NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The worst of having no House of Commons is that except for the Front Benches and their favoured Press and City men, nobody in the country knows what is going on. We are like the crowd on the outermost edges of a fight on the issue of which, nevertheless, our very lives depend. Now and then a rift in the throng pressing about the combatants reveals us something. At other times some privileged spectator from the middle of the ring passes back a piece of news which sounds authentic until it is as convincingly denied. But such revelations are really worse than total ignorance, and help us in no sense either to forecast our fate or to decide the questions of etiquette which are occasionally referred to us from the inner ring. In the darkness and in the confusion of tongues we simply do not know what or whom to believe. All we know is that the game—whatever it is—appears to be always going against us. We are always paying and losing, losing what or whom to believe. All we know is that the game—whatever it is—appears to be always going against us. We are always paying and losing, losing and paying. In the present crisis our case is particularly tragic. We are at war with the most powerful, the most desperate, and the most ambitious nation in the world. For once the cry of Wolf, Wolf has not been raised without a cause. As well as the ideals for which England stands in the world, England itself is in the most deadly peril. And we are naturally much concerned about it. Yet this is the moment chosen by the governors of the ring, not only to conceal more from us than ever, but to exchange sides, to sink the old friends? No, it was some knowledge possessed by these latter which enabled them to hold up the Government to ransom and by means of which they extorted admission to the Cabinet with the double object of saving the Government from scandal and holding office themselves. What it was we once more do not profess to know. Time will show, however, whether our surmisals of worse reasons than the alleged reasons are true or unfounded.

What the reasons are we do not profess to know. But if, as we surmise, the real reasons are more discreditable to everybody concerned than the reasons publicly alleged, they are bad enough to put an end to England’s primacy in the world. For the alleged reasons are personal squabbles between members of the Cabinet and leaders of our Army and Navy respectively, between Lord Kitchener and Sir John French and between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill. But is it conceivable that affairs such as these should necessitate not merely a couple of changes in the Cabinet but a revolutionary reconstruction of it? It certainly seems to us insufficient, and, what is more, we do not believe that a soul in the country will believe it. Even supposing that this quartette of men should be so unpatriotic as to continue their personal quarrels at the cost of the lives of thousands of their countrymen—to say nothing of the country itself—it is inconceivable that a Cabinet, having no worse troubles on its hands, could find no means of putting the criminal lunatics into straight waistcoats without itself committing suicide. It is obvious, we think, that more is being concealed than revealed. It is against reason to suppose that between Wednesday on which day Mr. Asquith declared a Coalition Government was not in contemplation, and Thursday when he announced that a Coalition Government was in process of formation, nothing more serious than old-standing personal quarrels had been at work. There was, in our opinion, something more, and something worse. And it is plain that Lord Northcliffe and the Unionist Party knew what it was. It was certainly not the “industrial inefficiency” of the Northern workmen involving our Army in a shortage of shells. The “Times” correspondent who alleges this as an excuse is simply a common newspaper reporter. Nor was it, we think, the inefficiency of the Government as in respect of war legislation, for have not all their measures, and particularly their no-measures, had the consent and the initiative of Lord Northcliffe and his Unionist friends? No, it was some knowledge possessed by these latter which enabled them to hold up the Government to ransom and by means of which they extorted admission to the Cabinet with the double object of saving the Government from scandal and holding office themselves. What it was we once more do not profess to know. Time will show, however, whether our surmisals of worse reasons than the alleged reasons are true or unfounded.

On the Press that has, for its own reasons, brought about a Coalition in the midst of the war we cannot forbear to retort in its own terms. When we urged the necessity of substituting a national industrial organisation for the chaos of profiteering, on the ground that such a change was not only advisable in itself but immediately expedient, it was said that we ought not to demand a revolution in time of war. Who is making
a revolution now? In a single week, for reasons concealed from the public and without any intelligible excuse in expediency, the whole party system has been swept by the board and a constitutional revolution effected. Nor is it in the least likely to be undone when the war is over, and the old system restored without damage. As the triumphant Unionists, from acting together as one, became in the end one in fact, the two Front Benches, now become publicly united, are married for life. There is a revolution to bring about in a time of crisis! And the curious thing is that for years wars, trials, and ambitions, the sense of change, have done nothing but resist it. When Mr. Béloc and others advocated the abolition of the Party-system and the open co-operation instead of the secret collusion of the two Front Benches, we were told that the maintenance of the Party-system was essential to England's preservation; and that Coalitions are the form of government England loves.

Without speculating further on these unprofitable matters, let us enumerate some of the more obvious implications of the Coalition. In the first place it cannot be pretended that there was any popular demand for it or that the public is anything but bewildered by its appearance. Superficially, it is completely obvious, and so far from expecting or welcoming it, public opinion heard the first news with incredulity, and the report of the fact with consternation. It may be concluded from this whether the new Camera Obscura is likely to be more repentant of national opinion than the old Cabinet of all the Wits' end. Except ostensibly, the new Camera, we venture to say, will prove to be more out of touch with the nation than even its predecessor. Even of the fresh personnel—to say nothing of the old—there is just the same evident fear that their worst fault is not that they are untried men, but that they have mostly all been tried and all found wanting. What public opinion has called the septuagenarian Lord Lansdowne from his semi-retirement as a second string to a bow. The Executive wanting. What public opinion has called the objection to the nation's sake alone that an alternative government is as despotic, then incompetent, and finally unpopular. This, and not some rare metaphysical reason, is the real and not some indubitable fact that our naval blockade of Germany has actually been filling? We have heard no shouts in the street for the services of Mr. Arthur Henderson.

We have not many political dogmas in an experimental constitution like ours. Expediency and common sense are usually our best guides. But to one cock we England's greatness, and that, above all, England does not love Coalitions. Now, however, it appears that the abolition and not the maintenance of the Party-system is essential to England's preservation; and that Coalitions are the form of government England loves.

On the other side, and perhaps for the same undivulged reason, the Government was no less easily influenced by profiteers than by the squallid Press. We have frequently remarked—and the observation is open to the verification by them—that Coalitions have not succeeded in raising prices and profits there to the height that both have reached in England by the war, but not one will be unmade. Thanks to them, against a national spirit not dissimilar in character and in potentiality from the communism of the early Christians, every form of property remains as exclusively the monopoly of the few as ever it was in the noninterventionist Middle Ages. Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley the nation will always endure. It is the measure of our national unity and of the influence profiteers have had upon the Government's policy that the wretched class is wealthier now than ever. Several millionaires, we affirm, will have been made in England by the war, but not one will be unmade. Thanks to them, against a national spirit not dissimilar in character and in potentiality from the communism of the early Christians, every form of property remains as exclusively the monopoly of the few as ever it was in the noninterventionist Middle Ages. Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley the nation will always endure. It is the measure of our national unity and of the influence profiteers have had upon the Government's policy that the wretched class is wealthier now than ever. Several millionaires, we affirm, will have been made in England by the war, but not one will be unmade. Thanks to them, against a national spirit not dissimilar in character and in potentiality from the communism of the early Christians, every form of property remains as exclusively the monopoly of the few as ever it was in the noninterventionist Middle Ages. Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley the nation will always endure. It is the measure of our national unity and of the influence profiteers have had upon the Government's policy that the wretched class is wealthier now than ever. Several millionaires, we affirm, will have been made in England by the war, but not one will be unmade. Thanks to them, against a national spirit not dissimilar in character and in potentiality from the communism of the early Christians, every form of property remains as exclusively the monopoly of the few as ever it was in the noninterventionist Middle Ages. Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley the nation will always endure. It is the measure of our national unity and of the influence profiteers have had upon the Government's policy that the wretched class is wealthier now than ever. Several millionaires, we affirm, will have been made in England by the war, but not one will be unmade.
this the “Daily Mail” has now turned upon him, but to its own discomfiture. The burning of the “Daily Mail” on Friday was the best public act the Stock Exchange has ever seen, for it is the only one within our knowledge. But as Lord Kitchener had the manliness to desist from the means by which he rose, we may be sure that the new Camera, once safe, will look unfavourably on their electors. Lord Northcliffe in particular is the pig that has cut its own throat with swimming. Playing for more power, he has ensured himself less. His Mrs. Harris with whom he used to frighten the Government has now been produced; and he has placed her in the bosom of his erstwhile victims. One of the first effects of the Coalition, the Coalition’s first, is the diminution of the power of Lord Northcliffe. The man has now only two courses open. Either he must declare in his Press that everything is now all right (whether it is or not), since his advice has been taken; or, having forced his own Party to join the Executive, and no longer representing anybody in particular, he must be reduced to crying for a revolution in the wilderness. In either event he is powerful at an end; for his Polonian obsequiousness to his nominees would be but an echo; and his attempt to raise a revolution would hang him first of all. 

But that is the only good we can see coming from the Coalition. The other defect of the Cabinet, its pandering to profiteers, is likely rather to be intensified than diminished. Look well, we beg our readers, at the persons extruded from the old Cabinet and at the persons likely to be intruded into the new Camera. A Government, after all, is not an abstraction, but a committee of men. As the sum of innumerable zeros is zero, the sum of profiteers’ mouthpieces is only a profiteer’s mouthpiece. Compare in their substance some of the reported new members with some of the deported old: Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. F. E. Smith, with Lord Haldane, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Harcourt and Lord Beauchamp. We do not suppose that anybody outside the inner ring knows anything particularly good about the first four; anything particularly bad about the second. But ignorance for ignorance, what prejudiced sensible man would not prefer the latter to the former to rule over him? How, then, we ask again, can the new Camera be said to inspire more confidence than the old Cabinet? Above all, how can it have, with less confidence, greater boldness in treating with those public enemies, the profiteers? If a Cabinet containing Lord Haldane and the rest shivered at the threats of a couple of Irish whiskey-distillers, or of a group of engineering employers, or of a group of public thieves (all of whom, if they were only in Germany, we should be calling Huns and hogs), the new Camera may be expected to climb down before even they level their guns. Farewell, we say, to any hope from the change of a change in our industrial system for the better. The Germans, it is clear, will become gentlemen before we English cease to be fools. 

However, we are not disposed to despair. It is the way of England to muddle first and then to muddle through. To begin with, it is not to be supposed that the whole of both sections of the party Press will walk delicately behind the combination of their friends and opponents. While their parties, as usual, the two Presses could nicely divide their daily lies between them; but under the new circumstances, they must share the news and combine in criticism, each of a wing of the Coalition. Now for once we shall see the unaided power of the Press. With no homogeneous Party in power to damn or praise indiscriminately, and with no Party to bring in, the Press must turn to its readers and for once represent them. Its new function, in short, is that of the obsolete House of Commons: to criticise the Executive in the name of its constituents. But, secondly, there is the chance that the hitherto silent mass of the nation, the English of the English, will arise and put an end to all this folly. A South American thinker has observed that the sequence in times like these is the absolutism of the Executive, followed by the absolutism of the mob (Mr. Bottomley, for it), resolved in the combination of the two at once. There are, we do not deny, even in the Camera elements of good; and in the nation as a whole there is, of course, a preponderance of good. If the latter feel stirred they can, by the process of trial and error often enough repeated, get a Cabinet at last representative of the real nation. All we have to do is to continue hopefully to supernannuate the incompetents and to impeach the treacherous. Thirdly, it stands to reason that the Coalition, ransacked as it is, will not have Conscription which will soon shake it to pieces. If a Cabinet selected by Mr. Asquith could not work together, a Camera of promiscuous origin may be expected to be at loggerheads in a head. Assuredly they will between them commit some political crime which will bring the public about their ears. And we believe we know what it will be: the institution of Conscription.

We have already indicated our opinion that the attack on Lord Kitchener in the “Daily Mail” was inspired by revenge for his refusal to walk the plank of Conscription. And it seems possible that the new Camera will venture where Lord Kitchener rightly feared to tread. The verdict, we confidently predict, will be death by misadventure. For we are not going to have Conscription! If our ruling classes, in obdurate imitation of the Prussian, refuse to listen to our reasoned protests, our representations, our supplications, there is nothing for it but war. An army of nearer four than two million men has been obtained by voluntary means; at least another million or more can be had for the asking by a Government in the nation’s confidence; yet for the remnant still needed we are to undo the tradition of England, forgo our moral superiority to Prussia which flies in Liberty, and to become Prussians ourselves. Never, never! If there remains a spark of English feeling in the country, the attempt to impose Conscription, conning, as it will, either an Executive incapable of making a national appeal, or, more insulting, a people incapable of responding to one, will be opposed in every town, in every village, in every household. The Coalition that sets foot upon this plank is doomed; and its members may be congratulated if they appear in public life again. 

There is a last alternative which, from many points of view, ought to be placed first. It is the holding of a General Election in the early autumn. For ourselves, we have no doubt of the wiser course, a preponderance of good.

The “Star” reported that Mr. Asquith threatened his resignation last week as a means of inducing his followers to accept the Coalition proposals. Had they refused—as they might and ought to have refused—an Election would have been inevitable. What Mr. Asquith was not afraid to risk for the sake of a Coalition Government the nation ought not to be afraid to risk for the sake of a National Government. True there are many difficulties in the way—the number of electors on service, the waste of time involved, the interregnum of control, the sorting out and settling down of the new Government. But these are less insurmountable than the difficulties in which the continuance of the Coalition involved us, as we shall show next week. The question is whether our dark days will be shorter under a Coalition which may become hateful, or under a new-created Government, the price of which will be a General Election in the early autumn. For ourselves, we have no doubt of the wiser choice; it is to have patience, but to shuffle the cards for a fresh deal.
Current Cant.

"Strikes are degrading."—W. W. RETFORD.

"Oh for a strong man and London under Martial Law."—J. COATS.

"The greatest asset of this country is the common sense of the common people."—"Evening News."

"Steady boys, Steady."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Wages still rising."—"Star and Echo."

"Shem, Ham and Japeth."—"Daily Mirror."

"Is your conscience clear?"—"Evening News."

"Awake."—"Daily Mail."

"The Soul of Satan."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"Hickey's Circus is quite the topic of conversation around West London."—"Herald."

"You can't see the War unless you buy the War Budget."—"Star and Echo."

"Come into the light. The greatest light. The light of the Cinematograph."—HEPWORTH CO.

"The function of the Press, nowadays, is to inform, sustain, stimulate and inspire the Nation."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Spoils of War in Poplar. Women's only chance of showing their hatred of German barbarity."—"Daily Sketch."

"The halfpenny paper is far and away a better paper than the old fivepenny and sixpenny journal."—RICHARD WHITTING.

"Art aids recruiting. Late of the well-dressed Shop Window."—"Daily Express."

"To destroy militarism—by John Scurr. Treats of the atrocity-question in an authoritative manner."—"Herald."

"What all Shakespeare's plays do to represent to us Elizabethan England, Bernard Shaw's 'Man and Superman' does with the England of the twentieth century."—ARTHUR J. STATHAM in "Everyman."

"Lord Fisher has brought down the Government."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"This War is the last flicker of Mediaevalism."—"Marmaidke" in the "Evening News."

"Harry Lauder—Recruiter."—"News and Leader."

"Germany has been a master in deception, in hypocrisy, and Preparation for War."—Major-General Sir ALFRED E. TURNER.

"In this democratic age."—SELFRIEGE & CO.

"Rubber goods. Ring up City 3588."—"The Gypsy."

"Mr. Coulson Kernahan has served his country nobly as a recruiting officer."—"British Weekly."

"Blatchford asks for explanations."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"The country is ripe for conscription."—"Evening News."

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Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdad.

At the present juncture no one who wishes his country well will desire to see another war, that is to say that one will desire to add to the difficulties of the Cabinet for the sake of gratifying personal ambition and spite. Too many papers have been northclifing for weeks, with the only result of disquieting our Allies and raising the hopes of the enemy. It is therefore with great diffidence that I shall venture to make one or two remarks on the Foreign Office; but they are called for and will do no harm.

On previous occasions I have pointed out that the Foreign Office did not pay sufficient attention to the views of neutral countries. America is not a case in point; for with the grave scandal of the relations existing between the Government as a whole and a financial group in the United States I shall have to deal later on. But Italy is decidedly a case in point. Everybody is glad to think, so far as my experience goes, that the war is likely to be shortened by the participation of yet another Power. Italy joins us at the end of May; but there is no reason why she should not have done so at the end of January. Her intervention, at that time, would have resulted in her sending eighty thousand men to the Dardanelles—as she will perhaps still do—and the first attempt at forcing the Straits would have been successful. As it is, it was a fiasco because the information conveyed to the Foreign Office was again at fault. Greece was to join us in February; but M. Venizelos found it necessary to resign instead. And Italy's intervention was delayed for four months, not because the Government was unwilling, not because Signor Giolittti could not have gone out of the way as easily as in January last week, but not because the army and navy were unprepared; but because sufficient attention had not been given to the Vatican.

On the great importance of the Vatican I have already insisted. The French Government could not alone in a day for the injustice of ten years and more; and the English Mission must have felt just a shade bewildered. Prince Buelow, ably assisted by his brother-in-law, Prince di Capo Reale, made admirable use of his opportunities at the Vatican, and his efforts were well supported by the well-known German Catholic Deputy, Herr Erzberger. Herr Erzberger was summoned to Rome as a last resort; and he managed to stave off Italy's intervention for at least a few weeks—just time enough to enable the Germans and Austrians to strengthen their forces on the Italian frontier. Whatever we may say of the recent behaviour of Germany, we must admit that her diplomacy in the last six or eight months has been extraordinarily good. Ours has not.

A parallel to the lack of care we took in regard to the Vatican is to be found in the attitude taken up by the Foreign Office and the India Office towards Mohammdans. Mr. Pickthall and Mr. Hossain have already shown us that we might have been, shall I say, more tactful? It was necessary, let us admit, to "regularise" our position in Egypt; but it was wholly unnecessary to let the papers talk sillily about deposing the Caliph. We know that the Aga Khan went to Cairo to sound the "natives" about the possible proclamation of the new Sultan of Egypt as Caliph, and we know that the "natives" did not respond very affably. We were then told that the Aga Khan had returned to India; but his subsequent movements remained mysteriously hidden. Facts which have been brought to my knowledge tend to indicate that he was employed on another cock-and-bull mission, further particulars of which may be obtained, in his unguarded moments, from the Nizam of Hyderabad. The Nizam's loyalty has never been
doubted; but it was too much to ask him to see that no prayers for the Sultan were said in the mosques in his dominions—and Hyderabad is one of the most important Moslem States in the world. It was absurd to put forward a suggestion that England was to read Turkey in the same manner as one reads a book. The Moslem population resents the attack on Turkey. Here, as in the case of the Vatican, too little regard was paid to religious convictions. It does not appear to have occurred to any Foreign Office official of importance that most Moslems are Moslems first of all, and Indians or Egyptians or something else afterwards; and the attempt to bring the Caliph into disrepute was inevitably destined to have only one ending. I am surprised that even the Aga Khan allowed himself to be persuaded to undertake the work of crushing Turkey; and the Nizam of Hyderabad by the simple expedient of sending out a secret circular to the priests. Little less than a miracle can have prevented the Nizam from joining his fathers prematurely—and all because Downing Street was ill informed. You cannot ride with Prussian boots over a religion.

We are now called upon to deal with Greece again. What precautions has the Foreign Office taken on this occasion? Apart from the religious question, the German influence over what we call our friends there is strong. Does the Foreign Office know, for instance, how many banks throughout Greece (or Italy, for that matter) are supported by German funds? Or how many German financial concerns have a direct and indirect interest in Greek business houses and financial establishments? Or to what extent the Germans are socially important in Athens? Or what the interests are of the men who form such a close pro-German group round the King and Queen? The Foreign Office, to my knowledge, is not well informed on all these matters, though information, of a kind, is at its disposal. Expert opinion has not been sought, and it has not been brought to the notice of the Foreign Office. It is almost useless, let it be remembered, for anybody to bring good information to any Government department, unless the circumstances are altogether exceptional. It has not yet been forgotten in diplomatic circles in London, and in governmental circles in Rome, that when three or four Italian aviation engineers came over here last autumn to investigate the occasion? Apart from the religious question, the Germans, shut off from the rest of the world by a strict blockade, appear to suffer no vital inconvenience at present. Though we have been many times assured that it is coming. The Russians are said to be, and might reasonably be expected to be, most hampered of all, but they are not thereby prevented from causing the Germans constant and terrible trouble. Only ourselves—who, by the way, are supposed to be manufacturing for the rest of Europe—are unable to advance because we have no shells or cartridges. The Dardanelles are to be forced in order that the supplies of arms and munitions may trickle through to Russia—but how are they to trickle through to Russia when they cannot trickle as far as Calais? I have no doubt that all this has a reason, and a reason which it may be impolitic to avow; but in the meantime we are puzzled, and, in plain English, not over-confident.

Constant readers of THE NEW AGE may remember that a few months ago I had a little controversy with "A. E. R." upon the subject of the Russians and Freud's theory of dreams. It appears that a person called Freud has started a theory in psychology whose gist, to my unsophisticated sense, would appear to be that when you haven't got a thing for which it is your nature to desire, you start to dream that you have got it. Possibly this is so—I haven't remarked it in myself, but as the psychologists tell us, we don't really know about ourselves, and what we do is not what we think we do, but what they think we do—although, indeed, one might imagine that any defects of perception common to humanity were also shared by them. Anyhow, at the beginning of the war, as everybody knows, the tale went all round England that a Russian Army Corps had been landed at Aberdeen and transported by rail to France. The rumours were circumstantial and believed and circulated by numerous well-informed persons, and individuals were not wanting who had actually seen and conversed with the Russian troops of which it was denied and ultimately proved untrue, and the question then arose, How did a tale so baseless obtain such wide belief? How was it that respectable citizens not only heard of the imaginary Russians but actually saw and spoke to them? "A. E. R.," of course, seized this as an excellent opportunity to advertise Freud's theory of dreams. His idea was that England at the time was full of persons who passionately desired that a Russian army or some similar deus ex machina should appear to save the situation—and that accordingly they dreamed it. He proceeded from two assumptions—firstly that there were no Russians and that there was no ground for supposing their presence, and secondly that the witnesses were of such integrity and veracity that they could not be suspected of deliberately lying about the Russian passage. They must have seen it somewhere, and therefore in one of Freud's dreams.

My reference on the contrary was to Romney's theory of common sense, which postulated that there is a theory of common sense, which postulated that there is a theory of common sense, which postulated that there was no Russian Army Corps, but I maintained that on the other hand, Freud or no Freud, whole populations do not dream Army Corps in broad daylight without having some grounds for that belief—grounds which, if not sufficient, must at any rate have appeared
of the criminals responsible. I hope that when that day comes we shall not forget the good old Indian custom of blasting from the guns. It is a death which, whilst less than usually lingering, is more than usually terrible, and it carries with it associations from the torturers, robbers, and murderers upon whom it was originally inflicted, that make it specially suited to Germans.

Towards National Guilds.

In our European States patriotism is lusty enough, and while this is all very well in its wholesome way, it is only one side of liberty, for the desires for freedom inside the State are yet in their infancy. It is poor consolation to a wage-slave fully conscious of his lot to be told that his is a free country, not to be trampled on by the invader. To him the democratisation of industry is a cause as sacred as national existence itself, and, indeed, it might be said to justify the continuance of the nation. Feeling in this way, it is not easy for the Guildsman to desert the Trade Union trenches for the national arms, unless he is convinced that the integrity of the State is a whole is not to be defended and maintained at the final expense of those other liberties. Of course, it may be argued that the defeat of England would all change matters. It would be far more easy for Englishmen, to which there is a ready reply—that the victory of England may possibly mean the same thing. But to believe this is wholly depressing, bringing down one's idealism with a bump. So we are driven by Fate, no less than by Logic, to watch and work for both eventualities, the integrity of the nation and the freedom of industry.

The movement towards National Guilds depends so largely on Trade Union education that we shall make no apology for returning to the subject. Until the Unions concern themselves far more extensively with the problem of future development the motion will be slow indeed. There will be little more than mere conservation of forms. In general the Trade Uniostist goes to his branch meeting (or he does not go) and listens to his theory of dreams. Of course the excited state of the organised worker. Our branch meeting would teach him more in a night than an eternity of delving into central accounts. This matter is so important that we would have every Trade Unionist concentrate on it. Once the demand is felt the means of such education will not be wanting. There are many possible ways of meeting this need, and in the New Age we have already made that the movement has members who would be glad to give their services as leaders of classes in their several districts. Where this fails outside help might be sought, for to our national credit there is a growing number of men, not themselves of the waging-work class, who realise that the Trade Unions alone stand between England and an efficient form of production which would mean the end of all chances of industrial freedom. Of course, it may be argued that the defeat of England would drive the Guildsman to desert the Trade Union trenches for the Guildsman to desert the Trade Union trenches for the national arms, unless he is convinced that the integrity of the State as a whole is not to be defended and maintained at the final expense of those other liberties. Of course, it may be argued that the defeat of England would all change matters. It would be far more easy for Englishmen, to which there is a ready reply—that the victory of England may possibly mean the same thing. But to believe this is wholly depressing, bringing down one's idealism with a bump. So we are driven by Fate, no less than by Logic, to watch and work for both eventualities, the integrity of the nation and the freedom of industry.

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then, is for Trade Unionists to introduce education into the curriculum of branch activities. Once afoot, this education will grow, with the new brains of the parties responsible for that infamous measure of compulsion. And we find some strong suspicion on this score. The Government plans for the temporary financial relief of the Trade Unions. It is unfortunate, to say no more, that these measures should be associated with the Insurance Act, that the new wine should have been put in the old and ugly vessel. Yet we are here no more sure that the Government’s efforts can be warped away with easy contempt. That there is a priori reason for suspicion of anything which the present Government may do in the field of industry is true enough, but, bearing this in mind, let us briefly consider the new methods. The most striking difference between them and the Insurance Act lies obviously in the fact that, while the latter compels the workers to register themselves as wage-slaves, the former invites Trade Unions to accept the means of tiding over a temporary difficulty. Once afoot, this discovery will sharpen the perception and quicken the spirit as would nothing else.

Trade Unionists who detest the Insurance Act may well be suspicious of anything which emanates from the brains of the parties responsible for that infamous measure of compulsion. And so we find some strong suspicion on this score. The Government plans for the temporary financial relief of the Trade Unions. It is unfortunate, to say no more, that these measures should be associated with the Insurance Act, that the new wine should have been put in the old and ugly vessel. Yet we are here no more sure that the Government’s efforts can be warped away with easy contempt. That there is a priori reason for suspicion of anything which the present Government may do in the field of industry is true enough, but, bearing this in mind, let us briefly consider the new methods. The most striking difference between them and the Insurance Act lies obviously in the fact that, while the latter compels the workers to register themselves as wage-slaves, the former invites Trade Unions to accept the means of tiding over a temporary difficulty. Once afoot, this discovery will sharpen the perception and quicken the spirit as would nothing else.

IV

Aspects of the Guild Idea.
By Ivor Brown.

One of the greatest and perhaps one of the least soluble problems of history has centred round the question “To what extent does human nature make its social machinery and to what extent does social machinery, once made, mould human nature for the future? Did man make the capitalist system or has the capitalist system made man?” Unfair, impossible alternatives, it may be argued. True, but it is just in the answer that we are to give to these and similar dilemmas that we shall be found to differ from the Collectivists. It is just in the respective weights attached to the factors of human depravity and unfortunate machinery that we shall be revealed as faithful, they as faint-hearts never likely to win fair lady.

What, then, is the difference of judgment and outlook? Simply this. The Collectivist has long been angry with the waste and overlapping and stupid squalor of individualism and wants it cleared up, not so much because he is interested in human life and human work and the expression of human desire through life and work, but because the middle angers him. He attacks the Liberals in much the same spirit as a man writes to the papers to complain of a time-table error or the nuisance of bad roads. In Mr. Wells’ novels this cry of revolt for order’s sake is inconsistent. What is wanted is a dictator to smooth out the way and clean up the mess. Capitalism to him is the fruit of man’s villainy and, man being a villain, the only thing to do is to take the sting out of the beast by making capitalism collective not private. To me capitalism is more an accident than a crime. The men are not so bad as the system under which they are crushed. The Fabian motto of “The suspect” is not yet justified.

Capitalism is an accident. Without accepting in the fullest form the doctrine of economic determinism one can say that, disregarded as a state of affairs, the sudden discovery of modern industrial power and methods, and a certain amount of self-interest the system was certain to be initiated. Once started it was bound to go on without undue “frivolousness” to help it. Nothing could stop it then because the new national and world economy involved men in commercial relations over which political and social control were impossible. One employer was not a particularly cruel or selfish individual, but the Germans or the Americans or even the men in the next town were undercutting him. Therefore he had little control over what is going to happen, no control over what he pays wages or prices or anything else. The men are of course against his will, to cut down expenses, sweat his men, and employ women. The process was regarded as inevitable and the Victorian insistence on the complete separation of ethics and economics does not prove that the Victorians were devils but merely that they were overcome by the huge weight of circumstance. The stone had been set rolling and people said vaguely, “How can I stop it?” When they found they couldn’t stop it they took to saying, “Well, let’s make the best of it.” Hence the popularity of the socialism economists and hence the lazy acceptance of an accomplished fact which, pace the Socialist street orator, is far more typical of modern capitalism than any conscious devilry.

When the United States Commission appointed to discuss the social problem (recently discovered by American
South African Echoes.

We ceased long ago to expect anything from Government Labour Commissions except the restatement of orthodox opinions based upon the false assumption that the nature of the thing must necessarily lie in the hands of representative bodies, even when masquerading in the dress of investigators, must express the sentiments of the interests they represent; and, as present-day Government interests are almost exclusively capped by the interests of industrialists, Government commissions must find that the economics, the political ideas, the aspirations of the representatives of capitalism are just and wise. Even when the Commission is dealing with matters pertaining to nationalised industries, the same view will be taken and pretty much the same conclusions will be arrived at as when it deals with private enterprise. It must be so. National industries to-day are based upon wages and profiteering; most of them have been nationalised to further profiteering in some other field; consequently, when considering the claims of labour in such industries, the economics of wagery and profiteering will be used. This is fully exemplified in the Blue Book that now lies before us; the Report to the South African Parliament of the Railway Commission of Enquiry, November, 1914. It deals with the Eight Hour Day, the Minimum Wage, Piece Work, Overtime, and a few other labour matters which the Great Strike of 1913, when the South African Government so signally distinguished itself by the wholesale murder of South African citizens, brought to the notice of the civilised world. Now, we have no intention of wading through the whole dreary record of the labours of this Commission; it is merely one of the usual kind, similar to a thousand others—except in one particular, with which we shall deal in a moment—but we do want to consider one or two of the points raised.

First, then, let us take the question of the attitude of the Commission with regard to the problem of special treatment of State servants. Here, as might be expected, the Commission, not caring to register its own views, quotes with approval Symes's "Political Economy" to the effect that the State must base its payments upon the price ruling in the open market. To pay more would be "a most fruitless source of jobbery, and this again would impair the industrial efficiency of the work." To raise wages or shorten hours of labour on a nationalised railway, beyond what would be practicable and desirable under a system of private enterprise, might well cost more than "the State would or should be willing to pay." In other words, the State railways of South Africa must be run on the basis of profiteering, by employees whose labour is bought as a commodity in the cheapest market.

Turn now to the demand for an eight hour day for all employees. The request was accompanied by one that overtime should be gradually abolished until as many as possible of the unemployed were absorbed. The idea being, of course, to relieve unemployment and distress by giving all reasonable hours of toil. The Commission could not recommend this because of the opposite opinion held by eminent economists; for has it not been found that "by shortening the hours of labour within certain limits the labourer has been enabled to put in such extra effort into the shorter hours as to produce as much as he did in longer hours?" With regard to the minimum wage, the factor of the permanency of the work must be taken into account, and then, "the first question to be decided is the size of the family." Not, what is the value of a man's work—that is not to be the point—but, what is the subsistence level of labour? Recommended: "That statistics be put on the side of the cost of living of the humber classes of worker, and when data have been obtained the question of a minimum wage be again considered generally—poor old humber classes of worker! But there are some recommendations to show that the members of the Commission were not utterly bowless. Indeed, beings bearing but the semblance of men would have had to suggest some improvements on the conditions..."
laid bare in the evidence; as, for instance, that, “The running staff (drivers, firemen, and guards) worked during 1913, in overtime and Sunday time over and above the normal working days of twenty-six per month, at nine hours per day for drivers and firemen, and ten hours per day for guards, no less than 2,833,572 hours, or 314,841 days, or a little over 86 days per man. This means that every running man in the service has worked over seven days’ overtime per month right through the year.” To bring this down to terms of employment, there was work, reckoned on the basis of the standard day of the artisan, for 1,131 more men. One-third of the total work done is performed as overtime, the general manager had the infernal demands we are not only fighting for our own preservation, but that the clerical, administrative, and salaried staffs are likewise underpaid, overworked, and lacking in status. Said the spokesmen of one deputation from the salaried staffs, “We are not in the position of having axes to grind by representing purely personal cases; indeed, two of our number already draw salaries much above the minimum wage laid down. . . . We sincerely believe we shall do the country a service if we can indicate a way to allay the irritation and despair which prevent the staff taking a lively and wholesome interest in the affairs of the Administration.”

Surely that speech in itself should point the way to the line of development. The salaried staffs of the railways must be persuaded to come into line with the working staffs. The latter object to the commodity theory of labour; the former want to take a more lively and wholesome interest in administrative affairs. Neither can move very far without the other. They should seek to unite their forces, not for an eight-hour strike, but for a strike for status. Both must escape from wagyery; they can only do it by ceasing to sell their labour individually. If ever the railways are to have a wholesome administration, it must be an administration by the railwaymen of all classes and grades, by a Guild of manual workers and salaried workers in union and in harmony. We have written somewhat contemptuously of the Minority Report (Mr. A. W. Green); could we or anyone else expect from such a majority but a contemptible piece of work when viewed from our standpoint. Viewed from ordinary standpoints the Report is, of course, quite all right. If profiteering is to go on in labour munitions of war, the price which we are forced to compete with our starving comrades . . . We honestly believe that in making these demands we are not only fighting for our own preservation, but for that of civilisation itself in South Africa.

That, we suggest, is an excellent start for South African labour. To attack the commodity theory of labour is to strike at the roots of the thraldom of labour. To the suggestion that labour should strive harder so as to produce more wealth, out of which its share would come, is made the retort: “. . . whatever relationship wages bear to the product of the labourer is determined, as is the price of every other commodity, partly by its cost of production and partly by what Adam Smith called the ‘higgling of the market.’ ”

With all Mr. Nield’s arguments we have not the space to deal, and, indeed, we fear they are too voluminous to receive the attention they deserve, even among those who, doubtless, would consider it necessary to “. . . make the labourer and his wage, whatever relationship wages bear to the product of the labourer must be wholly accidental and indefinite. The wages of the labourer, that is, the price of the commodity labour, is determined, as is the price of every other commodity, partly by its cost of production and partly by what Adam Smith called the ‘higgling of the market.’ ”

Now we start with the South African Railways in the hands of the State. On these State railways we have precisely the same grievances that exist on privately owned railways; but amongst these State servants in South Africa we have a realisation of the fact that their labour is something more than a mere commodity. The old strike against retrenchment showed they had some idea of the need for, at any rate, partial control. The frenzied way in which they were attacked must have also demonstrated to them the soundness of the idea and the necessity for victory. Agitation was allowed so long as it confined itself to questions of half-pennies, but when it turned to a demand for a voice in staffing arrangements then it had to be suppressed with all the brutality of which a particularly brutalised bureaucracy was capable. When he had finished with them, declared the General, “There will be, for a hundred years.” Violence had to be expected from a Government of mine owners and mine owners’ pimps in a country of mines. But the men were well organised and sound. What was needed, then? The first thing that was needed was a wholesome interest in the position. Right through this report it is evident that not only are the working staffs suffering from intolerable grievances, but that the clerical, administrative, and salaried staffs are likewise underpaid, overworked, and

War and Solidarity.
By Ramiro De Maeztu.

When the war is over Europe will be poor. It is possible that the privileged classes will still possess a large proportion of the capital they have invested in countries which, though independent from the political point of view, are really colonies economically speaking. Another part of this capital invested in foreign countries will have been converted into government bonds for the debts contracted by the belligerent States to cover the cost of the war. The colonial countries, by supplying more men, have been entitled to a share of the wealth which will have discharged a fair proportion of their own debts. But European countries will see their own liabilities multiply to such a point that, even if a universal reduction of armaments follows the peace, their taxes will not be lowered. Under the most generous organisation of armament factories revolutionised, the belligerent countries will have to pay interest on their debts and on armaments to an even greater extent than has been the case hitherto. If England, for instance, could save, at the end of the
war, thirty millions sterling annually on what she has been paying towards the upkeep of her army and navy she would, on the other hand, have to pay a hundred millions a year (assuming that the war lasts until the end of next year) as interest on the debts she has contracted with the object of bringing the campaign to a happy conclusion. And in this respect England would not differ from the other belligerents.

Hence the plight of the European democracies will be worse. At present the labouring classes of Europe do not bear more than a part of the burden of the luxuries of the wealthy classes. The wealth of the colonial countries in the form of interest on the European capital invested in them. But when the war ends the maintenance of the parasitic classes will depend wholly, or almost wholly, on the working men of Europe. This cannot and will not be. Politicians will endeavour to bring this state of things about, nevertheless; and will even try to justify it. They will say, for example, that the new taxes will be felt particularly by the wealthy classes whose incomes by reason of the war have been paying towards the upkeep of her army and navy, but that the other belligerents will not differ from the other belligerents.

And it is true that the position of the wealthy classes will not be what it was, since their taxes will be heavily increased; but it is probable that the politicians will hardly succeed in convincing the people of the necessity for measures of social order, or disorder, as prevailed in Europe up to the outbreak of war. And they will not succeed because the conscience of Europe will have definitely risen superior to the ideas which governed the world in August last. Up to that time economic society was based on the principle of property. By virtue of this principle the world's wealth belonged to those individuals who could show by legal documents or contracts that they had a right to it, no matter what their merits or their social services might be. And, although the moral spirit of man has always denied to individuals the right to own wealth not conferred upon them by society as payment for their services, the principle of contract was maintained for reasons of expediency or metaphysical reasons. For reasons of expediency it is maintained by those who say that the stimulus of property "transforms sand into gold," and that men work, above all, that their work of the whole. The universal mobilisation of labour is being discussed in England. The rumour will become a reality if the necessities of the war render it essential for every citizen to pay his part. Then we shall see established the principle that each man, woman, rich or poor, must take his share in the work of the whole. The universal mobilisation of labour. But this principle was recognised by the conscience of humanity long before the war. Why, then, did people tolerate the continuance of the principle whereby wealth was distributed according to contracts which perverted the parasitism of a few social classes and the servitude of the majority? At bottom, simply because experience had not yet refuted with the necessary emphasis the argument that property was the greatest stimulus to industry. But the war has made clear the falsity of this argument. Before it broke out it was thought right that the railways should be managed by their owners, or by directors nominated by them. Since the war the railways have been run by the Government. No doubt the owners of the lines will share in the dividends as usual; but they cannot justify their dividends by saying that their shareholders participated in the administration of the national transport services. Before the war it seemed to be the case that the wealthy classes should invest their superfluous money wherever they liked. Now the Government has prohibited the export of capital, since it is wanted for the war. Before the war merchants traded freely; now, under severe penalties, they are forbidden to trade with enemy countries. Further, the Government has assumed powers for taking over whatever factories it deems advisable for the manufacture of war munitions; and it is considering the question of imposing a special tax on war profits. Public utility comes first, contract or no contract. Even individuals cannot escape from the range of this principle. The belligerent nations soon learned that it was not moral, and in certain cases indeed not lawful, for individuals to deny their aid to the State. The war has triumphed, not only because it is moral, but also because it is more advantageous to the State than the principle which permits individual contracts to decide the wealth and status of people.

The war, however, will not only have proved that the principle of contract, beneficial though it may be for some individuals, is not that which is wanted for society, but it will in addition have created the spirit of solidarity necessary for effecting, without excessive violence, the transformation of a society, founded on the false right of a few individuals to parasitism, into another society, a society based on the recognition of the principle of solidarity, by virtue of which no one can have rights who has not fulfilled his duties. Many men who, in times of peace, did nothing but sign cheques, play bridge and go on motor tours, are now rubbing down horses in camp or acting as sentries and exposing themselves to the enemy's shrapnel in the trenches. Many society women, the Countess of Warwick tells us, are now spending their time in hospitals or in workshops, working even harder than they would expect them to do. Many a woman is satisfied with their new life. They have found in social service what they lacked in their former existence: the

at the time of the French Revolution, denied to nations the right to choose their own rulers: "That which a whole nation chooses to do, it has a right to do. Mr. Burke says, No. Where, then, does the right exist? I am contending for the rights of the living and against their being willed away, and controlled and contracted for, by the manuscript assumed authority of the dead; and Mr. Burke is contending for the authority of the dead over the rights and freedom of the living." The fact that Paine was a pamphleteer rather than a thinker does not make his argument the less right; it is for the living and not the dead to honour the services of each citizen according to his merits, and to pay for them according to the needs of the function he fulfils.

But this principle was recognised by the conscience of humanity long before the war. Why, then, did people tolerate the continuance of a special tax on war profits. Public utility comes first, contract or no contract. Even individuals cannot escape from the range of this principle. The belligerent nations soon learned that it was not moral, and in certain cases indeed not lawful, for individuals to deny their aid to the State. Then we shall see established the principle that every man and woman, rich or poor, must take his share in the work of the whole. The universal mobilisation of labour is being discussed in England. The rumour will become a reality if the necessities of the war render it essential for every citizen to pay his part. Then we shall see established the principle that every man and woman, rich or poor, must take his share in the common task, fulfilling such functions as may be thought necessary. And this principle will have triumphed, not only because it is moral, but also because it is more advantageous to the State than the principle which permits individual contracts to decide the wealth and status of people.

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feeling of reality. And, now that they have once felt themselves ennobled by work, would not they blush if, after the peace, they were condemned to do nothing more than impose upon the poor the unnecessary task of attending to their luxuries?

It would be too much nevertheless, to hope that a social transformation could be effected by the spontaneous conversion of the privileged classes. Social changes are carried out when the oppressed realise that they can become strong by union and enthusiasm. And the democracies of Europe have not lost consciousness of their power during the war. The fact that the war has blown to the winds the international pacificism of the older Socialist does not mean that it has destroyed the principle of social solidarity which is the essential part of Socialism. It has strengthened it. The consciousness of power is never so intense among the people as when they defend by force of arms a cause which is dear to them; and the cause of nationality is dear to each of the countries fighting for it; and the cause of humanity to those who are going to win. In peace time the workman in a factory sees no more meaning in his labour than that he is earning his wages. He now knows that with every shell he makes he is helping to co-ordination of the effort of each individual in the common effort.

War is a lesson in solidarity. Rich and poor disappear in the brotherhood of arms. In the organisation of armies the position of individuals is not that of instigating or contriving, but that of obeying by contracts but by the function they fulfil. The rewards of war are not based on contracts but on services rendered. The separation of governors and governed is not effected in war in fulfilment of the will of the dead, as rich and poor in times of peace; but by the differentiation of functions which everybody realises as necessary. In this sense war is a lesson in discipline; but the discipline is founded on the evidence that the ruled fulfils less difficult functions than the ruler. War teaches men to respect merit more profoundly—and not merely the merits of soldiers, but all technical abilities. Before the war there was a great deal of talk in England of protecting research and inventions more carefully. But it is the war which has shown that the mind of increasing the number of chemists, electricians, civil engineers. The competent "captain of industry" is not less respected than before, but more. War has erected the workmen of their old exclusivism. But the war is not complete as of yet. Every war, and the same remark applies to the cosmopolitan financier, the clever lawyer, and the intellectual who devotes his ingenuity to confusing truth with falsehood.

It is not conceivable that, after having learned in war the value of death and to exert their will, the workmen of Europe can return to the apathy which resigned them to economic injustice perpetrated by stamped paper, at a time when their reason had been won over to the principle of social solidarity. It is not likely that, after a shock as deep as that which the men have more meaning in their factories and pay for the campaign out of their reduced wages in order that shareholders may come quietly back to their old idle existence. The war is awakening, in millions of brains, nervous cells which had long been asleep. Men are learning in the Army, for example, that the greatest efforts and sacrifices of which men are capable are not called forth by love of money, but by the spirit of honour and by the Guild spirit. Every army is a guild in which, in the hour of danger, the whole nation incorporates itself.

Every human expedient is born of necessity. Every religion is probably born as a necessity of tribal coherence, that of Babylon as well as that of Israel. The Babylonian dies to be of interest only to Assyriologists, but the Israelite remains for its ethical spirit in all Islam and Christendom. Necessity gives to the human consciousness the situation of fact in which it must find its basis for its expediencies; but it is only when these expediencies are permanent values that they endure to be strict necessities. The economic spirit is brought into existence by penury, but does not die with it. Nor does the solidarity which war enkindles die with war. Solidarity was an ethical value long before the war; it is the spirit. But it is its positive and permanent value which will make it survive the necessity that has brought it forth.

**Impressions of Paris.**

One was saying how much more charming, more civilised the city seems under its half its ordinary evening glare and with none of the rush and roar of pre-war days: "Why Russian roar?" he objected in Russian English—"Everybody roars!"

Paris is almost lovely just now. All the trees on the boulevards have leafed; and the enormous wagons of hay or something which are drawn along by handsome fawn oxen look quite in place. The picturesque is returning to its own after a decade of denunciation. I saw a market cart worn moss-green with a red pony, a man in a blue blouse and a red cap and a woman wearing a coif which came stark out of the ages. The weather affects people. I suppose they are those with the moon afflicted in Sagittarius who think of something and dart off like the proverbial arrows across the roads. I take no more notice of ants. Let them walk on my very pen! We are moving on towards Brussels! (That sounds like one of the comic hymns of our Protestant infancy.) The Russian retreat is quite lost sight of, and the Dardenelles seem more fabulous than ever. With the news of advance, we appear to grow more prosperous in Paris; though we are not really. But the restaurants dine out of doors now, at least when it does not rain; and one hears a lot of Americans rushed up from Italy. I heard two midinettes laughing over the adventure of one of them who had been applied to the Mairie. "He wanted to pretend that I was not French. I laid my hand on my stomach and showed him its flatness. 'There's no breakfast there, Monseigneur,' I said, 'Now—am I not French?'

Enthusiasm, it is said, over the London lobs, led some idlers in the Champs Elysées to follow a Russian singer "with hostility." Outside the police-station they were reduced to scream "Long live Russia!" by way of expiating their inbecility. If you would only follow the "Daily Mail's" advice and send all the police to the front, the photographed ladies who poll the way for the looters could conduct more patriotic inquiries much more thoroughly. They might even attain to a free hand at Lord Haldane's mansion—or even higher! Our utmost amusement is a very occasional unorganised spy-hunt. An English girl, a violinist, whom I know, had an adventure. She is very tall and has abnormally large hands. These hands excited two females in the restaurant, who followed her, and at last growing quite out of self-control, began to cry names, called a man, and denounced the girl for a German in woman's dress. The girl, although thoroughly outraged, kept her head, smacked both their faces with her passport and dragged one of them along until she found a gendarme. The police are still occasionally bothered by these wrangles of spy-hunters, who are as wicked as they are foolish and prepared to swear to anything, as any innocent
person who has had to do with them knows. If the Germans got here by any chance, one would certainly be sold very readily by these panic-struck liars.

I have taken to haunting our cemetery, which is the healthiest one in all Paris, being open to the great air conduits of the Avenue de la Muette, Saint Jacques, and the Orleans. Quaint are human beings! The quarter known as “Health” here is occupied mainly by cemeteries, the gigantic Prison, St. Ann’s madhouse, the colossal statue of the Lion de Bellport, the Station for Scenars, a trainway junction and several electric plants.

It is a fact that when you descend from a tram on the height occupied by the statue of the Lion, you literally breathe health, but you have only your choice between a seat in a tiny public garden, and the cemetery. I prefer the cemetery. After two or three promenades, however, I fancied that the keepers eyed me with suspicion. Happily, I had once been in with a man who showed me the tomb of his frightful Uncle, whose decease had released a whole family from tyranny. I re-discovered the tomb, and now, every few days, a healthy one in all Paris, being open to the great air conduits of the Avenue du Maine, Saint Jacques, and the Cemetery.

A salt of French language contains (I nearly said boasts!) 12,000 Hunsish words! I wouldn’t give this on any less authority that Hachette, the school-man. Out of 42,000 words, 20,000 are foreign; and 12,000 of these are bare-faced Hun, mainly brought in by masons and by the sportsmen. By the way, “Lady Nicotine” was a Frenchman, Monsieur Nicot, an opium-lover, who travelled back here from China in the seventeenth century. I am not the only person who takes uncommon tracks in these times. I met a Norwegian just arrived after an exciting adventure with a German submarine, but whose object in life is to get Louis Charles Philippe translated into Norwegian. And the “New York Herald” publishes the desire of an Old Philadelphia lady that someone will please tell her how to “figure” Fahrenheit into something else, I forget what. I suppose Fahrenheit must be Hun, and nothing Hun may be countenanced. I’ve been reading about the emancipation of negroes and the September massacres. They’re incredible, the massacres, considering what we say now about Germans! It would be no use telling you how many priests, nobles, civilians and women were chopped to death in Paris in two days, or how many chained criminals, madmen, and invalids were beaten to death at Bicêtre—you would never believe me. The “Massacres,” by Viscount Walsh, are bound up with my copy of the “Cid”—and that is how I came to read them. In the short intervals between the massacres, “our most important occupation,” says Saint-Médard who escaped, “was to find out what position to take in order to die as easily as possible. From time to time we sent one or other of our comrades to the window to instruct us as to what position was taken by the poor souls being massacred there.” I often falling before the body.

To pick up our observations where we have galls scolded.

A welcome to haity ships home from patrol.

We made the striped boyos and the channel lay free; We slipped by the gloomy pier scarcely in sight. The seamen made fast with a bustle of glee; Our ships lay at ease in the slow-coming light.

I stand on the quarter-deck mourful and listening To rant of machinery borne on the breeze; A thick scum of oil on the river face— The price of wage-slavery, Cleveland by Tees.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. IVOR BROWN's novel "Years of Plenty" (Secker, £2) has, at last, come into my hands and I have read it. There is no doubt that Mr. Brown can write, and naturally in a first novel his care as well is obvious. But, in the first place, the form is the veiled autobiographical, and, in the second place, the novel from beginning to end does not contain a hint of romance. I would not say, without further consideration (though I think it), that novels are bad in proportion as they are autobiographical but it is certainly that such novels are not only the easiest to write, but usually the most tedious to read. As Johnson said of "Hudibras," that it was so much easier to invent dialogues than to imagine adventures—a remark, by the way, that settles a good many modern plays—it may as well be said that autobiography requires neither invention nor imagination, and still less creation. The writer is here supremely at his ease and has us at every disadvantage. We cannot check him, unless he deals with matters of public interest, but we must needs accept every word he says. Does anything strange occur in his narrative—we have his word alone for it that it is true. Does he appear to invite his hero in contradictions of character—but the truth was so. It is as absolute as a dream, and about as valuable as the record of the ascent of one of the mountains of the moon. A first novel, however, is permitted to be of this character; it need not, though published, be counted against the author, but, on the other hand, may be regarded as his preliminary canter.

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By the absence of romance I do not necessarily mean that there is only no love interest in "Years of Plenty." Passion, as I have very often said, ought no more to be identified exclusively with love than sensuality with sexuality. Passion is any command of the soul that subordinates reason to itself; and is great or small personal self. This has the effect of levelling the imagination, and still less creation. The writer is here supremely at his ease and has us at every disadvantage. We cannot check him, unless he deals with matters of public interest, but we must needs accept every word he says. Does anything strange occur in his narrative—we have his word alone for it that it is true. Does he appear to invite his hero in contradictions of character—but the truth was so. It is as absolute as a dream, and about as valuable as the record of the ascent of one of the mountains of the moon. A first novel, however, is permitted to be of this character; it need not, though published, be counted against the author, but, on the other hand, may be regarded as his preliminary canter.

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In an essay upon the Novels of Mark Rutherford, Mr. A. E. Taylor, in Vol. V. of the English Association Studies (Oxford Press, 6s. net), indicates this as the secret of Rutherford's unattractiveness. "As to romantic love," he says, "... like all Puritans he misunderstands it and is afraid of it. His treatment of it, when it is allowed to make its appearance at all, notably in 'Clara Pungood,' is, to my thinking, nearly as unpleasant as Thomas Hardy's, and that is to say a great deal." It is, so far as Hardy is concerned, to say a great deal too much; for the treatment of romantic love is none the worse for being "unpleasant," that is, uncomfortable. Hardy certainly does not avoid romantic love; and if he makes it unpleasant for his characters, it is in part due to his pessimism and in part to his experience. The value, nevertheless, remains; for Hardy, like Nature in Goethe's saying, still "holds a couple of lights from the cup of life to be fair payment for the pains of a lifetime." Rutherford, it is quite true, avoided the subject when he could, and for the reason already given, that as a Puritan he was afraid of it. Yet, as Taylor so consistently says, that he "misunderstood" it, or that he was so "alive to wider and graver issues" that romantic love was, in his opinion, relatively unimportant! Love in its tragedy is very well understood by Puritans; it is so much and so exclusively a tragedy to them that, as in the similar case of Conflict or War, they would wish to eliminate it.

Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of "Alcestis" (Allen and Unwin, 15s. net) about completes, I suppose, the English edition of Euripides. I am not of the opinion of Philemon, who said that if he were certain that the dead had consciousness he would say to Homer, "By the gods I would not see Euripides. Nor do the translations of Professor Murray persuade me. Euripides appears to me to have begun the very movement of decadence in Greece that the Puritan of the foregoing paragraph exemplified in modern literature: he begins to reason with the gods instead of for them! The effect may be, as Mrs. Browning said, that his touches of things common raised them until they touched the spheres; but his predecessors had a more divine way; they brought the spheres down to common men. Instead of the memorial task of the greatest artists of justifying the ways of God to man, Euripides all unconsciously set himself to justifying the ways of man to God. Concerning the play, "Alcestis," I confess I am unconvincing by it. Professor Murray calls it delightful and charming and interesting and lovely; but Schöne's opinion seems to me nearer the truth, that it is "a parody and (not) a very funny one." Alcestis herself, with her unquestioning, naively, is a pretty enough figure for farce, but Admetus is comedy pure and simple. He is Meredith's "Egoist" (and a great many more of us) in his eternal type. But with such notions as Professor Murray's forming of Euripides, the high comedy of "Alcestis" is scarcely discernible. Without questioning his Greek, which I take on my knees, I may still exercise my reason and declare that Euripides at forty, in a play professedly Satyrical or pro-Satyrical, could not have so sentimentalised his comedy as to leave the impression of the translation, which contains a matter of doubt. How would Meredith have translated it, I ask; or Browning? The hints of epic language mingled with slang, which Professor Murray tells us are to be found in the original, probably conveyed more to the Athenians than to us. They were Euripides' nods and winks to his audience that a comedy was afoot. But, except in his Introduction, Professor Murray would almost persuade us that the play was a tragedy. * * *

England as well as Germany may be recommended to skip Hegel for a while and to return to Kant. In his "Perpetual Peace," written in 1795, first translated into English in 1903, and now republished by Allen and Unwin (as net), Kant made an excursion into international politics from which he brought back some fine clusters of sense. Assuming that only a commonwealth of republics or a federation of free States could ensure universal and perpetual peace, and being aware that this condition of things is remote, he devoted some thought to the conduct of war and diplomacy. His sixth article is as follows: "No State at war with another shall countenance such modes of hostility as would make mutual confidence impossible in a subsequent state of peace." And his comment upon this is that "some kind of confidence in the disposition of the enemy must exist even in the midst of war, or otherwise peace could not be concluded." A State, he further says, "cannot be asked to give up its existence, or to reduce its power by a despotism, so long as it runs the risk of being immediately swallowed up by other States." The old Brahman had likewise a good opinion of himself. The possession of power," he says, "is inevitably fatal to the free exercise of reason"—which disposes of Plato's plea for philosophers as kings. But this was not to affirm the converse that the free exercise of reason is fatal to the possession of power; for his "secret article" of government is that "the opinion of philosophers shall always be taken into consideration by States armed for war." * * *

R. H. C.
More Letters to My Nephew.

I.—Industry.

My Dear George,—Have you noticed that the manufacturers have arrogantly seized the word "industry" and applied it to their own use? It is true that we still occasionally speak of the agricultural industry—the natural meaning of the word in this instance persisting—but nowadays, if a man "goes into industry," we take it to mean that he is concerned with factory occupation. Look at the Stock Exchange quotations. Would you ever dream of applying them to their own use? It is true that we still speak of the agricultural industry—the natural meaning of the word in this instance persisting—but nowadays, if a man "goes into industry," we see him in the retail, or even the wholesale, "industry," no matter how "industrious" he might be. No; he was in the linen trade—a trader. I suspect that the manufacturers stole the word, believing that it was only in one industry and not in others, that "industry" was used. One wonders why children were really industrious, in sharp contrast with agriculture, which is apparently a lazy and pedestrian occupation. Look at the Stock Exchange quotations. "Government Bonds," "Railways," "Industrials," and "Miscellaneous." You will find no agricultural undertaking included in "Industrials." The political economists naturally took their cue from their masters. They wrote about the "great industry." They were fools. The political economists naturally took their cue from their masters. They wrote about the "great industry." They were fools. The industrial elephantiasis. The disease is quite common in Central America.

And yet, praise to the Holiest in the Heights, the world's great industry is still agriculture. Look at a map of the globe. Everywhere, save in the Midlands States, mankind is engaged in minding the flocks and tilling the land. In France, agriculture still reigns supreme. It is from the peasantry that its gold flows, gold that is now commingled with the blood of its sons. Some years ago a section of the American people tried to establish a ratio between gold and silver. Little redress was made. The landowners or the Hungarian Magyars. They have created a tradi-

the assumption of perpetual war is degenerate and in a fair way to savagery—polished and highly efficient savagery, if you will, but entirely unreasonable preparation for war, yes; beyond that—look out! Even I, man of peace that I am, always, when on the Estate, have firearms ready loaded. I never know the moment that some Waika Indian, Carib or Spanish half-breed won't run amok. Indeed, last year, I shot a man. Didn't I tell you about it? Then forgive another diversion.

At the far end of the Estate, where the river runs from the north and suddenly bends round to the east, there is a bluff upon which are two cottages and a rough shack. In one of these lived Tomaso Lopez with his woman Marcella, socially known as "Chella." Her surname is long since lost in the mists of antiquity. Probably she herself has forgotten it in the long success of men and never be re-membered. She is fat and lazy and her tongue is the tongue of a viper. But she exudes sex like a veritable Cleopatra, and, at each hiring season, she has apparently a succession of men with whom she has cohabited. Certain it is that no man has ever endured her for more than a year. Tomaso was a half-breed, lean as a greyhound, a small square head covered with closely cropped brown hair, long sharp nose, throwing into bold relief a receding chin upon which grew a short, thick beard. His moustache bristled like an exhausted toothbrush. In the other cottage lived Alfonso Burgos with his girl Violeta. Burgos was a dandy after his kind, curvy black hair, parted in the middle, a little pointed moustache, eyes dark and amorous. Violeta is young, slender and harmless. To Alfonso she was submissive as a spaniel. In the shack rooted with palm leaves lived, alone, Thomas Smithson, a Jamaican negro, voluble, a mischief-maker.

At sunrise Tomaso and Violeta go into the banana plantation to clean and clear the land, whilst on Wednesdays and Thursdays he would, in company with Alfonso, cut the bananas for the tramp steamer that comes up about midnight on each Thursday. By half-past eleven his task was generally done. He would then return to the cottage ready for the breakfast of pork and beans prepared by Chella. Then he would take his gun in search of deer or peccary, or paddle the dory in the river looking for fish. Or, if the sun struck hard from a cloudless sky, he would sit in the shade idly fingering his guitar and occasionally twanging a lilting Spanish lovesong. I can see him now, as I write, head thrown back, his long nose in the air keeping time with his thickly padded feet, for he seldom wore either boots or shoes. And, curiously enough, I most vividly remember his thin neck with an Adam's apple that moved up and down like a pressure gauge.

The morning of May-day breaks without a cloud. In the sky can only be seen a merciless hard light blue and a sun that seems to move by leaps out of the horizon. It is already sweltering hot before Chella rolls from under her fly-net. She sleeps in a chemise and her stockings. She throws on an old loose cotton dress, and looks out upon the river that changes its course for a few short hours. Some embers gleam in the brazier which Tomaso had lighted for his morning coffee. Chella kneels down and blows them into flame and is soon sipping her coffee and munching a "Johnny-cake." As she throws her own and Tomaso's fly-nets up over the strings she puffs and grunts. Dios! What heat! She sits on a box beside the door, grunting like an over-fed sow. Every ten minutes or so she steps into the cottage, fills a calabash with water and greedily drinks. The heat grows more intense. Of course, now and again you can hear a gurgling in Chella's throat. "No good! She fills the calabash, holds it up to her neck, then pours
the water down over her breasts. It is good! She grunts with satisfaction as the cool stream moves down over her protuberant belly. But, look! The sun (her only time-keeper) is now high up in the sky. Mid-day is near; he can be back and hungry for his breakfast. The thought has but found form in Chella's slow-moving brain when Tomaslo lopes his way into view. He steps into the cottage, throws his machete into a corner, drinks from the alluring calabash and is again standing in the dead embers in the brazier and promptly senses the situation. With an angry bound he is on the woman. He grabs her by her loose dress, belabouring her with blows. "You lazy bitch! My breakfast! I'll kill you!" he hisses. Chella struggles to release herself from the man's grip. The dress tears asunder, remaining in Tomaslo's hand.

Fat and unwieldy though she be, she rushes into the bush, her only protection the chemise, the stockings and a pair of carpet slippers. Tomaslo glances contemptuously at her retreating figure. In a moment he is busy with the brazier.

At night, after Tomaslo has put out his light, Chella knocks at Alfonso's door. Poor Chella! The flies and bush pests have done their worst; her body is covered with itching blotches. Who can help being sorry for Chella, poor little thing though she be. Certainly not Violeta, who bestirs herself. She prepares food and burns the woman's skin with cocoa-nut oil. Chella groans, then swears, then utters wild imprecations against Tomaslo. Then she betrays the source of her greatest anxiety. Tomaslo, beast that he is, has surely burnt or destroyed her silk petticoat that is so richly lace-embroidered. If that be gone; then how will she fare at the next hiring season? For (Chella knows!) it is at petticoats that men look... They soothe her to sleep and soothe the sores so loudly that Violeta fears the sharp ears of Tomaslo.

The next day Tomaslo goes hunting. He brings back an armadillo and a givnut (of the pig species, but striped like a zebra). Smithson goes fishing and catches three toothsome machaka (a kind of salmon-trout). They call to Alfonso and Violeta: "Come! Here is good eating!" They prepare for a Gargantuan meal. Violeta kindles a big fire, Alfonso skins the armadillo, Smithson scales the fish, Tomaslo cuts up the givnut. Quick and toothsome machaka (a kind of salmon-trout). They call to Alfonso and Violeta: "Here is good eating!"

The Chief is not again standing before Chella. He sees the dead embers in the brazier, he sees the cool stream move down the Eastern horizon, he hears the green parquet fly to its mate—he hears its wings flapping as they beat the air. His forehead burns, his lips move, he can only hear the inarticulate burblings of a soul in pain. We carry him into a cottage. I cut away his cotton tunic and his shirt. There is an ugly red wound just under the shoulder. We remove his trousers. The bullet has ploughed its way through flesh and bone and passed out at the back. I cleanse his leg with warm water and Condy's fluid; I probe for the bullet in the shoulder. I find it embedded in a network of muscles. I am very much annoyed; this means a police inquiry unless I can keep this fool of a Tomaslo quiet. "I know nothing of Alfonso's death, nor of Chella, sitting in his cottage shaking with fear. But events move quickly. Violeta, tear- and terror-stricken, comes hastening up. She has found the dead Alfonso under the wood-pile. I patch together the facts. Tomaslo is a dangerous deed) I meet the defending lawyer. "I suppose an appeal would be useless?" "Quite. Besides, between ourselves, he told me that Alfonso Lopez was his fifth, and that, if he ever gets out, Smithson will be his sixth." "Nuff said." "He's not so lucky as a ruffian I knew down in the Petend District," says the lawyer. "He had a lurid life. Finally he fell in love with a pious Catholic girl. Went before the priest with her. When the D.C. paid an official visit, the fellow marches up bold as brass. Says he has committed seven murders, of which there is now no evidence, but that he is a reformed character. The D.C. says he is glad to hear it. 'Of course,' the ruffian added, 'if my girl, Olive, turns me down for somebody else, I shall kill her too tonight.'"

At the point where I divagated into the unhappy Chella I was about to remark that we must establish a true counterpoise between town and country. But I must close here, resuming the subject some other time. I hear the syren of the mail-steamer and the motor-boat waits for me to close the letter-bag—Your affectionate Uncle,

ANTHONY FARLEY.
Lesya Ukrainka’s “Babylonian Captivity”

(Translated by S. Weisb and C. E. Bethäuser)

(A wide plain. The red sunset turns the waters of the Euphrates to blood. Scattered on the plain are seen the tents of the Hebrew captives. Naked children seek shells in the mud and gather brushwood for the fires. Weary women, mostly old, in rags, are busied preparing groups, the Levites and the prophets. On the willows, little farther off, also under the willows, stand two tents of the Hebrew captives. Naked children seek shells in the mud and gather brushwood for the fires. A little farther off, also under the willows, stand two groups, the Levites and the prophets. On the willows, over the prophets’ heads, harps hang; quivering from time to time, they jingle in the evening wind. Far away are seen the walls and towers of Babylon and sometimes there comes the noise of the city.)

WOMAN (at her fire): Husband, come to supper. (A man, still young, leaves a group and silently sits down to sup.)

WOMAN: Why dost not eat bread? (The man is silent.)

WOMAN: Surely it is bitter? There is nought to be done, poor thing, thou must eat.

THE MAN (mumbling like an old man): I cannot eat.

WOMAN: Misery! Hast no teeth? Where——

MAN: There! (Points to Babylon.)

WOMAN: Misery, misery, misery!

AN OLD MAN (approaches an old woman sitting by the extinguished fire of another hearth, motionless, her head bowed down): Give me supper! (The woman is silent and motionless.) Why hast not prepared it? (The woman is silent.) Why hast ashes on thy hair? (The woman is silent, and bow waves still lower.) Where is our daughter?

THE OLD WOMAN: There! (Points to Babylon and shows ashes upon her head.)

OLD MAN: Adonai! (Tears his garments and falls down. At a third fire sit only men, mostly old. A woman approaches timidly; ragged children hang at her garments.)

THE WOMAN: My fathers, pardon that I ask you; have ye not seen my husband?

AN OLD MAN: How is he called?

THE WOMAN: Ebenezer of Ossia.

ANOTHER OLD MAN: Was he so called before thou wert a widower?

THE WOMAN: What hast said?

A THIRD OLD MAN: Do not kill thyself! Foes do not torment the dead.

THE WOMAN: What shall I do, miserable, with my little children?

THE CHILDREN: Mother, mother, mother!

A MAD WOMAN (wandering among the fires): Happy the womb that did not bear; happy the breasts that did not nourish. Why hast no teeth? Where——

A GIRL (whispers to her companion, pointing at the mad woman): ‘Tis from the time her child was killed in Jerusalem.

COMP: How terrible!

GIRL: And I saw it with mine own eyes, when the soldier seized her boy by his feet and struck at—

COMP: Be silent, say nought!

THE LEVITES (under the willows): For our fathers’ sin the Lord took us from the temple; for our ancestors’ dishonour He took away His church. And now, as a spendthrift’s children, innocent we expiate our fathers’ debt.

THE PROPHETS: Jerusalem smote us with stones, and for it the wrath of the Lord smote her. The daughter of Zion despised us, and for it the son of Baal silded her.

* Lesya Ukrainka was born in 1872 and died in 1913. The Ukraine lost its autonomy in 1799.

1st Levite (to another): Why hast not been at prayers?

2nd Levite: The master sent me to the reckonings.

The workmen from Haram are now paid for their labour at the king’s palace.

1st Levite: Couldst not find one of the scribes to take thy place?

2nd Levite: Slavery, brother! The master says no men are so skilled at reckoning as the Hebrews.

1st Levite: True.

2nd Levite (aside to him): For my good help the chief gave me this ring.

1st Levite: Glory to the Lord, that He hath distinguished His people by wisdom above the nations of all the world. (Aside.) Is there no need of another to help? (They whisper.)

A SAMARIAN PROPHET: Thus spake the Lord: On Garisim I have builded an abode, on its summit I made Mine altar, but ye forsook it and knew not the house of My glory, as the foolish birthing son knoweth not his father’s abode and wandereth in outer darkness, a butt for strangers’ children.

A JEWISH PROPHET: Thus spake the Lord: In Jerusalem I made Mine abode among the people, that, as bees come together to one hive, to one queen, so ye would come together unto Me, to the only Temple; but, as a wild swarm, ye flew away, and for it I sent evil hornets against you.

SAM. PROPHET: The lion of Judah ravished Israel and dispersed his sheep.

JEW. PROPHET: Saul’s descendants are fit to be keepers of flocks, but not of the people.

SAM. PROPHET: The Lord of Israel shall reach thee, and through me. (Raises his staff against the Jewish Prophet.)

JEW. PROPHET: Lord, remember Thy servant David. (Rises a stone to cast at the Samaritan Prophet. Eleazar, a young prophet and singer, just come from Babylon, throws himself between the two.)

ELEAZAR: Refrain! Cover not with shame the names of Israel and Judah.

SAM. PROPHET: Ah! is it thou, prophet of shame? And how hast thou glorified Israel and Judah?

JEW. PROPHET: Vile serpent, why camest from that nest? There is thy God and thy people, begone for it I sent evil hornets against you.

1st Levite: May the Lord vomit thee out of His mouth, may thy name disappear as spittle! (The people gather round.)

2nd Levite (catching a harp from the willows): I will break this cursed vessel.

ELEAZAR: (catching his hand): Touch not my harp, for it is innocent of my sins! Curse me, if thou thinkest I am worthy, but call not the holy harp a cursed vessel.

3rd Levite: And how has it sanctified itself?

ELEAZAR: That never from the first rang a string insincerely.

A BOY: Aha! Therefore thou didst hang it there.

ELEAZAR: (to the Boy, sadly): Wherefore, youth, sayst thou so?

BOY: Pretend not thou dost not understand!

AN OLD MAN: This youth told thee, Eleazar, what thy conscience would have told thee—but a mute cannot speak.

A MAN: And it is a vanity to talk to the deaf. (A child stretches out its arms to the harp.)

THE CHILD: Uncle, give me the toy.

ITS MOTHER: I told thee, dare not to come to this uncle.

AN OLD WOMAN: (to a girl standing near): I see there is no more came in Israel, when a girl stands uncovered and looks upon a traitor.

THE GIRL: But——

1st Woman: Look, poor thing, it is a great woe when one cursed by God steals a girl’s heart.

THE GIRL: If he be cursed, I also curse him. (Veils herself and goes away.)

ELEAZAR: (to all): Fathers and brothers, mothers and sisters, when is it a custom among us to con-
THE OLD MAN: Thou becamest leprous in Babylon, singing for money in the courts to the sons of Baal.

ELEA.: Are ye not all gathered here for labour in Babylon?

1ST MAN: Labourers do not serve Moloch.

ELEA.: Whom then do they their arms and vessels serve? Have they not built such an abode for Moloch, as never had our Lord in Jerusalem?

1ST PROPHET: Taunt not captives with their slavery!

ELEA.: Am I not a captive? Why chasest ye me for my forced labour?

2ND PROPHET: The cord, the spade, the plough and axe in men's hands are men's slaves; but the word in a prophet's mouth must serve God only, and none other.

THE OLD MAN: Yet wilt thou ask for judgment, Eleazar?

ELEA.: I will, though the judgment end with stones. The Lord liveth! Ye must judge by truth; an unjust curse shall turn against you.

THE OLD MAN: Let us hear him. Let it not be said we forsook truth on the ruins of Jerusalem. Tell us what constrained thee to sell the word.

ELEA.: That none bought my hands. My father did not teach me to labour, and weak my mother bred me. Though the harp obeys my hands, nor plough nor axe obeys them. I fell under a burden, at once the overseer drove me from the labour.

THE OLD MAN: Let then thy father and mother feed thee, who have not taught thee to earn bread.

ELEA.: In Jerusalem I earned honourably by the means they taught me, and here—and yet the bread burns that my father brings from Babylon; hard it is to eat from a father's slavery.

1ST LEVITE: Not only bread thy father brings, but also golden rings.

ELEA. (to all): Teach this Levite that gold burns also, and not only shines.

1ST LEVITE (slyly): Why does thy father's work burn so?

ELEA.: Am I judged here or my father? Bring then all fathers to judgment, that for their family lose their souls.

1ST LEVITE: Why didst not cry to the nation to feed thee with the bread wherewith it feeds Levites and cripples?

ELEA.: I am nor Levite nor cripple.

A LITTLE BOY (to his father): Daddy, give me bread!

THE FATHER: I have none, my son.

A MAN: Dost see? He heard talk of bread and eating, and says too, give me bread.

ELEA.: Rightly says the boy. He answered for me better than I could know. Ye all heard these few words, “Daddy, give me bread,” “I have none, my son.” While in Israel they speak thus, Eleazar will not share bread with Levites and cripples. He that has bread, let him give to the child; I will take from captives stones. He that has fish, let him feed the children, and give me the slave's viper that drinks all the blood from the heart. I will take it and bear it with me unto the courts; it will give sting to my words and its hissing they will hear in Babylon.

A YOUTH: Much wilt thou earn for such songs in Babylon! Surely less than thou hast earned for the hymns of Zion.

ELEA.: Unwisely, boy, hast spoken. I sang them not hymns of Zion. The hymn of Zion, of all songs the ornament, was as a bride in Jerusalem, as a wife in the holy city; here it were as a concubine, for who taketh a captive as a lawful wife? (The people sigh. Eleazar holds his peace and bows his head.)

A MAN: Why didst not sing the songs of captivity? Why hast not poured the bitter tears of slavery?

The cold drop pierces the stone, why would not hot tears touch even the wicked heart?

ELEA.: The Lord set pride in my soul. Never have I wept before strangers.

A MAN: Pride benefit not slaves.

1ST PROPHET: The horn of pride in thee rose above grief and holy love!

ELEA.: Measure not the measureless with the endless, for thyself wilt not see what shall come of it.

A YOUTH: Eloquent is Eleazar among the captives! Why in the Babylonian courts do his love and grief and pride hold their peace? Surely the space is too small?

ELEA.: And thou didst think it were enough? O youth, I have measured all those Babylonian courts and know their space. It happened I was crossing that court where our people builds a tower for Moloch. I stopped and gazed at it. The marble is white as bones in the field, the porphyry grey as shed blood, the gold shines as a bright fire. It stands unfinished, like to ruins; the calling of our conquerors is heard, and are heard the groans of our people. I know not how, with a great voice I shouted over the whole place, “Jerusalem!” With a cry answered the captives from the wall, and with laughter answered the guards. “Is that ruin called in any wise, has that desert still a name?” I went away to the market where they sell captives into slavery. There a rich merchant was choosing the most lovely captives.

WOMEN: Misery, misery, misery!

ELEA.: I said, “Think, lord, these girls have fathers and brothers. Were thy sisters, or daughter slain captive, would the foe sell her?” He answered, “‘Tis the fate of captives.” I went farther and saw a small, weak slave, and a tall, strong Babylonian loaded him with wares, as a mule, and drove him with a stick. I cried, “Stay! So to torment such a small boy!” “For this he is a slave.” He answered, arrogant. “And were thy son sold,” said I, “he too would be a slave?” “Surely; not otherwise,” said the rich man, and laughed aloud, “but I do not sell my sons, and thine, thou seest, I buy.” Who or what will touch such hearts? Once only with my songs I got a tear from a stranger; the king himself wept at the end of Saul and Jonathan’s death.

A VOICE FROM THE PEOPLE: Long live the merciful king! In him only is our hope.

ELEA.: The merciful king wished to reward me generously.

1ST LEVITE: What gave he thee, Eleazar?

ELEA.: He gave me a chamber in his palace and Jewish captives, as many as I would. From that moment I cursed the songs that get tears from conquerors; they are the tears of the Nile's crocodiles.

THE YOUTH: Thou shouldest have sung them of the fame of our ancestors, that they might know the strength of our people.

ELEA.: I sang.

THE YOUTH: And what? (Eleazar is silent.)

THE OLD MAN: Say, Eleazar, how the strangers heard the song of fame.

ELEA. (slowly, as with difficulty): One of them whistled and, smiling, shook his head. Another said, “Not all that is true.” A third bade me join the military singers, and all, one after the other, said, “Is there only that in the world which is in Jerusalem? Knowest thou no songs of Edom, of Misraim? Was not the fame of Amalek, Ammon and Amareus as the past fame of Israel?”

1ST PROPHET: O Lord, chastise the hostile lips with the dumberness of death.

ELEA.: I began to sing them of Edom, of Misraim, of foreign speeches in a foreign speech. They heard how treacherous Edom's crooked sword broke against Ashur's armour; how Amalek, Ammon and Amareus from ravishers became slaves; how Misraim, master of half the world, once the lord of the
tribes of Israel, had to submit to the eternal might; how horse and rider fell into the sea, and all the Pharaoh's might, whenas was voided the abhorréd house of toil and the cursed place of slavery was devastated.

THE YOUTH: And what did the listeners? ELEA.: There were those who paled.

2ND PROPHET: May they grow pale and cold for ever! THE YOUTH: Why didn't say then that also for these shall come a day of judgment?

ELEA.: For that word there is no room in Babylon! To-day I sang them of Ophir, Sidon and Tyre, their power and wisdom, and treasures, as are not and never will be in the Babylonian treasuries.

1ST LEVITE: Didst gain much for this song?

ELEA.: The rest, the treasures of Canaan? See, I have bread for this day's supper.

THE YOUTH: Surely, for songs that praised Babylon's power, thou hast earned more than one golden ring?

ELEA.: The vile speaks only with poison, but poison seizes not every man. When hearest me sing songs of Babylonian glory and might? (The youth is silent and ashamed.) Thou hast judged thyself by thy silence.

THE OLD MAN: Eleazar, it may be thy songs are good in Babylon, but Misraim and Edom and all the tongues will not bring Palestine to mind and awake the thought of Jerusalem.

ELEA.: Is there need already to bring it to our minds?

THE OLD MAN: Not to us, but to those that among foes have used to speak the foreign speech.

ELEA.: How will they understand the inborn song?

THE OLD MAN: With thy foreign words thou wilt forget to say, "Jerusalem!" (Eleazar stands thoughtfully. His hand begins to touch the strings of his harp, and his voice, as that of one talking in his sleep, sounds, neither singing, nor wailing.)

ELEA.: My right hand was strong; who could overcome it? Did I then say to myself: "Happy am I; I have my right arm!" Spake I ever to it thus: "Right arm, know thou art mine!" But the evil foe wounded my hand and cut off my right arm. Whom shall I overcome now? Who will not overcome me. Day and night I say to myself, "O misery, where is my hand? I lock upon my shoulder and weep, "Right arm, how forget thee?" (He quietly touches the strings. The people weep.)

My father had a rich vineyard, my mother a green garden. I walked in it, plucked the berries and trampled the leaves with my feet. An evil neighbour set fire to our vineyard and devastated the green garden. The vine was burned, the berries dropped and its glorious beauty fell to ashes. Shall I find beneath my feet, be it only one leaf, I shall press it to my heart. Dear brothers, say, has none of you, be it only one leaf from my vine? (The strings sound still more sadly, and the weeping becomes louder.)

I dreamed a dread dream—who shall divine it? 'Twas as if I fell into the hands of the enemies. What have they done to me, the terrible enemies? My arms were strong, my legs were strong, my eyes were clear, and my body was not hurt. Only my tongue, my tongue was fit for their vengeance. I wished to speak a word; I wished at least to raise my voice. But my lips spake with blood and cried with silence. (A long pause.) The strings dies away. The people's cries cease abruptly. Silence. He speaks with respect, but firmly and distinctly.) Fathers and brothers, mothers and sisters! I await for a stone or a word from you. (Silence.) What curse is more awful than silence?

THE OLD MAN: We do not curse thee, Eleazar.

THE YOUTH: Forgive me my hard word, brother.

ELEA.: Ye do not curse me. I forgive all the words. But still I am cursed with that dreadful curse of blood. The blood of our fathers, shed in vain for our lost liberty, weighs upon my heart and yours, and bows down our foreheads to the earth, to the stone that the hand of my people hurled not against me. A man's son fell and cut off a sharp stone; in despair he rent his garments of honour and strewed ashes of disgrace upon his head. O, as the temple I fell, as Jerusalem we fell all, and, as it is hard to rebuild our temple, so hard it is for us to rise out of the dust of slavery. Shame fell upon our arms that rose not to take the lives of us conquered, but rose to labour for the enemies. Leprosy covered the bodies of the girls of Zion, that they drowned not themselves in the Euphrates, but went to entertain the sons of lasciviousness and nurse the fruit of their shame. And shame covered my lips that from hunger these lips grew not still, but spake the strange speech in those courts cursed by God where all songs sound—and only that which burns from the heart must die. Infamy oppresses us worse than chains, it bites worse than iron fetters. To suffer chains is inhuman shame, to forget them unbroken yet great ignominy. Two paths have death of disgrace, till we find a way to Jerusalem. Brothers, let us look for a way to the temple as the gazelle seeks water in the desert, that the mighty foe may not say, "Now have I slain Israel; it is dead!" And ere we find it, let us fight for life as the wounded badger in the hunter; let it not be said among men, "The Lord of Israel fell asleep in Heaven." O Babylon, too early it is to rejoice! Still our harps sound among the willows, still tears flow into the Babylonian rivers, still the daughter of Zion burns with shame, still the lion of Judah roars with fury. The Lord liveth, my soul liveth, Israel liveth, even in Babylon!

The voice of an overseer from the camp: To the tents, Israel! The night is eaten. The people separate and goes to its tents. On the distant towers are seen the Babylonian magicians, foretelling from the stars. The camp grows still. From Babylon scarcely there reaches the sound of nocturnal revels. The solemn night overtake the captive camp and Babylon. Here and there quicken the overseers' fires. Silence.)

Problems of Conflict.

"Unless we expel God from His universe and revert to the dualism of the Scholastics, we are almost bound to believe that His full thought for man cannot come to perfect fruition without the awful discipline of war; and hence within the bosom of the Only Perfect, hardness and softness, mercy and force are reconciled."

In these words Miss Evelyn Underhill sums up the mystical explanation of the existence of disease, misery and war in the world. Especially she applies them to the crisis through which Europe is now passing. That some endeavour to explain the existence of evil on the part of those who believe in a conscious power behind the Universe, called God, or the Great First Cause, is necessary no one will deny. Nor can it in truth be reconciled to the doctrine, or hypothesis, have been backward in offering us a reconciliation of perfect love and diabolical ferocity.

The essay of Miss Evelyn Underhill in the April number of the "Hibbert Journal" satisfies us no more than the many others we have read of a like nature. Miss Underhill is the best known expositor in this country of mysticism; we know her explanation of events will be coloured by her doctrines, and unless she were to become an apostate they must be made to
harmonise with her a priori conceptions. This does not mean that she, and those who follow her example, are inerrant or infallible. It merely suggests the almost ineradicable tendency of the human mind to think otherwise than within the limits of its special bent.

The question we have to ask is: Does Miss Underhill’s attempt really convince us that there is a feasible explanation of the conception of a perfect all-loving Spirit, who guides and controls the universe and the tornado of war and barbarism now engulfing Europe? Any secondary consideration as to the Divine Immanence of such Spirit only confuses the issue.

In times of peace, she says, the eternal struggle for life proceeds to a great extent unnoticed by us. “We cannot shut our eyes,” she writes, “to the fact that the whole creative process, as we know it, involves conflict and tension. Peaceful progress is only possible in the garden and the stud farm, and only there because a benevolent despotism keeps all enemies away. . . . Those who believe in the Divine Immanence must acknowledge that the Spirit of God animates a warring world, achieving its goal by conflict with resistances and quickening most the lives of those who struggle best.”

We are told that the struggle for existence does not differ in kind from the struggle between rival nations. Let us examine this issue by admitting at once that the struggle between the organism of one nation and that of another for mere room for expansion or for food is not impossible to imagine, but have we any evidence that the war in Europe to-day is such an effort? If it is, and I have heard few make that claim, then Miss Underhill does not attempt to prove it. She assumes the analogy between the evolutionary process and our present crisis when it is that proposition which needs careful elaboration. No thesis is difficult to maintain if the objections to it are assumed either to be nonexistent or to be introduced only for the sake of discussion.

The inconsistency of this attitude is, however, carried still further. After expatiating on the ultimate benefits resulting from war, disease and suffering, she says, “Yet we know that we must work against them with an intense and controlled Will, not merely to build up, but also to break down. Hindu thought, she explains, has ever insisted on this aspect of life. Quite true; but the Indian conception of the Deity is scarcely consonant with the Christian. The Master is one.” She quotes, “and life and death, union and separation, are all His plays of joy.” There is no idea here of the “Only Perfect.” The Deity, it seems to me, in this sentence is conceived as using matter, animate and inanimate, just as child uses his bricks, to build up, to fashion into any shape he fancies, and when he is tired to sweep the whole edifice to the ground. This conception of the Creating Will may be correct, but it is difficult to reconcile it with the idea of “All Loving.”

War, Miss Underhill admits, would be undurable so far as the quickening effect it has upon a living and vital life. “A vigorous spiritual life is most often associated with hard and warlike rather than with prosperous times.” This proposition admits of wide dissent and is too vast to be debated here, but one may mention that the Hindus, while among the most spiritual of all races, are not warlike. The crux of the matter is, she says, the effect war has on character. Not only, she contends, does war bring out in the individual the qualities of self-sacrifice and heroism, but, more usefully still, it creates a national consciousness, a real organic national life; it sets a stamp upon the personality and value of the Nation. Let us for a moment accept this hypothesis to inquire if that is entirely good.

No doubt for the individual to realise that he is a member of an organic community and that he has duties to perform in that capacity is excellent, and we may if he is to be a useful citizen. But as Nations are composed of individuals, so mankind is made up of nations, and it is just as deplorable a spectacle, and just as fraught with suffering and sorrow, to see civil war among the individuals of a community as it is to see civil war among individuals. Miss Underhill has not taken her argument far enough, and until she can prove that civic strife is conducive to a spiritual state we must decline to believe that international strife evokes high moral benefits and results.

EVERARD G. GILBERT-COOPER.
Views and Reviews.

Back to the Vedas.

Mr. Lajpat Rai has written a clear and concise account of what is the most formidable Nationalist movement* in India. He devotes a considerable portion of his book to a biographical sketch of the founder of the Arya Samaj, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, a man who does not impress an English reader quite in the same way as he seems to have impressed some Hindus. Of his scholarship I do not pretend to speak; but if he were no more patient in his investigation of Sanskrit literature than he was in some other matters, his translation and interpretation of the Vedas would have little value.

A man who, without proper tools or any knowledge of dissection, will open a corpse, and, because he fails to find certain things described in the textbooks, will pitch the books and the corpse into the river, can scarcely be called a patient seeker after knowledge. Anatomy cannot be learned by one dissection, made by a man without knowledge of or skill in surgical demonstration; and such an incident invalidates anything that Dayananda may have said about the superiority of the Vedas in scientific knowledge to modern textbooks. Whatever may be the value of the Vedas to science, Dayananda was not qualified to determine it.

For the rest, he seems to have devoted himself to the study and translation of the Vedas, to disputation of a singularly fruitless kind, and to what we should call an evangelising mission to the people. On the question of caste, he denied that its hereditary succession had any Vedic authority. The four castes were, in his opinion, only four types of man organised into guilds (from seven to twelve, according as one is more or less patient in his investigation of Sanskrit literature than he was in some other matters). His translation and interpretation of the Vedas would have little value.

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But he did not suggest that the State could or would open to them a way of improving their social status; but it has this effect. The four castes were, in his opinion, only four types of man organised into guilds (from seven to twelve, according as one is more or less patient in his investigation of Sanskrit literature than he was in some other matters). His translation and interpretation of the Vedas would have little value.

This is a typical instance of his interpretation of the Vedas. He seems to have read for the spirit, not for the letter; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he dealt with documents rather than with institutions (particularly when neither the grammatical construction nor the meanings of words have been definitely determined), he found them plastic and pliable to his handling. Certainly, no low-caste or no-caste people will ever object to a teaching that opens to them a way of improving their social status; but it has to be remembered that the improvement of social status is itself conditional on the maintenance of respect for caste. If the Brahmins are not respected, the "untouchables" have gained nothing by being admitted to their ranks; and it remains to be seen whether the Brahmins will be respected when the Chandals are elevated in any numbers. For an evangelist, such fignet interpretation is a practical necessity; but we may legitimately doubt that Dayananda would have read the Vedas in this way if Christian missionaries had not introduced their doctrines of delinquence to India.

But it is not so much Dayananda as the Arya Samaj that concerns us; for the man is dead, and the longer he remains dead the more disputable becomes his influence. He certainly asserted the infallibility of the Vedas; but the disputes of the Arya Samajists seem to follow a Christian course, and in 1892 the Arya Samaj split on the question of meat-eating. The ten principles which alone are binding on the members say nothing on the question; indeed, they are so general as are those of the Theosophical Society; but the dispute really turned on the question whether members should use Dayananda's method or follow his example. If they used his method, practically everything would be left to private judgement; if they followed his example, the Arya Samaj would have a rule of exclusion which would make its propaganda more definite while it increased its difficulty, except among the Chandals. What was, perhaps, of more importance was the development of a new educational ideal and institution. The original college seems to have degenerated into a training ground for the Indian Civil Service, its Nationalism mellowed into Officialism. The more ardent members seceded, and founded a college for the purpose of trying Dayananda's system of education. "High proficiency in Vedic Sanscrit and character-building on Vedic lines are the objects of the scheme."

This Gurukula is probably the most important of the activities of the Arya Samaj. Its monastic discipline at the most impressive age (from seven to twelve, according as one is more or less patient in his investigation of Sanskrit literature than he was in some other matters) may have a powerful effect on the characters of the students. The boys take a vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience for sixteen years, and the vow is renewed every year; they are not allowed to visit their homes during the whole period, except under special circumstances, nor can their relatives visit them more often than once a month. Usually they come only about twice a year. Of the school routine I have not space to speak; but it seems to be admirably calculated to keep the boys in good health and thoroughly occupied during the whole day. The curriculum is most varied, and is wisely not confined to the infallible Vedas, although these form the basis of the moral training of the students. The curriculum includes Plato, Mill, Herbert Spencer, Jevons, Fowler, Stock, and Welton, in logic; James and Ladd, in psychology; Flint's Theism; Muirhead's Ethics; Marshall, Nicholson, Keynes and Seligman, in economics; Seeley, Gardner, and Oman, in English history; Bluntschli's State and Alston's Constitution. There seems to be an intolerable amount of logic; but science is not forgotten and is much more patiently considered than it was by Dayananda. Indeed, it is the aim of the management to make the Gurukula a first-class institution for the study of Western literature and modern science. The Gurukula was established in 1892, so that it is too early yet to judge of its results, for none of its pupils has completed the course. But it seems clear that, mentally and physically, its pupils should be superior to the ordinary Indian student; and should be well-nigh perfect morally, if theory and cloistered training have any value. But the test of character is temptation, and the Gurukula has no means of providing it; so we must wait until its pupils mingle with the world before judging the value of "character-building on Vedic lines."

When that happens, when India is flooded with Chrisst who have received a college education, we shall be confronted only with the everlasting problem of government. Mr. Lajpat Rai mentions the fact that tolerant treatment by the Government of the Arya Samaj leaves it free to develop its internal dissensions; he deprecates the spirit of hyper-criticism that keeps its members eternally at logger-heads, and begs them not to multiply their institutions beyond their resources. Whatever may be the political value of this movement, the Government would be wise not to increase it by persecution or suspicion; the revolting spirit of Dayananda, which is so much admired and copied by the Arya Samajists, may be trusted to produce individuals incompatible with each other and incompatible to everyone else.

A. E. R.

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*"The Arya Samaj." By Lajpat Rai. (Longmans. 5s. net.)
Pastiche.

THE TEUTOPHONE LEAGUE.

(With no apologies to the Anti-German League).

This League has been founded to combat a terrible peril—the peril of reconciliation after the war is over.

The idea that peace and goodwill should ever be restored in Europe is unthinkable to all patriotic Englishmen, to all who are not sentimentals or pro-Germans. We can never trust any member of that lying, treacherous, lecherous and homicidal nation again. We must remember this apparent paradox: that the Germans are groaning under the iron heel of despotism, and yet that every individual German is entirely responsible for this war and for each and all of its accompanying miseries and brutalities. Hence, even when the war is over, we must continue the noble principles of noble vendetta.

Let it be clearly understood that we DO NOT hate the Germans. We are incapable of such an emotion. We cannot sing hymns of hate or call on the Almighty to punish Germany. It may be our magnanimity; it may be our exquisite sense of humour; but we are, and shall always be, utter strangers to that peculiar virus which has infested the whole Fatherland.

It is our sincere hope that, when the Allies have finally wiped the floor with this accursed race, there will be no German man, woman, child, horse or dog left alive in the Central Empires. In case, however, a few miscreants should escape the just vengeance of God, England, France, Belgium, Russia, Servia and Japan, and in view of the fact that we shall still have many alien enemies who have been in our country during the war, we pledge our members to carry out or further the following objects after the conclusion of hostilities:

1. To shoot any German at sight.

2. To train their dogs to bite any German at sight (in case they cannot shoot straight).

3. To boycott all descendants of Germans until the third and fourth generation. (This will include H.M. King George V; it is hard lines on His Majesty, perhaps, but he should have chosen his grandfather more carefully.)

4. To boycott any Englishman who has ever employed a German, spoken to a German, learned the German language, travelled in Germany, drunk hock or lager beer, or eaten German sausage (pah!).

5. To eliminate all Teutonic words from our language. A list of new Latin equivalents for the articles, pronouns, prepositions, and more common nouns, adjectives, adverbs and verbs may be obtained from the Secretary, post free, on application.

6. To intermarry, as far as possible, with Celts, Latins, Slavs, Jews, Mongols, or negroes, in order that the Anglo-Saxon blood may be more and more diluted.

7. To avoid playing or hearing the compositions of Edward German.

8. To kill any of their children who are unpatriotic enough to contract German measles.

9. To ensure that peerages are bestowed on Messrs. Masefield, the well-known scatologist and Billingsgate expert, for their public-spirited attempt to undermine the sanity of the English people.

As soon as the funds of the League permit, a statue of Lord of all that yet is fated, I am powerless, be my succour.

Thou all-cherished, thou unhated, I am powerless, he my succour.

By thine alms the just are sated, By thine alms the just are sated.

The League has already commissioned Mr. John Masefield, the well-known scatologist and Billingsgate expert, to write a Hymn of Hate, but a Hymn expressing what we feel about the Germans. Further particulars may be had from the secretary, P. H. Arisek, Esq., 737, Acacia Road, Brixton, S.W. P. V. C.

From the Divan of Mevlana Djielâd-dîn, called Rûmi, the Greek. (1217-73).

Seven heavens hast thou created, I am powerless, be my succour.

Thou all-cherished, thou unhated, I am powerless, be my succour.

Thou, to whom the spirit yieldeth, thou with time and space for vassals,

Lord of all that yet is fated, I am powerless, be my succour.

Thou enricher of the needy, thou companion of the outcast.

Heart and lips unite to praise thee, day and night my voice proclaimeth:

"Thou by whom all flesh is united, I am powerless, be my succour."

HOSPITALITY.

(From the French of Fabre d'Églantine). 1759-1794.

Pretty shepherdess, it rains: Call your white sheep hastily— Leave your pastures and the lanes, In my cottage keep you dry.

Thou all-cherished, thou unhated, I am powerless, be my succour.

Heart and lips unite to praise thee, day and night my voice proclameth:

"Thou by whom all flesh is united, I am powerless, be my succour."

MY SHEPHERDESS.

Thou of faith the radiant dayspring, unto me amid my durance Be thy mercy unabated, I am powerless, be my succour.

I saw a mighty eagle take wing and cleave the air, And baskning in the shadow two doves, a cooing pair.

I saw the flocks of cloudlets adrift before the wind, And lambkins on the meadows fain of the herdsman's care.

I heard the stars that questioned: When shall we rise to birth?

And buds in their concealment: Shall we awaken e'er?

I saw a grass-blade blossom and fade 'twixt morn and eve;

I saw a cedar thriving, that years of tempest spare.

I saw the ocean's billows like monarchs crowned with foam.

Before a rock protrude them, like worshippers at prayer.

I saw a droplet sparkle, a jewel in the sun,

It shrank not from the peril of waning in the glare.

I saw how throns of mortals abode and towns appraised.

And swarms of ants with travail a sorry heap prepare.

I saw the winter weaving apparel wrought of flakes.

To deck the earth whose seeming was desolate and bare.

I heard the loom whose whirling doth fashion sun-lit veils.

I saw an insect spinning its slender-threaded lair.

I saw both small and mighty, and mighty was the small,

For I could see God's image, God's image everywhere.

I am the sunlit atom, I am the sun aglow,

I bid the atom marry, I bid the sun to go.

I am the gleam of morning, I am the breath of eve,

I am the hedge's rustling, the billow's ebb and flow.

I am the bird, the Fowler, the net wherewith he snare,

The image and the mirror, the echo to and fro.

I am the tree of knowledge, I am the bird thereon,

The silence and the brooding, the tongue, the cry of woe.

I am the flâte's allurement, I am the soul of man,

I am the stone-hid sparkle, the metal's golden show.

I am the vine, the vintage, the goblet and the grape.

The servant, the carouser, the bliss his cups bestow.

I am the lime, the trowel, the mason and the gap,

I am the chain of being, I am the ring of worlds.

I am the ladder of creation, that reaches high and low.

I am the peace, the contest, the field where fights are gained,

The Town and its defenders, the rampart and the foe.

I am the flame, the trundle, the mazoe and the gap.

The keynote and the gable, the house, its overthrow.

I am the chain of being, I am the ring of worlds,

The ladder of creation, that reaches high and low.

P. SELVIE.
Dear my mother, how fare you? Anne my sister, how dost fare? Welcome, my beloved, too—

To the fire, and dry you there.

Dry your pretty finery

At our chimney warm and wide;

She who keep her coals Honour's mould,

The working man has drowned his soul in beer.

Mr. Meyer shine.

The timber deals

the manicured nails and lace petticoats

the working man has drowned his soul in beer.

seven and sixpence. One compact seven and sixpence

At Nietzsche all our honest pressmen sneer.

thing that matters is that I have earned the compact sum

The pitmen hewing coal within the mine,

The workers on the Tees and Clyde and Tyne

novel recording the experiences of verdant youth among

And blame the owners that the stuff is clear.

So, the things that matter are not quite

I

THINGS THAT DON'T MATTER IN THE LEAST TO

Sir,—The "National Guildsman" who is "at present abroad!" is also all at sea. He tells us that "when we speak of the Athenians as a democracy, we exclude the helots from consideration." Quite rightly, too; there were no helots at Athens. His comparison of our wage-earners with the slaves of Athens will not bear consideration. Our wage-earners are citizens, precisely because they are enfranchised; the slaves of Athens were not. Our wage-earners are proprietors of their own labour-power; the slaves of Athens had not. Our wage-earners have the right of association in bodies that are legally privileged by the State; the slaves of Athens had not. Our wage-earners do not correspond to the slaves, but to the citizens of Athens. Therefore, in discussing modern democracy, we ought not to exclude the wage-earners; the Guild Writers themselves admitted the citizenship of the wage-earners, but drew a distinction between "active" and "passive" citizenship. "Wage-slave" is a rhetorical term; the "passive citizenship" of the wage-earner expresses a reality.

Nor am I much concerned with the statement that this "National Guildsman" once described Mr. Balfour as an "Athenian demagogue." Mr. Balfour has been called many things in the course of his life, and might more rightly be called a Brahmin than a democrat. The fact remains that he does not resemble an Athenian democrat, of whom Cleon, not Pericles, is the type; and what this "National Guildsman" means when he says that Mr. Balfour "adopts the tone of a democrat" only himself knows. Mr. Balfour's exquisite courtesy is a distinction, not a resemblance; and there is probably no more lonely mind in England than that of Mr. Balfour.

As for the wage-earners "becoming a democracy," I prefer Rousseau to this "National Guildsman." "Were there a people of gods," said he, "their government would be democratic. So perfect a government is not for men." In the circumstances, we may quite understand that this "National Guildsman" finds the discussion "premature"; but if I may make a suggestion, it is that "National Guildsmen" should not divide into persons "for themselves" and "against the rest." There is probably no more lonely mind in England than that of Mr. Balfour.

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append an apology for so untutored an epistle, and for expressing such vulgar and unwarrantedly stupid advice. 

Sir,—I do not know whether your correspondent, Otto Bucht, whose letter, "Berlin in War Time," appears in your last issue, is a simpleton, or whether he thinks we on this side of the North Sea are simpletons.

No one here who has given the matter any thought can doubt that the Germans reduct philosophical or military books, but we do think that the works of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi have been read and widely litered by German intellectuals, that is, by the university professors and the teachers of the Real Schule (Upper Schools), and that through them the Germans, at least, have sought to believe in these theories and to accept them as the proper outlook on Life. I can tell you a story which will illustrate this, and can give the name and address of the lady concerned. (Privately, of course.)

I know a German lady, resident in London, who made a practice of visiting her relatives in Germany every summer. The outbreak of war prevented her going last summer; but the year before, in 1915, to be exact, she made her usual visit; and when the time for leaving-coming, here, there had been the usual row between her and her father, and she left, "By the time we see you again, Aunt, India will be ours!"

This lady may never have heard the names of the three worthies given above—but what of that! S. REVE.

MALTHUSIANISM.

Sir,—In his treatment of Malthusianism your correspondent, "G. D.," is more interesting than convincing. Germany's birth-rate has certainly declined, but is still considerably higher than in this country, where the population increases by about 1 per cent. a year. Effectively to relieve the pressure exerted by over-population the birth-rate must be such as to lead to a reduction in population.

The fact that the condition of our masses to-day is no worse than sixty years ago may be easily explained. In this country we have enormous economic resources which, however they may be exploited by capitalists for capitalists, must incidentally contribute to national prosperity. For instance, our annual production of coal far exceeds that of any other country in the world except the United States of America. This plentiful supply of coal, added to the great mechanical skill which has been acquired by long experience, gives us a great advantage in the production of manufactured goods. While our population has been increasing, so has that of other countries, which, with their superior capital, has increased quantities of manufactured goods. To produce these we can afford a larger population than that of sixty years ago.

But it must be borne in mind that our present population maintains itself only indirectly, that is, by exchanging manufactured produce for food and raw materials. As Malthus claimed, population tends to increase in geometric ratio, a term not yet grasped by your correspondent. It means that population tends to double itself regularly, that is, every 50, 60, or 70 years, as the case may be, although in actual fact the rate of increase may vary with circumstances. If the population of this country doubled itself seven times the inhabitants would number ten times the population of virile China. The ratio would be a person per 40 square yards, and I pity the happy anti-Malthusian who attempts to fill his stomach with the produce of so small an area. "G. D." appears to mistake fecundity for virility, but it is a well-known fact that creatures of great fecundity live very short lives. Let us hope that the Chinese birth-rate increases to such an extent that Mr. Chinnam will fail to attain military age. A. STRATTON.

THE SAD CASE OF MR. C. H. NORMAN.

Sir,—By a combination of utterances taken from their context and arranged in a suitable Teutonic mosaic Mr. C. H. Norman attempts to make a case for Germany against the Allies. It is not for my purpose to discuss his varied experts as Lord Charles Beresford, W. T. Stead, an anonymous officer, an eighteen century scribe, and Sir Percy Scott. His use of Sir William Morgan in support of his case is characteristic. He assumes that the sinking without notice and the drowning in large numbers of non-combatants has Sir Percy Scott's approval. He also assumes that Germany did not begin to attack merchantmen until the merchantmen began to attack them. Both those assumptions are wrong, and with them goes Mr. Norman's other reputable witness. Mr. Norman's evidence is always of this selected character, and is very rarely based upon official documents. If he quotes from official documents he is not averse to scouring out a material paragraph.

He is a peculiar person who takes a peculiar delight in imputing bad motives to his own countrymen, and good ones to the men of any country, unless the subject be Germany. He does not matter. At the moment, however, any fool, especially if he is a clever fool, can do his country an infinity of harm. It may please Mr. Norman and his like to believe that the Germans are angels, but they have no right to say so long. They can go abroad and say it—France, for example, or even Italy. But when we are in the midst of a struggle which demands the full exercise of all our faculties, we cannot afford to allow treachery. It is an ugly word, but it is absolutely justifiable. Mr. Norman and his like are quite ignorant of the fact that we are engaged in this terrific struggle. If they remain ignorant and show it, they may have our pity, but they will not have our love, when the awakening strikes rudely upon them.

To-day even, it is dangerous to play the devil's advocate. To-morrow Mr. Norman may wonder, as I do, why, while I suggest that he should read the Report of Lord Bryce's Commission on Belgian atrocities and the evidence. If our military authorities are as bad as the German, Mr. Norman's education may receive considerable extension. FRED H. GORLE.

JAROSLAV.

Sir,—In my reading I come across a French translation of an old legend of Bohemia, which, both as it gives a clue to the origin of the name Jaroslav, a Galician town of much importance during the present war, and, owing to the intrinsic merit of thelegent itself, I thought it might be of interest. However, not being an exponent of style in the sense of your contributor, "R. H. C.," I am giving you the original French version, which could be rendered into better English than mine would be by Mr. Selver or Miss Alice Morning.:

Le chef frappe de son épe son bouclier d'argent et ouit au-dessus de sa tête son étendard. La voix des cors retentit et se mêle au son tambours bruyants; un nuage de poussière s'élève; c'est le combat suprême. On entend les claquements des épées, le sifflement affreux des flèches d'acier, le craquement des lances, le choc des coups rapides. Le sang coule comme un torrent de pluie; les morts gisent à terre comme les arbres dans la forêt. Les chevaliers fortunés, ceux des Tartares qui poursuivent, les pressent avec fureur. Mais voici que Jaroslav arrive comme un aigle. Il s'élance terrible comme le lion qui voit couler son sang. Ah Zaboi

Such are the lines about which the French translator remarks, "J'aimerais que les Allemands eussent lu le texte original de cet épisode, avec l'impétuosité de la grêle. Le chef frappe de son épée son bouclier d'argent et agite avec la hache d'armes et la lance, ils exerçaient souvent celle des hommes faits allaient souvent dans la forêt; là il y restait cachés, puis ils revenaient de Charlemagne venant mépriser les dieux des Slaves et des trompes de guerre et ils se reunissent pour le festin..." These lines bring to mind the German, Mr. Norman's education may receive considerable extension.

F. W. O'CONNOR.
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