats, potatoes, and wool. In short, it is "the man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

The same men who turned up the whites of their eyes when the Prussian Chancellor talked about the now famous "scrap of paper" are now ready to make the Education Act a "scrap of paper," if they can only manage to manipulate the strings in their favour. In rural districts there is generally a majority of farmers and landlords on the School Boards, so that it will be a simple enough matter for them to have their way if the Board of Education does not promptly refuse permission to grant any exemptions whatsoever. It is interesting to note that the Stewartry Farmers' Club at its meeting on February 15 agreed to make a recommendation to the Board of Education that one of your eyes found in a corner of the "Times" of January 14, 1915.

Sir,—There is a song which says, "The night has a thousand eyes." May it be true some day of THE NEW AGE that it has a hundred thousand. Here is something that one of your eyes found in a corner of the "Times" of January 14, 1915.

In addressing the prisoner, S. G. Clements, 15, office-boy, convicted of killing his little brother, the judge, Mr. Justice Rowall, said to him that, if he had been a little older, he would have been well and deservedly hanged. In the next case the same judge said that he could not contemplate the mind of a person who did not at once see, etc., etc. It would be interesting to know the result of the contemplation of the judge's mind by some of your more brilliant eyes.

Is it possible that some people are hanged badly and some undeservedly. Did he regret that the boy was not a few years older, or that the law did not allow him to pass sentence of death on children?

It is interesting to note that the Stewartry Farmers' Club at its meeting on February 15 agreed to make a recommendation to the Board of Education that one of your eyes found in a corner of the "Times" of January 14, 1915.

All of which shows that he has no conception of the fact that the Board of Education does not allow children to be hanged, and have asked for light to be thrown on this sad case by those whose business in life it is to contemplate all states of mind.

Sir,—Mr. Frederick Dillon challenged me to produce any figures which showed that in a particular number of men the inoculated fared worse than the uninoculated. I did so. He now complains (1) that one set of figures was too old, (2) that a comparison between an inoculated and an uninoculated unit "might refer to the ordinary variation in highly inoculated communities" (1) and (3) that I ought to have "given instances beyond doubt that the boy was not a few years older, or that the law did not allow him to pass sentence of death on children?"

With regard to the figures in the present war, he accuses me of "jumping together the fully with the partially protected," and suggests that I should acquaint myself with the actual claims of the inoculants. I point out that to call the once-inoculated "partially protected" is absurd, as it for some unexplained reason the second dose had become less effective than the first, but the judge boy. Mr. Almroth Wright for inoculating twice was that by the injection of a smaller number of germs at a time the health of the subject was less disturbed.

As to the claims, Dr. Sims Woodhead, at least, claims that in a fully inoculated regiment there would be no typhoid at all! But failures make the claims in a peremptory state of fact.

The last part of Mr. Dillon's letter, with its incursion into psychology and its references to crystal-gazing and clairvoyance, surpasses in irrelevance all that he has written before, and I hope I shall be excused if I waste no more time upon him.

WALTER R. HADWEN, M.D.
be only fair to other passengers if all men and women were to meet this demand in a purely rational manner.

At present, seen in a state of chaos in nearly every bus; surely every intelligent man who has paid his fare should respect the regulation, and every woman should take care of the rest of the passengers and stand if there be standing room only. Unrest can be better ordered in public buses, and surely this would be far more convenient to the conductors, who already have extra duties to perform owing to the diminution of the lights. Men say that every gentleman instinctively feels a lady to stand—stand! and do not consider this matter as exceptional to the general forms of chivalry? But above all, say the women develop some feeling of independence in the men, or, at all events, show some courtesy to those whose seats they take, but most of them are now receiving these favours as though it were the common duty of men.

VERONICA HAMILTON.

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

SIR,—As a Parisian, may I be allowed to express my hearty endorsement of the following sentence in Miss Flora Keyes’s letter, “The English nation to a man, and, certainly, to a woman, is persistently nasty to all foreigners”? I will go further and assert that they are so for certain of their own fellow-subjects, pre-eminently to Indians. Their attitude towards us is one of carefully-studied and calculated hatred, here as well as in India.

If we go in the train, the ‘bus, the street, we are greeted without fear and with comic relief by such remarks as: “Come in, we are of the same colour.” If such remarks are passed about in land tones, we are ridiculed and laughed at to our very faces. They make no attempt to conceal their belief that, oh, dear, that would never do, for it would fall in its design of amusing, offending and hurting us if they did so.

If there is one thing more gratuitous in addition to this, it is to be stigmatised with the characteristic epithet of “niggers.” If it were merely from ignorance that the Englishman called us this, we could treat it with contempt. But he is not as we are, for he himself knows that nothing could be more libellous, slanderous, insulting, nor more vilely false. This is, indeed, his sole reason for employing the epithet, and, oh, dear, it is one that he knows he has discovered that which will cause us the maximum of pain and offence.

Although India has recently laid this country under an inconsiderable debt of gratitude, no improvement whatever has taken place in the national attitude towards Indians. I myself have had unique opportunities for observing the conduct of English people towards my fellow-countrymen, having been bred and born in this country, and moreover less harm has been done to me by the daily insults and indignities put upon me, there are times when I feel with “Oxford Indian,” your contributor, a few months ago, that this sort of thing is making life wellnigh impossible for the sensitive and cultured among us.

D. K. SORABJI.

DEMOCRACY.

SIR,—Owing to my temporary self-dedication to country life I did not get THE NEW AGE of April 1 until it was too late to answer “A. E. R.” for the 8th. Let me assure him that I am not sulking in silence, vanquished by his superior loquacity and knowledge of Greek history. I now want to point out:

(1) That it is no use for “A. E. R.” to cut snippets out of my letters to prove my motives for arguing about democracy. If he really believes that he knows my mind better than I do, he can go on believing. It is quite consistent, I admit, with the aristocratic idea for The Great Mind to know much better than the little mind what the latter needs and means. But I am a Democrat still, and this kind of talk is not only irrelevant: it is tiresome.

(2) “A. E. R.” has given us two close columns of Attic history. I am not quite sure of Greek democracy in reason, but I have a fear lest THE NEW AGE readers may be getting fed up, especially as the whole point is merely a minor one brought up by way of illustration.

(3) The vital point, after all, is this. “A. E. R.” believes that Representative Government is not democracy. I deny that. And I add quite unblushingly that “A. E. R.” will never convince me, not even by piling Nietzsche upon Faguet and Faguet upon Dicery, that Representative Government can never be democratic, any more than he can convince me that two and two make five. I say that Representative Government can and ought to be democratic, and that such democracy is a desirable ideal to aristocracy. And there, for my part, is an end.

“E. R.” admits that “I have proved my case beyond any possible rebuttal by him” and makes me the present of victory.” I accept it.

IVOR BROWN.

NIETZSCHE.

SIR,—Some people will be more content to refer Nietzsche’s share in the present war to the way he is taken up by the German people than to this and that selected and isolated phrase which is the outcome of a change that came over him. As to Dr. Oscar Levy’s estimation of Christianity (January 14) through the sincerity of the German Emperor, who, according to the pamphlets Dr. Levy will explain, it is that Nietzsche’s admiration for Prussian culture dates from the time he was an enthusiastic Wagnerian, when while he became obsessed with his Shakespeare ideas, “the future of German culture lies with the sons of Prussian officers” (vol. viii. p. 404 of “Tascher-Ausgeler”). I refrain from quoting further evidence, because it might be useless if Dr. Levy handles the subject so that absolute testimony against him shall be stowed away. Those who have travelled to and from Australia in German ships can get a very fair idea, from youthful German officers, where they get their inspiration from. Thus Dr. Levy has shown.”

G. H. FREDERICK H. IRVINE.

A “NEW AGE” REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sometimes asked if, or why, I read THE NEW AGE; if? Well, how could one do without it, having once started it? Especially, the great work of correspondence, of the mad zeal of C. H. Norman; of the bold, but wise, humanity of Alice Morn—ing, etc., etc., etc.? And yet there are sometimes, what seems impossible in such company, stupid, yes, stupid, reviews; and this week I am the victim of one of them.

Ah, Mr. Editor, you gave my “Vox Populi FitzGerald’s Omar” to that splendidly conditioned “A. E. R.” in such a way that he could not get THE NEW AGE of April 1 before I had the opportunity of sending you my letter of protest. For my part, is an end.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

SURVEY OF THE WOMEN WORKERS WORLD.

SIR,—The action of the Board of Trade is so revolutionary and unprecedented in asking all women willing to work to register their names at the Labour Exchanges, and may have such far-reaching results, that it is astonishing that the fore or no attention or criticism has been evoked either by the great trade organisations or by their labour organs.

One leader is reported to have said he did not “believe this step would lead to any particular consequences, as untrained women were of very little good.”

A female leader—this time a female one—said she “rejoiced at the splendid openings and wages that would be available for working women,
who would prove themselves, etc., etc." Both of these persons (as they so often do) have been, I think, not so sure that this latter body is ignorant of the facts, and has not, knowing them, deliberately introduced this element of confusion and chaos, with the single result of getting a huge mass of middle-class, cheap female labour; and, so far as the consequences being of no importance, they may have the most profoundly serious result that it contains. I cannot quite see that this body is ignorant of the facts, though I am not so sure that this latter body is ignorant of the facts, and has not, knowing them, deliberately introduced this element of confusion and chaos, with the single result of getting a huge mass of middle-class, cheap female labour. This, I have for twenty years never ceased to point out, is in reality no standard at all, having the most happy, pleasant, elegant, and interesting results that the subsidised workers being subsidised, or in part subsidised. Is it, then, of no consequence that the subsidised competition of these so-called "workers" like Lady Askwith (who has stated to a reporter that she intended to register at the Labour Exchange) should be brought into the Labour Market?

Thousands of middle-class and upper middle-class women—thanks to our present method of education, which, as has been truly said, makes a woman neither of practical domestic use as she was formerly, nor a cultured, accomplished being as she often was formerly—were so educated, so instructed, and so trained, that this thousand and one distractions offered on every side, are so lacking in resources and so uninterested in anything beyond dress and the spending of money, that even work, that gives them the opportunity of making money, has an irresistible appeal to them. No doubt at the present moment there is the wages and salaries they left, the greatest factor in the needs and necessities of living, owing to three-fourths of our population, and if their employment be only industrial labour and the lowest branches of "educated" and "male" trades (as they are at present constituted. At the outset of the war, when there was a general feeling the usefulness of women, especially girls', labour is not mobile. Women who are married or are supported by wealthy husbands, fathers, or other relatives. This stands to reason. For, if the Labour Exchanges had done their duty, every Labour Exchange must have been set up by the unemployed women already, for whom work should have been found if really needed, according to the Board of Trade. Already before the war, and to the extraordinary lack of competence exhibited by the Women's Exchanges, which ought never to have been modelled upon the men's organisations. For, as I pointed out, you want an entirely different kind of organisation for that branch of labour is done. With the co-operation of the leaders the services of women would be accepted. I myself believe that a special rate of wages for women during war time would be more advisable and fairer for both sides than the insistence of equal pay, with which doctrine—seen in the present state of the Exchequer, or of this or that philanthropic Duchess on speaking terms with royalty, suggested that they should be giving women work, which is true, but women and knowledge, women sufficiently mature to be capable of the foresight and sagacity needed.

It is a splendid opportunity, for I pointed out, you want an entirely different kind of organisation for that branch of labour is done. With the co-operation of the leaders the services of women would be accepted. I myself believe that a special rate of wages for women during war time would be more advisable and fairer for both sides than the insistence of equal pay, with which doctrine—seen in the present state of the Exchequer, or of this or that philanthropic Duchess on speaking terms with royalty, suggested that they should be giving women work, which is true, but women and knowledge, women sufficiently mature to be capable of the foresight and sagacity needed.

As regards the short-sighted female leader who believes some serious study and knowledge of conditions living just beneath the surface ought to be part of the curriculum. Occupying the position of capstone, or is a splendid opportunity, for I pointed out, you want an entirely different kind of organisation for that branch of labour is done. With the co-operation of the leaders the services of women would be accepted. I myself believe that a special rate of wages for women during war time would be more advisable and fairer for both sides than the insistence of equal pay, with which doctrine—seen in the present state of the Exchequer, or of this or that philanthropic Duchess on speaking terms with royalty, suggested that they should be giving women work, which is true, but women and knowledge, women sufficiently mature to be capable of the foresight and sagacity needed.

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comes to this, that, according to the "Daily Telegraph,"
the only definite work done is the finding of posts for
upon workers.

Does anyone suppose that if the Labour Exchanges
had been at the proper pitch of efficiency we should see handling
of money and men with the conscientiousness
of work as that called the "Women's Emergency Corps,"
of which some severe criticism, to which there has been no defence, has already appeared in these pages?

And, while, as regards the "toy-making," when begging
in the East End is the order of the day, and is being
"dealt with," there are 3,000 voluntary workers. The
19 Army units have received comforts.

20,000 names have been indexed in connection with the work of the Corps.

Now, if these statements are true—and surely the
"Daily Telegraph" does not accept statements and take
responsibility for them without some evidence to
support it, the "Women's Emergency Corps" have 3,000 voluntary
workers, and 20,000 others indexed waiting for employ-
ment; that is over 25,000 women indexed. And yet the
Board of Trade, which has installed a brand new Labour
Exchange in the premises of the Women's Emergency
Corps to further the miscivious activities of this pecu-

liar body, is totally ignorant of the fact that in the very
building where they have just installed one of their own
own Exchanges there are 25,000 indexed women waiting
for jobs.

Would the "Daily Telegraph," which, with the "Daily Chronicle," artlessly prints interesting facts of this sort,
like to know whether, in addition to the "toy-making,"
three thousand there are, to the knowledge of the writer, three
intelligent, capable workers, one a highly qualified secre-
tary, the others capable, clever women, who have been every
day and night in the offices, have flown to the Essex
Army units and are endeavouring, for £10 a week, to
get a job of any description for three weeks, and finally gave up the attempt as a bad job,
being told, as regards the "toy-making," why beginning
be taken on, that, "We are doing nothing with the toys,"
which, indeed, tallies with other facts in our possession,
very different from the statement of the "Daily Telegraph,
that women are making their twenty-five to thirty shillings a week. Will the "Daily Telegraph" to an extent that there are 100 toy-makers
at work, refute my own view (based, I am perfectly will-
ing to admit, on statements made to me), that there are not twenty women making thirty shillings a week, much less the "much more
spoken of?

If the statements made to me are incorrect, then no
harm will have been done to the "Women's Emergency Corps" by the truth being known, though an opportunity
has been already given them which they have not seen fit to
take advantage of; but maybe the "Daily Telegraph" has been given their confidence. As to the hundreds of meals distributed, the persons clothed, and given hos-
pitality, no one has gone there who knows whether they
were actually given to the poor. As to the "Women's Emergency Corps," their buildings are being used by various charitable and philanthropic societies.
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