NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We suppose we may take it that we have heard the last of military conscription in this country. When so recently as last Thursday Mr. Lloyd George on behalf of the new Ministry announced that "the number of volunteers was far ahead of the equipment for them," the conclusion to which everybody must naturally come is that the defect now to be attended to is munitions and not men. For the provision of munitions, however, Mr. Lloyd George went so far towards solacing the conscriptionists as to threaten with compulsion the men volunteers was far ahead of the equipment for them," the conclusion to which everybody must naturally come is that the defect now to be attended to is munitions and not men. For the provision of munitions, however, Mr. Lloyd George went so far towards solacing the conscriptionists as to threaten with compulsion the men working in these trades. It was not to be assumed, he said, that because compulsion had proved unnecessary in the military army it might not prove necessary to enable us to mobilise the industrial strength of the country." The greater mobility of labour and the greater subordination of labour to the direction and control of the State were indispensable; and if these could not be obtained by persuasion then compulsion would have to be employed. We are no more averse than to the military object the conscriptionists presumably had in view—namely, the efficiency of the nation in the present and in the future. With the conscriptionists we agree that the enrolment of the best army we can put into the field is an obligation of interest no less than of honour. And with Mr. Lloyd George we agree that the direction of industry to a single national end is both desirable and indispensable. The question, however, in both cases is whether compulsion or even the threat of it is the proper and effective means to employ, not merely on the ground of principle, but on the ground of expediency. And that question answered, the further question arises, in the case of industry, whether the institution of compulsion would not carry the conscriptionists very much further than they have any intention of going.

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Let us distinguish first between the two forms of service, the military and the industrial. A considerable part of the Press and its correspondents still labours under the delusion that since both forms of service are necessary, the State's right and power of discipline in the one exist equally in the other. Nobody, least of all ourselves, will deny that industry is necessary to the victorious conclusion of the war. It has, in fact, been one of the truths revealed by the war to the world that Labour is no less (we should say far more) indispensable than military service. But it by no means follows, because Labour is indispensable, that Labour is forthwith in duty bound to accept unconditionally the discipline of the State. In the first place, as various other journals have now begun to point out—the "Nation," the "Statist," the "Round Table"—the service of Labour is only indirectly, where the service of the army is directly, national. The State has the right to command its soldiers because they enlist in its service; but it cannot have the same or an equal right to command men whose enlistment is under private contract. The contract, in short, is for the parties' mutual advantage, as well as for their common good. But in any contract likely to be made in the prevailing state of opinion between the State and Labour, all the advantages would be on the side of the State and all the obligations and sacrifices on the side of Labour. Labour is informed that its duty to the State is to accept the State's direction, to abandon its old defences against private employers, and to risk its future welfare as a class for the present good of the State. But it is not informed—as yet—that in return for these sacrifices, paralleling those of the fighting men, the State will undertake parallel obligations towards the soldiers of Labour. On the contrary, it has at least twice been openly announced that the State can guarantee nothing to Labour, not even the complete restoration of its status quo ante bellum. In addition, therefore, to its immediate sacrifices, Labour is asked to run the risk of a permanent set-back in its war with Capital—a war, moreover, which Mr. Lloyd George said would be resumed after the present crisis with undiminished ferocity.
There are other considerations of a like nature that will occur to the thoughtful mind which separate no less sharply the two forms of service and make the application of the same rules to both impossible or, at least, highly inconsistent. The fact that not only is Labour's position uniquely one, that it is different from that of any other group and that it is, therefore, not to become its master without the consent of a third party—namely, the profiteers—distinguishes the power as circumstances extort the admission that the determination concerning the necessity of well-disciplined Labour in application of the same rules to both impossible or, at least, highly inconsistent. The fact that not only is Labour with the tenacity of fetishism. Is it proper, after having maintained the irresponsibility of Labour, and while still preserving the conditions of it, to address workmen as if they were both responsible and enjoyed the privileges of responsibility? Not only, in our opinion, is it not proper, but, without a profound alteration in the State's attitude towards Labour, its present appeals are as unjust as they are likely to prove futile. Nothing that has happened concerning the necessity of well-disciplined Labour in the war, we are still of opinion that at present the State has no right to command it, and that the attempt to command it, without further thought, is certain to be a failure.

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We do not deny that the situation is difficult, nor that, if we were in the place of the Government, our first impulse would be, like theirs, to cut the knot with compulsion. Compulsion, however, we are convinced, is not only no remedy in the present case, but it would add considerably to our troubles. Let us look at the facts. Labour, there is no use in denying, has the nation in its power. Humiliating as it must appear to the governing classes to see the stone they have rejected suddenly become the head of the corner, circumstances extort the admission that the determination of the war depends upon the co-operation of Labour. But equally it must be admitted that the co-operation of Labour depends upon the co-operation of the Trade Unions, which, be it remembered, are voluntary organisations hitherto denied any State recognition or privilege—the State asked for everything but guaranteed nothing. The State asked among other things that the rules distinguishing skilled from unskilled men should be suspended, that the regulations regarding hours and conditions of labour should be abandoned, and that the limitations upon output should be withdrawn. When the Unions in reply demanded to know what the State was prepared to pay for these concessions, Mr. Lloyd George was at a loss. The notion of a reciprocal obligation to Labour had never, it seems, entered his head. And when as a minimum the Unions begged to know whether the State would at least guarantee, and not merely promise, that the Trade Union defences should be restored unimpaired after the war, the Government could only reply that it would do its best but could make no pledge. We put it to anybody, capable of an impartial judgment, whether a one-sided bargain such as this was possible. It is true it was flattering to the Unions to be approached by the State as the acknowledged government of the neutral power of Labour. It was, indeed, as we noted at the time, an advance of an altogether unprecedented kind. But as neither Italy nor the least of the Balkan States could be expected to join the Allies when they need not, with its assurances that at least their position would not be worsened by their support, Labour could not justly be expected to risk its neck without necessity for something.

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Under these circumstances the State, as we have seen this week, turned to the men themselves. If the profiteers had proved incapable of disciplining Labour, and the Unions had for good reason shown themselves unwilling, there remained the desperate alternative of an appeal to the men en masse. The pilgrimage of Mr. Lloyd George to the Clyde and elsewhere may have been an attempt to perform the ridiculous and the impossible. It is no matter, we say, what the men individually can be made to feel under the spell of Mr. Lloyd George's somewhat clap-trap oratory. In his meetings they can be as enthusiastic as the Government spokesmen of the innocent reporters and special correspondents of the Press. But once outside, they fall again into the circumstances of being under the dual control of their masters and of their Unions. What either their masters or their Unions will not let them do, not all the appeals in the world will enable them to do. Mr. Lloyd George cannot, we are certain, inspire them to revolt either against their Unions or against their employers, however easily the former could make them revolt against the latter. The pilgrimage, we therefore say, must fail; and it must fail for the reason that the governing authorities of Labour have not yet been convinced. The threat of compulsion is indeed an evidence that Mr. Lloyd George is vaguely aware that he has failed already. It is not to be supposed that if the Unions had been convinced that their hardly-won rights were in no danger, their inclination in this national crisis would not have coincided with the undoubted inclination of their members to serve the State to the last fibre of their strength. For the Unions are as patriotic as the men they represent, and without guarantees of more precision than the conditional promises and pious hopes of the Government, they would have been guilty of betraying their guardianship of the rights won for their class by centuries of unassisted struggle.
The Press talks very lightly of introducing martial law into the workshops and of dragging the Unions into the abandonment of their defences against Capital—but have they ever paused, we wonder, to count the co-operation of Labour we are undone. Is it therefore cost? If the introduction of conscription for the Army death for the workmen, have found the task of they hold in their hands the keys of economic life and that the State, for all its strength, will succeed where governing and commercial classes. We are not sure forbide the employers have failed. On the contrary, we dare the effect upon the war will be disastrous. Everybody cordial alliance of Labour for the sake of the ordinary mentality of the Trade Unions themselves. We are aware that the idea of an alliance between the State and the Unions; and, after dropping all talk of Compulsion, to examine the situation afresh and to come to a less desperate conclusion?

We are aware that the idea of an alliance between the State and the Unions, based, moreover, upon mutual pledges, is repugnant to the traditions of our governing and commercial classes. We are not sure that the idea is not for different reasons outside the ordinary mentality of the Trade Unions themselves. The war, however, has made stranger bed-fellows among the Great Powers than the association of the State and the Unions; and the dictation of necessity is imperative. What is undeniable, as we continue with imperative. What is undeniable, as we continue with imperative.

Desirable in itself even during peace, the war has made it urgent. We would venture to say that the war not only cannot be won without the partnership of the Unions with the State, but that it ought not to be won. Something more than the mere maintenance of the status quo is within the right of Labour to expect for its gigantic sacrifices in the present war. Mr. Lloyd George was foolish enough to imagine that Labour had more to fear than Capital from the Prussian victory. God help Labour, he said, if Prussia wins. But after all, what has Labour to fear but a change of masters; and in what respects are German employers (we say nothing of the Prussian State) so very much worse than English employers? Certainly if Labour has much to lose, English Capital has a good deal more. We do not see easily our English wealthy classes submitting to Prussian rule and comforting themselves with the thought that Labour would be still worse off. But let us not speak of what we do not intend shall happen. England means to win, and English Capital and English Labour must settle their differences for this end. It is useless, we repeat, to demand of Labour sacrifices without compensations. Neither the power of the employers, the power of the State, nor both together, can, under the present circumstances, command Labour without its consent. The sole practical question, therefore, than which there is none better worth immediate discussion, is the procedure to be adopted, here and now, for the establishment of a permanent alliance between the State and the Unions. Capital, we may fairly say, can look after itself; and not only cannot but must. With unlimited power, with extravagant claims to exclusive control, and backed for centuries by the State, the employing classes have nevertheless failed the test of its employment. In the necessity and reason dictate that the State shall turn to the Unions. As a practical suggestion we should advise the immediate assembly of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, its establishment as a statutory body in continuous session, with power to affiliate to itself every Trade Union in the land, and with rights and sanctions of discipline over every wage-earner. If the State has found extraordinary powers necessary for the general conduct of the war, extraordinary powers are no less necessary to the sovereign body of Trade Unionists for the control and direction of Labour.
Foreign Affairs
By S. Verdad.

After Italy, Roumania and Bulgaria. Perhaps a conditional clause should be added, for the participation of these two countries on the side of the Allies, depending upon negotiations which have not yet been completed, and these negotiations relate to the partitioning of the Balkan States at the conclusion of the war. No one ever professed to regard either the Treaty of London or the Treaty of Bucharest as a final settlement of the Balkan question. We may as well make up our minds to forget out of the contrary interests of the large States adjacent to the Balkans. It is known, for instance, that Italy's participation in the war was vexatiously delayed at the beginning of the year because an agreement had first of all to be reached with Serbia regarding the famous "window on the Adriatic," an "independent" Albania under Austrian "protection"; and the "window" was firmly denied to the Serbian Government. The Powers could not shake this decision on the part of the Central Empires, and the natural result was that Greece and Serbia sought to re-establish themselves elsewhere. Albania was not to be divided, but there was Macedonia. Serbia took over Northern Macedonia, Greece took over Southern Macedonia. The territory thus seized happened to be peopled very largely by Bulgarian-speaking folk; and, indeed, it was this territory which Bulgaria expected to retain as the reward of bearing the brunt of the fighting against the main Turkish forces. The inevitable consequence was the second Balkan war, which left Bulgaria humiliated and Serbia and Greece in the possession of territory which would certainly have been without its effect in other Balkan capitals. The circumstances should be recalled. When the first Balkan war came to an end it was understood that Serbia had previously arranged to take over, as her compensation, a strip of territory running through Northern Macedonia to the sea, with a small part of Southern Albania. Greece was to have the Epirus and part of Southern Albania, with Salonika. The peremptory veto of the Austrian Government shattered these plans at an hour's notice. Vienna, with Berlin, demanded an "independent" Albania under Austrian "protection"; and the "window" was firmly denied to the Serbian Government. The Powers could not shake this decision on the part of the Central Empires, and the natural result was that Greece and Serbia sought to re-establish themselves elsewhere. Albania was not to be divided, but there was Macedonia. Serbia took over Northern Macedonia, Greece took over Southern Macedonia. The territory thus seized happened to be peopled very largely by Bulgarian-speaking folk; and, indeed, it was this territory which Bulgaria expected to retain as the reward of bearing the brunt of the fighting against the main Turkish forces. The inevitable consequence was the second Balkan war, which left Bulgaria humiliated and Serbia and Greece in the possession of territory which would certainly have been without its effect in other Balkan capitals.

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It may be assumed, therefore, that Bulgaria and Roumania have come to terms with the Entente Powers. While Italy and Serbia were reaching an agreement regarding the Adriatic, Roumania and Russia were negotiating regarding the disposal of Hungarian territory not included within the limits of Transylvania. As a result, we may reasonably hope that both Roumania and Bulgaria will soon be free to set their armies in motion, Roumania relieving the Russians in Galicia, and Bulgaria assisting in the Dardanelles operations by marching towards Chatalja. The question remains, What of Greece? The answer depends entirely on the attitude of the certain victors, will naturally use their influence on behalf of their friends. If Greece joins us, territorial compensation can be found for her. If she does not, she may stand to lose when the question of Balkan territory is reconsidered. Kavalla, for instance, which is now in the possession of Greece, is almost wholly Bulgarian in language and customs.
Towards National Guilds.

The war has not only revealed the failure of the profiteers, but it has revealed their failure in several directions. In the first place, co-organisation was found to be beyond their intelligence even when the object was their own freedom from State control. In the second place, they failed altogether to maintain the discipline of their men. And in the third place, they failed to expand their output at the rate demanded by the nation. Thus in respect of the three main tests to which the profiteers have ignominiously failed: organisation, management and output. After this, a State that relies upon them is a fool, from whom not only its money but its power is soon parted. It will be nothing short of national lunacy if we enter the coming era of world-struggle with no better industrial base than the profiteering system.

The co-organisation of any given industry cannot, we admit, be improvised at a week's notice. We no more blame the profiteers for having failed to link up on the outbreak of war than we should blame men for failing to spin ropes of sand. Accustomed to private competition, the profiteers simply could not suddenly transform the mounds of their mind. As punctually as they turned up to business at ten every morning, they turned up with the potion of their own profit in mind. On the other hand, if we cannot blame them, we can still blame the nation for entrusting such men with its business; or rather for permitting its business to breed such individualist monsters. There is nothing inherent in necessary industry to make kings of men. A State that allows the wholesale transformation of men into swine is obviously in league with Circe. Blame the poor swine we cannot; but the State ought to be rationalised that victimises them. The co-organisation of industry cannot be left to emergency; for emergency will certainly shirk it. It is a work for the period of peace. Once co-organised in a guild, emergency would stretch it to its requirements, as, we are told, the Army has stretched the original cadres that were prepared during peace in peace for the emergencies of war and other disasters is the only national organisation of industry worth talking about. All the rest is a scramble in which ill temper, panic and bad language have a day out and nothing useful is done.

As for discipline, the Trade Unions are the natural police of the men; and no other authority either ought to be or eventually will be recognised. The profiteers, we say, have failed; and we are unfeignedly glad of it. Thank God, our workmen are not yet as docile as Germans, and their protestant attitude towards their Prussian profiteers is the beginning of a secular Reformation greater than Luther's. The strike on the Clyde was of more human significance than the nailing by Luther of his theses on the door of the church at Worms. The action of the Clyde guildsmen marked the exit of the profiteer; but we may say with equal certainty that it did not herald the entry into his shoes of the State. No, the shoes of command have not been taken off the profiteer to be put upon the bureaucrat; from Jeoboam to Rehoboam; from the log to the stork. It is true that martial law can be substituted for the terms of unemployment and the workhouse—in theory! But let it be tried in practice! The workmen of England are, after all, English; and we would stake our island story that the first peaceful striker shot will pull the pillars of the State down as he falls. Nay, if there were no workman heroic enough to sacrifice his life to make a trial of the right of the bureaucratic guild to command the other guilds, men from another class would deliberately become wage-slaves for the purpose. The spirit of Christ who took on Flesh to redeem our race is not dead.

We repeat that the natural disciplinary authority for workmen is their Trade Union. Allow, if you please, that the Trade Unions are at present indisposed to exercise discipline and only feebly constituted to maintain it. The reasons are, first, that their function at present is defensive and not industrial; and, secondly, that their power is limited by their privileges. But give them (a) a function in industry, such that one at least of their objects shall be the welfare of their industry; and (b) sufficient privileges to make the loss of membership or other penalties serious for their members; and both the inclination and the power of discipline would follow as a matter of course. Everybody knows that law requires for its maintenance a general will and a particular sanction. This holds in industry no less than in society in general. Our suggestion is that the Trade Unions be converted into instruments of discipline by the grant of some degree of responsibility and a corresponding degree of power. By no other way can we see that labour can be disciplined.

The various appeals so far made to Labour in general might, for all their value, be addressed to the sea. In the first place, the men are not the masters of their industry in any degree whatever. Employers have been allowed, with the full sanction of the State, to reserve to themselves most jealously complete managerial rights, with the consequence that their men have neither power nor responsibility. To treat them now as if they were responsible while still denying them any power is both folly and injustice. If we were the men we should decline responsibility without power; but, on the other hand, we should accept responsibility to the degree of power accorded to us. We are convinced the men are prepared for this. In the second place, if appeals are made to the men, it is useless to address them over the heads of their organisations, the Trade Unions. You might as well address the soldiers over the price of coal this winter confirms the impression that the responsible for the present is defensive and not industrial

An excellent resolution; and none the worse for the refusal of several of its supporters to "subscribe to the shibboleths of the New Age." The Church Socialist League, however, should be aware of the occasion on which the test of the shibboleth was employed. We are in good company!
Aspects of the Guild Idea.

VI.

The Guild idea is not so much a philosophy of anything as a philosophy of everything. Bold claim, it may be. Yet why should it not be made. Look to the nineteenth century and you will find it a heap of writhing ideas. In an age when the world had suddenly discovered a "social problem" and, indeed, of all reformist and "philosophies," and, indeed, of all reformist and "philosophies," they discovered a "social problem" and when the synthetic "social problem" and when the synthetic "social problem" had grown suddenly in the night, and led not to heaven, but to hell. While the Northcliffes and the Cowdrays began to shin nimbly up the stalk and to pick the fruits of their climbing, the producer; unfortunately, he did not see that by pruning it for us gently? The Socialists hacked at the stem with a very blunt axe called Westminster, and the Fabians tweaked away at the twigs with the neat little scissors of Social Reform. And so the game went on. Wherein, then, lay the weakness of the Socialist philosophy, and, indeed, of all reformist and revolutionary philosophy, during the last half-century? Simply in the fact that each "movement" faced a particular man, and fought the enemy with the theories and policies wherewith to attack that special enemy. The Socialist, seeing only the muddle and stress and wastage of capitalism, made that his enemy and forged the weapon to strike it down, Collectivism. He believed rightly that centralisation would reduce waste; if only we sold milk as we sold postage stamps all would be well. The furnishing of the nation was to be like the furnishing of the individual's home—"So simple. Trust Parliament and the L.C.C., and the confusion would all vanish. Unfortunately, he forgot that he was delivering the producer from the clutches of the unorganised consumer to those of the organised producer who was doing little good. To him we learn from a G.P.O. more relentless than the sternest profiteer and from an L.C.C. more Prussian than the Kaiser that Collectivism may be good business, but is very bad Socialism. The whips of the old-time entrepreneur have become scarifications on the necks of the newsmen, and the political representatives of the community organised on a territorial basis seem to have about as much sympathy with the producers as the "Morning Post" with the I.L.P. Socialism went wrong because it had only one philosophy, and gave only the man as user and never as maker. "Stop that mess!" might have been a tolerable first scene for the "Revolution Revue," but when it degenerated into "Business as Usual" (collective edition) it was time to call a halt. Consider, too, the Syndicalist reaction. Here again was a philosophy with but a single thought. It neglected synthesis and failed to answer the varying needs of mankind. It was nothing but reaction. Free-will intuition, hit hard and damn the consequences—what a hotch-potch of reaction from Marx! Producer's control and to hell with the State—what a violent retort to the orthodox Collectivist! The myth of the general strike, the amazing optimism of faith in human capacity to build Utopia on man's inspiration,—how utterly alien to the close-packed thought of the former Socialist, the constant elaboration of economic determinism. And because it was a mere reaction Syndicalism was not, and could never be, conclusive. It pointed the way and left us walking. It emphasised the producer's claims and forgot the producer. Let us take a concrete example. The Collectivist urged that the interests of the producer would be sufficiently watched by a Parliament or assembly of representatives chosen, not by persons of his profession, but territorially. After all, he urged, nearly everyone is a producer; therefore Parliament is in a very real sense an association of producers. The members will be there to guard the interests of production just as much as of consumption. The answer to the Collectivist is the appeal to current events. If you want to know the signs of the time, ask a postman. It is quite obvious that Parliament has failed to guarantee fair treatment of the national servants.

Now the Syndicalist urges the converse, namely, that a territorial Parliament is useless and that a Trade Union is a mere reaction against injustice on the part of the producers. But what has proved a failure in one case will prove a failure in another. Mere reaction is mere folly and the way to blend interests is to blend authorities. The Syndicalist seems to forget the joint sovereignty of the Guild and the State that the conflict of interests will be reconciled, and it is because such reconciliation is made possible by National Guilds working in conjunction with the State that the Guild idea is more inclusive and more synthetic than either Socialism or Syndicalism. We have not one enemy to fight, muddle: nor yet another single enemy called bad work. But we have a system which nurtures these twin evils so that they react upon and vitalise each other, and against this double danger we have only one weapon alike we must have a double philosophy and a double practice. Henceforward it must be the pride of the Guildsmen to be known as Mr. Facing-both-ways, not in the sense that he is toying with Capitalism, but in the sense that he sees life in all its generality and that control is needed anywhere it is in the world of ideas: so fruitful has the last century been in the production of vague "reformisms" to meet the appealing chaos of Capitalism that there has been no theory that seemed to grip the whole problem I have endeavoured to show that the inadecacy of both the Syndicalist and the Socialist solutions was not due to folly but to narrowness. Next week I shall try and drive home my case against incohesive theories and against considering the failure or refusal of the "feminist" revolt to analyse its position with regard to capitalist society. Here again I believe we shall find a point on which the Guild philosophy faces all the issues and can be honestly called synthetic.

The South African Situation.

By Dr. H. J. Poutsma.

IV.

I have attempted to show, in my previous articles, that the recent rebellion was partly the result of errors and miscalculations on the part of the Union Government, and partly of the growing mistrust of the people of South Africa in that Government. I shall now endeavour to account for that mistrust, and analyse and explain, to the best of my ability, the real policy and intentions of the Botha-Smuts Ministry. In order to understand how such a barefaced conspiracy against the people, as I intend to expose, could be so openly planned and executed it will be necessary to examine briefly the party divisions and personnel of the present Parliament of the Union. The South African Party consists roughly of 57 members; the Unionist Party of 25; the new National Party, under General Hertzog, of 47; and the Labour Party of 8. There are 10 Independents representing various constituencies in Natal and one Independent from the Cape Province, namely, Mr. Merriman. Six seats are vacant owing to various causes, three originally held by Unionists and three by South African Party men. This completes the Assembly of 120, exclusive of the Speaker.

Of the rank and file of the South African Party little need be said. It consists mainly of farmers who have grown tired of farming, and country lawyers who could make nothing of their profession either from want of talents or of opportunities. It used to be referred to by the capitalist Press, before the present crisis de-
veloped its latest loyalty, as the “Commando”—the Press obviously using that word in its national as well as its disciplinary sense. Of this curious body General Botha is the nominal and General Smuts the real leader. In many respects General Botha is probably the most remarkable man living, but it would clearly be impossible to do him anything like justice at the present moment. The Press, both here and in England, has done more to belittle his qualities, by exaggerating and wholly misrepresenting them, than his worst enemy could ever do. History, if it mentions him at all, will probably remain silent. It would hardly be fair to compare him, as he is sometimes, with the old English portrait of a great political intriguer or an unscrupulous tool of a great trust in the United States of America, has made General Smuts what he is. Simple and unaffected—almost to servility—in manner, he is suspicious, uncertain, and implacable in temper. Mr. Burton, the Minister for Railways, has more to answer for in the present circumstances than any other member of the Unionist Party, as a body, directly represents the Rand Chamber of Mines. Mr. Jagger, for instance, who is the head of a large firm of wholesale merchants and importers, represents the commercial community. Sir Edgar Walton and Mr. Runciman claim a joint interest in shipping as a political side line. Sir David Harris, Dr. Watkins, and Mr. Oliver represent the De Beers Diamond Mining Syndicate, which, under the appearance of a respectable and useful corporation, has been, and is in its general effects, the most pernicious institution of any kind that has ever cursed humanity. Colonel Crewe, who is the owner or part owner of a small Provincial newspaper, may be said to represent the Press; and most of these have independent hangers-on and admirers of their own. Of the actual wirepullers of the Chamber of Mines, Sir Lionel Phillips, Sir J. W. S. Langerman, Sir James Percy Fitzpatrick and Mr. Pat Duncan are the most prominent. Mr. Duncan’s services to the Party, however, are negative rather than positive. His reputation for integrity and independence, and his occasional disagreements with the Party policy in matters of detail, gives an implied assurance of its general soundness in essentials. Mr. Duncan is a capable lawyer and an experienced parliamen-
tarian, but, like most lawyers, he is a shallow thinker. Sir T. W. Smartt has been, since the retire-
ment of Sir Starr Jameson, the leader of this political menagerie. Sir Thomas is a good speaker, and may be described as a well-educated but slightly over-
civilised cave man.

Of the leader of the National Party I have already spoken. The only other members of the Party who deserve special mention are Professor Freemantle and Mr. Fichardt. Mr. Freemantle is the best informed member of the House, and Mr. Fichardt is far and away its best speaker. Light, and even flippant, as his speeches often are, they are pointed, effective and caus-
tive in the highest degree. But in spite of his knowledge Mr. Freemantle will never be anything but a school-
master, and all the eloquence in the world would not make a statesman of Mr. Fichardt. Mr. Freemantle has been described as a “renegade Englishman” by some of the more irresponsible members both of the Unionist and the South African Parties during the present session; and, from a purely national standpoint, the description is no doubt correct. With great tact and forbearance he refrained from the obvious retort that if he was a renegade Englishman the Dutch supporters of the Government were renegade Dutchmen. And his hearers, both English and Dutch, could not but feel that the following was a sentiment to the expression of which they were incapable of rising. Referring to the breaking up, by twist and turn, of a meeting held at Pretoria to commemorate the birth of President Kruger, Mr. Freemantle said: “I feel that it was a little caddish on the part of those so rich in National History to look askance at those who wished to make the most of a disgraceful record, but they do show a certain amount of enterprise.”

The members of the Labour Party are typical of Labour politicians everywhere. They are all fairly good speakers, but their speeches are seldom listened to in Parliament and never fairly reported in the Press, partly because they are outspoken attacks upon property and privilege; and partly because, it must be admitted, the majority of the members of the Party—from Mr. Maginnis, who can give nothing but a sentimental reason for anything, to Mr. Haggart, who can give at least too many reasons for everything. Both Mr. Creswell and Mr. Andrews are certainly capable men, but the former knows just enough about the Labour movement to be a successful politician and no more; while the latter knows far too much to be even that. The truth is that neither the politicians nor the working classes have as yet realised the essential relationship between political action and industrial organisation, or the absolute dependence of the former upon the latter. It is admitted that the first real success achieved by the political movement was the direct outcome of the industrial struggles of July, 1913 and January, 1914, but instead of regarding political action as an auxiliary—which is certainly all that can be claimed for it—the workers are encouraged, unconsciously perhaps, to place their whole reliance upon it. The result is that the working classes have been
robbed of the prospective fruits of their industrial efforts and have received nothing whatever in return. Any time spent in describing the Natal Independents would be wholly wasted. There are certainly a few honest men among them whose opinions are not so much as incapable of understanding or resisting the selfish intrigues of other parties as a solitary traveller would be of resisting a well-organised gang of highwaymen. Mr. Merriman I have already described. He professes to criticise all parties alike. But his occasional criticisms of the Unionist Party, even if they are honest, are only tolerated because it is known that his love of "order" and the "sacred rights of property" renders him perfectly safe and harmless. Let him but make up his mind that any of the institutions he defends renders him perfectly safe and harmless. Let him but make up his mind that any of the institutions he defends in a position to carry out his "faculties were becoming impaired." In that case it would be just as well for his reputation that he should retire to his farm to prepare himself for that place where, it is to be hoped, there are no class interests to be defended. If he were to keep himself in Parliament of 114 members (six seats being vacant). Originally, however, the South African Party and the Nationalist Party were united, giving the Government 60 out of 120 members, or a clear majority of 18 in a division. Moreover, many of the Natal Independents were really staunch South African Party men and might be expected to vote with the Government—as might also Mr. Merriman—on most questions. The Government was therefore in a position to carry out any policy it pleased in spite of all possible opposition. How came the Government, then, to form the present alliance with the Unionist Party? The superficial view is that the so-called Reform party to which they were attached was rejected by the South African Party and the Government in a division. The outbreak of the European war upset their calculations in that direction, and so skilfully had the Press done its work that, patriot or no patriot, he would be otherwise since the alternative leaves the working classes at the mercy of the Dutch people as to form an alliance with the Unionist Party. The Press on the one hand took full advantage of the obscure quarrel between Generals Botha and Hertzog to exaggerate the Imperialist tendencies of the former out of all proportion to their actual strength or value. General Botha was forced, under the circumstances, to accept the character thus invented for him, hoping to be able to reassure his own followers by the usual back-door method of the Government which, in the eyes of the Dutch people. We have seen how General Botha, whatever his policy may be—and it cannot certainly grow more pro-British recently—was forced to make the best of a bad business. This explains the frantic efforts of the Government to force the Hertzog party to condemn the rebellion unconditionally—which they must have done to avoid prosecution under Martial Law if they spoke at all—and thereby place themselves in the same boat with the Government Party in the eyes of the Dutch people. We have seen how dexterously the Hertzogites evaded these efforts by deciding to wait until they could safely condemn both the rebellion and the policy of the Government which, as they believed, was responsible for it. As a result, General Hertzog, whatever his policy may be—and it certainly cannot grow more pro-British recently—he commands the support of at least nine-tenths of the Dutch people. And, in addition, he must receive the indirect support of the working classes; as how can it be otherwise since the alternative leaves the working classes at the mercy of the powerful combination collected round the present Government? How far the policy of reducing the punishment for rebels to a merely nominal one, and of disqualifying all the men of wealth and influence, who are suspected of being opposed to the policy of the Government, from sitting in Parliament, will go towards preventing General Hertzog from
The reading of a journalist who aims at expressing the meaning of the activities of collective life cannot be principally "literary." My own is confined almost entirely to newspapers, which give me the facts; to books of science and history, which enable me to understand them; and to the classics, which suggest to me the ideal standards by which they may be valued. But once or twice a year I read a novel, too; one of those novels, as a rule, which, after ten or twenty years of criticism, have been acknowledged to be good. In doing this I find two kinds of satisfaction. The first consists in feeling, as I almost invariably do, that my own judgment is in agreement with that of authorities of my profession. What my Guild has called "the hero described by the poet, but of thinkers. Once postulated the function of bringing forth conceptions is not that of being subsidised by the Chamber of Mines, or too far-sighted to admit the necessity or the wisdom of giving way to that power, he broke with the Government rather than submit to the tyranny. But it was hardly possible that a man like General Hertzog would be capable of seeing the only possible means of overcoming the difficulty—for there is such a means as will be shown later on—or that he would have the courage or the liberality to adopt it. That as it may, however, the Government realised that it was as powerless in the grasp of the Chamber of Mines as a lamb in the talons of an eagle. Mr. Merriman, who poses as a financial expert, spoke with caustic sarcasm during the recent Budget debate of a contribution of £500,000 given by the Chamber of Mines to the Government in its present financial difficulties in lieu of a tax. He declared that it was a dangerous precedent to regard such a contribution as a free gift that might be given or withheld at pleasure, and not as a compulsory payment towards the revenue. All this was very true, and Mr. Merriman could, and should, have said a lot more if he did not know, as he pretended, that the Government cannot raise a shilling without sanction and approval of the Chamber of Mines. This is an absolute fact. The body of far-seeing gentlemen who control the Rand gold mines have had the experience of pre-war days, if no other, to convince them that no government can be run without money, and that a policy that deliberately impoverishes the people may force any government, however well disposed, to resort at last to the very industry in whose interest that policy is pursued, for the wherewithal to keep it in existence, unless steps are taken to prevent it. They set themselves, therefore, in the interval between the Treaty of Vereeniging and the grant of self-government, to provide themselves with such machinery as would render the strongest government powerless against it. The machinery they set up, however, was ineffective as long as South Africa was divided into four separate States, having absolute control over their own Railways, Customs, etc., so that the Union of South Africa was an essential condition to the absolute supremacy of the Chamber of Mines. This fact, and not, as was then supposed, the disinterested patriotism of the cosmopolitan schemers who control the Rand Mining Industry, explains the reckless freedom with which the Unionist Party spent money upon lecturing tours, and what not, in favour of Union. This may also explain indirectly the recent appointment of Mr. Drummond Chaplin, who, was, prior to his appointment, the political agent of the Chamber of Mines, as Administrator of Rhodesia. Rhodesia may now be expected, after all, to come into the Union. It may also explain to some extent the action of the Union Government, supported by the Unionist Party, in exceeding the instructions of the Imperial Government in German South-West Africa.

Anyhow, the net result of the labours of the Mining Magnates is that the Chamber of Mines can, by a little skillful manipulation of reserves of ore, and what not, show either a profit or a loss on the working of a particular mine, or of the mining industry as a whole, over a given period, and so render any known method of taxation abortive. It could not do this for an indefinite period. The simple reason of it is that "keeping the goose that lays the golden eggs"; nor would it resort to such a measure except for very weighty reasons, but it could, and would do it, in case of neces-

sity, for long enough to create such a commercial and financial crisis—and incidentally so much unemployment and misery—as would sweep any government out of existence. The general public does not understand all this. The people—even if they were not so dull as to understand it—being subsidised by the Chamber of Mines is naturally silent on the subject. And it would not matter very much if the public did understand it, as that portion of the public whose opinion matters believes that in pressing its stand against the Government the Chamber of Mines is protecting the interests of the shareholders and the trading community. How unwarrantable that belief is will be shown in due course. It is probable that General Smuts understands it well enough, but since the policy of the Chamber of Mines happens to coincide with his own ultimate policy he is content to fall in with it. General Botha evidently does not understand it, because I am quite sure that he would not willingly acquiesce in a policy that is rapidly making paupers and prostitutes of his people.

In any case, the fact remains that the policy of the Government and the Chamber of Mines are, for the time being, identical. And what is that policy? Broadly speaking the policy of the Chamber of Mines is to reduce working costs on the gold mines to the lowest possible minimum, and to increase profits to the highest possible maximum. What the ultimate effects of that policy must be I shall endeavour to show in my next article.

H. J. FOUTSMA.

Pretoria, May 1, 1915.

On Novels and Happiness.

By Ramiro de Maestu.

The reading of a journalist who aims at expressing the meaning of the activities of collective life cannot be principally "literary." My own is confined almost entirely to newspapers, which give me the facts; to books of science and history, which enable me to understand them; and to the classics, which suggest to me the ideal standards by which they may be valued. But once or twice a year I read a novel, too; one of those novels, as a rule, which, after ten or twenty years of criticism, have been acknowledged to be good. In doing this I find two kinds of satisfaction. The first consists in feeling, as I almost invariably do, that my own judgment is in agreement with that of authorities of my profession. What my Guild has called "the hero described by the poet, but of thinkers. Once postulated the function of bringing forth conceptions is not that of..."
will cease to interest him; those who do interest him are the people who escape from him—precisely as the great tenor is moved solely by some obscure newspaper which dares to dissent from the general encomium; or as Don Juan was not flattered by the women he conquered, but was dragged by the heels by the only woman who fled from him. All the pleasure which Sir Willoughby derives from his successes is cancelled by his failures. Happiness cannot lie in the possession of persons or things, for the pleasure of the possession diminishes with the number of persons or things possessed; and, on the other hand, pain is increased by the persons or things which resist us, especially in proportion to the certainty we felt of capturing them. An entire school of economics—the Viennese—was based on this subjective relativity of the value of things. This was called the Grenznutzentheorie, the theory of the limits of utility; and, although it is false as economics, precisely because it is founded on individualist psychology (and because it is social psychology which really settles the value of things in the market), it is always true considered as individual psychology. A pound sterling has a certain objective value in the market independently of my psychology; but its subjective value depends upon the position of pound sterling in the perspective of my possessions—or, in other words, whether the pounds sterling which I have in my possession are few or many. In this conceptual sense Meredith’s novel tells us nothing new. Its value is in the wealth of its words, the subtlety of its analogies, the economy of its descriptions, the fluidity of the narrative, the consistency of the scenes and characters—in short, its imaginative veracity; if not even on the plane of imagination there is truth and falsehood.

Meredith’s “Egoist” thus fills the part of “didactic poems in the grand style” and of “cosmogonies of culture,” which the philosopher Cohen assigns to novels in his “Esthetics.” There are many simple-minded egoists who imagine that they can attain happiness by leading an individual life of self-abnegation, forgetting themselves so that they may devote themselves to the service of others. It was for such as these that Cervantes wrote “Don Quixote.” Don Quixote does not find happiness in his attempt to redeem the world, but in his anchovy and disillusion. His generous lance is broken on the hard skin of human egoism; and, at the moment of dying, Don Quixote turns his eyes to heaven; the Happy Isles are certainly not to be found in this world. Sir Willoughby Patterne may be that same kind of happiness, but neither did Don Quixote find it in serving others. Nor do the heroes of D’Annunzio find it in the service of their pleasures; nor did Madame Bovary find it in the service of her imagination. And Desdrieux found rest for his soul only in the death of Manon Lescaut, the love of his life. All the novels which annunciate in their last page the happiness of their heroes are necessarily bad, because they are arbitrarily false. They end at the very moment in which begins the interest of the story.

What happens in novels we find also in life itself. When the Athenian magistrates freed Socrates from the fetters which were hurting his leg in prison, the sage began his discourse (“Phaedo”) on the immortality of the soul, expressing his wonder at the extraordinary analogy existing between pleasure and pain; for, though men do not see them arriving at the same time, but coming one after the other, they are both so closely interwoven that by one we are usually led to the other—to the point that Socrates thinks he feels that the pain caused him by the shackles has now been replaced by an equivalent pleasure. Pain and pleasure are contrary states which are continually being contained one within the other. They are not, says Socrates, concepts which we postulate as fixed, like the number three, but, like life and death, they are alter-

nations of the same substance. In the case of pleasure and pain the permanent substance is our own sensibility. And the most terrible and dangerous misfortune, adds Socrates subsequently, is that the soul, “compelled to rejoice or to become sad for some reason, thinks that the origin of the pleasure or pain is something real and real, although it is far from being so.” The soul, indeed, does not rejoice or repine through external causes, but with the occasion of external causes. The true cause of its joy or grief lies in the fact that in those states joy and grief mutually engender themselves.

With the object of curing myself of the delusion of happiness, the idea occurred to me some years ago of devising a pendulum theory of sensibility. According to this theory the law of sensibility is an automatic succession of joy and pain, independent of circumstances; and pain and joy do not come to mean more than the reflection in one’s consciousness of the systole and the diastole of the nerves. As much as one suffers, one enjoys—that is the law. The more sensitive, the greater will be our joy and our pain; and not only our joy or our pain, but both alternately. And the way of good is the same as the way of evil; the same whether we get it poor; good or bad; healthy or ill. We cannot say whether even death itself can stop the oscillation of the pendulum which bears us from joy to sadness and from sadness to joy. That there is no joy wholly free from sadness is a fact known to every one. But moralistic minds must wise recognize that there is pleasure in ruin, in hunger, in muscular exhaustion, in the betrayal of a loved woman, in fever, in cold, in dishonour, in crime, in being deprived, in the shame of cowardice. There is heaven in hell. I know it.

From this theory we could deduce a refutation a priori of the popular conception of heaven as an eternal pleasure resort, and hell as a place of everlasting torment. As by our conception of happiness we cannot conceive anything possible without pain, and pain without pleasure. Either we shall preserve our sensibility in the next world or we shall lose it when we die. If we keep it we shall go on feeling pleasure and pain both in hell and in heaven. This association of the ideas of pleasure and heaven and pain and hell, however, is not maintained by all theologians. The wisest of them tell us that heaven is simply the company of God, and hell the depriving of it. And melancholy and despair are the real, although it is far from being

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Three men who died at the same time were undergoing, in their last moments, the same process of transition to the next world. These men were shopkeepers, and one of them was a rich man, the other a poor man, and the third a poor man who was not a shopkeeper; and yet all three were undergoing the same process, without the slightest deviation from the套装, except that the rich man thought he was enduring more suffering than his companions. And yet there is no doubt that the rich man was suffering more, and that he was by far the unhappier of the three men. And the reason is that, although the pain of the poor man was more intense than that of the rich man, it came to him after a certain length of time, and when he had already been suffering for some time; whereas the rich man was suffering for a long time, and there was no respite in his suffering. And so the rich man was the unhappier of the three, and the pain of his suffering was more intense than that of the poor man.

And so it is that the unhappy man, the man who is suffering, is the man who is suffering the most. And the reason is that the pain of the rich man is more intense than that of the poor man, and that the pain of the poor man is more intense than that of the shopkeeper. And so it is that the unhappier of the three is the man who is suffering the most. And the reason is that the pain of the rich man is more intense than that of the poor man, and that the pain of the poor man is more intense than that of the shopkeeper. And so it is that the unhappier of the three is the man who is suffering the most. And the reason is that the pain of the rich man is more intense than that of the poor man, and that the pain of the poor man is more intense than that of the shopkeeper. And so it is that the unhappier of the three is the man who is suffering the most.
lay down for us limits beyond which we cannot trespass. Hence the necessity for reviving the Guilds.

The reason why I never developed this theory of the automatism of pleasure and pain is that reflection persuaded me that it is not the reason which must be convinced of the inevitable futility of the idea of happiness. The idea of happiness has never taken up much space in the world of reason. In the history of philosophy it is an idea very much of a secondary order. Only the Stoics and the Epicureans made happiness the central conception of their doctrine, and the Stoics and Epicureans were, at their best, third-class philosophers. The faculty of our souls in which happiness occupies the greatest space is not the reason, but the imagination. It is an ideal of the imagination, not of the reason. It will therefore be prudent for us to allow the novelists, and not the thinkers, to show the respectable public the foolishness of happiness.

And this is the great function of the novel. What is a novel? The description of an aspect of the human soul personified in an imaginary figure, which is made to live and die, to suffer and rejoice, within the framework of society and nature. Society and nature are insensible to the happiness and unhappiness, to the life and death, of the protagonist of the novel. It is all the same whether the novel deals with Don Quixote or Sir Willoughby Patterne, the egoist. Every hero of a novel is a ship which, on leaving port, bears in its hull the torpedo which is going to sink her. But there is a difference between Don Quixote and Sir Willoughby. When Don Quixote dies, Quixotism remains in the air, a cultural value that we have to serve; when Sir Willoughby leaves the scene his egotism carries with it a portion of our own. In both cases the imaginative ideal of happiness within us has received a shock. We have learnt to rejoice and to suffer with the joys and sufferings of the hero of the work without suffering or enjoying wholly, but as if the succession of joys and sufferings were inevitable. And, as the hero of the novel is but a part of ourselves, we have also learnt a little to see our own joys and sufferings fading away before our eyes, as if they were the joys and sufferings of another person. We have learnt, that is to say, to rise a little above ourselves. And this is the "catharsis" of the novel.

DEPRESSIONAL.

Sheet of our Reason, ta'en of old—
Voice of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose flagging hand
Dominion that feels really fine—
New Age most dear, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lent we forget!
The sodden and the wealthy die,
Bought titles and oil kings depart,
Still stands the fact we do not lie—
A fierce and an unfrowning dart.
Oh Will to Live, stir thyself yet,
Lest some forget—lent some forget!
Gold-called, weak writers melt away;
In Wells and Bennett pales the fire.
Lo! half your court of yesterday
Have sold themselves for meaner hire!
Oh Will to Live, stir thyself yet,
Lest men forget—lent men forget!
If drunk with sight of power, you loose
Wild scribblers who care not what they say,
Their caloric, frank abuse
Will seem a flea-bite—come the "Day."
Oh Liberty—cling closer yet—
Lest men forget—lent men forget!
For heathen brains that are as tools
Made for False Gods and Capital,
All foolishness that counts on fools,
Torturing, buying not the at all,
For Great Unught and Young Idea,
We pray New Age may hover near.

VIVIAN FLANDERS.

Impressions of Paris.

The reformé was defending himself against a pretty little pert American who opined that every man not absolutely crippled ought to be doing his duty in the trenches. He is rejected for ever and ever and ever—"mainteunante"—so long as his country has a say in the matter it will never let him go to any war whatsoever. He suffered Miss America, and philosophised. "Since neither feeling nor exercise can persuade my lesion to let me carry a rifle or a bucket of water, I am no doubt a natural target for feminine wit. But perhaps there is a necessity that persons like me should exist amidst the battle of nations. My physical condition obliges me to be physically passive; my good sense obliges me to re-act consciously against the immediate stimuli of the war. My friends, combatant and non-combatant, find no fault with me that I calm their fever and affliction by the simple trick of turning the conversation from the besetting subject. They pour their tears into me as into an empty vessel, and no doubt they leave some of their sorrow behind, but the bitterness goes out as salt evaporates under the sun. I am useful to them in my way and they do not afflict me for long."

I imagine that he thought much deeper than he spoke. There must be a whole order of persons at this moment consciously or unconsciously acting as calmatives. Without such the common human mentality might snap under the terror of the time. Among soldiers, intelligent discipline is the calmative. Among non-combatants, calvating-people serve as good officers among excited men. Some calm by agreeableness, some by censure, some by ridicule, some by cynicism; and all serve their purpose.

I once heard of an English colonel on a battlefield who calmed a soldier by words and attitude which included several of the above qualities. The soldier told me the tale. The fighting was very hot in a hollow and ours were getting the worst of it. Suddenly my acquaintance found himself riding hard away, and he only pulled up in front of his colonel, to whom he alternately yelled and stammered the news that reinforcements were absolutely needed. He had his pipe still in his mouth. The colonel had a cigar. He turned to the adjutant: "Do find out what this man wants to say," he said with a quaint look which somehow made the soldier pull his horse's head round towards the fight. "We're getting it, sir," he said in pure English. "Have a match," said the colonel. And the soldier lit his pipe, saluted and rode back.

But this is a weird kind of life we lead. I woke up to the tune of a bomb this morning. (That is small shot to you who have Zeppelins every few hours.) The carpenter's women at the back made such a noise that I could hear that they were by no means dead. Now the sky is all aeroplanes with their sound of tearing out your bowels—horrible machines, the ideal of mechanical efficiency, perfected in blood, and destined to serve man along with the submarine and the pestilence that walks by night, properties of the devil's dam and subversive of effort and glory. Who will care any more to build beauty upon the earth? However, one must try and see the recompense of all losses. With the glory of archi-
tecture cities will pass; and perhaps no city is now such a thing of beauty that one would care to construct another precisely like it. A hundred years of war from the air may spread populations. Humanity will like all its units to have at least a gambling chance of survival and to be at a distance from each other in case of asphyxiating bombardments. This sound all rot, but so see-oh, it is

"Master of Parochial than Baptists, I tell you." This was a little talk about hanging the Kaiser are wickedly aware what the same horrid sort which has actually happened. When victory comes, we shall find thousands of people howling for such a fashion of vengeance as will sow the dragon’s teeth for another crop of slaughters. The persons who talk about hanging the Kaiser are wickedly aware what a muddle of decivilisation we have all fallen into. To hang an enemy king fighting for conquest would be a worse act than is easily conceivable; but who can say what history may not have to write? When people want to be bad, they must often get their way. And thither is to be noted an ever-growing boldness of expression among excessive people who would pay perhaps equally either to see the Kaiser hanged or to see him crowned King of England. Never trust an excessivist. A man who passes the decency of patriotism is on the other frontier.

I am very downhearted to-day, look you. The week has been awful with the news of the troops burned in the train, and two cruisers lost, and the “Princess Irene.” I got the last news on coming out of Notre Dame where the eternal comic had just chosen to take its seat with me for a moment. The music had been so wonderful that I thought impossibility that it must be by one of the old German masters. Wanting to know who had made music that seemed to describe the first creation, I inquired of the nun who receives offerings at the big door. She looked ineffably sage and replied: “To-day—let me see—oh, it is Monsieur...” which my friend, who was with me, and who can’t abide Catholics, told me was the name of the organist. “Twenty-five centimes thrown into the pocket of a fool! These people are more parochial than Baptists, I tell you.” This was a little narrow itself considering that someone must have chosen that music which certainly never yet graced any Baptist chapel. Our appreciation of the divine music had to be noted an ever-growing boldness of expression among excessive people who would pay perhaps equally either to see the Kaiser hanged or to see him crowned King of England. Never trust an excessivist. A man who passes the decency of patriotism is on the other frontier.

But hurray for Italy! We all love Italians now. Everyone sported an Italian flag, even chic gens who never did as much for the other Allies. The moment was happy, just when the Russians looked like losing. Americans, of course, have been sullenly furious at being long out of the light, but now they begin to swarm to the cafés again with the prospect of their country coming among the belligerents. One nearly got killed in his eagerness to read Germany’s reply to the American note. He stopped short in the middle of the boulevard, where the sun on his face made him resemble a harvest moon, and was only just shouted out of the way of a huge military motor which could never have pulled up in time. The cafés remain open now until half past ten. Their isolated lights make the streets seem desolate, the which they were not when all was equally obscure. I do not see that many more persons stay out of doors. We have got into the habit of dining early, and, as a rule, going home. If Le Sage’s “Diable Boiteux,” now lifted the roofs of the houses he would discover almost all Paris asleep by eleven o’clock. My ignorance does not know whether “Le Diable Boiteux” is translated into English—it should be; it is a most amusing book (though “Gil Blas” is even better). The author had such a success with it that “copies were seized at the point of drawn swords in the shop of the famous publisher, Barbiz.”

"Fancy people fighting for your books like that! But it was in 1710, or thereabout in a long time ago. There is a perfect satire on the perpetual jealousy between comedy and tragedy, or rather between the authors. The Lame Devil is Asmodée, or Cupid, who makes possible marriages and all other forms of luxurious gambling with the accompanying arts of music and song and dance; and who has been shut up in a bottle by a magician and released by a cavalier taken in the act and flying from vengeance; and who despises Lucifer as a charlatan, and Uriel as the patron of merchants and other fowlers of the Third Estate, and Beelzebub as the friend of duenass. In gratitude to the amorous cavalier who breaks the bottle, the Lame Devil wafts off the roofs of all houses in Madrid. Le Sage uses this romantic method for displaying his knowledge of ordinary human life, and, as in the scene between the comic and tragic dramatists, for criticising many subjects. It is wonderful that with such critics as France has had, there should have been able to continue to exist such crowds of aesthetic novelists all lingering the same old novelties as ever. I’ll translate this scene if I hear that it has not been done in English.

By the way, in one of my quotations from Ronsard “sanguine throat” should perhaps be read for “stranger’s throat.” Even “sanguine” is hardly the word. Can anyone put me right? The text is “gorge altèrée.” It seems to me that as this may mean “greedy throat,” as well as “altered throat,” the description “sanguine” might shade off the condition of Ronsard’s, strange and thirsty at the poetical springs; though it is rather gory after all to say anyone’s throat. A common expression like this may give one the dickens of a puzzle when uncommonly used by a poet.

Some of Chamfort, that extraordinary personality, must come into English. If one had ten hands and forty-eight hours in the day (because one must have one’s idling time all the same! He was extraordinary this man, so stern about liberty that he set against him all the liberty-mongers of the Revolution. When they sent for him to cut off his head in the cause of freedom, he retorted in effect that his head was his own and sooner than let it be cut off by any other man, he would cut it off himself. So he locked his door; and first he tried to shoot off his head, and that failing he lashed his throat into less utility than would have possibly served a man less determined to die. The gods amused themselves. He found himself still alive; so he cut into his heart and, merely feeling weak, opened several veins. The blood flowed under his door and people burst it open, and while they stanchcd his countless wounds, he dictated his ideas on liberty. "Understand that if they try to drag me away even in the state I am I shall find force enough to defeat them.” He could not die then, but he succumbed a year afterwards, 1794. He said among other things that "the tragic stage has this great moral ill-consequence, that it exaggerates the importance both of life and of death.” And: "There is no matter of public opinion is the worst of opinions." His "Anecdotes" are full of the spirit which keeps anecdotes young. "A man at table drank excellent wine, without praising it. The master of the house served him then with some very inferior. "What fine wine!’ said the guest. ‘That! that is twopenny-halfpenny wine!’ said the host, ‘and the other wine is a wine for gods.’ ‘I know,’ replied the guest; ‘I did not praise it; it is which needs recommendation.'"
Readers and Writers.

The first quarterly issue of "The Gypsy" (Pomegranate Press, 2s. 6d.) has now come into my hands, this, not of Mr. Jacob Epstein's that "it is very small Beardsley." Really it is an astonishing reversion from 1892. How those old ghosts do walk to be sure! They are, however, a little faded from their detention among the dull, shadowy, Mr. Odle is Beardsley, without genius; and the writers are either dead, decadent or desirous of soon becoming one or the other. All save Mr. Gosse. What does Mr. Gosse in this gallery? His article on "Simplicissimus," with its hint of the existence of a war in the world, is, in contrast with the articles and verses on whores and scents; and it is no pleasure either to find it in such company. But Mr. Gosse has a habit of dropping theitches of his taste! In another sense the "Gypsy" is a challenge to The New Age; and I hope our readers and writers will accept it as such. The association of art with luxury, of beauty with disease, of aesthetic emotion with strange and sought sensations, is the unholy union of god and ape that we have set ourselves to annul. The war should have completed our work rather than have made it, as now appears, all to be done over again. However, no cause is better to spend one's life in. Have at them!

Mr. Arthur Symons has a perfect and unashamed appreciation of what the new, like the old, group is after; and he defines it thus:

The Menad of the Decadence, Collectedly extravagant, Her learned fury makes the sense That, fainting, needs for excitant This science of concupiscence. You see, at once, being trained psychologists, thanks to "A. E. R." and others, what is here being sought and by what type of mind: sensations for the almost senseless. The hearty taste which seeks to discriminate more and more in simple things their limitless subtlety, has been lost, and with it all the real romance of what Mr. Edgar Jepson calls the "blasted, common world." As an alternative to the discovery of the whole world in the simple innocence of Eden, they must needs set out, led by the Serpent that devours its own tail, on the quest for the lost delights, but in regions where they are not to be found: by means of haschish and absinthe, opium and morphia. Where their quest takes them we know very well from recollections of 1892—to late nights, to association with prostitutes, to strange drinks, to venerable diseases and erotic inversions, to early death. Not that I, for one, would oppose any quest on account of the trouble its pursuit may bring. God knows that the quest of the complex in the simple is as beset with difficulty as the quest of the simple in the complex. But the pains of the former are purificatory, since at each step they involve the purgation of the mind and desire; while those of the latter are corrupting. Philosophy is naturally on our side no less than psychology and physiology. As nobody yet grew uglier by a life of virtue (I, of course, mean of positive virtue), or stupider in mind, we may say that the universe sanctions this quest rather than the other. And the reason, it appears to me, is that given to the human mind between this connotes in this age, not the multiplication and outspread of human faculties, but their reduction by assimilation and intensification. Formerly, ages ago, the race sought properly the mouths of the streams of life. Since the Christian era, at any rate, to say progress is to seek their sources. Upstream or downstream, those are the two directions; one is to discover the homogeneity in which, nevertheless, all heterogeneity is contained; the other is to find heterogeneity in which, nevertheless, simplicity dwells.

Forgive me if I continue the subject for another note or two. The challenge of our motto "Brilliant common sense" is, however, so unmistakable that we should be cowards to ignore it. What we mean by brilliant common sense is, in the sphere of literature in particular, a happy union of simplicity with complexity; of purity with form which includes everything definable.
don Paris is dowdy. *Our* Paris, I repeat, is the eighteenth century, for if Voltaire was English, Swift was French. Our route homeward is therefore via the eighteenth century back to the seventeenth, and thence, if we are fortunate, to the still earlier centuries of our golden race.

R. H. C.

The Placard.
By Arthur F. Thorn.

ORGANGRIND gave a few final instructions to his chauffeur, and, taking the arm of the man who accompanied him, ascended the steps of his main office. Organgrind's face wore a heavy, troubled expression, for if Voltaire was English, Swift ignored his friend's moustache curled upwards like two horns.

"At last!" exclaimed Organgrind, as he dragged his companion through the massive doors and nodded coldly to a uniformed porter who bent almost double as his boss approached. Organgrind, panting from the exertion of climbing the stairs, could not speak distinctly for a few moments. He opened the door of his private den and shoved his friend inside.

"Zo dis is your head offis!" exclaimed the foreign-looking gentleman, gazing around the room curiously. "Who would tink dat from dis liddle room so much is created vitch moves de whol wourd?" Wunderful!"

His eyes beamed.

"That uniform of yours worried me a bit," exclaimed Organgrind, ignoring his friend's remark; "though there wasn't really very much to fear even if you had come through London in your full military rig-out. I can't recall any of my papers having instructed the British public about German uniforms, and I don't suppose for a moment that you would have been molested."

The foreign gentleman smiled. "I am only too proud," he remarked affably, "to wear von of your suits—just as proud as to wear my own uniform. Yah!"

"That's all right, then," said Organgrind calmly. "Have a whiskey and soda, Prince; you'll find it on the table."

Prince Larfen smiled and removed the top hat which had fallen upon his nose. "Hitt is zo menny yeers since I haff 'ad de pleasure hoff meeting vith you, mein friend. May I hask 'ow menny peppers you kontroll to-day?"

Organgrind scratched his bullet-head and made a grimace. "How many papers do I control, Prince? How many? Oh! about—er—well, to tell you the truth, I'm damned if I know; but it's a good many, anyhow, a good many."

"Hoff dat I am sure," said the Prince, smiling and showing his gold teeth. "Howudderwise could you haff so kompletly kontrolled de vourld—hitt is vunderful, mein friend."

Organgrind produced an enormous cigar-case and handed a cigar to the Prince. "So you really think that it is time to stop the war?" he asked, watching his companion through half-closed eyes, and pursing his lips.

"Hoff dat I am sure," replied the Prince, lighting his cigar and passing the match to Organgrind. "I haff most himportant hinstractions from his Royal Highness—who has always respected you."

"One of the men exclaimed Organgrind, puffing at his cigar; "one of the very best."

The Prince leaned forward in his chair and tapped Organgrind upon the knee. "'Ye rekognise dat de var his arrived at de point ven hitt vill pe vise to—stop a liddle—to put de—vaf you haff called de brake hon—yay!"

Organgrind flicked the ash from his cigar and crossed his knees. "It can't be done under a million," he remarked softly.

"Dots a lot hoff money," exclaimed the Prince. "Not when you realise what it's going to cost me," answered Organgrind shortly. "We shall want three weeks clear to reorganise our whole press thoroughly. My circulation experts will have a tough job. You see, it's no use suddenly changing our attitude from war to peace. It's got to be done slowly—bit by bit. We shall make a start in the 'Flapper,' publish photos of wounded Germans, show the 'Flapper' readers a little bit of the other side—just for a feeler, like. Then develop the idea in the 'Kibosh,' special articles on the horrible sufferings of German women and children; then we shall make a change. The leaders of our 'Kibosh' will have a changed perspective. 'What,' we shall ask, 'have these innocent millions done to be rushed into war?' and so on."

Organgrind waved his cigar. The Prince grasped his hand. "Very, very bolicy ve could haff," he exclaimed joyfully.

"Don't run away with the idea that my public is going to stand for a sudden change," continued Organgrind. "We've educated 'em up to war, and now we've got to make 'em unlearn what we've taught 'em, and teach 'em something fresh."

"Hoff dat I am sure," said the Prince, smiling and putting his whiskey and soda. "'Ve haff every konfidence in your haffmost himportant dat a strong peace movement should pe set hon foot during de next few days."

"Then it's a deal," exclaimed Organgrind, finishing his whiskey and soda. "You'll find the motor waiting for you, Prince. I must be left alone as I have to concentrate my mind upon the business in hand. As you will realise, one of the most important things to think out for all the nations is an effective placard. We shall see what I've got to think out. So I must ask you to leave me alone for at least a few days. Good-bye, Prince Larfen, and don't trouble to return my clothes. Leave them in the railway carriage at the station when you change into your uniform. Bye-bye——."

The door closed behind the Prince and Organgrind swung himself round in his revolving chair until he faced the large roll-top desk which was littered with slips of paper. Organgrind grunted and seized a blank slip, then, with a blue pencil, he scrawled some words upon it and held it up at arm's length, cocked his eye, and surveyed it critically. Then, with a snarl of disgust, he flung the slip of paper into the waste-paper basket and snatched another slip, upon which he scrawled more words. He then repeated the operation of holding it at arm's length, but was not satisfied. Slip after slip was scrawled upon and flung into the waste-paper basket. Organgrind leaned back exhausted in his chair and closed his eyes. "It mustn't be more than three words," he muttered. "Not more than three words—the words—three——."

Suddenly he sat upright, seized another slip of paper and wrote upon it in blue pencil three words. There was a frenzy in the man's manner, his eyes grew bright, his huge frame almost trembled. He held the slip of paper up at arm's length and then chuckled aloud. Upon the slip of paper he had written:

PEACE
WITH
HONOUR.
Letters from Italy.

"Ah, Signora," an old woman said to me weeks ago, "there will be war before the snow melts on the Carrara rock!"

I have watched the white streaks disappear, away over there beside the Val d’Arno with its spaghetti rows of cypress trees like black crow’s feathers stuck in a child’s garden, beyond the Florentine hills where to-day the sun is lying in the clouded blue shadows, elusive, indefinable as the modelling of a Botticelli foot; and I have thought sometimes, in the see-saw of Italian diplomacy, that the old woman was wrong.

Even now, after flags and processions and the ringing of bells, big and little, after the "chairing" of soldiers and the "vivas" of the crowd, I cannot realise that already, as I write, the first shot has run out in the brilliant morning sunshine, the first man—maybe a gentle-eyed tiler of those same misty bluenesses before me—has met death in the great cyclone of war.

Yet it is true. Along the road I can hear the "hoop-la, hoop-la!" of the officers of a regiment of recruits going down to the station, and from the town there floats up the appalling din which the Italians call a military band (the Italian can’t remember that the trumpet isn’t a guitar—and the effect is extraordinary). Outside the Barraccate a narrow street too steep for a horse and cart—are groups of grave, silent women with babies, wearing their best bonnets, watching the preparations. The smaller children are as yet untouched by the "war-play" and, except for one small boy who is the possessor of a red-cross band on his arm, the younger generation is still engaged in the antiquated game of buying and selling. For the moment there is a great feeling of relief, of renewed activity in the town.

In the delirium of the last two weeks work has been attended to only between demonstrations. But the last throes of the struggle out of the clutches of the Teutonic dragon is over—thanks to the determination of the Italian people—and it is a cheerful, active, though serious Florence who is throwing all her energies into the civil and military organisation of war; the obsession of "demonstrating" every other day, about anything and everything, is, I think, over—besides we are now under a mild form of martial law and processions and meetings are forbidden—it will be hard, grim work for all of us; Florence will soon be one great hospital.

The swing of the pendulum has been curious; external Peace has spelt internal War, and in the moment of the declaration of external War has come to Italy the declaration of internal Peace.

In the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele are many placards, giving the rates of separation allowances—70c. for a wife, 55c. for each child under 12—and others telling the people not to be frightened at the gun practice this evening. The piazza is full of little grey Italian soldiers. There are many groups at the cafe where I am sitting; they are silent groups and they do not even turn their heads to look at the women; they are going to the front by to-night’s train. What children they are, these men who accept, but have not the consoling pride of having chosen, their fate. "But," said an officer beside me, "let them see an Austrian and these mild-looking boys become the incarnation of fury."

There is in Italy none of that unsuspecting courtesy which we English accorded to our German visitors last August. The officers are like dogs held in leash. As I went up a side street to-night there shot, out of a big printing office, a small, plump, spruce little officer. He was very angry—so angry that he seemed to be in the beggar world rather than walk down the steps, and he showed his teeth like a snarling animal, "Vi sono i tedeschi qui!" he shouted—and an Italian voice reaches far—but it was a small street and there was only a small crowd to appease his wrath. Three times he started off down the street, and three times he returned to recapitulate "Vi sono i tedeschi qui!" At last he went off down the street like a whirlwind. I think there is no word can convey as sinister a hatred as that word "tedeschi" in an Italian mouth! Anyway, I would not care to meet that little officer as an enemy at the frontier.

I often wonder if the hatred of the Italians for the Germanic race is hereditary race-consciousness. It is an emotion particularly strong in the South, where the old terror of the "Huns" still lives in the hearts of the people. The peasants in Capri say that the only way to get rid of a tiresome beggar is to speak German to him! And the lower classes—who lost their temper last week with such good effect—are waging war, not, as is the case among the educated people, for the abstract principle of Right against Wrong, but rather against personal and hated enemies.

There will not, however, be any more German riots. Italy is on her good behaviour; besides, by dint of setting fire to gates and smashing windows the majority of the "tedeschi" have been persuaded that there is no climate so favourable to health as that of one’s own native country.

Terrible as has been the strain of the last nine months, Italy has reaped from it one great advantage: she is thoroughly prepared—whether she is adequately prepared (Italy still dries the ink of her official communications, it is said, with sand) events will prove—but she will have less of the spy danger to cope with, and the steam of the "war-engine" having been "up" for months there is no rush or confusion. Every man is at his post. Amongst other more material preparations there has been published since last Christmas an excellent series of booklets, sold at four soldi each, called "Problemi Italiani," written by various professors and journalists, and dealing with the economic and political problems of Italy in relation to the coming war. In Italy Plato’s dictum, "The Private State is that of honour and influence," is more than a quotation. Recent events have proved that it is in the professors of the universities, men without any official political power, and, through them, in the students, that the vital energy of the nation exists. The inhabitants of universities and studies are here not hermits, fortified from the incursion of the external world by battlements of books, but rather men to whom every question of life and political, "The Private State is that of vitality that they cannot rest until they have made their opinion heard even in the tape-stuffed ears of the government.

It is characteristic of the Italian sentiment for children that it is to their welfare that the first thoughts of every charitable society go. Already arrangements have been made for feeding and caring for those children who are left, on account of the calling out of the reserve, without parents.

One of the most excellent arrangements for the poor are a number of "cucine economiche"—public refectories arranged in available empty shops. Besides feeding the indigent these kitchens arrange for market produce, which deteriorates quickly and would otherwise be wasted, to be sold for less than cost price, thus benefiting both buyer and seller.

There has been, at the entraining of the troops here in Florence, a certain show of "neutralist" opposition, mostly originating in the Socialist section, who made all the trouble last week. It has had, however, no serious results, beyond a few broken heads.

To me, one of the most admirable qualities which has shown itself in all this war-discussion is the absence of cant. Only in private will the Italian acknowledge that the war is one-of principle. In public, in the papers, the war is "per noi e per l’Europa," never "per l’Europa e per noi."

The first detail of war has just reached Florence. A train has just arrived in the station bearing the soldiers.
who were not killed in the bombardment of Ancora Station.

The officers are beside themselves with delight at the behaviour of their soldiers. They told the tale of how, yesterday morning, the Austrian fleet, flying the Italian flag, came into Ancora harbour. The Italians believing it to be their own fleet were suddenly surprised to find it opening fire on the town. The cathedral, which stands on a hill, the old town hall and the museum were destroyed. Four aeroplanes dropped bombs on the station, where two hundred soldiers had just entrained for the front. The officers gave the order to seek safety in cover. But the men, young boys from the hills, refused to move. "They simply grinned and stuck to their posts," said one officer, patting his soldiers' caps. "There were twelve men killed round me," he went on, "and this good fellow," pointing to his servant, "walked right across an open space with shells dropping all round him."

With great pride the pieces of shell were handed round for inspection.

So Florence has seen the first fruits of war, and has learned—if any teaching were necessary—the code of honour of the enemy.

TERESI DA MAIANO.

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT IN RELIGION OR
HOW TO SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

The Rev. "Billy" Sunday has concluded an evangelical service of eleven weeks in Philadelphia, and has converted in that time, 41,724 souls. . . . A very important detail of Philadelphia's religious fervour is that it does not partake of the early Christian spirit of worldly poverty. Before "Billy" Sunday left Philadelphia he received a cheque for £10,227, representing his personal share in the eleven weeks' offerings. . . . Ability to make money does not damn a man at "Billy" Sunday's meetings. The new spirituality to which "Billy" Sunday bears witness, therefore, is that of the early days of Christianity.

—JOHN HERRITT in the "Daily News" of April 12.

The Reverend William "Billy" Sunday preaches daily every Sunday. And every other day on Hell—
I hear he does it very well.

John Wanamaker takes the chair
While "Billy" with an eager air
Offers a complete salvation
At the lowest computation;
"Put a dollar in the plate
And receive an up-to-date
Religion for the modern man,
Fitted with the compromise
Needed by a Christian—
A dollar only is the price!
Any bidders? Come on, John!
Going! going! going! gone!!
Give God the praise—but on the level
Yield soul and body to the Devil.

Fol-de-re-ro—fol-de-re-ray—
Religion's progressive in U.S.A.

"You cannot serve God and Mammon?
Doesn't spinach go with gammon?
(I'm proving. Oh poor sinful man,
That a spiritual Christian can!)
May not cakes with ale be taken?
Do not eggs accord with bacon?
Beer's the complement of skittles.
Drink's a fitting thing with victuals—
Even more then, Oh my brother,
Good and bad complete each other!

Fol-de-re-ro—fol-de-re-ray—
Religion's progressive in U.S.A."

Peter Celestine the Hermit
Was a saint without your permit;
Did without your traps and baggage;
Gazed for food the stumps of cabbage—

Fol-de-re-ro—fol-de-re-ray—
Religion's progressive in U.S.A.!

Stiena's Catharine, they say,
Lived upon a nut each day—

Fol-de-re-ro—fol-de-re-ray—
Religion's progressive in U.S.A.!

THEODORE MAYNARD.
REVIEWS

The German Enigma. By Georges Bourdon. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. With an introduction by Charles Sarolea. (Dent. 26. 6d. net.)

M. Georges Bourdon, on behalf of the Paris "Figaro," visited Germany so recently as 1913 and interviewed prominent public men in order to find out not merely what Germany's policy was, but what German feeling was. He wished to interpret the actual Germany of his own day to the French public of his own day, particularly where questions of foreign policy were concerned. So the way was laid for an attempt towards the removal of misunderstandings between the two countries. The results of M. Bourdon's investigations were published in France not long before the war began; and but for the sudden outbreak we might have seen an English edition of his book in August last. It is a pity that we did not; for it forms a most valuable collection of opinions, figures, and even documents.

As always, we have to return to the old question of Alsace-Lorraine. M. Bourdon pleads for the autonomy of the provinces as the only means of settling an embittered dispute. Since he wrote another way has been found. Readers of his pages will have realised, though M. Bourdon himself did not, that the way, the war, was bound to come. The opinions expressed in this volume are authoritative, and they are set forth with unusual frankness.

In common with other observers, the author was surprised and alarmed at the increasing German military preparations from the time of Agadir. In July, 1912, the precise strength of the army was computed, for the first time by Mr. Burns, to be 93,000; and in March, 1913, there were further additions, as well as the special fifty-million-pound levy, raised as a tax on capital. No wonder M. Bourdon asks two or three disquieting questions:

"Why, we may ask, should any of these measures have been necessary? Why is Germany, formidable already in the numbers and organisation of her forces, always wanting more? Why does she never cease to arm? Eleven months after the Agadir incident she was arming again, when only seven months before her signature had been appended to a contract which to all appearances had concluded pacifically and irrevocably a dangerous dispute. And eight months after this new effort she was meditating arming once more. Again, we ask, why? ... Is there behind this Germany of fortresses, manoeuvre fields, this Germany of iron discipline and thundering cannons, a warrior spirit? Does it take pleasure in thus dressing for a bellicose part because it creates a feeling of security and implies a wealth which is the basis of nationality, the ostentations fetish on whose altar it offers up unceasingly all that is grandest and strongest in the German race? Does she, in short, exult in the phantom of a martial Europe which no longer exists, love war as the most rigorous and glorious of sports, for the sake of its made adventure, for its risks and the glamour it invests her with? Or is she ready to plunge into mar...

The grim answers to these questions have been given. Those answers, before last August, seemed to many people to be incredible. That Germany believed in the inspiration of arms, that martial ardour was approved of and, indeed, cultivated by the great bulk of the people, irrespective of party or creed, that the Germans believed in war for the sake of its adventure as well as for its profits—these things could not be believed by non-German observers. That is the difference in the point of view. M. Bourdon, for example, speaks quite casually of a "martial Europe which no longer exists." So did many other people, not merely in France, but also in England and America. It was too confidently assumed, on the strength of the Social-Democratic vote in Germany and the utterances of a few insignificant and unintentional pacifists in the Social-Democratic party, that a German war was neither desired, nor glorified, nor despised war, and that bitter racial and spiritual distinctions between races could be composed by a refer-
Pastiche.

TRIPS.

["Trips to the Battlefields—eight and ten guineas.""]

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

I have found out a trip for my fair;
We will go where the patriots bleed;
Where the Zeppelins sailed through the air—
(A pair of crinolines we'll be)
We will search for some relics of Huns,
And fingers and toes we will find;
(We can play knucklebones with the thumbs)
Scalps and helmets we'll not leave behind!

On that dresser, in Waring's best style,
A row of matches would be neat;
An assortment of bullets we'll pile,
Supported by cross bones and feet.
We will revel on frontiers of hell;
On the graves we can happily dine,
And applaud all the heroes who fell—
(Don't forget the sloe gin, and the wine)
Here's your health, Monsieur Cook, in red wine!

A. M. CAMERON.

A VADE-MECUM FOR JANUS.

Being some extracts from a work, entitled "Unequivocal Guidance for Patriots in All International Contingencies."

"By means of a straw may be ascertained the direction of the wind."—Fijian Proverb.

THE UNITED STATES.

PRO.—"We have never disguised the nature of our sentiments towards British America, and we now make bold to remind our readers how profound and sincere those sentiments have always been. Never has the truth been more loudly proclaimed than that the Americans are blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh. They have conveyed our mutual mother-tongue across rolling plains, through the pathless pampas, into the age-old stillness of eternal forest, where they have wrested from savagery the interminable acres of the savannah and bravado the terrors that lurk in sierra, jungle and fever swamp. All this they have done in a spirit of cheerful self-sacrifice, with no sordid anticipation of the material reward which, after years of lonely and thankless toil, was to become theirs. Without oppression, without coercion; in fact, with none of those violent measures which less humane nations have too often brought to bear upon subject races they have incorporated into the body of their commonwealth the most divergent European and even Asiatic types. The efficiency of their brisk industrial methods has become proverbial in an age where every commercial undertaking of any importance bears the stamp of their inspiration the most glowing testimony to their patterns and exemplars—Lincoln—Roosevelt—Whitman—Longfellow, etc.

CON.—"The latest whim of the so-called United States cannot fail to wring a shout of stern disapproval from the breast of every man of integrity. We have never dis- guised our feelings towards that pandemonium of de-nationalised tricksters indifferently masquerading as a nation, and it is now, we think, high time that public opinion in this country should learn the plain truth about this low-browed confederation of crude scoondenrels and arrogant ignoramuses. We have not the slightest intention of cavilling at the authorities, but we again insist, as we so often have already insisted, that the severest measures should be taken to free the main current of our commercial progress from the foul taint of the American cesspool. In the past we have displayed far too easy a tolerance towards creatures, for whom such terms as scum, offal and vermin would be too severe. But we, the true children of the blood of those stiff-necked colonists who begrudged their motherland a few paltry coins in the hour of her direst need has been mingled so chaotic a welter of racial offal and vermin err, me venture to submit, on the side of clemency. The sordid auspices under which this gang inaugurated its career of lawless independence are so familiar to all students of history, that we need not enlarge upon the matter. One argument, however, we will reject with the righteous scorn it merits—the argument, namely, that these persons are of our race. With the blood of those stiff-necked forefathers upon their motherland a few paltry coins in the hour of her direst need has been mingled so chaotic a welter of racial admixtures that the hard task before us is to attempt to characterise it in plain terms. But British shall it never be called, any more than the ghastly caricature of speech which they have so appropriately evolved shall ever be identified with the language which we, for our part, have
always endeavoured to preserve worthy as the glorious
heirloom of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Macaulay."

RUSSIA.

PRO.—See the sympathetic press passim.
CON.—(Unprintable).

GERMANY.

PRO.—"We make bold to say that this latest alliance
must be regarded as the most creditable and the most
auspicious achievement which our Foreign Secretary has
to his credit. It is with sentiments of the liveliest satis-
faction that we record this encomium. For we hold now,
and always have held, that these two mighty nations,
whose accomplishments—commercial, scientific, and
artistic—mark the zenith of all that is best in European
culture, will best carry their noble work to the most
subtle pitch of perfection by labouring hand in hand,
soul in soul. Without any apprehension of being re-
proached for arrogance, we can safely assert that the
Teutonic race—whereof we also are members,—be it
understood—represents in energy and all practical quali-
ties the most striking contrast to the effete indolence of
the Latin peoples, who must needs be content with a minor
position in the scheme of modern civilisation—Goethe—
Shakespeare—Beethoven, etc. Nor must we forget
Nietzsche, that pathetically unique figure in European
bosh. P. SELVER.

has struck a blow for freedom
and culture, will best carry their noble work to the most
position in the scheme of modern civilisation—Goethe—
Teutonic treatises. In these few simple words we have
places Petofi, that hero-poet, who found
strains of the unforgettable Rakoczy march are evoking
under the cloak of a dashing, pseudo-naive romanticism,
British public less conversant with these haunting

Our brethren—of Prussia, and through them, we also, owe
the whole spirit of that chivalrous and impulsive nation
itself from an ignoble foreign yoke. The Magyar language,
grave upon a battlefield, Kossuth
suffering Germans have resolved to stand no more

Indeed, we have been prone—thanks
too frequently imposed upon our credulous good-nature.
As victims and dupes, where actually they were
their national temperament. They have set the

Our latest ally with more shrewdness than a score of bulky
accumulations of which our Foreign Secretary has
his heart on the tip of his tongue'—characterised the temperment of
our latest ally with more shrewdness than a score of bulky
Teutonic treatises. In these few simple words we have
the whole spirit of that chivalrous and impulsive nation
sublimed. It would be idle for us to descant on the quali-
ties of a race which after years of bitter struggle freed
itself from an ignoble foreign yoke. The Magyar language,
sonorous and impressive, is, we rejoice to say, daily
finding fresh devotees. The glories of Hungarian music
are a commonplace to all connoisseurs. Though in the
past, that national reserve which is our legitimate pride
—assisted by Teutonic machination—left the bulk of the
adequately to render

of soul as to be unresponsive to the spectacle.
We have
not hesitate to stigmatise as the champion malcontents

when Europe was in direst peril of being overrun by the
monstrous mongol invaders. We have
the exploits of these Mongol interlopers. We have always
registered their very presence on European terri-
tory as a grave anomaly. They have imposed their harsh,
cumbersome and useless yoke upon countless thousands
who do not want it, and who, in fact, are infinitely better
off without it. They have impeded the progress of cul-
ture in Central Europe by the Asiatic and semi-barbarous
lingo of their national temperament. They have set the
brand of shame, etc. . . . In a word, they are true children
of Attila, whom they are fain to repudiate . . . Once more,
the grauficialised world goes on.
"If you were a German."—"Daily Mail."
"Conscription will lead the way to the higher life."
—The Dean of Exeter.
"Eight British recruits for a sovereign."—"Passing
Show."
"Blatchford asks who is running the war."—"Weekly
Dispatch."
"What every girl ought to know."—"London Mail.
"War is business. Business is business."—"Globe."
"Do not talk of conscription as anti-democratic."—
LLOYD GEORGE.
"My conversion to National Service."—HAROLD COX.
"Cowardly Selitdion. The London Tramwaymen are
determined to continue their gross treachery to their
fellows."—"Daily Express."
"H. G. Wells, whose imagination and sensi-
bility make him the personal agent of war."—
G. K. CHESTERTON.
"The Irish never forget their religion."—"Daily
Sketch.
"How long, O Lord?"—JOHN BOTTOMLEY BULL.
"It is always difficult to see other people's point of
view."—"Daily Mail."
"Winckennis creates new health."—"Star and Echo.
"I would pour vitriol or prussic acid over the whole
German Army."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.
"Women are not fooled by newspapers that are trying
to catch readers by flattery."—"Daily Mail."
"A husk has fallen on internal discord and a great
imperial unity has been achieved. None can be so
dull of soul as to be unresponsive to the spectacle.
In the
L.C.C. schools the heroic and romantic aspects of Empire
have been studied in poetry and in songs and a healthy,
patriotism based on knowledge and understanding has
been inculcated."—R. BLAIR, Education Officer, London
County Council.
"The news that Sir Arthur Pinero is to break his long
—his too long—silence with a new play is most excellent
good news."—BOYLE LAWRENCE.
"Cuthbert is not at his post this morning and I feel
quite sad about it. It would be almost a tragedy if the
Zeppelin raid had driven Cuthbert into the army."
—SINNIE DARE.
"The Government is a National Government . . . The
new Ministry is the symbol of a great pact between the
governing men of all parties and the nation . . . " —"Spec-
tator."
"Money-making Art."—W. DOUGLAS STEWART.
"This war has brought home to us, as nothing ever
did before, the value of our own spiritual
possessions."—P. E. MATTHEWS in an "Oxford Pamph-
let."
"The Government of which I have been the head for
more than seven years has been reconstructed on a new
basis."—H. H. ASQUITH.
"God's Patience." Father Bernard Vaughan marvels
that He doesn't set the world on fire."—"Evening News."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INDUSTRY AFTER THE WAR.

Sir,—In your issue of April 1 (just to hand in South Africa) the “Notes of the Week” deals with the prospects of industry, employment and prosperity in England after the War. He comes to the cheerful conclusion that we are not estranging strict to industrial disaster more than every other country, and he bases his decisions chiefly on what is called common sense; on the application of “all the rules of simple arithmetic;” and on various facts implied in the phrase “the destruction of some thousands millions of capital in the form of machinery, etc.”

The common sense to which he appeals, however, is in this issue, and it is not in matters that are of the most primitive and simple class, the poorest guide imaginable. It has led him, “intellectual” as he is, to accept, just like 999 people out of 1,000, the impression that machinery, etc., is much less valuable at a hundred millions than it was at a thousand millions. This war is going to double the engineering productivity of Great Britain. In fact, if the employers do not “cut” them when they make good money, the employers will be better off than they were before the war; and with less fatigue than of old. I don’t say that from lack of sympathy with the men, but for the contrary reason. Working hours have been always far too long for maximum efficiency. If, in six months, the men are working shorter hours for the same output of All the necessary “machinery, etc,” for that output has been created by the labour in the Ford factory—not by capital—as a mere incident in the production of one motor factory in America with about 500 borrowed money. To-day they are turning out 300,000 cars a year, which (at only 50 apiece) is enough to pay an output of £12,500,000. All the necessary “machinery, etc.,” for that output has been created by the labour in the Ford factory—not by capital—as a mere incident in the production of one motor factory in America with about 500 borrowed money. To-day they are turning out 300,000 cars a year, which (at only 50 apiece) is enough to pay an output of £12,500,000.

The value of the ocean shipping in the world—£20 a ton, which is an excessive figure—is in the world are not worth one thousand millions. The total capital of the railways of the United Kingdom in 1908 was about 1,500 millions; and to replace the destructible realities of those lines should not cost more than 250 millions. That allows £5,000 per single track mile. The balance of the “capital and plant” noted by E. M. NOVYNIK.

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subject as peace draws nearer. We can only hope that neither experience nor economics, neither authority nor reason, will satisfy our optimistic correspondent. But we do not think so.—Ed. N.A.}

"THE NATURAL DEFENCE OF LUXURY."

Sir,—The "natural defence of luxury," produced, against my own attack, by Miss Alice Morning, in the last number of The New Age, would reduce, if its charming waning was not a logical structure, to a personal confession of fondness for superfluities and to four objective reasons. I entirely sympathise with the personal. It is true, too, that my dreams could fulfill themselves. I should be an Oriental despot, with a whole kingdom as my garden, twenty white elephants, three thousand slaves, and a harem. And I am not alone in this idée. Every one of them one shilling—more per day, we could give in former times to low comedians." Well, the reasons and I would say: "But one cannot categorise them comfortably, and with the other two hundred we find equally regulated their food and dress and hours of work and recreation. And it is not their regulation which is wrong. What is wrong is the fact that the servants cannot regulate as well as the dress. The reason they could and work of their mistresses. Miss Alice Morning does not like "high and hard chairs." I agree with an assent that this time is not merely personal. "High and hard chairs" are luxuries, as they do not fulfil the proper function of chairs which are not luxuries; that of giving rest to tired bodies. The fact of giving names to some chairs proves my case that some are functional and good, and some luxurious and bad. And if the chairs that are high for Miss Morning may be low for me that does not imply that the size of chairs cannot be regulated. It can be regulated and the regulation ought to be made according to their use.

We see that it is possible to decide what is necessary and what is luxury for a producer. But is it expedient to have these things regulated by the Guilds? Miss Morning says No. I wonder. The question of expediency is often complicated. "I can have what I please, but all things are not expedient," wrote Saint Paul (I Cor. 10, 23). Miss Morning is opposed to the regulation of the consumption of luxuries. In my article, I said: "The greater problem of luxury is not that of consumption, but that of production." Provided that the labour of the workmen is not wasted in the production of silks and feathers and jewels and cigars, we could obtain practically the same results, the suppression of luxuries, through the regulation of production, which would certainly prove to be of an easier attainment. Of course, this supremacy of the social will in economical matters may be called tyranny by parasitical individuals. But we know already what liberalism means in economics; it means capitalism; arbitrary freedom for the rich and compulsory slavery for the poor.

The fourth argument of Miss Morning is purely evasive. "The National Guildsmen exclude artists from their working scheme: artists, they say, are free to live by their wits." Even in case that the Guilds regulate directly the income, and therefore indirectly the luxuries, of their members, Miss Morning seems to think that artists are "tyranny" pleading exception as an artist. But in a Guild scheme, so far as I am able to conceive, why should artists want to escape? They would simply be of an equal status with the others. Of course, this supremacy of the social will in economical matters may be called tyranny by parasitical individuals. But we know already what liberalism means in economics; it means capitalism; arbitrary freedom for the rich and compulsory slavery for the poor.

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June 3.
in its issue of May
an excuse which is to be accepted with a knowing good
snapping with the rest of them.
as ashamed, in matters financial, to use the most ridiculous
than his bite. Once you know him, the danger is past.

and of saying things I have not said. He even accuses
exaggeration.

heels." They are not. The real position is that he is

dangerous kind of lunatic.

priceless and unique.

humour.

amass heaps of wealth—and, incidentally, to upset the

A

third—the unculturable chrysophilite.

M. A. SAYERS.

Mr. Norman's types of capitalist—the villain and the economically inevitable—let me add yet a third—the unculturable chrysophilite.

in conclusion, if I do not trespass on your space, let me pay tribute to Mr. Ivor Brown—symbolic of The New Age spirit—for those simple splendid words about man's
desire to do good work and to serve the community. It
aims at material self-aggrandisement. This last is a

spirit-for those simple splendid words about man's

although, in the fourth chapter of "Fields, Factories and Workshops,"
could increase, thus, 1, 4, 8, 16, etc. Kropotkin, in

36, 108, etc. Kropotkin, in

MINOR NORMAN'S METHODS.

I do not possess, and of saying things I have not said. He even accuses me

"cynicism"!

And yet my friends bubble to me of your "cynicism"!

A WORKING MAN.

MALTHUSIANISM.

SIR,—As Malthusianism is a subject upon which such
learned doctors disagree, I make not the slightest pretense
to infallibility upon it; but I fail entirely to see why Mr.
A. Stratton should think that I cannot grasp the meaning
of the so-called Malthusian law of population by geometric
progression. I understand it quite well, and I do not
believe in it. There are countries whose populations are
stationary, or declining. Have the populations of Ireland
and Scotland diminished through being squeezed out by the
English? If so, why have not the English taken their
pains? Mr. Stratton's own statement of the "law" is
not likely to convert me to it. Who can understand a
tendency that doubles itself regularly, "although, in actual
fact, the rate of increase may vary with circumstances?" If it varies with circumstances, how can it be
a regularity, or even a tendency? Supposing, however,
purely for argument's sake, that population does increase
regularly, thus, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, etc., I should still maintain
that with it, especially since the discovery of steam power,
and the scientific perfecting of every tool of production,
the power of man over nature to produce his sustenance
would increase, thus, 1, 4, 12, 36, 108, etc. Kropotkin,
in the fourth chapter of "Fields, Factories and Workshops,
sums up some very convincing evidence from his investiga-
tions of the economic resources of France by saying that in
that country, "the means of existence drawn from the
soil have thus grown above fifty times quicker than the
population." The result of this power of wealth producing,
has, in France, as in other countries, till now, only
benefited a small section of the nation; in spite of this
power, the masses of the French people in the struggle for
life have been driven to the small or no-family idea; and
Scotland diminished through being squeezed out by the
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sums up some very convincing evidence from his investiga-
tions of the economic resources of France by saying that in
that country, "the means of existence drawn from the
soil have thus grown above fifty times quicker than the
population." The result of this power of wealth producing,
has, in France, as in other countries, till now, only
benefited a small section of the nation; in spite of this
power, the masses of the French people in the struggle for
life have been driven to the small or no-family idea; and
Scotland diminished through being squeezed out by the
English? If so, why have not the English taken their
pains? Mr. Stratton's own statement of the "law" is
not likely to convert me to it. Who can understand a
tendency that doubles itself regularly, "although, in actual
fact, the rate of increase may vary with circumstances?" If it varies with circumstances, how can it be
a regularity, or even a tendency? Supposing, however,
purely for argument's sake, that population does increase
regularly, thus, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, etc., I should still maintain
that with it, especially since the discovery of steam power,
and the scientific perfecting of every tool of production,
the power of man over nature to produce his sustenance
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regularly, thus, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, etc., I should still maintain
that with it, especially since the discovery of steam power,
and the scientific perfecting of every tool of production,
populations with manufactured goods, why on earth cannot we supply our own with the necessities of life? Is it ordained by God or Nature that we must first make grand pianos before we can get bread and meat? How much bread and meat might we get, if we ceased wasting our energies with grand pianos? Although a Malthusian, Mr. Straton admits that we must first make grand pianos before we can get bread and meat. He could not support the present day at least four times its present populations. Mr. Lloyd George has since told us the cost of the War to England alone for one year (1915) for the first time. Remembering that this amount is to be spent, not in creating wealth but destroying it, and with it myriads of healthy lives that might in their turn be put to productive instead of destrucive use, I alter my estimate of four times to ten times; and still think I am well under. If anything ever disproved the theory that population tends to exceed the limit of subsistence, it is this revelation of how much labour energy can be devoted by the civilised (?) Powers to purposes of destruction.

I still believe that Karl Marx, and not Malthus, we have the true word on population, "The labouring population produces, along with the accumulation of capital produced by it, the means by which itself is made relative and relative surplus value; and it does this to an always increasing extent. This is a law of population peculiar to capitalist production; and any historic mode of production has its own special laws of population, historically valid within its limits alone. An absolute law of population exists for plants and animals only, and only as a man has not interfered with them."

SIR,—May I suggest to your correspondent, "G. D.,"

that he should read the short opening chapter of Malthus's essay? I have recently published in Dart's "Everyman" series. With regard to Neo-Malthusianism I shall gladly give information on this equally misunderstood and misrepresented subject to any of your readers who care to write to me.

B. DUNLOP, M.B.,
Hon. Treas. Malthusian League.
Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W.

GHAZELS.

SIR,—I should like to make it clear that my renderings of Râmiâz are not from the originals of Persian (which I do not know), but from Friedrich Rückert's paraphrase. Rückert appears to have dealt with these poems much as Fitzgerald did with Omar, and they contain them as original. As regards the interesting analogy between Pfeffel and Chamfort, to which Mr. John Duncan draws attention, I should say, without being able at the moment to check the precise dates, that Pfeffel, who was an Abestian, had almost certainly read the Frenchman's anecdotes. At any rate, they were contemporaries.

P. SELVER.

FROM THE FRONT.

SIR,—I suppose you are wondering what has happened to me...
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