The resistance to national organisation in this country is not, however, as wide as it is concentrated. Exactly as Mr. Jowett desires to see, and therefore sees, a distinction in Germany between the militarist class and the German people, we may certainly see, here at home, a distinction between the class of our profiteers and the people at large. The spirit of the latter is, indeed, the very contrary of the spirit of the former. As naturally opposed as our profiteers are to any changes making for national industrial unity, our people in general are either acquiescent or actually enthusiastic. Has public opinion been disposed in a single respect to resent the assumption by the State of national control over the railways, over finance, over sugar, over shipping? On the contrary, we may say that not only has each of these steps been accepted, but each has been welcomed and the delay in making them alone has been criticised. But this is to affirm that the war has already taught the spirit of unity to the nation at large, since no popular resistance is offered even to the communalisation of industry. And this is the fact. The gulf separating one class from another which he saw to be widening before him, close, in popular sentiment, until everywhere he might hear the whisper of the old motto of the Communists: From each according to his means, to each according to his need. The same class that originally created the class of the profiteers, the class of Rent, Interest and Profit.

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How successful this class has been may be gathered from a glance at the map of our industry. By this time, nine months after the opening of the great war, all industry, we say, should have been nationalised. The circumstances demanded it and the people desired it. But far from having yet nationalised its map shows only patches here and there of wisdom won from the war, while all the rest remains in its pre-war condition of barbarous competition. The railways have
been acquired, if only temporarily, for the national use; likewise a part of our shipping, our credit, our financial system. But of the vast bulk, even of the necessities of the State, not to say of the people, it may be said that they are still untouched by the new spirit. Wheat, the staple of our food, remains in private hands and there as dangerously for our national welfare as if all our munitions of war were dependent upon the good-will of neutrals! Wood, flax, hemp, timber, and a whole range of other necessities our population, and Government as well, must still procure by the old method of buying them in the dearest market their private owners can create against us. Of our shipping—the means by which we defend our Empire and the balance of our trade in general—most of the world’s capital is invested in vessels which we own, and yet which we cannot command when we need them most. Of our existing railways, many of the most important have been sold to the USA, and are run for profit not for service. Of the subsistence level of Employment, indeed, we repeat, we must still procure by some other enemy if not by means of Germany, our agricultural labourers. The indictment of their ‘laziness’ is the lie, but the mere shifting of the balance of our trade has acquired with their profits, and of the skilled labour they might have had for the proper payment of it, the farmers have been bawling out for the still cheaper labour of women and boys! What is to be done with such a class?

The indictment of our agricultural system that has been appearing in the “Times” is one to shame us, since it is well founded. The writer—an expert scientific farmer and a member of the Development Commission, we believe—certainly does not mince his words. Our agriculture, he says, is in such a state of disorganisation, maintained by ignorance and greed, that nothing less than a revolution will be necessary if the farmers themselves continue to refuse to set their house in order. Whatever complaints may have justly existed, he continues, before 1900, since 1900 farmers have been making money hand over fist. And this, we may observe, is not to be attributed to their enterprise or intelligence, but to the mere shifting of the balance of values in the world-market. As everybody now knows, the economic phenomenon of the last ten or twenty years has been the relative shrinkage of the world’s food-production compared with the expansion of its industrial production, if farming remained as primitive as Abraham’s, would still have made for higher profits for farmers generally, as, indeed, it has. Apart, however, from their own pleasures, what use have farmers made of the good fortune they have experienced? In the matter of improving their industry by investing in it the profits they have been making, they have failed so miserably that at this moment both applied science and machinery are little more utilised in agriculture than they were a quarter of a century ago. It is not, we repeat, that profits have not been made. Statistics give the lie to the farmers who venture to affirm it. Moreover, it is well known that farmers as a class have been investing the proceeds of their luck in every industry but their own; in gold-mines . . . , in picture palaces! Their share in industry it is that has suffered, by the subtraction from it of all that the farmers could make out of it without trouble, and the return to it of as little as they could spare from their pleasures and their commercial investments.

It may be supposed that if the mother of their wealth—“the land itself” has suffered by their greed, agricultural labour has come off still more badly at their hands. That this conclusion is true the author of the articles in the “Times” takes pains to make plain. Since 1900, he says, during all these fat years for farmers and while food-prices everywhere have been mounting to the detriment of the subsistence level of Labour, agricultural wages have been raised by only an average of some two shillings a week—an amount insufficient to meet the bare increased cost of living, to say nothing of the increased competition of other industries. “The agricultural labourer is the worst paid working man in England.” At the same time, the farmers we have been complaining that labour is scarce—as if they were not themselves the obvious cause of it! “During all the discussions, however, about the scarcity of labour, the provision of cottages, the desirability of a minimum wage and the like, we cannot recall (says the “Times” writer) any farmers’ organisation, nor, with one or two exceptions, any leader of agricultural opinion, who had the courage and perception to say that the labourer’s wages were much too low to retain him permanently upon the land. And the same applies to the small industrial part of our trade.”

The way the farmers have made money during the war, and the way in which they have been making it, is typical of the way in which they have been profiting at the expense of the nation. With the Londoners we have often recommended of making all England one farm and of farming it by means of a national guild, to include scientists, mechanics, breeders, specialists and workmen. A thousand considerations could be advanced in favour of this field national policy, so worthy of the greatest war the world has ever seen, and,
perhaps, a sufficient justification of it. But a few must suffice here. To begin with, we say that it is in the end the only course to be taken, because every other suggested plan is either self-evidently makeshift or utterly impracticable. The "Times" writer himself sees clearly that the Government's plan of providing still cheaper labour for farmers is in the long run ruinous; and we conclude that he suspects strongly the impracticability of his own plan. For he remarks that the farmers need not hope to solve their problem for three years or the duration of the war and afterwards to revert to the pre-war conditions. After the war, he says, labour will be more shy than ever of agriculture; and moreover, "the nation will have got accustomed to a good many short cuts"—to revolution. But this is to say that Labour, returning from the trenches, will be less tolerant of the apathy of our farmers than they have been these many centuries. As slow as the farmers are to stir their wits, as quick will their labourers be henceforth disposed to stir theirs; with the consequence that the Labour problem alone may be expected to smash our present agricultural system long before the war ends. Let us turn our minds to adopt the proposals of the "Times."

Again, it does not seem likely that the main economic stream of the last twenty years has been nearly exhausted. On the other hand, the expansion of industry all over the world will continue after the war at the cost of the relative diminution of food-production and the consequent rise in food-prices. The effect of this upon England in particular can be easily imagined. If our own agriculture remains primitive, we shall subject to unlimited exploitation at the hands of foreign capital, whether native or imported from this country. And this intolerable condition of affairs will be rendered more intolerable in circumstances for which we, fear, there is every warrant: the circumstance that the present is by no means the last great war in which this country will be engaged. The question is, can we afford, with this certainty and this prospect in view, to leave the sources of our home-grown food supply in the unregulated control of a class that, during twenty years of the most favourable opportunity men ever had of perfecting their industry, have so far neglected it that in both scientific management and in labour they are now proved to be a good two decades behind our competitors in the war. We cannot, it is clear. If Labour alone is powerless to bring about a revolution in our agricultural system, the State in mere self-preservation must itself undertake the job. The farmers have failed us and will continue to fail us. The nation must save itself or be ruined.

Oh, but, it may be said, cannot something less than this millennial legislation of a National Farming Guild be made effective? Though we despise the intelligence that shrinks from such proposals in a general period of Armageddon, we are still prepared to listen to any counter-ideas. We have seen the counter-plan of the farmers themselves and as endresed, most unfortunately, by the Government: it is, we say, taking a deal of pains to damn ourselves. We have likewise seen the counter-plans of the "Times" writer, the most intelligent of our orthodox agricultural experts; and for reasons we have given we pronounce them impracticable. Depending for their success upon the very class for whose failure they are suggested as a remedy, it is not mere impatience to dismiss them as Utopian. Finally, for the present—though we may anticipate a crop of desperate expedients for dodging the inevitable—there is the plan adumbrated by Professor Wrightson in the "Times" and supported by the creation of a special "1914 War Society." This, if you please, is none other than our old friend, the small-holding system, in a new form. Professor Wrightson recommends that our returning troops shall be settled upon the land in smallholdings for which they are to pay Rent, Interest and Sinking-fund until purchase is complete and they become peasant proprietors. Our respect for Professor Wrightson as an agricultural scientist puts much upon the expression of our contempt for him as an agricultural statesman. Is it entirely unknown to our Professor that his plan has been tried and found wanting? Besides being impracticable, since our soldiers will want something better than to become peasant-proprietors at their own expense after some fifteen years of hard labour—and can get it for the asking—the system of peasant-proprietorship or of small holdings is out of date for this era of history. Small holdings, however economically farmed, even when properly managed and operatively organised, are not likely to be able to compete as an industry either with large, scientific farming abroad or with other industries. Both the problem of production and the problem of wage-labour would therefore remain unsolved under the system. So far, however, it is the best that has occurred to the invention of the profiteers and as a means of staving off the necessary revolution. Like the rest it is as fad as it is timid; and we doubt whether it interfered before it corrupted the coming discussion of our real needs.

Upon one other subject during the past week the leaders of opinion have shown themselves Russian in their stubborness: the subject of Drink. It is, of course, an intemperate exaggeration beyond even the bounds of decent drunkenness to affirm that the drinking of the working classes has been responsible for the failure of our industry. We must remember that in the profiteering system itself, from which, if teetotalism were established to-morrow, we may still expect evils as great as any that mere personal vice can produce. Moreover, the attempt to fatter the failure of private industry upon the drinking habits of the working classes is, to invite a reaction against the war which would put an end to it long before its national objects have been attained. Do these wretched teetotallers and profiteers' lickspittles really know what they are about? More than than ever before in the history of the world war depends upon the workman even more than upon the warrior. To subject the workman to every form of insult, restriction and ignominy at the same time that the warrior is being loaded with consideration is, as we say, to provoke a dangerous state of affairs. Drink may, indeed, be an enemy as deadly as Germany in the opinion of Mr. Lloyd George, who ought to know; but we know a more deadly enemy than Drink, it is compulsory teetotalism imposed without real rhyme or reason and in order, would shrewdly wish to stave off the Drink trade to spite their class. The regulation of the Drink traffic, on the other hand, permanently and not for duration of the war only, is a measure for which the working classes are fully prepared. Provided that it is not made to appear that the control is for the immediate purpose of profiteers, the control the State may now assume over the whole Drink trade runs as far as complete nationalisation. Here, again, as in respect of all our industries, it is now or never. Last week, we are certain, the nation was not only ready to accept nationalisation, but eager for it. Why has it not been adopted, when even the "Spectator" is in favour of it? The reason is that, at the last moment, our Prussians prevailed over sense here, as their foemen in Germany still prevail over sense there. The Prussian militarist will not learn international manners while a drop of blood remains to be shed; and our profiteers will not permit national organisation here while the nation can stand on its legs. Business as Usual though the nation should die of it! And though the "Times," as we have seen, has screwed its feeble heroism to calling for nationalisation in general; in particular, as may be seen, it skulks back to profiteering on every possible occasion. Its opposition to the nationalisation of the Drink trade is characteristic of its opposition to every measure necessary and timely for the welfare of England.
Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdol.

In view of the enormous amount of private comment to which this has given rise, and the occasional protests we now see in the Press, it is time that the subject was dealt with in some little detail. Consider, first of all, one or two points of our case that do not appeal to the Vatican at all. We have all along made a point of saying that we are fighting the battle of democracy against militarism; that we are fighting for the freedom of the peoples against the tyranny of a ruling caste; or, as the "Daily News" baldly expressed it a few days ago, we are fighting against "authority" as opposed to the liberty of the people to develop. Now, has it never occurred to the propagandists who are thus emphasising certain features of what they regard as democracy that they are making it harder for us to secure that sympathy of neutral nations which it is so very necessary for us to obtain? From the very first day of the war we have been seeking the sympathies of the Vatican. It was right that we should, considering the enormous influence of the Vatican in Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and North and South America. But what precisely does the Vatican represent; what does the Vatican, as they say, "stand for"? The Vatican represents the "authority" which the Liberal Press here criticises; the Vatican represents the imposition of rule from above, irrespective of the feelings of the people below; the Vatican represents, in fact, the spiritual form of that government which in Germany has run to materialism and militarism. Rome means spiritual absolutism, exactly as Germany means military absolutism. The point is that the Vatican and Germany have this spirit of absolute government in common. The Pope would not feel particularly as ease in the atmosphere of Paris or London, especially if he were invited (as he would be) to fight against "authority"; but he would be at home in Berlin or Vienna.

In so far, in short, as the sympathisers of the Allies have emphasised our struggle against "militarism," "absolutism," the "caste system of feudalism," and so forth, just so far do we fail to secure for ourselves a certain amount of neutral sympathy which might otherwise be ours. The Vatican has never forgiven the Comintern for seizing the treasures of the Church only ten years ago, holding them up to ridicule, and closing many of the Church schools. More than that, there are many good Catholics in France itself who have not forgotten incidents which even the politicians do not now care to recall. The Church has now no political power in France; no economic power. But look at the position of the Church in Germany and Austria. Look at the German Centre Party in the Reichstag—the strongest party with the exception of the groups of Whigs, Liberals, Independents, Radicals, Socialists, and Conservatives, who collectively form the large Social-Democratic Party. Where is the French or the English equivalent of the German Centre Party? It does not exist. There was a great deal of wild talk a few months ago as to the action which the Church was going to take regarding Belgium and the ill-treatment of Belgian priests. The Emperor of Austria was to be excommunicated; some sort of ban was to be placed on the Kaiser; German Catholics were to be forbidden to serve in the army. Anglican priests were to be encouraged in England. These reports were encouraged by our own Press Bureau, for what reason I do not know. Consider the position of the Church of Rome in aristocratic Austria and in "militarist" Germany, contrast it with the position of the Church in Republican France and democratic England, and ask yourself whether claptab about liberty is likely to appeal to Rome at the present moment.

Consider, again, another point, which has never even been noticed in Western Europe. In this war, fortunately for our own security, we are all allied with Russia as well as with France. You do not now require to know very much about Rome and Petrograd to realise that the Church of Rome loathes the Eastern Church represented by Russia, and that deal means that belief in Protestantism in England or Lutheranism in Germany. The triumph of the Allies means enhanced prestige for the Eastern Church; and this is never forgotten in Rome for a single moment. It is never forgotten by the Catholic aristocracy of Italy and Spain. The gap between the Eastern and Western Churches is of long standing; it goes back to the early centuries of the Christian era. In charitable works of national importance, in special appeals, Rome has often willingly co-operated with Lutherans and Protestants and even with Jews—we have had instances of this in our own country. But Rome has never willingly co-operated with the Church of Holy Russia. We in the West look eagerly for the advance of the Russian guns in Hungary and in East Prussia; and we realise that every battery dragged painfully over the mountains or through the passes means that the war is nearer its end. But Rome never forgets the batteries of icons that accompany the Russian army; never forgets the menace that Russification in Russia by the Russians means a blow to the prestige of the Vatican. It is not really good tactics for us to juggle with words. It would have been quite possible for us to present a very good case to the Pope and his advisers without saying too much (which we did not seriously mean) about liberty, development, authority, and absolutism.

There were other elements, too, which felt offended by many of the Press comments in France and England. French politicians, as I said in these pages even before the war, were too much in the habit of sneering at their own army and minimising its importance. (So, by the way, were many English politicians—though Mr. John Ward, M.P., is now Captain Ward.) The consequence was that other armies were offended. The Italian army and the Spanish army, for instance, greatly resented the anti-militarist—"I do not say anti-militarist—attitude of French politicians. In view of the political influence of the army authorities in Holland and Spain we must say that the politicians in question behaved tactlessly. The Greek army, too, although it was trained for its successful Balkan expedition by French officers, has always looked to Germany as the country which really does know how to treat the army as a political instrument. These can be taken into consideration by our own authorities, our own Press, and our own public.
Military Notes.
By Romney.

The German bid for peace will be made formally at a very distant date, if it has not been made already. Even if we did not know that such efforts were pending, we might have argued from a knowledge of history, of present conditions, and of the ways of the world that they would appear about this time: because the tide has turned against the Germans, because they will be called upon, perhaps within a month, to enter upon the decisive phase of the struggle, and because, if they are then beaten, they will then be unable to recover their past advantage, either in money, munitions, or men.

Germany, in short, is in the position of one who has for some time maintained an equal fight with his enemies, but at the cost of exhausting himself at a speedier rate than they. They have just received new accessions of strength, and are likely to receive more. He, on the other hand, knows himself capable of one more desperate effort and only one. If that be made and it prove unsuccessful, he is done. Such a man might be expected to attempt to call a halt before the final trial, and to use his present comparatively favourable position to effect a compromise.

The tone of the German home press and of their inspired organs in neutral countries is all regulated, as Mr. Belloc well points out, to produce this one effect. It is pointed out to the Allies that theirs is a hopeless game: that Germany cannot beat them, but that on the other hand neither can they beat Germany, and that the best they can do is therefore to call a truce and patch the quelled up. Emphasis is laid upon the useless and continual waste of life, the danger of crippling civilisation; and the faint-hearted are discouraged by articles pointing out that it has taken nine months to drive the Germans back an average distance of one mile along the line of trenches; how many years may it be expected to take to get to Berlin? And so forth. Upon the soldier such nonsense has, of course, no effect. He is aware that it is not a question of driving back the enemy mile by mile on an extended line four hundred miles in length. He knows that one smashing blow—such as he has every reason to anticipate within the summer—will find the enemy with his long line broken and the fragments retreating not single miles at a stretch but hundreds: and his confidence in the success of that blow is all the greater when he perceives the obvious anxiety of the enemy to settle the quarrel peaceably before weather and other conditions allow it to be levelled. But, unfortunately, we are not all soldiers—and many of us are deficient not merely in technical knowledge, but in that stout-heartedness and determination which are an even more integral part of the military ideal. And it is upon these snivelers that the German appeal is calculated to work.

Let us not delude ourselves into believing that when the German proposals do come there will not be a considerable number of persons willing to accept them. To choose an example at random, the "Bystander," a weekly paper circulating among thegeoisied classes, has for some months been full of hints that it might be well to call a draw. I do not suggest that papers of this sort exercise any real influence, and I do not suppose that there is any baser reason for its conduct than a desire to see the "Bystander's" circulation re-established by an early peace. I do, however, know that the hints which have been circulated through the medium of this and other prints are precisely those which we know the German Press Bureaus to be inserting in those neutral journals which are amenable to their suggestions: and I suggest to the offending editors that before they allow them to appear in their pages they trace them to their sources, and try to remember where and by whom they saw them first suggested. The results will be curious and instructive.

For England, as I pointed out last week, any peace which does not include in its terms the complete temporary effacement of Prussia as a military power will be as good as a disaster. It will simply mean that Germany is relieved from the French and Russian danger and at liberty to turn the whole of her energies against ourselves. Next time we shall not fight under such favourable conditions. France, with a large popular base of adroit concessions, will be unlikely in the last degree to fight for us. Other Powers may even be found to fight against us. Now that we have our enemy down, let us finish him off. There is no good thing in him. He will not be missed, and he is unnecessary, at any rate in his present form, to the scheme of European civilisation. Besides, nothing but a complete victory will enable us to exact that reparation without which we cannot hope to compensate Belgium, Poland, and France for the losses which they have incurred, unless we propose to draw on our pockets to do so.

"Eye-witness" says in one of his reports: "It has been stated by one prisoner of intelligence and education that the Bavarians, being less civilised, less refined, and less intellectual than the Prussians, would display greater powers of resistance." Would they indeed? I don't think that for a long time I have read a more revealing sentence in "The Prussian" than this—"The Bavarian is less civilised, less intellectual, and less refined than the Prussian—it is the sort of notion that a Prussian would have, and that is all which a civilised man need say about it. But the other idea. Good God! When one comes across these little sidelights, then indeed one begins to understand how Prussians could burn down Louvain on principle, and sack Termonde with deliberation. They were consciously trying to revert to savagery, under the illusion that it would make them better soldiers. And they succeeding in reverting too—if indeed they ever had emerged.

If any man, having read history, supposes that a savage makes a better soldier than a civilised man, he is in fool. If any man supposes that the brute, physical indifferences to pain in which the savage undoubtedly does excel the civilised man is, as a military quality, worth the tenth part of the self-control, the ability to sacrifice oneself for an ideal, the discipline and the reasoned valour, which are the proper attributes of civilisation, he is a fool. What evidence is there to show that savages are over brave? All these people are good enough at one mad, drunken rush, prepared by music, war dances, and other semi-hypnotic methods—but any fool can fight when once his blood is up. Show me the savages who, undisclined by white men, have stood for weeks in the water-logged trenches under shell fire, against overwhelming numbers and without hope of relief, like the 7th Division at Ypres! They don't exist. Nothing would suit us better than that the Prussians should succeed in degrading themselves to the level of Tockawhoop Indians, or their own Pagan beer-swilling ancestors, who were much the same thing. Then shall we find it easier to wipe them out, and the less compunction in the wipping.

TO THOSE WHO SUPPLY THE FLEET WITH MATTER FOR READING.

How is it, whilst the press of words that now congest the printed page, y Tom send us not those simple pearls.

Whose setting is the fair New Age?

H.M.S. —.

J. A. M. A.
Towards National Guilds.

Many Socialists and Labour men appear to be under the impression that the organisation of industry is the affair of the working-classes alone. They resent the "interference" of members of other classes and would rather— to judge by their conduct—leave the poor in their poverty than owe their deliverance to the assistance of the “bourgeois.” This attitude, though intelligible and not without a crude honour, is nevertheless fatal to the emancipation of the workers, both practically and theoretically. The assumption is that the nobility of its assumptions. Practically, we may say, the working-classes alone, without the support, active or passive, of the other classes, will never be able to emancipate themselves; for the reason that at any rate exercise the power of the economic monopoly only against the two in the hands of the remaining classes. And, theoretically, it is false to assert that, because the workers have the more immediate interest in emancipation, the rest of the community has none; or that their ignorance is not what is really the issue.

"Delphian," in a recent issue of the "Liverpool Daily Courier," after quoting with approval some New Age comments upon the futility of wage-strikes, denies an editorial assertion that the men engaged on national service in private workshops are "without honour." The intention, we are certain, was to distinguish between the honourable and that which is really honoured. It would be contrary to everything we have ever said to maintain that our industrialists, wherever employed, are less honourable than their brothers in military arms. The point made was that, though equally honourable, they are not equally honoured. Would "Delphian" deny it? We look forward, indeed, to the time when Labour is as much honoured as it is honourable; when its engagements with the forces of Nature are recorded with the pride with which the engagements of our soldiers with the forces of Germany are recorded; when its lists of killed and wounded, of distinguished gallantry and service, are published as civic Rolls of Honour. The first condition, however, of this assimilation of industrial to military service is that industry shall become as national a service as fighting. The public cannot be expected to reward with public honour men whose service, however honourable, is private and not public.

In a curt and brief review of "National Guilds" appearing in "Land Values" for March the reviewer (remembering, doubtless, our opinion of the foolish land reformers) dismisses us as "superficial students of Marxian economics." It is useless for us to remind the reviewer, "A. Mc. L.," confesses, however, his inability to understand what we are talking about: for "what differentiates pay from wages we do not make clear." No; and we shall never make it clear to some people: among who we may sorrow at times to find them repeating, without their last landlord value. We undertake to say, nevertheless, that not one of the million or so soldiers returning from national service on pay will need us to make clear the distinction between his present pay and his past and future wages. Pay is for service in which no master receives a profit; wages are for services in the cause and for the purpose of profits. Pay leaves nothing over to be appropriated by persons not on service. Wages leave a good deal over for Rent, Interest, and Profits. Pay is... Wages are... Oh, go back to school, "Land Values!"

The engineering firm of Thomas White and Sons, Paisley, recently issued a circular to their men who were about to go on strike. The circular took the form of an appeal to their men, if they could not be loyal to the firm, to be loyal to their country and to the troops in the trenches, and to continue at work while the strike dispute was being balloted upon. Such an appeal is so reasonable on the surface that it would appear to be difficult to defend the men for ignoring it. The case, on examination, is not so simple. The raison d'être behind the appeal is that the firm expects higher profits. Secondly, put the case the other way round; imagine such a circular addressed by the men to their employers—what on earth would the employers say? Yet it is obvious that the same sauce is good for both goose and gander. Thirdly, everything depends on who makes the appeal. Army officers might make it to their troops with propriety and credit; but it comes ill from profiteers who have a personal as well as a national interest to serve. Only when the present managers of industry have no personal profit to worry about (who, it is true, pay or salary have they any moral right to appeal to their men in the name of patriotism.

The recent break-up in the British Socialist Party need cause no anxiety to Guildsmen. Though the party has held many good men it has never made any great headway in the country. Committed to collectivism, it sought to build up a new revolutionary body, failing to see that for good or ill the thinking section of the British workers had decided on the Trade Union as the instrument of defence against the aggression of capitalists. And though the Socialist might give fifty reasons to the Trade Unionist's one, yet the instinct of the latter in sticking to industrial groups for industrial purposes is now being recognised as right. This failure to realise the indispensability of the unions in any such change of industry as is contemplated by Socialists is the real cause of the non-success of the old S.D.F. Nor can the party be saved by joining the Trade Unionists, not in their proper task of perfecting their industrial organisation, but in their mistakes in their political chasing after industrial ends either unattainable or not worth the getting. For those members of the British Socialist Party who will have nothing of the political labour union, we suggest the careful consideration of the industrial possibilities of the Trade Union movement.

One of the incidental results of the war has been to give a fillip to the organisations of profiteers. The Railway Companies, for instance, are more united than ever and now probably form the nearest approach we have in England to an American combine. The cotton spinners similarly have been drawn together by adhesion; and the engineering firms by prosperity. While these federations are being cemented it is necessary that the Trade Unions should not grow more divided. Danger!

Commenting on the formation of the 'Dockers' Battalion,' the "New Statesman" says that there are in the scheme "obvious possibilities of an easy transition to a system of contract labour supplied by the Unions. . . . The men who take part in it will go ignominiously to their last landlord value. We undertake to say, nevertheless, that not one of the million or so soldiers returning from national service on pay will need us to make clear the distinction between his present pay and his past and future wages. Pay is for service in which no master receives a profit; wages are for services in the cause and for the purpose of profits. Pay leaves nothing over to be appropriated by persons not on service. Wages leave a good deal over for Rent, Interest, and Profits. Pay
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

XVI.

You may by this time be asking, Why drag in the State at all? Have we not had enough State? To which I reply: Yes, we have had enough of the State of Capitalism, but we have never had a State in which labour was recognised as it should be, or as it will be position. For what is at the back of all State activity—exploitation of labour in the interests of private profit-takers? To the present Government, as to all past to-day? What governs even State enterprise but the Stock Exchange gamblers, thieves of any creed and of no nationality, but they have power. They have the only power that counts in our modern world, economic power; and they have, as they wield it long will the administrative and legislative machinery of the State be used against you in their interests. That is the evil we want to sweep away. But to clear it away do not let us tear down the fabric of society; do not let us condemn the whole wonderful machine because it is being wrongly used; let us rather win through to the power that gives the right to use the machine. To use the word so beloved of political Socialism and Labourism, the Government; to capture the Government; let us capture it by organisation, determination and fight in the economic field and so distinguish ourselves from the past revolutionists of the MacDonald type, who hoped to capture it by smiles and honeyed words. Once with three words to economic power and all things else will be added unto you. For, you see, the political machine is not something that can be used to shape the destinies of the nation as a few politicians desire, apart altogether from the ideas and desires of others; it cannot even be made so purely and simply as to be truly a public will, no matter how à la mode it is to be used by any group of cranks or heroes rage as they will at the crimes of modern governments as is the Guildsmen. Knowing, as he does, that the Government is simply ruled by the economically powerful men in the country exploit the economically powerless masses for their own ends, whilst making some semblance of effort to hold us together as a citizen and citizen, all legal matters must be affairs for the organisation to attend to our national affairs, to give us a Parliament if you will, we must have a national organisation to attend to our national affairs, to give us weight in the world. And this organisation will be a wonderful engine for national health and happiness, almost precisely the same reasons I have given for condemning it as it now exists. I have said that it simply represents, not the people, but the economically powerful; and that it does evil because the people it represents are evil in intention and in act. Let economic power be transferred to the Guilds, in which no man is allowed to work his fellow evil, and economic power will all be turned in channels for good. The State will not be able to back the exploiter and the sweater, the financial shark and his pimps, the legalised thief, rogue and liar, when these have been swept away. I am claiming very much for the State, you will say, in spite of my previous condemnation of State and Governments. But, let me repeat it, that does not condemn the State, it only condemns the people for their misuse of the State, or for allowing it to be misused. We cannot agree with the Syndicalist that the worker must fight for the actual ownership of his industry; the ownership must be vested in the nation, in the State. To the Guildsmen the Syndicalist position is, indeed, but little better than that of the upholder of competition and wagery. For if you were to form Guilds and “take over” the wealth of industries, if each industrial organisation was to be the complete owner of the tools and machines and wealth, as well as controller of the work of the industry, we should be faced then with about a hundred powerful corporations which would have constant excuses for warring with each other. Indeed, if once industry were organised, it would lead to a pretty squabble to decide in the first place what was justly the property of each syndicate. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but to me Syndicalism seems to be a system which would call forth all the combative instincts in man, not for public good against private evil-doers, not for the rights of all, but purely for class aggrandisement and enrichment. It would make not for national unity and strength, not for balance and general good-will, but for disunity and constant bickering and strife. Economic power would be again misplaced. The State must own.

In their monopoly of labour power the Guilds would have economic power. Each in its own sphere would be supreme. But besides being Guildsmen, concerned to produce objects of use and beauty, spiritually as well as materially interested in their crafts, the workers of the future will be citizens. Apart from their corporate activities and production, as we have seen, their personal wealth and power will all be turned in channels for good. The State must own.
An Inadequate Parallel.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

Thanks very largely to the urgent remonstrances of our manufacturers and industrialists—who were justified for once—and also to the Board of Trade Report on industrial conditions already mentioned in The New Age, the newspapers have been letting the subject of conscription alone for a short time. The fiftieth anniversary of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln gave leader-writers a topic, however, and the "Times" is particularly in- sistent that we shall follow the "example" which Lincoln set us. The "Daily Mail," of course, has also taken the opportunity of pointing the moral; and Mr. St. Loe Strachey—who must surely be a lower primate, to judge from the reproduction of his photograph—ventures into the columns of the "Evening News" to urge the need of conscription on the American model. The editor of the "Spectator" has at last found his level, and has come down to a halfpenny.

Need it be said that history has been distorted in the endeavour to include Lincoln among the supporters of conscription? It is pointed out that Lincoln objected to compulsion in any form, but that the pressure of events at last forced him to acquiesce in "Conscription by lot," and Mr. Strachey lays stress upon this fact. The people who advocate conscription, or conscription in its disguised form of "national service," have emphasised before now the fact that Lincoln's "draft system" could never be compared with the military systems of the Continent of Europe. The moral we are expected to draw from the lessons of the civil war in the United States is that we ought to be prepared to support a conscription measure at any moment, since even anti-conscriptionists yield to the "pressure of events." Let us see, before we acknowledge the parallel so artfully laid down for our instruction, to what extent it is justified by what actually happened in America.

The Northern or Federal States, at the outbreak of the war, numbered about nineteen millions of inhabitants; the Southern or Confederate States about eight millions of whites and four million slaves. Neither side liked to use the negroes as soldiers, though they were finally employed. War broke out in the middle of April, 1861; recruiting for the Northern armies began early in May. By the end of the year nearly seven hundred thousand recruits had been enlisted, and then the Secretary for War, E. M. Stanton, in the belief that a sufficient number of men had been gathered together, began to discourage recruitment. On April 3, 1862, he definitely stopped recruiting by a general order applicable to all the Federal States, for in February and March there had been several successes against the Confederate forces. In May, however, the Southerners rallied, and early in June recruiting was begun again. Note that the recruiting offices had meanwhile been closed for two months, that the public had been cajoled into believing that the war was as good as over, and that interest in the campaign had definitely slackened. Nevertheless, within two or three months after the recommencement of recruiting nearly a quarter of a million men had been enrolled, though, in view of the failure of General McClellan's Richmond campaign, the "draft" system was resorted to. In other words, a population of nineteen millions had furnished approximately a million recruits in about a year, before any form of compulsion, even indirect, was resorted to. By the draft system each State was called upon to provide the army with a quota of men in proportion to its population. In many cases the quota was formed by voluntary enlistment. In some cases there was a surplus of men. In other cases the number of volunteers fell short of the strength required, whereupon men of military age on the muster-roll were called upon to take their places in the ranks. So loudly did General McClellan call for reinforcements, however, that the draft system was abandoned in 1863, and in March of that year a general con-scription law was passed by Congress. This is a bare statement of fact; the records of both Houses of Congress will show the interested inquirer that the measure was not passed without a considerable debate, and that the whole winter, in fact, was spent in debating it; and the debate was often acrimonious. There were reasons for this.

General McClellan has been referred to. In consequence of a combination of circumstances which can only be described as sheer luck, McClellan was raised from a captaincy to the command of the Northern armies in the space of a few months. He had talent, but not genius, and he was ultimately superseded. But it was largely in consequence of his utter mismanagement that conscription was resorted to; and it is clear that if McClellan had been a more experienced general the million volunteers who had been enrolled in the early months of the war would have amply sufficed for the campaign. I state a fact which can be verified by reference to any detailed military history of the American Civil War. McClellan's abilities lay in organisation, in reconciling the petty bickerings of the subordinate gene- rals—an important though thankless enough task—and in disposing his forces for attacks on a large scale. His one great defect was that he could never organise his forces for battle on a long line, on an extended front; and he was never able to employ his reserve troops. Over and over again, as at Bull's Bluff, at Williamsburg, and on the Chickahominy River, we read of McClellan, with forces twice as strong as those of the Confederates, being unable to make use of strategic positions and his superiority in numbers simply because, though it may sound incredible, he did not know how to deploy his men. The man who could organise stores, transports, ambulance corps, from headquarters never knew what to do with individual regiments on the field of battle. His delays exasperated the President, the Cabinet, the public; and after every fresh attempt at a forward move-ment he begged for reinforcements, alternately wailing and threatening until he got them. And when he got them he was never able to use them.

It is significant that Sir John French has never called for reinforcements, though he has told us a few times that he must have more munitions. Bearing in mind the proportion of population, it will be seen from the figures I have given that this country has done rather better than the United States in the matter of men. The population of England and Wales is thirty-six millions, of Scotland, four and three-quarter millions, of Ireland, rather more than two millions—say nearly forty-three millions, with the islands. This population has sup-plied, as we know semi-officially, nearly two million recruits to the Army since August, with another million of Regulars and Territorials and reserves. It should be said that the regular army of the United States in 1861 was less than fifteen thousand men, with about eighty thousand militia. It should be added, also, that con-scription inflamed public opinion in the Federal States and led to serious rioting. It was estimated that a thousand lives were lost in New York alone, the city being given over to the rioters for four days. Further, the richer classes had been able to evade the draft through the device of "bounty laws"—passed by the different States—whereby men were bought to take the places of those chosen by lot. The bounty paid was usually sixty pounds. Again, desertion on a large scale resulted from the con-scription measure. We are told that in the spring of 1864 more than three thousand officers and eighty thou-sand rank and file were absent without leave from the army of the Potomac alone.

In all these respects, do ill-informed men like Mr. St. Loe Strachey wish for a repetition of these things here? One cannot suppose that they do; and in any case we
must not encourage fanatics. But it certainly ought to be said that men such as Mr. Strachey, and the leader-writers in such papers as the "Times" and the "Morning Post," are doing their country the worst, the very worst, of services by clamouring for conscription. We in England may be attached to many of the utterances I have referred to in this article; but our Allies do not. The "Mail," for example, has been making great play with a diagram showing that the French battle front—i.e., the battle front held by the French troops in two hundred and forty-three miles long, as compared with a Belgian battle front of seventeen miles and a battle front held by the British of thirty-one miles. The implication is that this country is not doing its duty. But the answer to the nonsense is easy. We have sent a million British troops to the front, and we have a million at home ready to repair the wastage. (These are minimum figures.) The French Government has stated officially that the French troops at the front number two hundred and half millions, with nearly two million more by international comparison. If the two and a half million Frenchmen are holding a line five hundred and forty-three miles long, and the million Englishmen are holding a line thirty-one miles long, even the ex-Fabian editor of the "Mail" may depend upon it that there are military reasons for this. The "Mail," and the "Times," with the "Telegraph" which we all expect from both Carmelitine Houses, say not a word about the coast-line held by the British Fleet as compared with the coast-line held by the French Fleet. One is tempted into this latter comparison, though it is not quite fair. For the French have never professed to be able to do much with their fleet, exactly as we never professed to be able to assist the French on land by a greater expeditorious force than one of a hundred and fifty thousand men.

So far as the writer is aware, so far as the writer is aware, the only "New Age" which has even attempted to consider this matter of men sanely. It is pleasant to be able to say that the "Statist," which cannot be accused of lack of sympathy with Mr. St. Lo Strachey's class, supports the arguments we have used. On p. 64 of the "Statist" of April 18, an editorial writer plainly sets forth the position. He emphasised the fact that this country has always relied upon a strong navy and an efficient, though small, army, and he reminded us that when the war broke out we had this strong navy, this efficient army, and two strong Allies. "Subsequently, without consulting either the constituencies, or even Parliament, we departed from what had been supposed to be the settled policy of the country. Millions of men have been sent to the front, with the most gratifying patriotism, responded to the appeal, and vast armies have sprung forward as if by magic. But the result is that we have thrown our trade into disorder and crippled our manufactures. Is not that the sense which we have been talking in these columns for months? Will Mr. Strachey and the "Times" and the "Mail" and the "Morning Post" heed our arguments, now that they have been repeated by our foremost financial organ?"

As the writer in the "Statist" adds, this country must supply Belgium, Russia, Serbia, France, and our own armies with war munitions. We have also to maintain our international trade. These are points which the Americans had not to consider at all in 1861. They are points which those who have so suddenly reminded us of Lincoln also appear to forget very conveniently. Do these houyhnhnms who tell us about Lincoln know that this is merely one bad economic effect out of several that could be mentioned? If they do not know these things, they are writing without adequate knowledge. If, as is more likely, they do know these things, but conceal them, we can only refer to them as in- tellectual criminals of the lowest and most degraded type.
Their profound faith in the patriotic altruism of Ger-
many prevents them from seeing the necessary con-
nection of cause and effect where the prosperity of the
annexed provinces is concerned. They doubtless im-
agine that the desire for this territory was in no way
related to methods for which Mr. McGuire has to seek his
advocates would suggest. The absurdly disproporti-
ionate space allotted to raking up past history from Cromw-
oll to the Franzine provokes exclusively by that, as has
been emphasised in The New Age, the Gaelic-American be-
longs irrevocably to the past. His mental outlay of old
feuds and dead hatreds disqualifies him from taking any
part in the discussion of Ireland's present and future
needs. Reading Mr. McGuire nobody would suspect
that Irish conditions were other than in pre-Parnell
days. Irish pro-Germanism, in fine, is merely a nega-
tion, the expression of a traditional ill-will towards Eng-
land. It has not awakened any general response in
Ireland because the tradition to which it appeals is,
fortunately, almost extinct.

Once it is understood that the attitude of the pro-
German Irish derives from nothing more intelligent
than well-nursed hate, the preposterous excursion into
the economics of German colonisation becomes intelli-
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The greater part of Mr. McGuire's volume is devoted
to entirely irrelevant matters, the various insurrection-
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United States and in South America, the misdeeds of
Dublin Castle and the villainies of the orthodox Nation-
alist leaders. Of three hundred and thirteen pages, two
hundred contribute nothing towards proving that the
Emperor William's monsters have transformed Europe can see through the enchantment which distance has obviously lent to the Gaelic-American view.

Mr. McGuire—characteristically—complains that Ire-
land is not industrialised; that an agricultural country
should be predominantly agrarian is to him an outrage.
Fameously industrialism, on the other hand, is not con-
ceived by the American scale, with its fashionable spec-
ification, "Gunmen," and strikes, like those of Colorado and West Virginia, represents pro-
gress to an ex-Mayor of Syracuse. In his chapter on
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duction of the workers. Prosperity is identical with
profits. Gaelic-Americans in their anxiety to deliver
us over to German profiteers take no account of the fact
that there are Irishmen working in Ireland for another
ideal. They are full of praises for German co-operation,
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ered. Nowhere in Mr. McGuire's alleged picture of Irish social conditions is there any hint
of the Co-operative and Labour Movements, both of
which contain more promise of future prosperity, than
anything comprised by Gaelic-America and its accom-
plices at the German Foreign Office.

There is something peculiarly revolting in the thought
that people who are completely out of touch with modern ideas should presume to suggest experiment in what is, in a sense, an industrially and intellectually 'cul-
tivated field.' Ireland is only beginning to grope her
way towards a social order. With her political question
finally solved, the energies of all intelligent men will be
directed towards that end. No greater calamity could
be conceived than that we should submit the factory chimneys which Mr. McGuire
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Impressions of Paris.

In this best of all possible worlds, I went to the Gaîté-Montparnasse; that is, a kind of a music-hall. Originally wild boars would never drag me there—unless I was in love and the person wanted to go. I've seen millions of music-halls. I wasn't in love with the perverted things about the war is that non-combatants are I was in love and the person wanted to sons, and I went. One of the most wondrous things about the war is that non-combatants are bloody with the triumphs of the most Efficient of peoples. And I, and you, are expected to read and believe the lying newspapers as our sole contribution to the general state of unreason. Well, I fairly gave way the other night. I descended ninety years and went to hear Montparnasse, who, of course, turned out to be nothing but a wail and two gestures, but I thoroughly amused myself with my effect. I had nothing to say about the war and couldn't be played in England either in war or out. My walking-home thoughts, however, are all that matter. For some reason or other, I agreed with the philosophers that the eel of life, the flaying fowling which we try to produce by lights, noise, and movement, only springs into existence between two mutually comprehending minds.

Funereal ! I could explain. But it would be a theatrical burst. One like me who eats well, sleeps well and doesn't take much of the world, is not so deeply influenced; whose only remaining notion of the war is of a boathorse drama being played far off, has no reason to be out of love with existence. Zeppelins come and Zeppelins go; but I cannot perpetuate my sense of horror like a concierge, or a Catholic. Not everyone, to be out of love with existence. Zeppelins come and they go; that is, a kind of a music-hall. Ordinarily, I've seen what the critic, or a good man and a serious writer, I forget which. I do remember how provincial mammas used months so as to find out exactly how to nurse a baby, and thousands of whom took to drink every evening after the frightful wear and tear of the children's bedtime scene in "Peter Pan." Call a man what he really is, and before he dies he becomes it.

Whoever is Anastasia Edwardes? I wish she would come to Paris instead of going to Brighton. I'd promise to find her a whole crowd of Aichiseses who are thoroughly on the earth and yet can't sell their pictures. I don't know that I could guarantee her another quite so useful as her own for her sense of humour. But in general here is the immortal source of feminine good spirits—a man with positive opinions, an appetite for lunch and an inability to make his living. As Man, of course, he is a superior being; but he can never quite prove it. I don't believe in Anastasia's husband; he reads invented. If I had to do so, I should advise her to send him to the war at once, scatter his progeny to the four winds, and ring up Anchises.

A fat monsieur stood with a friend where I was looking at a mannequin outside a second-hand shop and wondering whether I could buy it, dress and all the rack was a perfect sky-blue day with just a sweet spring-wind blowing, and so I laughed frankly and the fat man saw the funny side of himself, and roared. I forgot to ask the price of the mannequin, but I picked up the "Manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci" in French for four sous. A man I showed it to with great joy, an artist, shuddered and said that stuff aged you. He then complained sadly of how easy it is to give one's sensibility to others and how ungrateful they are. I said that only women have any sort of right to offer their sensibility, artists need theirs for their work; and he said I hadn't much understanding. That was the second compliment of the kind I had received within two hours. The first also was from an artist, but I admit to have charged this one with having firmer opinions about French literature than a celebrated poet and critic with whom we had been talking. He then turned the subject, thanked me for saying he had never heard or written about his own work, snified with his eyebrows like a true Montparnassian, and all but told me that my judgment of art was of no account; which it isn't. However, I bet a pen to a paint-brush that he will manage secretly to reconcile his opinion of me and my opinion of his work.

But really it is a preposterous world. What are we to think of it? I have three or four anchors I cling on to. The first is to be charitable; and I grow very snappy with anyone who interferes with my pet objects. The second is to avoid any country, association or affair in which women have much to say—this, in order to protect one's sense of humour. Another, of course, is the application of humour to every incident which is not fasten. The second is to avoid any country, association or affair in which women have much to say—this, in order to protect one's sense of humour. Another, of course, is the application of humour to every incident which is not fasten and doesn't mind a job of work except straight after movement, only springs into existence between two mutually comprehending minds.

My copy prints "jouer" instead of "jouir." Perhaps it proves it. I may remark that my friend who nearly got ordered a fringe-cut in her excitement, not

I don't feel very much more aged than before I read Da Vinci. In fact the reading enervated me considerably. I belong to the elephant type of mankind, and this is what he says about my prototype: "He is naturally honest, prudent and devout, a man of religion—which is rare among men. When the moon renews herself, the elephants go down to the floods and solemnly purify themselves; having thus saluted the planet, they return to the woods. When they are ill, they fly herbs towards the sky as if making a sacrifice. They bury their teeth when these fall of old age. One of their tusks serves them to tear up nourishing roots, the point of the other is reserved for fighting purposes. They are element, and they understand peril. If they find a man they do not like, they make a savage face and malicious, and if one of them notes human tracks, fearing an ambush, he stops short, puffs, and shows the marks to the others; then all gather in a troop and march cautiously. The oldest goes first, the second oldest last. They are very chaste and only make love (I don't know enough Latin) . . If they come across a flock of sheep they
lift them up with their trunks and put them aside. They never destroy unless under provocation. They fear the cry of the pig. They detest rats."

There is a charming animal.

**Drama.**

By John Francis Hope.

After "Rosy Rapture," I think I may reasonably claim to be exempted from visiting theatres for a week or two; and if any of my readers need some more definite excuse, I will say that I am suffering from an invented paralysis. The truth is that I want to apply myself for once to a general question, rather than to descriptive narrative of the kind that exhibits my facetiousness. Readers sometimes protest privately to me that modern comedies cannot be so unutterably dull as I pretend, because thousands of people witness them and like them. I may resist this inference from the known to the unknown by reminding my readers of the antiquity of the refusal to accept the verdict of the audience as final. The derision which Aristophanes, for example, bestowed upon his audience of Athenians is too venerable to be forgotten; and he also told us that Aeschylus objected absolutely to the Athenians as judges, "as being ignorant and empty generally, and in their judgment of the stage particularly." When I look at the audiences of to-day, I conclude that Athens is the capital city of England; or, at least, that London, as Jucenal said of Rome, has become a Greek city.

But my complaint of the dullness of modern comedies need not be supported by barring the resort to a plebiscite. My complaint is venerable enough to be ninety-six years old, for Hazlitt tried to explain the same phenomenon in the last of his lectures on the English comic writers. He argued that modern comedies were dull because so many excellent comedies had been written. Comedy wears itself out, or, rather, exhausts its material; by laughing at everything, it is finally left with nothing to laugh at. It reforms manners so effectively that, at last, there are no manners to be reformed. When Comedy triumphs, every face comes to wear the gentlest asinine expression, every tongue speaks the same language and we all say "nace" and "goo-baa" and even adopt the word "dinky" as a term of admiration, we all have the same code of conduct, and character, defined by difference, ceases to appear on the stage because it is no longer tolerated in life.

I should be loth to call this a triumph of Comedy, when precisely those manners that it attempted to correct are characteristic alike of modern comedy and of life. It is not the Sir John Brutes, the Pincwhifes, the Fainalls, who have been corrected into conformity; it is the Mirabelles, the Heartfrees, the Harecours, the Horners, who have been compelled to conceal their superior wit, manners, and address. The stage has been converted into a court of justice, with Convention on the Bench, Morality in the witness-box, and Wit in the dock; and the function of judgment has been usurped from Comedy when Convention declares that there are "no hopes for them as laugh." It is not Comedy but Jeremiah Collier that has triumphed, as Hazlitt himself noticed in one of his earlier lectures; he said then that Collier's work was written with ability, and did much mischief; that it produced this "lackadaisical, whining, male-believe comedies in the next age (such as Steele's 'Conscious Lovers,' and others) which are enough to set one to sleep, and where the author tries in vain to be merry and wise in the same breath; in which the ultimate point of licentiousness goes no further than the gallant's being suspected of keeping a mistress, and the highest proof of courage is given in his refusing to accept a challenge." The appeal from Hazlitt sober to Hazlitt drunk has elicited the truth, according to the well-known adage.

The trouble was that Comedy generally accepted the moral test invented by Collier; it adopted even such moral terms as "licentious" to describe sheer fancies of the intellect such as the creation of Mr. Horner. The objection to Wit was precisely that it was Wit, an intellectual activity, therefore masculine and therefore heartless, as the women say. Perhaps I do Collier too much honour by saying that he invented the moral test; it was more truly invented by Wycherley himself more than twenty years before Collier wrote, when in "The Plain Dealer" he made Olivia protest against the "filthy chintz" of "The Country Wife." The creation of this character is itself the shrewdest example of the moral test applied to Comedy, for it reveals its feminine origin. Women cannot be, and cannot afford to be, witty about sex; and the moral test means that the sex passages of Comedy must either be "amorous, soft, passionate, lascivious, or fiercely denunciatory of every lapse from the prescribed model. Either sentimentality or satire are the alternatives forced upon Comedy by the moral test; and Wit, which illuminates but neither allures nor judges, is banished from the armory of mental exercises. Sheridan strove to recapture the mood, but was obviously an epigone; and Byron, a fine comedian though not of the stage, found England too hot to hold him.

We have the comedy we deserve; no doubt of that. God gave us Wit, Wine, and Women; Wit, that we might be like unto Him, serene but not serious; Wine, that we might be merry, and Women, that we might be sad. We preferred Women before all; and they flourish in this land like the plague of cockroaches that followed the humane action of the man who saved a couple of them from drowning. Concealment of character, conformity to type, is the peculiar practice of women; and the first and last question that every woman asks of her lover is: "Why can't you be like other people?" Even the attempts at rebellion against the prevailing model are written by men, not by women; and they amount to no more than advice to women to obtain the body for the possible price for what are called their "favours." Desdemona, I remember, would not do such a deed for all the world; but Emilia has more followers among her sex, who "would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world— I should venture purgatory for it."

But this much may be conceded to Hazlitt; the stage, if it no longer corrects manners, creates them, and such manners they are! From whence did the "flapper" come, but from musical comedy; what was the origin of the "knut" but that same medley of nonsense? The "Dundreary" whiskers are ancient history; but it is within the memory of man that when George Alexander wore a flannel collar, half England imitated him. The stage, in one aspect of its activities, is no more than a showroom for the productions of the wholesale clothiers; in another aspect, it is the dictator of speech, manners and even of gait. Mr. G. P. Huntley inspired many of our young men to cultivate a sediment in their speech; and the slouch attributed to Oxford probably derived from the same source. It is time that Comedy, if ever it did attempt to correct manners, instead of lamenting curiously and with amusement the spectacle of "the wise man in his infidelity and the fool in his devotions" detected by Mahomet, resumed its task.
Readers and Writers.

In the "Times" of Wednesday last "A. E." had an article on a topic familiar enough to my readers—the reaction of the war upon literature. "A. E." is not a man like Mr. James Stephens, who talks through his hat; but one who knows by the emotion accompanying it when he has an idea and when his mind throws up a mere wind-egg. The pith of his suggestion is to be found in his prophecy that "the State will become omnipotent over the lives of men more than ever before"; and he concludes from this as follows:

Of necessity, literature will be concerned more and more with the shaping of the character of this Great Being [the State]. In free democracies, where the State interferes little with the lives of men, the mood in literature tends to become personal and subjective; the poets sing a solitary song about nature, love, twilight, and the stars; the novelists deal with the lives of private persons, enlarging individual liberties of action and thought. Few concern themselves with the character of the State. But when it strides in, an omnipresent overlord, organising its functions... Read please, and reflect that the prophecy may, I hope, contribute to its own fulfilment.

It is America, perhaps, that the absence of any collective spirit coincides with the most prolific literary man in the world: the State and its propaganda matter to its own fulfilment. The Irish school and their wandering Willies in London are of no concern to the character of the State. hut enlarging individual liberties of action and thought. Few concern themselves with the character of the State. But when it strides in, an omnipresent overlord, organising its functions... Read please, and reflect that the prophecy may, I hope, contribute to its own fulfilment.

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Everybody knows that Mr. St. John Ervine last autumn established himself as one of our wisest and most brilliant novelists. It is therefore quite unnecessary of the wise thrush in the "Daily News" to sing it over again to us. One of our wisest and most brilliant novelists seems, however, to have fallen this spring in the opinion of the "Daily News." His last novel is described as "having throughout the flat, undetailed appearance of borrowed work"; it is "obviously written in haste"; and "should not be remembered for notoriety; by achievement, a lecturer at the Royal Asiatic Society under the presidency of Lady Muir Mackenzie, and an interviewee of the "Daily Mail's" evening phantom. As if all this were not enough to persuade us that in Mr. Inayat Khan we have another and perhaps a lesser Tagore (my eyesight at the microscope is failing), a remark of the newcomer's is quoted; it refers to our paltry little war. "To a philosopher," says Mr. Khan, "all this war business [you will discern that Mr. Khan has assimilated American culture]—all this war business in the world is just like the children's fight—begins in nothing, ends in nothing." And this from an Indian and a philosopher! If he could understand me, however, I might reply that all Life, according to the philosophy of India, is only a fuss between the first and the final Nothing; and that, according to the "Mahabharata," for the mass of men the best fuss is war. But he would not understand.

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And I took the little book out of the angel's hand and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and when I had eaten it my belly was made bitter." Rev. x., 10.

"Aldebaran," in the "Star" of April 9, quotes at length Mr. James Stephens' reply to Mr. Pound that appeared in these columns on March 18. Mr. Stephens' letter, says "Aldebaran," "takes its place with the best things in this genre" with Dr. Johnson's

Whistle's to his Enemies. This is very handsome of "Aldebaran," and in our outer darkness we others catch a ray of Mr. James Stephens' effulgence, and are warmed and lit by it. At the same time it is necessary to blacken the background on which our correspondents coruscate. "Aldebaran" goes on to complain that "in these times" [eighteen months ago!], it is "indefensible of The New Age to raise its price to sixpence. As a record in journalism alone it should have commanded the admiration of journalists—for what other penny paper, dying at a penny, would not end its days at sixpence? But it is not only with the Press that I have a crow to pick.

R. H. C.
Letters from Russia.
By C. E. Bechofer.

I turn from the Russian bear to the Russian boar. It is a marvellous creature—it talks and talks and talks; if you do not listen, or happen to be already speaking of something else, it raises its voice until you cannot help listening. It hangs a lecture on the slightest peg, and has only one subject. We keep one, and his subject is the students. He is a carrottied-haired youth, studying at the Tolka University, and, to our desolation, Tatiana Seregenoa has invited him to the country for a few weeks. Heavens! how he talks! The whole world seems to depend on the students, his comrades. They are the lecture.

I started some Russian lessons with him. The first one went well; he called me a "lad," which is a high compliment, and clapped me on the shoulder. But in the senator—he called me "comrade" and commenced a lecture on Russian culture (i.e., Russian students), which continues to this moment. The Russians must have Constantinople because they are a cultured people and the Turks are not. At this point I threw up the lessons altogether, and dropped in with them. One of the professors has given the sound advice to the newest Minister of Public Instruction to look after his own work and not interfere with politics. The record of his recent predecessors, it says, has been this: one occupied himself with Liberalism in the schools, another with diminishing the number of professors in the universities, another directed himself against student organisations, the last—Kasso—combated the revolutionists. This last, who died a month ago, left a document, which a Moscow paper has just come out with, a list of all the professors in the University of Moscow, whether they were "for us," "against us," or "neutral"!

I read all the papers to which we subscribe, and observe that Shalalipine is not behaving well. In this time of war and high prices he demanded 200 a night to sing three times at the Kiev Opera. In consequence of general dissatisfaction, the municipality refused! Rasputin, the well-known Petrograd monk, was run down by a motor-car the other day, and is still explaining to the world that he knew all along it was going to happen! The "Novoye Vremya" says that "the 'Retch,' with its customary tactlessness ..."; the "Retch" says the "Novoye Vremya," as was only to be expected,wards it somewhat. One of them has announced that there is something in Futurism. All the ideas, I am told, are in the fat quarters, and we do not subscribe to them; certainly there is nothing of value in the daily and weekly papers, and I am put to reading anthologies.

I always wondered why Lomonosov, the father of the Russian language, was not translated into any other European tongue. Perhaps when you read a little of his work it may be clear. For example, his verse:

O man, how vainly in thy sorrow thou murmurest to God! Hearken, how to Job out of the clouds He spake, awfully, to strengthen him. Shining through rain, through whirled, through hail, and interrupting the thunders with His voice, He shook heaven with His words and thus in question addressed him:

"Guard all thy strength to-day, take courage, stay and answer: Where wilt thou, when in harmonious rank I ordered this excellent world, when I set the firmament of the earth, and the assembly of heavenly powers glorified My majesty and authority? Show thy great wisdom!" (From "The Fifteen-Year-Old Poet.")

What a foundation for a language! It was Lomonosov who said that Russian had "the vivacity of French, the strength of German, the softness of Italian, the richness and power ofcoincidence of Latin and Greek"—more Greek, indeed, than Latin, as he shows in the lecture on the Church Books; it was Polish, with its Roman Church, that assimilated Latin, while the Russian Greek Catholic Church naturally drew Hellenic words and ideas to itself.

As relief from the heavy majesty of Lomonosov, I translated a light piece from the same anthology:

The Fifteen-Year-Old Poet.

A poet, this or that (we have of them a mass),
Two poems sent to high Parnass,
And in them he described all Nature's charms, the skies,
The rosy-colour'd clouds, beasts' cries,
The sound of leaves, the chant of owls that fly in.
And poet put on the memory a half line,
(From "The Domestic Evangelist.")

Chehov concluded all his letters from the Crimea with the words, "To Moscow! To Moscow!" and used the phrase later in his "Three Sisters." They never got there, those three unhappy creatures, but my plans are laid!

The Domestic Evangelist.

When I dine I am generally my Uncle's guest. Therefore I listen officially to a good deal of conversation. There is a tendency for all officialism to surrender initiative for routine, and I supply a very simple base to my Uncle's rhetoric melody. I say "Yes" or "Oh," or "Very likely," whenever my Uncle comes to a pause in his conversation. The harmonising of my Uncle's themes requires very little conscious effort from me, for since he talks constantly to the same woman he talks frequently of the same things.

What I am saying must not be taken as a criticism of the state of intellectual monogamy in which we live. If I desired it, I could put in a period for as long as it takes a gentleman to drink his soup. I am content as it is, for my Uncle is always good-humoured when he

and see? From the high clouds he sees in the waters
and the deep chasms that which I gave him for food:
didst thou create his swift eye?
"Regard the behemoth in the forest, that is created by
Me as thou art; he seems to trample beneath his foot the
prickly thorn; his veins are twisted like ropes, essay thy
strength against him! His ribs are as cast copper: who
dare rub his horn? . . ."

And his prose:

How not to be Virgils and Horaces to-day? Elizabeth
Augusta reigns; she has eminent representatives re-
sembling Mecenasses, through whose intercourse her native
town is stored with the new increases of science and
art.

Great Moscow, encouraged by the song of the new
Parnassus, rejoices in this, its adornment, and displays
it to all Russian towns as a perpetual pledge of zeal to
the fatherland of its founder, upon whose alert solicitude
and ardent representation the Russian muses place a
firm hope in the supreme patronage.

From ("The Church Books and the Russian Language.")

Peter, protecting Russia from the pillagers, brought
us, instead of gloomy dread, a secure and tranquil
joy; Elizabeth saw the light so as to pour upon us the
glory of consolation, delivering us from the gloom of
misery. . . . Arise and walk, arise and walk, Russia! Shake
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fulfilled, adorn thyself, rejoice, and exalt thyself!

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The God of Strikes, he says, is a Stomach; the Stomach of Strikes, he says, is filled with Beer.

Shake myself from a reverie to agree with him. I bow a smiling acquiescence in time to a fraction of a second, though I have only been listening with a fraction of my soul.

While my Uncle has been talking my inconstant mind has pursued its own reflections. I have noticed the pleasant roundness of my Uncle's waistcoat. I have seen that the whiskey is low in the decanter. I have remembered that the Government may succeed in the sale of spirits. I have congratulated myself that there is enough drink in the cellar to stand a siege. I wonder if it is discourteous of me to pay so little attention to my Uncle! After all, there is very little need for me to listen to a speaker that is not of the Cross. I understand him.

Anastasia Edwards.

Views and Reviews.

Sovereignty and the Judicial Function.

If it were worth while, I could add weight to Mr. Cole's warning to Guildsmen to avoid "tripping continually over their own or other writers' terminology" by citing his own works. One example I must give, to impress upon Mr. Cole the necessity of acting according to his own advice. When he lectured to the Aristotelian Society, and wished to score a point against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, he said: "We have Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his like postulating that State sovereignty is a justification of Socialism, with which it has nothing to do." When he lectures to me, and wishes to score a point against me, he says: "State sovereignty is the theoretical equivalent of collectivism. This adaptability to environment may be the condition of survival; but it is worth while remembering that it was his allegiance to the fact of State sovereignty that kept the Vicar of Bray benefited during six reigns."... It seems possible that Mr. Cole's warning to Guildsmen to avoid "tripping continually over their own or other writers' terminology" may become his own myth-maker and postulate.

Because State sovereignty is a fact, there is no need for Guildsmen "to affirm a new and positive theory of sovereignty." Mr. Cole's denial of State sovereignty forces him into the contradiction in terms of two "supreme" authorities, whose conflicts will be reconciled despotically. "The ultimate sovereignty in matters industrial," he says, "would seem properly to belong to some joint body representative equally of Parliament and of the Guild Congress." Mr. Cole forecasts that the parties will thus be too supple; facts are not so pliable that they can be manipulated into contradictions, and State sovereignty is a fact, not a theory. It existed before Collectivism was heard of, and it is likely to persist when Mr. Cole's schismatising is forgotten.

Let us deal with facts, and not with theories. We are not legislators, like those of Greece, called in to make a constitution; the constitution exists, and the National Guild System does not imply its own existence. The book says: "The State, with its Government, its Parliament, and its civil and military machinery must remain independent of the Guild Congress. Certainly independent; probably even supreme. Perhaps it would be better to put the question in less terms, and to deny at once that "the State" exists under our constitution. Great Britain is not a "state," but a
"realm"; and sovereignty resides with "the King in Parliament assembled." We may, and frequently do, adopt the phrase ascribed by Plutarch of "softening the badness of a thing by giving it some pretty and innocent appellation," and call ourselves "citizens" or members of "the sovereign people"; but we are in law and in fact "subjects" of "the King in Parliament assembled." We may like or dislike the fact; we may have a preference for this or that theory of government; but the fact remains that we are subjects of a constitutional monarch, with certain rights secured to us by law and enforced by the Courts. The question of sovereignty was settled long ago; and until history is wiped out from the memory of Englishmen, and political sagacity with it, the sovereignty of "the King in Parliament assembled" will remain a fact broad-based on the nature of Englishmen themselves.

This being so, the National Guilds can only come into being by the sovereign act of creation by "the King in Parliament assembled"; and "the King in Parliament assembled" does not create sovereign, or supreme, bodies. The constitutions of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Ireland, are the constitutions of non-sovereign bodies; they are true examples of the delegation of power than is the voting for members of Parliament. Even if the National Guilds, even if combined in a Congress, will be no more supreme in the same sense that "the King in Parliament assembled" is supreme than is Convocation; and the power that subordinated cannon law will know how to deal with economic law. I grant that "economic power precedes political power," but I do not agree with Alexander Hamilton that "in the general course of human nature, a power over a man's subsistence amounts to a power over his will"; but as the political power is already the possession of "the King in Parliament assembled," and the economic power of a monopoly of labour can only become legal, that is, constitutionally effective, by permission of the sovereign, the sovereignty of "the King in Parliament assembled" is no way diminished or divided, nor is the Guild Congress "supreme" as Parliament is supreme.

The Guild Writers said that "it would be a profound blunder to assume any inevitable or likely collision between the organised Guilds and the organised State," assuming that business is so fascinating that the Guilds would not be likely to interest themselves in politics. This is probably too optimistic an assumption; but it is quite certain that no conflict between two "sacrifices" will ever occur. The Guilds, being non-sovereign bodies, will bow to the law of the land; and the law of the land will be made by "the King in Parliament assembled," and administered and interpreted by the Courts until such time as the possibility of a new type of judge, and will have to constitute a new Court; but this again will be a sovereign act of the King in Parliament assembled." The necessity of independence for the proper exercise of the judicial function has not, to my knowledge, been questioned by any political writer of eminence; and that independence would not be secured by Mr. Cole's proposal of a body drawn from the two disputing bodies should be apparent. If Guildsmen are so bankrupt in political theory that they can only fall back on despotism, then I say again, "so much the worse for National Guilds." There is no reason to doubt the present method of appointing judges in England, and making them irremovable except by petition of both Houses of Parliament, does make the judiciary independent; and there is nothing in the National Guild System known to me that suggests that the English Constitution is any less sovereign than the Guilds, that the judiciary will be superseded by ad hoc bodies of arbitrators. The sovereign act will be the making of the law; the judicial act will be the interpretation of the law; and the act of obedience will be performed by the Government. The question of sovereignty will remain with "the King in Parliament assembled." A. E. R.

REVIEW.

Field Notes from the Russian Front. By Stanley Washburn. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

Mr. Stanley Washburn has here set down some of the things revealed by the Russian staff to the "scattered and unsure observance" of a special war correspondent of the "Times," which, by the way, has had a supplementary interest in Russia for some time. His information is carefully designed not to instruct the enemy, although, as the last dispatch is dated January 15, we might have expected more precise information concerning the things that happened on the Eastern front during the fall of last year. But it seems that the Germans are not to know how they were beaten; that must be kept quite secret; meanwhile, the English public needs only to be told of the astonishing sobriety, efficiency, piety, patriotism and philosophy of the Russian Army. Mr. Washburn saw plenty of horrors, and relates them graphically; fragments of men shattered over fields, mangled corpses, and "ghostly burdens of stretcher-bearers; and standing in the great hospital at Lemberg Station, through which there had passed more than a hundred thousand wounded, he asked himself: "Where is the romance of it all?" If he had answered: "In the months, Guilds, the months, he would have asked the question once for all, and we would have been spared his stupid exclamations. War is reality, not romance; and a man who does not know that should learn it before filling his pages with morbid horrors. He notes himself that they are "good men, these peasants, no doubt, but surely not sensitive. As they begin to disentangle the bodies and pull them toward the grave by one leg, with passionless face babbling in the dirt behind, 'one turns sadly away.' But if Mr. Washburn were to learn from the Russian soldiers how to face reality, we expect that he would not be a suitable correspondent for the "Times." But the book is not all about the wounded and killed. Mr. Washburn paid a visit to the trenches, was also shown some of the concealed batteries, and the Chief of Staff politely ordered a bombardment for Mr. Washburn's instruction. And wherever he went, he noted the thousands upon thousands of soldiers marching, marching, marching; he saw the immemorial guns, the countless caissons, the endless commissariat wagons, and the Christianity of both combatant and non-combatant Russians. He reports cases where the Russians shelled the Germans out of villages, destroyed the villages, but left the churches standing. Mr. Washburn has to report that the Russians shelled the churches because the Germans were in them, and he reproduces a photo of one such church practically destroyed, but with the crucifix untouched. But crucifixes were not always immune from shelf-fire; sometimes he suggested, before, that we shall develop a new type of judge, and will have to constitute a new Court; but this again will be a sovereign act of the King in Parliament assembled." The necessity of independence for the proper exercise of the judicial function has not, to my knowledge, been questioned by any political writer of eminence; and that independence would not be secured by Mr. Cole's proposal of a body drawn from the two disputing bodies should be apparent. If Guildsmen are so bankrupt in political theory that they can only fall back on despotism, then I say again, "so much the worse for National Guilds." There is no reason to doubt the present method of appointing judges in England, and making them irremovable except by petition of both Houses of Parliament, does make the judiciary independent; and there is nothing in the National Guild System known to me that suggests that the English Constitution is any less sovereign than the Guilds, that the judiciary will be superseded by ad hoc bodies of arbitrators. The sovereign act will be the making of the law; the judicial act will be the interpretation of the law; and the act of obedience will be performed by the Government. The question of sovereignty will remain with "the King in Parliament assembled." A. E. R.

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of carnage to another. They see their regiments dwindle to nothing, their officers decimated, three-fourths of their comrades dead or wounded, and yet each night they gather about their bivouacs apparently undisturbed by it all. One sees them, after one of these desperate fights, marching cheerfully along, singing songs and laughing and joking with each other. This is moral, and it is of the stuff that victories are made. And of such is the fibre of the Russian soldier scattered over the hundreds of miles of front today. He exists billions must as I have described him above. He has abiding faith in his companions, in his officers, and in his cause. I think myself that he and his brothers are going to be extremely hard for the Germans to beat, and that sooner or later he will win. Time alone can justify this belief. We must consider ourselves fortunate in having such a magnificent ally, on whose fair scutcheon there is no blot, and whose influence is surely unmistakable. We must consider ourselves fortunate in having such a magnificent ally, on whose fair scutcheon there is no blot, and whose influence is surely unmistakable. This "nut" immediately fixes the prettiest of the Profit girls with his magnetic eye, and in most places, we leave that kind of enterprise to Man with his weight and noble animal possessions. He aspired to be the Lord knows what. Sometimes he would incline this way, sometime that, but, like a hayseed in a tornado, he was whirled heavenwards, and dashed hellwards, and his sympathies were always with the People—at least, so he said.

Years ago he went forth to spread the light of his countenance on humble creatures—i might call them the zeros of creation. Pretend and false, the Traveller, under the circumstances, asked permission to address the Fleas, as he had a most wonderful scheme to unfold—to their ears. Not very successfully, the Generalissimo stroked his Aldermanic pouch and granted his consent. He took his sultry horn, and blew on it three mighty blasts, making a noise like the squeak of an amnic mouse, and addressed the assemblage just returned from Hopping.

"Sir," said the glorified flea, "in our country Lessons are not read; to do that sort of business Tabernacles would have to be built, and as we see the havoc and dissension caused in your country by these places, we leave that kind of enterprise to Man with his god-like reason." Somewhat abashed, but not showing it, the Traveller, under the circumstances, asked permission to address the Fleas, as he had a most wonderful scheme to unfold—for their ears. Not very successfully, the Generalissimo stroked his Aldermanic pouch and granted his consent. He took his sultry horn, and blew on it three mighty blasts, making a noise like the squeak of an amnic mouse, and addressed the assemblage just returned from Hopping.

"But Nietzsche is to blame for the war, for the German hatred of England, for the march through Belgium—in short, for every thing. It is a pseudo-philosopher trying to write—perhaps we should say unconsciously writing—in the style of William Le Queux. "Nietzsche, more or less unconsciously, I repeat, has provided for the average, intelligent, uncritical public—the culture-Philistines, as he himself called them—a philosophical justification of the spiritual development. That is where his direct influence is. Unsinkable is not unmistakable." A public which is at once intelligent and uncritical, Mr. Archer, is unknown in Germany. Dr. Oscar Levy, from whom Mr. Archer quotes, has already written Mr. Archer down an in the scholarly manner of Mr. Barker, whose pamphlet, already quoted, tells us all we need know of Nietzsche in connection with the war. The usual quotations from Nietzsche follow; but Nietzsche was distorted through his quotations even before Mr. Archer laid paws on him.

Pastiche. AFTER

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

The Rat who With-drew from the World.

Among Levantine legends you may find
One of a rat worn out with worldly strife
Who in the hollow of a round Dutch wind
With-drew to lead a cloister lyfe.

The solitude was audible.
Round the_dinners of his cell.
The hermit makes his living in the husk.
Soe well he wrought with toe and tusk,
That soon within his cell's dark cell.
Was ample victually; what would you more?
The rat grew sleek. (The Lord doth bless always
Whom to his saintly service love their days.)
One daye a godly caller bore,
As leading counsellor among the rats,
For some small alms his government's behest:
They had decyded on a foreign quest.
To seek for help against the horde of cats
Ratopolis dyd whelm;
With empty pockets they had left,
Since of all money was bereft.
The cat-beleaguered realm.
They asked for their help, but betimes that aid
Would be forsoothryng ere five suns should fade.
"My friends," replied the lonely man,
"meddle not in sub-celestial feud;
What can a poor rat in such a state do?
To help you forward in your plan,
But praye to heaven for the help yon need?"
And, havyng answered thus, full piously
The new saint shut hys door (and turned the key).
Whom do you think: that I so, with craft,
Show as a niggard rat for parity?
A monk? Why no, but a derisiv.
For I take it a monk is all loving charity.

WILFRID THORLEY.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME.

Translated from the Ockeymalitttti into English.

BY CHRISTOPHER GAY.

Come, gather round, my Cheerful Chereubs of this desolate world, whilst I recount to you the Tale of The Traveller. He was a stiff-necked, loud-voiced gentleman, with aspirations. He aspired to be the Lord knows what. The wind bloweth where it listeth, but he knew not the consummation of his fervent hopes. Sometime he would incline this way, sometime that, but, like a hayseed in a tornado, he was whirled heavenwards, and dashed hellwards, but his sympathies were always with the People—at least, so he said.

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"Be it known that a Traveller hath come amongst us, with something for the good; he begs leave to address you, and, as many of our countrymen are away reminding mortals of the pleasure of scratching, let them be acquainted of his arrival, and bid them come; and at once." On hearing this, a great rush was made in the direction of Theatres, Cinemas, Railway Carriages, Tramcars, Home from Homes, Underground Railways, Places where two or three are gathered together, and to places where Coffee Boils, to break the news. In a few minutes (remembering the agility of these sensible little creatures) a mighty crowd stood on tip-toe to hear the Traveller.
These words, the little muff-hided creatures fled pell-mell, and it is this scheme, and it is this: Suppose the Molecatcher raids the depot where our names and addresses are kept! At these words, the little muff-hided creatures fled pell-mell, and resumed their work of faith; that of moving fields of pasteboard, than fleas, than moles, than jays; some are so wise that they desert their own offspring. Others are so wise that they fight in the streets to get inside glass, iron and wooden boxes, for the privilege of going to work for wages. Oh, yes, they are wiser than fleas, than moles who see out of their tails, than jays who fly from tree to tree. They are wiser than their own children whom they flog because they are not as wise as themselves. My precious Cheerful Cherbys, where am I? In the Land of the People, you say. Yes, went the Traveller. He set his Baggage of Clap-Trap on the ground. Immediately they held a prayer meeting over it. Then they sneezed on it, paraded on it, and waltzed on it, and generally behaved like people who do not respect their betters. A pair of jays flying over it, each let fall a tear, which fluttered down like two white feathers from the wing of truth, and these two tears settled gracefully on the matter found in the columns of any paper issued for the People. "Yes! Yes!" they said. "Give us two cards, give us six cards, cloth us in cards, and our days shall be long upon the land given to us by the great Landlord." At this time the fleas for miles around gathered together in this place, where the Baggage of Clap-Trap lay. They jumped on it, hopped on it, skidded on it, sneezed on it, paraded on it, and waltzed on it, and generally behaved like people who do not respect their betters. A pair of jays flying over it, each let fall a tear, which fluttered down like two white feathers from the wing of truth, and these two tears settled gracefully on what I have called the Baggage. Two moles, who were busy excavating underneath, cried out: "Off with this! What a pity it does not weigh two thousand tons!" This is the tale of the Traveller, who, scorned by one section of the world, was welcomed by the People, who were wiser than Fleas, wiser than Moles, wiser than Jays; if you do not believe me, I shall cry until I drown myself in my own tears.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE I.L.P. AND THE WAR.

Sir,—For months, the editorial writer of The New Age has been explaining to his patient readers that the employment of millions of men in every conceivable kind of employment by Germany and Morocco was a means of enabling France to reassert herself in Europe. All those Governments have an equal responsibility, and merit bitter condemnation for their attitude of selfish righteousness is sickening cant. I base this view upon stating some of the facts upon which, as a member of the I.L.P., I base my anti-war attitude.

(1) Russia has doubled her naval and military expenditure since 1906, the figures then being 493,000,000 roubles, as against 944,000,000 roubles in 1913. No other European country has approached that record. In 1915, the Russian peace strength was increased to 1,700,000 men, which was double the peace strength of the German Army. The Russian Government, as a tool of Russia, was doing the same thing in Bosnia. Russia was also working at this time of unrest in the Balkan States. Russia has also increased her military strength since 1905, and is now making preparations for war against Germany.

(2) The German Government was engaged in counter-espionage of the French and Russian Governments, and was uttering sentiments of a warlike character highly calculated to imperil the peace of the world. The flamboyant utterances of the Kaiser were open to serious misunderstanding, which may, or may not, have been intended. Germany also maintained her armaments at a high standard of efficiency.

(3) The Moroccan crisis was a means of enabling France to reassert herself in Europe, as was also the Russian conspiracy in Turkey and Morocco. The Russian Government was carrying on an anti-Austrian intrigue in Turkey and Morocco to those of the Russian Government, as a tool of Russia, was doing the same thing in Bosnia. Russia was also working at this time of unrest in the Balkan States. Russia has also increased her military strength since 1905, and is now making preparations for war against Germany.

(4) Great Britain has maintained a consistent anti-German policy, except for brief intervals, since Sir E. Grey was determined to drive the country into war. In 1907, Great Britain declined to treat merchant vessels as not subject to the jurisdiction of other Powers, and in 1909 plunged Britain into war with Germany over the Moroccan deserts. That was a criminal policy. Upon all sides Germany was faced by growing armaments. Speaking in 1908 at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Lloyd George said: "I want to put two considerations to you from the German point of view. You cannot expect us to be frightened of us?" Let me put two considerations to you. We started; it is not they who started. We had an overwhelming preponderance which we have secured us against any conceivable enemy. We were not satisfied. We said: "Let there be Dreadnoughts." What for? We did not require naval war for that; and, if anybody had built them, we could easily have outbuilt them. We have more shipbuilding resources than we have accumulated. We are the only other in the world put together, so, really, there was no need for it. Look at the position of Germany. Her Army is in the same condition as that of her people. The defence against invasion. She has not got a two-Power standard. She may have a stronger Army than France, than Italy, than Austria, but she is between two Powers who are never in a party greater number of troops than she has. Don't forget that when you wonder why Germany is frightened at alliances and understandings, and some sort of mysterious workings which appear in the Press, and hints in the 'Times' and the 'Daily Mail.' . . . Here is Germany in the middle of Europe, with France and Russia on either side, and with a combination of their armies greater than hers. Sup- pose we had a possible combination which would lay us open to it. . . ." I shall myself. I take some of the facts upon which, as a member of the I.L.P., I base my anti-war attitude.

(1) Russia has doubled her naval and military expenditure since 1906, the figures then being 493,000,000 roubles, as against 944,000,000 roubles in 1913. No other European country has approached that record. In 1915, the Russian peace strength was increased to 1,700,000 men, which was double the peace strength of the German Army. The Russian Government, as a tool of Russia, was doing the same thing in Bosnia. Russia was also working at this time of unrest in the Balkan States. Russia has also increased her military strength since 1905, and is now making preparations for war against Germany.

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Verdad, the other day, pointed out what I wrote in these columns months ago that there was no foundation for them. This kind of soothing the conscience is most than the rest of the Powers. without pronouncing judgment the Austro-German combination may be helped in many such a view, and that the Austrians were prepared dangerous. purchased in Britain.

I.L.P. the friendly act has Britain had the benefit of from any of policy compared with Sir Edward Grey in his Foreign the benefit of the doubt lor our own country. We wid that, being what they are, each in the Socialist!) only to exemplify our demonstration that the I.L.P. under (mind) British pacifism equally for ten years do not "negotiate" until forced.

If we are fighting for fighting's sake and not fighting for not economic pressure which can be maintaned it must be justified by the truth of the arguments it ought not to be written in order to decide whether it is to be put forward. Criticised is that which demonstrated for it to see that it would lose more by going on than by giving in. But it is obvious that this small word was dependent on the terms offered by Japan, much more so than the reference to the nightmares. If Japan had demanded nothing less than the subjugation of Russia, it is probably, if not certain, that the struggle would be continuing still.

Even in the extreme case of the Franco-Prussian war, the surrender of the French meant that after the struggle had shown them sanctions insufficient for it, they found it better to cede a province and pay a milliard than continue it. It did not mean that the French people would have ceased to fight if surrender had meant the complete Germanising of French institutions, or the extermination of the French people.

The impossibility of conquering any nation by force of arms to the point of making it surrender regardless of terms was amply shown, I think, in the case of the Boers, who, with their capital, and, indeed, all their towns, in the hands of a force of infinitely inferior strength had been twice driven by their Government scattered, still refused to surrender until they were offered terms that made surrender better for them than continued fighting.

And in this connection, I think it will be admitted that if the terms on which we were ready to conclude the Boer War, and the conditions of our consent, had been made known beforehand, the war would have been concluded much earlier.

When Sir John French says that the war will not be a protracted one, he cannot mean that he sees any prospect of Germany being vanquished completely by force of arms in a period measured by months, or years.

In eight months we have driven the Germans a little way out of France, and have continued to hold our own along a line in France, Belgium, St. Helena. To pretend that in another eight months we shall drive them out of France, out of Belgium, across the Rhine, and have taken Berlin would betray an optimism too reckless and irresponsible for consideration. What Sir John French must mean, and he is, no doubt, right, is, that it will not take much more fighting now to make Germany realise that it is not worth while for her to continue the struggle.

The nearness or remoteness of the happy day which will see her inevitable surrender and the nightmare of Europe at an end will depend on the terms of surrender offered her (or, rather, on the terms of surrender which she expects to be offered her, long before those terms are actually asked for). As much as the point of view in arms that after eight months' test has shown itself to be possible.

To accept this fact is not to belittle the importance of our military effort. It is rather to increase tremendously the importance of military effort.

For if the war can end only when Berlin is taken, the capture of a few yards of trench in the North of France is an achievement so microscopic in proportion to what remains to be done, that it scarcely seems worth the effort and cost. But if we are fighting for a peace practically within sight, every evidence of our military superiority is of supreme importance. Every advantage, however small, gained by the Germans delays their acceptance of failure. Every advantage, however small, gained by the Allies hastens it.

But quite as important as the fighting is the proper presentation to Germany of the ends for which we are fighting. And to do this we must first of all present them to ourselves.

If the war, as is certain, will be ended not by the military subjugation of Germany, but by an agreement between the belligerents, the loser paying penalty sufficient to satisfy the winner, then the military method of increasing martial ardour by exaggeration becomes absolutely opposed to the interests of the nation since it can only tend to delay the agreement.

If we are going to continue the fighting until Germany agrees to surrender, it is absolutely necessary, if we are to give Germany an impression that we accept them than to expend men and money on fighting the military contest any further towards its foreseen conclusion.

Russia made peace with Japan, not because the Russian military and naval resources were exhausted, or the Russian nation required it, but because Japan was sufficiently magnifying the importance of military effort. Russia made peace when its military resources were enormous, and its country practically unthreatened, because the military aspect of the situation in Russia, Japan, and other countries was sufficently demonstrated for it to see that it would lose more by going on than by giving in.
shall demand more, because it compels her to go on fighting to avoid a penalty that will not be demanded of her.

We went into the war with clean hands. If, having entered upon it, we said: "Now that we are fighting we will go on with the military organization of Germany, because it has for so long rendered us uneasy," our responsibility for a continuance of the war, after we have won what we set out to win, would be as great as if we had started the war in order to destroy Prussian militarism. And we could not have started that war with clean hands, if we could give Germany credit for clean hands if she made war on us because she was jealous and afraid of our naval supremacy.

The same thing will happen if we take advantage of the war to steal an iota of Germany's trade.

We went to war to preserve the neutrality of Belgium. We cannot make peace until its violation has been atoned for, so far as it can be atoned for by money to the last penny. We cannot make peace until other outrages against the laws of the nations and the laws of humanity have been atoned for. And France and Russia have bills to be sent in and paid for in money or territory.

The score that Germany must in any way pay as the price of defeat is a heavy one, and she may well be expected to struggle hard before she admits the necessity of paying it as the easiest way out of a very bad under-taking.

She will fight much longer if bills are presented which she has not incurred, and when we have to pay in lives and money for every day's continuance of the struggle, it would be criminal to present them. It is worse than criminal: it is silly to pretend, as so many of our flamboyant journalists are doing, that they are going to be presented, if they are not.

The necessity of pretending that our differences with the enemy are greater than they are, if it ever existed, is at an end. The nation has shown its complete determination to carry the war through to a victorious finish, and now that the demand is not so much for men as for munitions, I flatly refuse to believe that English girls, with or without beer and spirits, are not turning out as many shells a day as is humanly possible, just as I refused to believe, when the military exigencies of the moment made all the newspapers pretend that the majority of our young men were shirkers unwilling to fight for their country.

Surely the time has come to talk truly and truthfully instead of in accordance with some idea of military exigencies.

And the truth is that at some time, it may be years hence, it may even be decades, or it may only be months, as Sir John French seems to think, we shall be at peace with Germany. We shall discover that our differences are not so great but that they can be settled without carrying the war to its military finish. Every attempt to make those differences appear greater than they are delays that discovery, it delays peace, it maintains the terrible daily toll of lives and interests.

Some of the clergy have been saying that on religious and ethical grounds we ought to love the Germans. I am not concerned with religion or ethics, and it does not seem to me to hear both sides of a most deplorable controversy which (D.V.) this War will incidentally help to settle when England looks on the service rendered by her great Indian ally.

Evan Morgan.

**PROFITEERING AND THE GUILDS**

Sir,—Will one of your National Guardsmen (it reads like a posse of special constables in social reconstruction) enlighten me, and doubtless many others, on an obscure point?

In that most hopeful and helpful book, "National Guilds," and in your "Notes of the Week," frequent reference is made to the death of "profiteering" as a necessary consequence of the end of the "wage system." Now, why is the death of the wage system and the establishment instead of an equitably shared "pay" under the Guilds certain to bring about the abandonment of making things for a money profit?

To give up "profiteering" can only be taken to mean that nothing is then to be made for, or solely for, a money profit; only things that are useful or beautiful shall be made in the era of the Guilds. This means a practical millennium to the craftsman; for certainly over half of the things made to-day are superfluous, have no use or beauty, are made solely because they yield money profit, and they are therefore deadly uninteresting and degrading in their actual making and distributing.

This is also to suppose that the "profit" on Guild work will only be sufficient to provide the "pay" that is to replace "wages" for the workers and salariats.

This, if it ever comes to pass, will mean the subjection of money to its proper position (prior to its final extinction) of being merely a means of exchange and regulating exchange values. This will perpetuate the false or "prophetic" conception of money profit, and they are therefore deadly uninteresting and degrading in their actual making and distributing.

There will be no "superior" class then; "pay," even if greater to one than to another, will be only for services rendered, and that by everybody; for the only idle class will, of course, be those retired by age limit, over 65 or so.

And if my work is superior in value to the community to that of another man, that is no reason why this worker (and all are workers then) should feel superior, or act as though superior or conscious of superiority.

The caste of possessions, the pride in the consciousness of greater possessions, will then be impossible, as no "pay" will be of such magnitude as to tempt or make possible such an ignoble exhibition of pride. The pride will be in the known ability for rendering best work to the community.

Ah, me! It makes one's throat fill to imagine as possible a society where the social basis is replaced by one in which anxiety as "wage and means" is impossible; where leisure is easily sufficient for all possible free growth in mind and spirit; where classes of greater possessions, will then be impossible, as no "pay" will be of such magnitude as to tempt or make possible such an ignoble exhibition of pride. The pride will be in the known ability for rendering best work to the community.

And, apparently, all this could at least be ushered in, be started, by the Guild system; if so, what eternal
honour to The New Age for having worked at such odds to bring it about!

What is it worth? Will not Capitalism, at the end of this war, prove stronger than ever, and all this dream of an easily possible Utopia prove but ashes in our mouths?

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

** FROM THE FRONT. **

Sir,—Your letter (very welcome it was) has given me some sort of an idea of the feelings with which you regard the prospect of staying at home while the younger men slumber on the field. I can understand and especially those of "A. E. R." He once confided to me in—"I was going to say weak moment, but I remember that 'A. E. R.' has no weak moments—in a sympathetic moment that he never saw a troop of soldiers passing in the streets without old desires for a military life being renewed. To him this moment must be one of anachronistical, and in all that is worst in a man come straight to the surface together and in sharp contrast. I know myself being the best I have ever tasted, though I've only seem

and Chivers' greengage jam are being served out, though, sand that abounds in these parts), drinking in the

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also want the punt moved; I want to get clear of this elementary discussion of the meaning to be attached to the word "democracy," and, as Mr. Brown thinks that my definition of democracy is a perversion of language, and still sniffs at Nietzsche—Dipay—Faguet, I must find some other means of convincing him that my definition is traditional and therefore aristocratic. There were political thinkers before Mr. Brown, although Mr. Brown seems to be unaware of the fact, and some of them de

prospect, and still sniffs at Nietzsche—Dipay—Faguet, I must find that costs may be said that they were the authors, not only in writing but in reality, of their possessions, their opinions, and their passions that have never been forgotten. To provide for the display of nature and courtesy should not be bartered, I ask him to argue the question that he raised. He is with the old henpecked gentleman who was seated by her side. One lady said, "Kitchener's Army, and that is, not only are the American aristocracy are precisely objections from pure democracy, and we shall comprehend both the cure of democracy, by which I mean a society consisting of a small number of citizens, who assemble and administer the government in person, with personal security or the rights of property, and have in general been as short in their lives as their predecessors have been violent in their deaths. Theoretic politicians, who have patronised this species of government, have erroneously supposed that by reducing mankind to a perfect equality in their political rights they would, at the same time, be perfectly equalised and assimilated in their possessions and their passions.

A republic, by which I mean a government in which the scheme of representation takes place, opens a different prospect, and promises the cure for which we are seeking. Let us examine the points in which it varies from pure democracy, and we shall comprehend both the nature of the cure and the efficacy which it must derive from the union. The two great points of difference between a democracy and a republic are, first, the delegation of the government, in the latter, to a small number of citizens elected by the rest; second, the greater number of citizens is greater sort of government, and never can be, democratic. It is a kind of impossible, madam; for we have a few thousand of them in England to-day as prisoners of war, and, if they are here at the termination of war, they will be politely sent back to the Fatherland, so it seems impossible to me." One young man, quite an athlete by all appearances, who was with the lady, said, "We shall have to clear them off the map, and keep on sending our men out until we do accomplish it." I said, "It doesn't matter about the men or time being exact so long as you can stay here and read of them being 'wiped out' as fast as we send them along to the firing line. Perhaps when you have been sent and seen all the things, you will have some feeling for our soldiers.'"

"Oh," exclaimed the lady, "my son's friend has a cousin who was wounded at Mons, so we know just what it is like out there!"

"Kitchener's boys are doing some good work," said the old man, "and keep on sending our men out until we do accomplish it." I said, "It doesn't matter about the men or time being exact so long as you can stay here and read of them being 'wiped out' as fast as we send them along to the firing line. Perhaps when you have been sent and seen all the things, you will have some feeling for our soldiers.'"

"Oh, yes, Kitchener's consist mostly of the lower classes, whereas the Territorials are much more select, and, if my son decides to join, I shall insist that he joins the 'Territors!'" said the lady. I pointed out the fact to the lady that I knew about thirty public school boys in Kitchener's Army, and these were the kind of fellows who, when in the Territorials, made applications for commissions. Kitchener's boys are wonders, considering the way they have been pushed forward and crammed into the army. It is stupid to compare classes, especially when it comes to men who are fighting and giving their lives for their country.

A working man of the labourer type looks just as good as the pure-bred aristocrat when lying dead in a trench. I told my dear friends that I had just returned from France.

"France—oh, really!" exclaimed the lady. "Were you wounded?"

"Oh, no, I was not wounded! I had rheumatic fever."

"Oh, you were not wounded!" she said loftily. "Our friend's cousin was wounded in the leg; poor fellow, we were all so sorry for him, and we sent him several cards when he was in France."

As I got up to leave the 'bus, the young man said, "Well, don't get despondent, old man. Go out again and have another go at them. We are sure to win."
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