TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS.

ASPECTS OF THE GUILD IDEA.—VIII.

MILITARY NOTES.

THE GERMAN AND THE EUROPEAN:

ON COMPULSION.

READERS AND WRITERS.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the provisions of the Munitions Bill which Mr. Lloyd George is to introduce this week were correctly forecast in the "Times" of last Friday, we cannot think they are equitable. The sketch suggests indeed the sick lion's cage with all the tracks of the Trade Unions pointing inward. Considering, however, that the Unions have had almost a year in which to collect their caution, it is improbable that the bargain is as bad for them as it appears. On the other hand, if there are secret clauses in the form of verbal promises made by Mr. Lloyd George, not only are they precarious, since they can be repudiated by his successor, but such tactics are contrary to the public policy of the Trade Unions. As the spearhead (to use the current vocabulary) of the Labour movement, the Trade Unions have the duty of pioneering the way of the advancing proletarian party, and, practically, of setting its standards of policy; and it is essential, if the coming regime is not to repeat the errors of the passing regime, that the diplomacy of the Unions should be even ostentatiously open and aboveboard. No news, however, has leaked out of the doings of the Conference held last week; and no counsel other than their own can we learn the Unions have taken; with the effect at this moment that the agreement on the face of it appears one-sided, and can only be accepted as fair on the hypothesis of secret clauses whose existence is a reflection on the good faith and good sense of the Trade Union officials.

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Before considering the details of the new proposals as sketched in the "Times," we should like to congratulate the Press generally on having recovered some of its ancient and honourable freedom of speech. As we foresaw might be the case, the Coalition, by absolving each section of the Press from partisanship, has really invited it to become a national organ once more. The thought now being put into the writing of journalists is, we venture to say, greater and more sincere than at any time during these last fifty years. And even if it results, as it does, in a confusion of tongues and a welter of counsel, the stage is intermediate and transitory, and may give place to parties of public opinion in the Press aligned upon principles rather than upon the old caucus wires. It is gratifying to us in particular to find that as the Press becomes independent it becomes revolutionary. We never expected, we confess, to read in the journals of all parties simultaneously opinions hitherto exclusively whispered in these columns. Nevertheless they are there, plainly enough to be recognised by anybody. The "Times," the "Express," and the "British Weekly" call, for instance, for the abolition of profiteering,—for the duration of the war at any rate. The "Times," the "Daily Mail" and the "Star" refer to National Guilds by name and tentatively recommend the proposal. The "Daily News," the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Nation" specifically adopt the suggestion of a partnership between the State and the Unions. A summary of the present drift of Press opinion would show, in short, that our seed has not been sowed in vain, though we have had to wait for necessity to water it. Four ideas at least, now beginning to flourish, are enough to make a revolution. They are as follows: the recognition of the Trade Unions as the junior partners of the State; the establishment of both Employers and Workmen as State servants; the abolition of profiteering; and the national organisation of all industry. With these we are well content as the fruit of eight years' propaganda.

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One other comment requires to be made. It concerns our notes of last week on a possible alternative government to the existing Coalition. It has now been officially announced that no dissolution will take place on the initiation of the Cabinet until the war is over. But that, we say, is as it may be. The representations now being made to the Government from all sides to take in hand the thorough re-organisation of the national economy are such as certainly to overtax the intelligence of the present Ministry. We do not see men of the calibre of this hotchpotch Cabinet responding to the "Times" expert's demand for a national system of farming; or to the demand of Sir Arthur Markham that the coal-mines should be taken over by the State; still less to other demands equally reasonable and equally urgent. We should be afraid indeed if they attempted the task that they would make a disastrous mess of it. But if these measures are necessary are we to dispense with them because a Coalition Ministry that stole into being...
determines to remain in office until the critical period is over? Sooner or later, while the war is still on, or in the early days of peace, the national calls upon the Cabinet for comprehensive reconstitution will become insistence. And for this reason it will be wise to bear in mind that our last bolt is not shot, but that the nation can still demand and obtain a national non-party and ad hoc parliament to carry out its will.

Returning to the anticipated provisions of the Munitions Bill, it may be observed that three substantial concessions are made by the Trade Unions. They agree to suspend the rules which limit the employment of semi-skilled, unskilled and female labour, and restrict output. They agree to forgo the right to strike and to accept Compulsory Arbitration. And they agree to cooperate with the State and the Employers in the maintenance by penal sanctions of the discipline of their members. These concessions it must be admitted, are as generous as the circumstances of the Trade Unions can possibly admit; for the truth is that they are everything the Unions have to give. Not the most drastic compulsion in the world could induce the Trade Unions to do more, for doing so much under persuasion or by agreement they have exhausted every power under their control. The reciprocal concessions of the State, on the other hand, are, as we shall see, not only far from exhausting the powers of the State, but for the most part they are insubstantial or illusory. They are as follows. The State does not to impose martial law upon the workmen. The profits of employers in "controlled establishments" are to be limited. The Trade Unions are to be protected against any legal proceedings on the part of their members on account of disciplinary measures. And the pre-war conditions of the Unions are to be entirely restored at the signing of peace. Let us consider these clauses in the order in which they are likely to be discussed.

It does not require much consideration to pronounce the mere limitation of profits to be far short of equality with the concessions made by the Trade Unions. The Trade Unions, as we have many times pointed out, are voluntary organisations on which generations of workmen have spent millions of pounds. Owning their existence to the need of workmen to defend themselves against the employers, hitherto backed up by the State; and their maintenance to voluntary contributions from the pockets of the workmen themselves; they may be said to represent the collective capital of the workmen as a class. Take away, whether by force or by cajolery, a single one of the powers embodied in Trade Unions, and it is as if the workmen of the country had been robbed of a part of their accumulated savings and inheritance, and not in name and form only, but in actual expenditure of money. But take away all of them, and the result is to leave the workmen, even if only temporarily, destitute of collective capital and consequently without the means of making any profit whatever. For if the capital of the Trade Unions can be said to consist of the privileges and powers they have in the past bought and paid for with money and exertion, it can equally be said that their profit lies in adding to these privileges. And what better time could be found for improving than when there is no power either within the Unions or the State to limit the privileges of the Trade Unions in maximum demand? If organised Labour were at this moment, like organised Capital, to insist upon its pound of flesh, it could, it is obvious, by taking advantage of the situation created by the war, make profit—not in wages alone—but in the very power within the Unions that they surrender all their powers to the very last article. The Unions as Unions have, in fact, enlisted under the State and put at its disposal the whole of their capital and all the prospects of collective profit. Is it fair, we ask, that in return for this complete abandonment of the use of their capital, the State should require of the employers only a limitation of profit? We do not think it fair, but independent minds in the most astonishing places agree that it is not fair. The "Daily Express" states—to use its own words—"without equivocation and without fear of contradiction, that it is not that any employer, or anybody of employers, wants what the industry in which they are engaged may be, shall be allowed to make one penny of extra profit out of the war." And the "Times," in a remarkable article under the title of "The Way To Do It" (June 14), says: "The principle of limiting profits, vicariously cause it involves no check on wages. . . Profit, in the ordinary sense, should be eliminated altogether. . . Employers should become managers for the State," etc., etc. The conclusion, therefore, to which we come that problems should be limited to a limited partnership between the State and the Unions, since we have long advocated this. Return to the anticipated provisions of the Munitions Bill, it may be observed that three substantial concessions are made by the Trade Unions. The concessions are made by the Trade Unions. They agree to accept the assumption by the Union of this power, for it is obvious that as Unions tend to become the Guilds we look for, more power rather than less over their workmen must be accorded them. Nor are they urging it as an objection to a limited partnership between the State and the Unions, since we have long advocated this. Our point is that at this moment the assumption of such a power, unbalanced, as far as we can see, by any fresh advantage to the members individually, is, as it stands, an arbitrary variation on the part of the Trade Unions of the terms of its virtual contract with its members. These latter may very well say that while they are prepared to accept the new principle of the discipline of the Unions if the Unions will guarantee them their new privileges, they are not prepared to accept the old benefits, to assume fresh obligations. What, we ask, can the Unions say in reply? They cannot, since membership is voluntary, constitute themselves a dictatorship, for at the least sign of it, wholesale resignations would take place and they would be left kings without a people. On the other hand, we cannot see in the published terms that their reply can be convincing, for they assume a new power without accepting any new responsibility. We certainly think that the obligation is upon the Unions of proving that the control of the power within the Unions that they surrender will not demand as the price of carrying the war to victory if they had a mind to. But we have seen, from the terms of the proposed Bill, that they surrender all their powers to the very last article. The Unions as Unions have, in fact, enlisted under the
forced. Apart from the fact that the Trade Unions cannot be forced however much their members might be, a great deal of confusion is implied in the threat concerning the nature of our objections to Compulsion. As Mr. de Maeztu elsewhere shows, Compulsion is not nearly so much a bogey to Socialists that it used to be to Individualists. Was not Socialism denounced as the "coming slavery" precisely on account of its compulsory principles? More and more, we affirm, as Society proceeds from a casual to a rational organisation, compulsion or law must take the place of laissez-faire; until it reaches the maximum in a nation, under inevitable sanction, of the principle: From each according to his means, to each according to his needs. Trade Unionsists need not, therefore, be afraid of Compulsion in principle, since all they have to fear is its partial instead of its universal application. But here, too, we believe, Labour is so well entrenched in the necessities of the nation that a partial application of Compulsion is practically impossible. Admitting the theoretical right of Society to compel its members to perform their duty (which, by the way, is no contradiction of the principle that it is morally superior in the individual to discharge his duties voluntarily), the practical test of the validity of any such command is its universality. A sovereign body represents the whole class and not of Society and whole may have, as in Germany, the power without the right to compel; and the evidence of the injustice is the discrimination in the application. But here, it is to be hoped, such a partial use of compulsion is impossible. We believe, the implied threat to employ Compulsion in the event of the Unions failing in the present agreement is therefore empty. For if the Compulsion is applied to workmen alone it will prove disastrous; and, universally we have no objection to it. The "concession" in the Bill is in consequence no concession at all; and we can only hope the Trade Unions have given nothing in exchange for it.

The promise likewise that the pre-war conditions shall be entirely restored at the signing of peace is not worth the paper on which it is written. It is not necessary to accuse the Government of bad faith. It is enough, on the one hand, to point to their own admissions of powerlessness in normal circumstances to compel employers to employ one man rather than another; and, on the other hand, to realise, not the mere possibilities, but of the contingencies, of the post-war period. We must get rid of the notion that things can be resumed after the war where they left off when war broke out. An earthquake does not pass like a cyclone and leave foundations untouched. For good or for ill, the war is a social revolution, and the consequences of which will continue long after the war has become history. The promise to restore the Trade Unions in their complete pre-war privileges is therefore as futile as to promise to set Hurnpty Dumpty on his wall again. It is a promise that not all the king's horses or all the king's men can fulfil. And even if the Trade Unions should have their rules and privileges nominally restored, the circumstances in which they must be exercised after the war will differ as chalk from cheese from the circumstances we face to-day. The supply of labour, for one thing, will be much greater than the demand, in consequence both of the actual increase in numbers and of the inevitable shortage of capital. For another thing, the spirit of both Capital and Labour will prove to have been transformed, Labour become aware of its raised status, Capital aware that its sun has begun to set. For still another, the continued mobilisation of industry as a means of paying the nation's debts will entail as imperative as its present mobilisation for inuring them. With all these certainties ahead of us, it is folly to promise to set back the Trade Union clock to July, 1914. The undertaking, we say, is worthless. Much more to the purpose would it be to substitute for this clause a State promise to compel employers after the war to take the Unions into partner-

ship; or, in the alternative, to nationalise their industries and set the Unions in responsible control.

It may be said that the amendments we have suggested in the terms of the contract between the State and the Unions go beyond the merits as well as the needs of the Unions. But rather than subtract from them, or, what would be worse, accept the articles as adumbrated in the "Times," we would add to them and make their acceptance a condition of signing the agreement on behalf of Labour. The legal obligation on every workman to belong to his Trade Union, for instance, is a concession that must sooner or later be insisted upon. So the right of every Trade Union to recognition by the employers in the industry. We will not, however, dwell upon these demands at this moment. What is to be recognised as a new but hencetowards permanent fact in modern society is the indispensability not only of Labour power, but of the Unions that control its monopoly. The war has proved it and peace will only confirm it. The thing to do is therefore to accustom ourselves to the change, and to set about making the best of it. And the best will certainly not be made of it by driving sharp bargains with Labour as if the State and Labour were any longer at cross-purposes. Before very long, and on evidence visible to the naked eye, Labour, we undertake to say, will find it easier, like the old Roman general to command than to ask. But it is contrary to the spirit of the new age that within the confines of a single nation, one class, whether capitalist or workman, should command. The spirit, rather, is that all should command and all obey. We warn our readers, however, that the re-adjustment of the pre-war point of view in regard to Labour is urgent. By circumstances not intelligently created, alas, Labour has had greatness thrust upon it. Its power is rising; and wisdom would instantly lay responsibility on it.

At the same time we cannot acquit the Trade Unions of blame or commit to them our national future in full confidence. It is true that they are the hope of the world, but at times they appear a forlorn hope. From the outburst of the war that was to be their golden opportunity, they have done little but exemplify the futility of all the hopes and promises which emanating from Trade Union and Labour sources we can truthfully say that if we were the Cabinet, dependent upon advice from the officials of Labour, we should despair of every step in advance. As slow as power and does not govern is sure sooner or later to be superseded. It is true that Labour is a rising power; but Trade Unions will not be allowed to rule without accepting all the responsibilities of modern sovereignty, the chief of which are the disposition to listen to counsel and the will to carry the best into effect. Having during the war threshed a stock of print and book the outbreak of war the immense drift of power; but at times they appear a forlorn hope. From the outburst of the war that was to be their golden opportunity, they have done little but exemplify the futility of all the hopes and promises which emanating from Trade Union and Labour sources we can truthfully say that if we were the Cabinet, dependent upon advice from the officials of Labour, we should despair of every step in advance. As slow as power and does not govern is sure sooner or later to be superseded. It is true that Labour is a rising power; but Trade Unions will not be allowed to rule without accepting all the responsibilities of modern sovereignty, the chief of which are the disposition to listen to counsel and the will to carry the best into effect. Having during the war threshed a stock of print and book the outbreak of war the immense drift of power; but at times they appear a forlorn hope. 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Foreign Affairs

By S. Verdaz.

That portion of the general public which takes an interest in international politics has undoubtedly been greatly surprised at the continued neutrality of Roumania. So many meetings in favour of war were held months ago, so many visits were exchanged between Bucharest and Rome, so ardent was the desire of all the political parties to secure possession of Transylvania, that there seemed to be no excuse for delay at the time when Russian armies had made considerable progress in the Bukovina. It was known that M. Marghiloman, the leader of the Conservative Party, was opposed to war, and, despite the Liberal majority in the Roumanian Chamber, the Conservative leader possessed sufficient influence to play the part of a Giolitti. So far back as June 6 was a extraordinary meeting of the Conservative Party was summoned and met at Bucharest. At this meeting the attitude of the leader of the Party was condemned and M. Jean Lahovari suggested as his successor; but nothing definite appears to have been done with regard to the proposed change. It will be well, therefore, to give a few details regarding the negotiations which have been going on for some little time between Roumania, England and France on the one hand, and Russia on the other, respecting the disposal of certain disputed Austrian territory. * * *

The Serbian Government has often protested that its northern frontier was strategically bad, as the events of the war have adequately proved. Belgrade, the capital itself, has always been liable to attack by the Austrian mountains on the Dinaric, and the fortresses of Semlin are most unfortunatly near. It was only very natural, in consequence, that Serbia should have taken advantage of the opportunity afforded her by the war to demand, or at any rate to insist strongly, that her frontier should be extended, not merely westward, but northward also, so as to include a large part of the Banat province. The Banat is the large tract of country extending from the River Theiss on the west to Transylvania on the east. It includes the important town of Temesvar, and the district is rich in minerals. An extension of the Serbian boundary to the north-west—i.e., towards Ujvidek (Neusatz)—is agreeable to all concerned; but an extension of Serbia into the province of the Banat is resented by Roumania, who claims the Banat as hers, in addition to Transylvania. Russia, as is comprehensible enough, favours the claims of Serbia, who bore the brunt of the first furious Austrian attack; but who, before finally driving the enemy over her borders, was all but ruined by the ravages of the invading army. Roumania, on the other hand, has had an opportunity, not yet availed of, of securing the rich province of Transylvania with a much less expenditure, relatively, of life and money. Indeed, where money is concerned, it will not be forgotten that credits to the extent of five millions sterling were organised for this purpose. The Roumanian Boundary Commission has not been done with regard to the proposed change. It will be well, therefore, to give a few details regarding the negotiations which have been going on for some little time between Roumania, England and France on the one hand, and Russia on the other, respecting the disposal of certain disputed Austrian territory. * * *

The Roumanian case, then, is this. The Bucharest Government, anxious though it undoubtedly and admittedly is to go to war with Austria for the sake of securing Transylvania, at least, does not fail to point out that in the campaign of 1877-8 Roumanian assistance was of the greatest value to Russia, and could be of the greatest value again. Such aid, it is urged, is worth paying for. Furthermore, Roumania, though she trusts France and England and will be guided largely by their advice, does not trust Russia and will not be guided from Petrograd. That is a disappointing fact, but we must face it. The position now is that a definite agreement on the allocation of the Banat has not been reached, though every possible effort is being made to bring an agreement about within the next two or three weeks. France and England, it should be added, are inclined to support the Serbian claims, and indeed they have done so as far as they could without mortally wounding the feelings of the Roumanian Ministry. M. Bratiano, the Roumanian Premier, is not a difficult man to negotiate with, but the claim to the Banat province is being pressed with some fervour. * * *

It is tacitly understood by all parties to this transaction that the Roumanians would not urge their aspirations so strongly if the Russian advance had been successfully pursued in Galicia. But there was a serious shortage of rifles and ammunition, as well as shells, in the Russian arsenals; and the poor railway system is notorious enough. So, speaking with some little knowledge of the district, that the Russian generals deserve credit for having been able to retreat in so orderly a fashion as to prevent their line from being broken—a calamity which would have postponed Roumanian intervention indefinitely. Although much ground had to be yielded, the southern Russian army was maintained intact—a fact which has been borne in mind at Bucharest. Arrangements are now being made for supplying Russia with shells from the United States and with the opening of the port of Archangel, steamer after steamer has arrived with supplies from Eastern Canada and the United States. In a few weeks, therefore, it is hoped that the Russian advance may be successfully resumed, this time in the full knowledge that additional supplies will be rapidly brought to the front. After another advance by the Russians, especially by the southern army, the position of Roumania will become precarious enough. At that juncture, or never, her assistance must be thrown on the side of the Allies. Before any such move is made, however, the Roumanian claims will have to be modified; and they will be. * * *

It is now known to the public (as I stated several weeks ago in these columns) that negotiations are proceeding with Bulgaria, and that a satisfactory outcome may reasonably be expected. Two or three weeks ago I dealt with the Bulgarian claims at some length and indicated how they might be met. A statement has since been published in Paris (the “Matin,” which is frequently well informed on such matters, is responsible for it) to the effect that the Turks have just offered the Bulgarians territorial concessions in Thrace in return for armed support. The authenticity of such a proposal is doubtful; but even if it has been made it is hardly likely that M. Radoslavov’s Government would care to consider it, much less accept it. It is well known throughout the Near East that the passage of the Dardanelles is only a matter of time, even without the aid of any Balkan State; and a hostile Bulgaria, subsequently to the forcing of the Straits, would be in a sad position. * * *

There is one thing common to Bulgaria and Roumania, and that is the question of the freedom of the Dardanelles after the war. Both countries have coast on the Black Sea and a relatively large export trade. Even if Bulgaria should acquire Kavalla from Greece, the maritime importance of Varna and Burgas will be but little diminished. Both Governments are, therefore, anxiously seeking assurances that the Straits shall be internationalised; or at any rate that substantial guaran-
ties shall be given that the Dur saddles are to be free to all comers. The fairs of Bulgarians and Roumanians that Russia may acquire the supreme control of the approaches to Constantinople, and that Balkan trade by sea may consequently lie at the mercy of the Russian Government, have not been removed. It is for our negotiators to see that they are removed, and that adequate assurances are given or safeguards provided.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

The danger of the moment is not the progress which the Germans appear to be making in Galicia—a progress mainly geographical—but the progress which they are far more certainly making in the faint-hearts of England. It is a national tradition to regard ourselves as a race of stout-hearted fools, but it is an open question whether we are stout-hearted, and it is unfortunate that the very class which we allow to form public opinion—the journalists—is precisely the one whose folly is the least tainted with any flavour of courage. There is something very terrible in store for a nation which allows its affairs to be regulated by a coterie of chicken-hearted neuropaths.

Consider the origin of the average journalist and the circumstances which surround his dishonourable career. Usually an office boy, sometimes a hireling scribbler in a provincial town, or less frequently the product of what passes for education at our ridiculous universities, he hides and is hidden from reality in the accumulated paper of Fleet Street. He wallows in the wash of cheap ideas; such notions as he has himself derived not from any experience of men and things or from the assimilation of any sound and healthy tradition, but merely from the smattering which he is able to acquire in the way of business from the other cheap and ephemeral notions which surround him in the Fleet Street atmosphere, and the rest he simply steals. He has no time, even if he had the brains or the desire, to see the real world or to acquire real knowledge from real books. He lives by hashing up any scraps of fact or fancy that chance to appear, and for the same purpose, of drugging the minds of their customers—without of course any reference to the truth or falsity, the worth or worthlessness of the ideas in question, provided he can sell them. As a natural result he becomes quite incapable of distinguishing between those qualities. He is excitable, impressionable, without sense of proportion and devoid of judgment. Like all men who have given up the hope of truth, he is a coward. As regards his virtues, he is often kind and companionable and will readily get drunk with a pal, and his dishonesty is generally less deliberate than an inability to distinguish right from wrong. On the whole he is more stained against than sinnering, and as Northcliffe made him.

Upon this man comes war—war, which beyond all other things, abhors and devastates a lie. Your journalist at first sees nothing in it beyond a great store of marketable material, a lucky-bag into which he may dip his hands and bring forth much profitable copy. Happy for England if he went no further! But even journalists are occasionally public spirited and feel themselves called upon to lay down the law upon the nation's affairs, and it is here that their shortcomings are most seen. Apart from an utter ignorance of military things, of strategy, of tactics, of geography, of the governance of men—an ignorance which generates such headings as "Russians turn at bay" from a local counter attack before Lemberg, or "Italians chase Austrians for miles," on the strength of an affair of outposts—they have not the moral qualities of a good Lance-Corporal. They are usually elated in success, and in ill-success, or, still worse, in times of suspense, they go to bits and start howling for someone's blood. They fill their wretched rags with letters from scared privates, novelists, and episcopal dignitaries to prove that the judgment of Lord Kitchener has been at fault in the highly technical matter of the supply of shells—a matter upon which there are perhaps twenty people in the United Kingdom capable of speaking, and not one of them the editor of a newspaper. At a time when every military critic of humanity and republicanism is assuring us that victory is certain if we only have the courage and the patience for a waiting game, they yelp and gibber because the Russians are driven out of Western Galicia, or because we ourselves have not yet walked over Western Germany with bands playing; at a time when every day increases the numerical disproportion in our favour, and when every trench affair from Switzerland to the sea is wasting the Germans in a ratio of almost two to one to the Allies, they moan because the only apparent geographical result which they can show their readers in the wretched little maps they print, is one of a few miles to or fro. With no consciousness of the absurdity of such a prophecy they foretell a German resistance of this sort mile by mile back to Berlin, and can calculate it will take to accomplish that advance! There is no enormity upon this earth of which they are incapable.

I repeat what I said before in the case of the editor of a weekly paper called the "Bystander"—that, consciously or unconsciously, these beauties are playing the German game. The fact that the Germans are proposing a compromise is sufficient reason for refusing one. The fact that the Kaiser thinks it worth while to talk of an indecisive peace, as he is this week reported to have done in a letter to the Bavarian Court, is a sure sign that he is scared of having to accede to a disastrous one. England has not spent all this blood and treasure to be cheated out of victory—to accede to a peace, or rather to a truce, whose only use will be for a relentless enemy to prepare another war against us. England is that one Power against whom Germany can prepare revenge with the greatest prospect of success and profit—hence all that Gott strafe nonsense, engineered for the obvious purpose of preparing opinion for the new campaign. It is the business of every patriot to see that we crush the enemy now whilst we have Allies—Allies that may be lost to us or even enemies in a coming trial of strength, and any ha'penny sensationalist or vendor of pictorial legs and bottoms who attempts to frustrate us should meet with the attention of the authorities with a view to a court martial.

THE POPLARS.

Why are the poplars to-night so a-quiver?
So eerily, wildly? What betokens their sound?
The sallow moon has feuled long beyond the mound
Distant and dark as foreboding; on the river
Gloomily plunged in silence, leaden and grey
Visions have been scattered amid this dark night.
The poplars alone, upreared upon the height,
Rustle, rustle eerily and skyward sway.

Alone in the night by the silent water here
I stand, as the last mortal. It is my shadow
That lies earthward before me. To-night I am in fear
Of myself, my own shadow, and I tremble theret.

Translated from the Servian of Jovan Ducic by P. Selver.
Towards National Guilds.

That the centre of gravity has shifted from theprofiteering to the working classes is evident from twoconsiderations: one, the increased importance of Labour in public opinion; and two, the decline ofability in the profiteers. Among governing classes, whom the gods are trying to drive mad; they areamong the rising classes destined for the vacant throne, whom the gods are about to raise, they first send intothe wilderness to seek for asses. There is no doubt whatever that the Trade Union movement is destined tobecome the chief reconstitutive force in modern society: not in the political sense, as the early Labourmembers believed; but in the sphere of industry. There is equally no doubt that for years it has been in thewilderness looking for asses! What, however, is a novel observation which our readers are recommended toconfirm for themselves is the decadence of ourgoverning classes. Industrially, commercially, politically and spiritually, they are not what they used to be.

There is not a man of first-rate ability among them under the age of sixty. Every commanding figure intheir ranks is a veteran. They are entirely withoutpromising young men. But the times ahead of us are such as will demand the best brains among the presentgoverning classes if these are to retain their power; they have not got them! What an opportunity is here forLabour! We, who are in the position of unpaid, self-elected tutors to the young princes, beseech Labourtoprepare itself for the task that awaits it. On our knees we beg the young leaders of Labour to study, tolearn, and to develop character and intelligence in themselves and their rank and file. Theirs is the future;and it is their duty to make of the nation something nobler and more just than ever the past has seen.

Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu has defined the two mainprinciples of the Guilds as Limitation and Hierarchy. Further, he has indicated the principles that mustgovern the differences of pay. Limitation fixes both the minimum and the maximum of the activities of theGuild. Hierarchy determines the order of function. The common assumption is that payment should beaccording to merit. But merit is incalculable. Differences of payment, on the other hand, ought to be based upon differences of function alone. The stupidest manual labourer will not deny that the education, training andprinciples of the Guilds as Limitation and Hierarchy. Further, he has indicated the principles that mustrequire expenditure much greater than his own. It therefore follows that the strictest economy dictates more pay to the foreman than to the simple craftsman: but not on account of his superior merit, but on account of his superior need. In the bee-hive the queen is fed upon royal jelly, notas a privilege, but as an obligation. Having specialfunctions to perform, special means for performing them are supplied to her. Similarly, in the humanorganism blood is distributed not in equal quantities, but in equitable quantities, to each of the organsaccording to their need for efficiency. In the Guild it is not equality in the arithmetic sense that we need. Mr. Shaw's notion of equal payment for everybody is wrong, for equality is not equity. Equitable payment, not equal payment, is the just principle: and equitable payment is determinable by the need of the function.

One of the fallacies of democratic thought is that the doctrine of equality connotes identity as betweenman and man, and between Man and Woman. We have seen that this movement springs when the privileges as men on the assumption that such a demand isdemocratic. It is not democratic, it is idiotic. Equity between Man and Woman demands that each shallreceive what is necessary for his respective functions. The amounts in money may be vastly different and yetjust. Likewise, the differences in "consideration" maybe great and yet, in the proper sense, equal—that is to say, equitable. As between man and man, equality of a mechanical kind is impossible. If democracy demands this form of equality, democracy is a lunatic's notion. We are, if this is the case, the demi-demons. We would put such democrats into straitwaistscoats! But equality as equity is a different matter. We are all for equity and all against equality. Equity, however, is a difficult thing to calculate. It requires in excess the appreciation of values in function and thesense of justice. Few individuals can be trusted to deal equitably with affairs; but the "people"—that is, the democracy—usually arrives at a just conclusion. The English nation, with its pride in fairplay (which is equity pure and simple) seems more likely to lead the world in this new interpretation of the gospel ofequality. The logical French, the mechanical Germans, the greedy Americans, are all more liable than theEnglish either to fall victims to Mr. Shaw's notion of equality (which is simple equality), or to repudiate bothequality and equity. The principle of the future isfairplay for function; and we English have the genius for it.

We are within a day or two of the seven hundredth anniversary of Magna Carta. Seven, they say, is a magical number, a perfect number, the number of the completion. It is almost enough to make one superstitious to reflect that what the aristocracy found, exactly seven hundred years ago, the happy circumstances for doing to the Court, Labour to-day, for the first time in its history, finds circumstances arranged toenable it to do to Capital—that is, to share power with it or to overturn it! Surely the year ought not to pass without some signal act of proletarian emancipation. Look at the extraordinary fatality of coincidences. Our King John is Capital; and, as we have said, Capital is enfeebled as it has never been. The country is involved in a perilous war, now as in 1215; and John Capital is powerless without Labour. John Capital would appeal to the Pope and sell England to foreign moneylenders or to our own moneylenders; but Labour is English and Protestant, and will not have it. King John fell because, without the Barons, he could not raise revenues for carrying on war and government. Without Labour, Capital is similarly helpless to-day. For years we have been preaching the State chartering of the Trade Unions; and recently Mr. Lloyd George referred to his engineering proposals as a Great Charter forLabour. The coincidences are at least remarkable; we think them significant. Now, as then, we must emulate the Barons of old. Abolish wage-slavery; let us have no more men bought and sold as commodities; insist upon sharing control with the State; enter into joint sovereignty with the bureaucratic guild. 1215—1915!

"All the reformations we have hitherto made," says Burke, "have proceeded upon the principle of reference to antiquity; and I hope, nay, I am persuaded, that all those which may possibly be made hereafter will be carefully formed upon analogical precedent, authority, and example." We claim that the reformation of "National Guilds" answers in spirit and in letter to the demands of Burke. It is progress, but from an old root. As in the palmy days of industry in this country our national genius established municipal and local guilds—these being confined solely by reason of the difficulties of general communication—so to-day, with all England become no more than a medievalparish, as easy of access and communication, our genius is for National Guilds. It is the most natural thingin the world; the arc has reached full circle. Between municipal and national Guilds five hundred years lie; but the new spirit is the old spirit. We are Englishmen still. In the name of our forefathers, let us re-establish the Guilds.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
Aspects of the Guild Idea.

By [ curious Brown]

VIII.

It interests me to note the correspondence which these articles have drawn. I expected, and I believe that I rightly and naturally expected, that people would be found to condole with and to condemn my excessive optimism in terms polite or sarcastic. It seemed such an obvious retort to say "If men are fools—and their toleration of Capitalism reveals them fools—they will pay scant heed to all your rhapsodies." Or else to urge that I have claimed far too much for the Guild idea and am making it a magic wand for the spiriting away of all physical and spiritual evil, a cant and a shibboleth. But such thoughts, though possibly felt, have not found expression. Rather have I won praise for my confidence and enthusiasm and have been reminded that unless the champions of National Guilds are prepared to brave it with the early Socialists rather than to tremble and scuttle and scheme with our Business-Method Collectivists, we are setting out upon the vainest enterprise of them all.

So far, so good. But, as I have turned from the thread of my discourse to make bold my optimism, I would like to take up another stray issue which is none the less grave for coming in like a brick through the window. In an article on "Novels and Happiness," Señor de Maeztu, who has proved himself on previous occasions to be a sagacious and profound Guild writer, has2 asserted that there is no such thing as happiness, or more accurately: no happiness, which can be isolated and discussed apart from the activities which create it.

What after all is happiness but the emotional accompaniment of all the normal activities of man?2. By the same token, what after all is the ordinary enjoyment of art but the emotional accompaniment of all the normal activities of man? The ordinary enjoyment of art is not the emotional accompaniment of one side of his nature; it is the emotional accompaniment of all his nature. The ordinary enjoyment of art is not the emotional accompaniment of the companion of free willing and free action; it is the emotional accompaniment of all the normal activities of man.

Again we are not happy when one side of our nature takes charge of the whole and upsets the balance: the drunkard, the erotic maniac, the bookworm, the specialist of any and every kind are unhappy because they allow one desire and one faculty to be their tyrant. More drink, more thirst. So brief is the satisfaction from quenching that thirst which the raging pain is soon born again and goads the poor wretch on and of the public consumer. There is no need and no excuse for priggishness. Everyone, just because he is a child of a Capitalist civilisation, is bound to be driven by his work and his environment to seek external and artificial happiness. That modern Socialism has done this evil thing is my case against it. If Socialism is to mean just Collective Capitalism then men will cling to the idea that the ordinary things of life are dull and nasty, and that the extraordinary things are good, and part, reject that view of happiness, and that is why I am opposed to the organisation of society which creates and justifies it. Utterly different is the philosophy of the Guild Idea. Here is an assertion that work need not be intolerable nor beauty artificial and remote: here is an assertion that the happiness of man depends upon the free activity of man in every sphere of life, and that such freedom, though of course it can never be absolute save in anarchism, can best be won by the creation of self-government and therefore of self-respect in Industry and by releasing the working life of man from the unfettered control of the Capitalist exploiter and of the public consumer. There is no need and no excuse for priggishness. Everyone, just because he is a child of a Capitalist civilisation, is bound to be driven by his work and his environment to seek external and artificial happiness. Therefore may the Guildsman go, in moderation, to the revue and study, with discretion, the Gypsy. But unless we are also able to give a counter-thrust to the push of our Collectivists and to remind men of other and finer possibilities, unless, in fact, we cling to our true psychology of happiness there is very little hope of our helping on a Socialism which is in harmony with the ideals of its founders. When the Fabians inform us that happiness means doing nothing, and when Señor de Maeztu informs us that happiness is nothing, we have to voice a vigorous denial. For these views are not only decadent and destructive; they are also untrue.
The German and the European.
A Dialogue.
By Dr. Oscar Levy.

THE GERMAN: So you really think that we are responsible for this war because we declared it... The European: ...for us?... G.: But Russia threatened us, she began to mobilise, we had to declare it—in order not to be surprised. It was an act of... E.: Self-defence, self-preservation, an act of the holiest duty towards our own country. I have heard these words before. But you need not excuse yourself. I am no modern humanitarian. I do not mind anyone declaring war upon anyone else.

G.: I forgot; you are an Immoralist.

E.: The, distrust, no doubt. No wonder the powder-magazine exploded, but it was you who put the spark into it, others were afraid of you. It was a case... G.: ...you can hardly export any of your productions to foreign countries. They would not have it.

G.: Well, then, how do you explain our success if we are not the "fittest"? How do you explain that we have won all along the line? The race is to the swift, and if the swiftness had not been ours we should not have won.

E.: May I speak openly?

G.: You may. I am always reproached with not listening to others and not wishing to listen to others. I like to hear your point of view—and, what is more, I will try to understand it.

E.: Well, you see, we live in a democratic age—that is to say, an age which unconsciously suppresses all great men. In such an age the small man, the good man, the moral man, the conscientious man prospers. And you are very good slaves. Excuse me, but you wished to hear my candid opinion.

G.: I willingly forgive you because I am rather proud of what you say. What you call slavery we call obedience, sense of duty, self-sacrifice, "Aryan" Germany. "Aryan" Germany is a very ambiguous term.

E.: Virtues which the others should likewise possess?

G.: It would do them a great deal of good.

E.: But the others may have other ideals.

G.: Yes, I know—liberty for instance. That is one of the pet ideals of our enemies and a very good one from their point of view, for it appeals to the masses of Europe. Who does not want to be free in these days? The people who deserve it least shout loudest for it... Who likes to work and to obey? Obedience is difficult, liberty is easy, hence the unpopularity of German ideals... But please consider the result of the two conceptions of life. Have a look at Europe. We have no slums, like the English. We have no dirt, like the Italians. We have no immorality, like the French. We have no corruption and oppression like the Russians. A German who only for a fortnight went out of his country cannot help noticing the superiority of his country over all the others. With us here is order and good government; in the rest of Europe there is chaos and anarchy.

E.: And chaos cries after order, and you think that you can impose that order upon Europe? But perhaps Europe does not believe in order for order's sake, as does the German. Perhaps Europe would like to have an idea which would make it worth while to create order. Without that idea Europe prefers to live as it did.

G.: But we have ideas. You just alluded to the poverty of our literature. I am glad you are coming.
Schopenhauer, back to that point, because I forgot to correct you. Why, the whole of Europe lived upon our ideas before the war. Look at the English and Scottish professors and philosophers—all the Scottish. They are half Germans. Ask them and they will tell you what they owe to us.

E.: They are beginning to know, I think.

G.: Are you speaking ironically?

E.: Well, they know that they owe to you their moral ideals, but they may likewise begin to doubt the beauty of these ideals. It may dawn upon them that the beauty is missing, and that only the morality is present, and not much of that, either. They may find out that you are not so much Hellenes, but Hebrews, and not even very good copies of them.

G.: But we have our culture as well as the Hellenes, with whom we, by the way, claim relationship. At least our culture is as good as that of any other European nation—if not superior. You yourself acknowledge that scientific progress and the spread of knowledge, our superior intelligence. We hardly have any analphabetes in Germany, you know.

E.: There have been great poets who could not write—amongst the modern Montenegrins you might even find them now. Education is not culture—it may even be its enemy. If everybody is only educated by the State and for the State. The State does not want individualities, but good citizens, obedient citizens.

G.: And good soldiers, such as we possess, because a State has to be defended, you know.

E.: I quite see that, but you Germans seem to be particularly eager to defend it.

G.: And we are right, because culture is lost when the State is lost. "Primum vivere, deinde philosophari." ("First life, then philosophy.")

E.: That is a very doubtful statement. The more real culture a State has, the least it is likely to lose it by a defeat. Think of your victory over France in 1870. Was French culture destroyed by it? It even took a new lease of life. Was the culture of the Renaissance destroyed by the conquest of the Germans and the Spaniards? We live upon it to this very day. Did the culture of the Greeks go under after their conquest by the Romans? It conquered the conquerors.

G.: I may be right, for I remember: "Gracia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes Intulit her ferocious conqueror in return and thus introduced the arts to the peasants of Latium."

E.: It does me good to hear you quote Latin. It proves to me that, after all, we Europeans have something in common. In these dark days we should never forget this common source of our civilisation. The pedants have done all they could to sully that source, but all Europeans worthy of the name remember to this very day that they owe their humanity (or whatever is left of it) to Greece and Rome.

G.: But the Greeks were patriots too—even enthusiastic patriots, and that without losing their humanity.

E.: What the Greeks could do, our patriots cannot afford to do. Our humanity does suffer through nationalism. With us the way goes downwards: from humanity via nationality to bestiality. Look around you.

G.: Anyhow, the Greeks were not cosmopolitans as you are. They never argued as you do: "Primum philosophari, deinde vivere." ("First philosophy, then life.")

E.: Excuse me, but I did not say that. All I said was this, that powerful ideas need not be protected by militarism, though it is a great thing when they are protected and helped by it. The fact that you are so anxious to protect your culture by soldiers proves to me that you are somewhat doubtful about the power of your ideas. You know, perhaps, that if your State were destroyed nothing would be left.

G.: But I told you before that our thought, our philosophy, would remain. It is immortal.

E.: Only as far as it has not become subservient to the State. And that it has to a great extent. Your philosophy is mostly Christianity, your Christianity is mostly morality. Your morality means duty, duty means the drill-sergeant, and the drill-sergeant works for Prussia. Heine, in his "Letters from France," called Prussia "a philosophical Christian Militarism; a hotch-potch of beer, lies, and sand"—and Heine was right.

G.: Heine was a Jew, and a Jew cannot feel like a German.

E.: Outsiders sometimes understand a nation better than that nation understands itself. Besides, Heine was not only a Jew, but a great poet—and all great poets are great psychologists. And, besides Heine, other German poets who were not Jews stood in opposition to the German philosophers, the makers of Prussia. Goethe, for instance, disliked both Kant and Hegel.

G.: I know he did, but he was wrong. To Hegel we owe all we are. To him we owe our Empire, for Bismarck was only an unconscious Hegelian. Hegel likewise gave our State that moral support without which no State can exist; gave us our sense of conscience and responsibility towards our own countrymen. To Hegel—indirectly—we owe our social legislation. Why, the State, according to Hegel, is nothing but "the incarnation of the moral idea." Hegel was right.

E.: He may have been right and wrong as well. Morality is a sword with two edges. You can have too much of it.

G.: You mean to say that a State can exist without morality? But look at other States—I repeat it again—and compare them with ours. It is just the absence of our superior sense of duty and morality which explains their inferiority. Only open your eyes, my dear European. And don't only have a look at inanimating things, but likewise at personalities. Why, we are esteemed—or we were esteemed—in the world just on account of our conscientiousness, our thoroughness, our reliability, which are an outcome of our strict morality. Upon nearly all the thrones of Europe are German princes and princesses. Any man, because he is a prince, becomes more respected and more trustworthy—because they are not adventurers, tyrants, or blackguards. In Russia people do not go to their own chemists even, they go to a German, whom they know as a learned and conscientious man. The Russian chemist, you know, may be drunk and mistake arsenic for bicarbonate of soda.

E.: I quite see your point. Morality and its good consequences, such as conscientiousness and thoroughness, are of course excellent qualities; above all, in chemists. But in statesmen it may be dangerous.

G.: In my opinion, morality is even more necessary in a statesman than in a chemist, because his responsibility is greater. I am glad to say that we have mostly had such men. I am informed, and I may inform you of the fact that our present Reichs-kanzler is an admirer and an eager student of Kant—and Kant, as you will agree, was a good and moral man.

E.: Yes, I remember "The moral law within me and the starred heaven above." It does sound nice and very good. No doubt, Kant was a good man. No doubt, your Reichskanzler, as another Reichskanzler of genius, a Prime Minister of the British Empire has coined the word "a good man in the worst sense of the word," meaning thereby that mere "goodness" was not a sufficient equipment for a person in a responsible position. It may even be a very dangerous quality.

G.: You seem to think that honesty in private and honesty in public life are two different things. There
are some countrymen of mine who think the same, but they are happily only few in number. They have even blamed Bethmann-Hollweg for openly acknowledging our wrong in the violation of the neutrality of Belgium. All that I know is that he felt no objection against the theories and for Bethmann-Hollweg. And my experience teaches me that my feelings are right. Immorality never prospers. On the other hand: Hegel's State, our State, the "incarnation of the moral idea" has done it very well. Why do you object to it?

E.: Because a State is made by individuals, who might likewise consider themselves as the "incarnation of the moral idea." This gives them a sense of superiority over all others, which, together with external success, makes them consider religion as necessary as the police.

T.: Is it not a kind of absurdity to take religion seriously? When we have, in the last 30 years, made such a fortune out of submarines, Zeppelins and big howitzers, etc., and many seem to consider it quite possible to pursue the same course with religion? If you allow your professorial hirelings to forge and adulterate your sacred laws, you may find yourself a prey to Reaction.

E.: But you are an admirer of Frederick the Great and an immoralist: you should not mind immoral actions.

G.: I do—I strongly object to them for "moral ends. There is nothing so terrible as an immoralist who has become so worldly wise that he acts as an Asiatic than a European. He is a fanatic, that is to say, a senseless being—and I object to senseless beings. As I told you, I prefer a clever criminal to a stupid one, or, as in this case, to a religious one.

G.: Are we religious criminals? That is at least an original view of our case. But where is our criminality? Is going to war a crime for you who have just told me that you do not mind wars? And where is our religion? We are mostly considered atheists in Europe, and we are already considered German atheists the one redeeming feature in our otherwise stupid nation. Outside our Emperor and our ruling classes no one takes religion seriously, but our Church had it. Shoot them if they resist, and if they don't resist shoot them. They are only dogs, infidels, non-Germans. And it is all "in majorem Dei gloriam."

G.: You are getting excited, I like ironical people to get excited. It proves that they are not all cynicism and scepticism. But you are quite rigid. It reminds me of that bishop (I forget his name) who told the soldiers of the Inquisition: "Kill them all, God will know his own!" Well, my German friend, God of course knows his own, but we good Europeans know them too, and when we see someone behaving like a brute and a madman we know from history that it is always a Christian!

G.: Well, I never. . . But do you know that your opinion is contrary to everything that has yet been said about us? We have been called Huns, Vandals, Barbarians, Pagans, and even Jews; but no one has ever accused us of religious crime.

E.: All saints have wallowed in blood with the best of consciences. . . All felt pure and noble and upright and justified by the certainty of serving "God and the Holy Church" or "Virtue and the Moral Idea." Think of Savonarola, Luther, Robespierre. But even they had their doubts occasionally, and I doubt your good conscience as well.

G.: Why do you doubt it?

E.: Well, one only needs to study your literature. Why did you need that patriotic literature? Why did you tolerate that noisy talk of your Laggards, Treitschkes, Chamberlains, Bernhardis? Why did you allow your professional flatterers to forge the whole message of Gobineau as a homage to the glorious Teutonic nation of to-day? Why did you have to build up a new science of anthropology which taught your classes and masses that they are a superior race? I will tell you why: it was in order to give you a good conscience for your coming exploits. You did not have that good conscience, but you were craving for it. If you had really possessed a good conscience you could have dispensed with the help of flatterers and
swindlers. Real superiority needs no flatterers, needs no applause—all true pride is silent and thrives best in silence. But vanity requires plenty of noise, and a bad conscience needs a dose of opium occasionally—such as your soporific and patriotic literature was able to supply.

G.: Now you are not only ridiculous but very unjust as well. Why, you call yourself a good European and you reproach Germany alone with her patriotic literature. What about the patriotic literature of the others? Have other peoples no liars and swindlers among them? Do they not stand in need of soporific and soothing draughts for their bad conscience? And do they not think themselves superior to all the others on account of their higher Morality? Are they less hypocrites than we are? Look at the English—why don’t you blame them in what you blame us? The English even started the idea of moral superiority, right? And then they transfer their religious blessedness upon others. They are only more expert hypocrites than we are; they did not cry their theories from the house-tops first and then put them into practice as we honest Germans did, in the parish, in all the universities, in all the churches, mosques and synagogues alike. The fact is that we have all become more or less Germans, because we have all inherited the same spirit of your great thinkers and philosophers. In Germany the plague is endemic and has always been endemic, you know. It consequently surprised no one when they had pocketed somebody’s property they sanctimoniously pronounced, “We are fulfilling our Imperial destiny.” Hypocrisy and lies too! Christian Militarism too! Or Christian Navalism if you like it better! Why, when an Englishman writes Christ, he means calico.

E.: And when a German writes culture he means calico too. But there is much in what you say. Only do not forget that two wrongs do not make one right. I quite agree that all European nations have a habit of paid scribes among them, who push to them about their moral and mental superiority, who call a superior race what is not even yet a people, but only a mob! Europe is full of liars, holy and unholy ones. They preach to all the schools, to all the parish, in all the universities, in all the churches, mosques and synagogues alike. The fact is that we have all become more or less Germans, because we have all inherited the same spirit of your great thinkers and philosophers. For in Germany the plague is endemic and has always been endemic, you know. It consequently surprised no intelligent observer that this war broke out in Germany and has spread over the whole world.

G.: Which was highly susceptible to the war-plague... you know you easily catch a fever in a low state of health...

E.: I again agree, but you cannot wonder when they hate the source of their infection.

G.: They ought to hate themselves as well. It rather makes me proud to be hated as we are. It proves that we must be somewhats. But no, it makes me sad, too. For how can we Germans ever forgive for what has been said about us in the world? And if we forgive, how can we forget? All our best friends, all our former admirers, all the teachers of all the universities, they who formerly praised us, copied us, lived upon us. And then all the writers, the painters, the musicians, men who were regarded with open arms in German houses, who were discovered in Germany, and honoured by us more than by their own folk—they have likewise all turned against us. Everybody hates us.

E.: In this you are mistaken. We good Europeans do not hate you. How could we hate you for what is our common fault, luck or fate? You took Christianity seriously, as you take everything else seriously. You took it “au pied de la lettre,” you are such thorough and conscientious gentleman. We have no right to hate you for it; nor do you have a reason to love you for it—least, to be grateful to you. For you have brought Europe to the edge of an abyss into which it must rather plunge or from which it must recoil with all possible might, and with all possible celerity. Morality—your Christian morality. It had threatened to become universal—it was universal. Now we have an idea where it might lead to—an idea the world will never forget again.

With your help we are getting rid of our own values. No superiority in future times will be “moral”—we know now what is behind it. “Behind the Cross,” says a Spanish proverb, “lurks the Devil.” We have seen the Devil. You have shown him to us. He is not a nice fellow to look at—but he was well worth looking at, if only in order to teach us to get rid of him for ever. And this time he will go—the holy Devil, for he has started the biggest religious war that ever was and, what is more, he has been found out. This time he will go; you may be sure of it. And therefore we thank you, my German friend. And now let us shake hands and be cheerful. You will benefit from the delivery as much as we.

G.: That sounds very nice and very eloquent, but, you know, you have not convinced me at all. Your thought seems to me entirely off the mark—it does, honestly. But at least, you have tried to think about us; you have endeavoured to understand us. And you do not see us all black and all the others all white. For this, I thank you, for it is rare in such excited times as these. (Offering his hand): Will you take it—with a smile—soiled as it is with the blood of innocent children?

E.: I will.

(They shake hands.)

On Compulsion.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

In view of the need felt in England for increasing the production of war material, the problem has arisen of establishing a system of “industrial conscription,” or compulsory labour in those industries concerned in the production of munitions of war. There is, too, some talk of substituting conscription for the present system of voluntary recruiting. The two questions, then, may be summed up in one: whether the voluntary system is preferable to the compulsory system for recruiting both soldiers and workmen for the factories. And this question may be subdivided into two: whether the introduction of compulsion would be just, and whether it is necessary or convenient. The former is a theoretical and the latter a practical question. The practical question will be solved by the English people, according to the circumstances of the moment, with their habitual empiric talent. The theoretical question, on the other hand, does not appear to me to have been set forth with the requisite clearness. And as clearness in theory has never been an obstacle, but rather a help, to wisdom in action, let us try to arrive at it.

The necessity for doing so is seen in the reply made by the “New Statesman,” the organ of State Socialism in England, to a question asked by Sir Leo Chiozza Money, the economist. This is the question:

May I respectfully invite you, as the main repository of the Socialist conscience, to give us leader endeavouring to reconcile the functions of the State, as recognised by Socialists, with your clinging to Voluntarism in war?

And this is the reply:

“Socialist principles” no more involve compulsory soldiering than they involve compulsory shoeblocking. If the State needs soldiers or shoeblockers, it is absolutely entitled, in our opinion, to call upon its citizens to fulfil those duties, using compulsion if necessary. But if it finds that it can get all these soldiers or shoeblockers that it needs, and get better ones at that, by calling for volunteers, there is nothing in “Socialist principles” to hinder it from adopting the simpler, more efficient, and morally superior method. Sir Leo Chiozza Money will no doubt deny that voluntary methods are simpler or more efficient in the present case, but the issue thus raised between us is one of fact and of expediency, not of principle. The compulsion principle involved is the right of the State to use compulsion if necessary, and that we have always upheld.
Well, then, this reply seems to ignore not only the Socialist principle, but every judicial one. According to it, the right of the State—I, as a Socialist, prefer to say the right of society—to apply compulsion is considered necessary, and in a large number of cases—for example, the great majority of the laws (“enforceable,” as the English lawyers say) it is not juridical, but merely a “conventional” rule, without legal sanction. But the laying down of a law does not strictly depend upon its being necessary. There are very few laws which are necessary for the preservation of society. Generally speaking, if they are useful that is a sufficient reason d’être for them. In many cases—for example, the great majority of the laws relating to private rights—the promotion of the laws does not depend upon the interests of the governing classes in general, but the interests of the governing classes in particular. In all cases, laws are prescribed to enforce the individual to respect their duty and their obligation. That is because it has been thought preferable that individuals should be forced to obey the social will than that they should be allowed to frustrate it.

Necessity is not, and cannot be, any criterion of the justice of a law. The German Chancellor appealed to necessity to justify the invasion of Belgium. Why did he say that the consequence of humanity refusal to heed this appeal of the Imperial Chancellor? Because to the German “necessity” to win the war there was opposed the necessity on the part of Belgium to maintain her independence; and high above both “necessities” stood the international treaties which expressed the conscience of humanity. The “right” of the “State” to compel its citizens to carry out their duties is independent of necessity. In any given society there may be, for instance, ten per cent. of the citizens who do not perform their duties as citizens, withholding the social contribution of which they desire that they should do so. A country may possess so much accumulated wealth that it does not require the services of these citizens. It may even be pleasant to maintain them in idleness, and even to reward their idleness with a golden lining. But the law, not out the country becoming poorer, or really needing the services of these idle people, the public conscience may change and say, for purely social reasons, that it is not well that their state of idleness should continue. The public may then take measures which, directly or indirectly, will compel the idlers to work. Shall it then be said that such measures are not just because they are not strictly necessary?

The part played by necessity in the formation of new laws is that of a blind driving force. Laws whose substance does not affect more than a restricted number of individuals may be accepted by the people at large without any pressure on the part of necessity, but merely for the sake of the convenience of some and by the passive consent of the rest. But the revolutionary laws, such as those of universal service or industrial conscription, laws prejudicial to a large number of vested interests, could be promulgated and enforced only when the public conscience was convinced of their “necessity,” for without the pressure of necessity such laws would never come into operation. Just as a joke, but one of a revolutionary character affecting great interests, can acquire active legal status only when necessity renders it “expedient.” But its justice depends, not on its necessity, but on its adjusting itself to ethical ideas.

A law of industrial conscription would be unjust if it were not universally applicable, so far as both persons and things are concerned. It would not be just to compel the poor to work ten hours a day at the manufacture of shells if the rich were not similarly called upon to do their share. And it would be just for industrial conscripts to work for fixed salaries or wages if the employers continued to manage their business for their own personal profit. I have read that this is being done in Germany, where the Government, thanks to its system of compulsory service, has been able to send thousands of soldiers to work in the fields or in the factories where war munitions are being made. These men work for half or a third of their normal wages, since they are subject to military service and are afraid to resist lest they should be sent to the front, while their employers are nevertheless getting wealthier—nominally, at any rate—through their Government contracts. This only proves that the governing classes in Germany are even more unjust towards their own people than they are towards the Belgians, and that they are not only unworthy to govern other countries, but are not even fitted to administer their own.

In the other hand, universal compulsion that has for its object making all citizens fulfil the functions which society deems necessary, is not only just, but it is the very definition of a social régime founded on justice. Such compulsion as this may be too revolutionary to be applied at a given day or for many years to come. It does not matter. It is the duty of us all to forward the day when this compulsion shall be applied, not merely in war but in peace. For this compulsion is nothing but the realisation of the Socialist ideal which allows every human to exercise one of the functions of society without performing one of the functions which society declares necessary. According to the voluntary principle, a man is absolved from any social duty if he is financially independent, or if he can find somebody who will support him for nothing. But this right is emphatically denied both by State Socialists and Guild Socialists. The duties of citizens are compulsory in Socialism. The question of the method by which compulsion should be applied is secondary. It is not necessary to set a policeman behind every citizen to make him do his duty. It is sufficient to withhold social assistance from him (food, clothing, shelter, etc.) if he refuses to do it. This is being done already where the poor have to receive social assistance. But we Socialists want this compulsion to be extended to the wealthy; and the best means for applying it to them, we think, is to make the community the inheritor of their wealth. Our principle is compulsion all round.

We cannot therefore say that the voluntary system of recruiting the necessary men is “simpler and more efficient” than the compulsory system and “morally superior” to it. It may be simpler, though the call for volunteers has led the authorities to devise a system of advertising which is complicated enough. It may be more efficient: that depends, in the case at hand, upon the number of men and the quantity of munitions necessary to carry a war to a successful issue against a country which is itself bent on winning it. If, in normal times, England needs an army of not more than 100,000 men, universal conscription would be inefficient from the point of view of efficiency, though not from the moral point of view. But what a Socialist cannot say is that the voluntary recruiting of soldiers and shoeblocks is morally superior to the compulsory. It would be more moral only if all men—absolutely every man—fulfilled their obligations towards society by a spontaneous impulse. If a single man failed to do his duty, that fact would morally justify the passing of a law making it obligatory on him to do it. It is obvious that all moral for the more patriotic to do their duty and for the less patriotic to fail to do so. It would not be moral, again, if the Treasury were able to cover its expenditure by voluntary donations, and if, in such a case, generous men were to ruin themselves while the avaricious continued to accumulate wealth. Laws have
been passed to prevent this kind of immorality by compulsory means; and it is useless to say that laws cannot compel the unwilling people to work, as they will have recourse to passive resistance. The whole experience of mankind proves the contrary. To deny that compulsion is efficacious is to deny the efficacy of all the laws ever made, whether just or unjust; and it is lacking in the voluntary method because it is not superior that I, an individual, do my duty—that is elementary; I ought to vote as well for a law to make my neighbour fulfil his obligations, and I ought further to help my neighbour when they have to arrest my neigh-

bour for not doing what he is obliged to do.

Socialism must be, by definition, much more legalist or compulsory than individualism. Socialism holds that every society must regulate the functions necessary for the prosperity of the society and its enrichment in spiritual and material values. Absolute justice would mean that progress in Socialisation is likewise progress in compulsion—in just compulsion.

What I do not say is that all forms of compulsion are just, nor are all laws just. There are just and unjust laws. The fact that a law regulates a necessary social function does not imply that the law is just. It may be expedient, from a purely national point of view; but if unjust, it means, like every unjust expedient, a pinch for to-day and hunger for to-morrow. It may, in appearance, save the situation at a critical moment; it will, in the long run, be found to have siphoned the resources of a country—men, women, capital, land, (c) art, (d) agriculture, etc., and compel every man to exercise the function for which he shows the greatest aptitude; reserving to itself the right to change the function when a change is shown in the aptitude. For the fullness of the service the man receives according to his function, and if he discharges no function he receives no pay. If the individual refuses to help society, society in its turn will refuse to help the individual, who will consequently die of hunger: the same in State Socialism, if it is really Socialist, in Guild Socialism. Under Guild Socialism the Guild allots to the man the duties for which he appears to be best fitted. That seems to me better than State Socialism, for only shoemakers can tell whether another shoemaker is good or bad. But the Shoemakers’ Guild would take care to see that every shoemaker earned the pay assigned to him by the Guild. And the other Guilds would take care, for their part, that the Shoemakers’ Guild did not obtain more products than justly corresponded to its work. Disputes between the Guilds would be fought out in open court, as at present. And the judgments of the courts would be compulsory, as now. And by saying all this I simply mean that the principle of individualism is likewise progress in compulsion—in just compulsion.

Readers and Writers.

With the publication of “Actions and Reactions” and “Traffic and Discoveries,” each in two volumes, the Service edition of the tales of Kipling is complete (Macmillan, 26 vols., 2s. 6d. each). By this time I have accumulated enough notes and observations, comments and questions, on the subject of Kipling to keep a Kipling Society going for a year. Only a few remarks, however, shall be made here. The specific quality of Kipling, I find, is energetics—work, action in any form. This is indicated by a thousand signs. For instance, his titles mainly refer to action—actions and reactions, traffic and discoveries, the day’s work, many inventions, etc. Again, look at the variety of his technical descriptions, all of crafts and trades of one kind or another. Or at the burden of his best-known verses concerning the “Wise Lord God, Master of Every Trade”; or at the moral of “Tomlinson.” It is clear that he has taken up pied de la lettre the conclusion of Voltaire’s “Candide,” that exquisite burlesque upon the easy optimism of the talker—“I call cultiver nos jardins,” said Candide. Work without thinking! His admiration of workmen—particularly of workmen who talk as the Scotsman is said to joke, wi’ deelyfully—amounts to snobbery. He who, I dare say, has scarcely ever knocked a nail, answers to nothing better than to be taken by every craftsman as a past-master—an old hand, at every trade. Among tinkers he would wish to pass as a superannuated tinker; among soldiers as an old soldier, among mechanics as a superannuated foreman. Nay, his service to man, accomplished includes the accomplishments of animals: among the creatures of the Jungle he is wise old Kaa; elsewhere he is an old dog, a fox, a seal of many summers, a worker-bee, and a score of other things.

This is an admirable ambition and entitles Kipling to be regarded as the voice of the demiurgus who is said to have created the world while the other gods were talking about it. His sympathy is with the Asiatic. It is, moreover, the natural reaction of a powerful mind from the windhuggism denounced by Carlyle so volu-

minously. To be able to test work done, here and now, without waiting for a perhaps hypothetical Day of Judgment, is a relief for the spiritualist. Voltaire, as an old soldier, among mechanics as a superannuated foreman. And among tinkers he would wish to pass as a superannuated tinker—the burden and doubt of speculation. Kipling is a pragmatist who asks to be judged by immediate results, the more immediate the better. For this reason he loves, above all, machinery and the sea, since neither is amenable to the whims of fashion. Kipling is an old hand, at every trade. Among tinkers he would wish to pass as a superannuated tinker; among soldiers as an old soldier, among mechanics as a superannuated foreman. Nay, his service to man, accomplished includes the accomplishments of animals: among the creatures of the Jungle he is wise old Kaa; elsewhere he is an old dog, a fox, a seal of many summers, a worker-bee, and a score of other things.

Ye shall not clear by Greekly speech, nor cozen from your bath.

The twinkling shawl, the leeward beach, and Hadrian’s white-lipped wrath.

Not Greekly speech cannot “put the come-over” on Poseidon; and hence Kipling awards merit to sailors who pass the sea’s test with flying colours. But it is all very well, and a salutary tonic for idle dreamers of empty days. Nevertheless it is not the whole truth; and Kipling grays with many serious defects for his part.

His exclusive homage to the doers in life forces him to cinematise them beyond their own recognition and certainly beyond their gratitude. Kipling’s praise of them, if they should read it, would make them blush with shame. It is laudable with the line of from the “Mail” in its eulogies! He is also most unjust to men of pure thought, for which, believe me, he will find the gates of immortality in our literature shut one day against him. Being able to “do” nothing, having no craftwork to show, the thinkers (worst when they also detest the better) are for Kipling banda-log-chattering monkeys, the derision of the practical Jungle animals, and, of course, the terror-stricken victims of the great Kaa himself, when he chooses! But Voltaire, as I have sug-
gested, did not mean Candide's conclusion to be taken quite so literally. After all, Voltaire was one of the fathers of the French Revolution, and it was bandying about—-that did it! Besides, the talk of to-day is the task of to-morrow. Not "Deeds Not Words" should be our motto: but "Words and Deeds," with words first. Kipling, on the contrary, would have deeds first and words nowhere: as if the only redemption of work from servility were not in the capacity to talk about it!

* * *

Then it is only the accomplished that Kipling cares about. What is still in process of becoming, however, that Gabrielism is out of place on earth, where interest than the accomplished fact.

"Brushwood Boy," Kipling's heroes, Lucifer, but Gabriel and perhaps not even Gabriel— who was the last of light! I imagine, however, that Gabrielism is out of place on earth, where Satan is as likely as God to command obedience. The born workman, such as Kipling loves, doubtless finds nothing better than to do his job without questioning the command he is under; as there are wage-slaves, and formerly were serfs and slaves, to whom the mere work was satisfaction enough. But we are not beasts or ants to pile up work intelligently yet without intelligence. The ambition I would stimulate at any cost in wage-slaves is to become, at least, junior partners in the management of their industry. I would, with Lucifer, stimulate in mankind the will to become, at least, junior gods in management of the world. Kipling, on the other hand, but reactionary philosophically no less than socially. He hates the very thought of rebellion; and the notion of men sitting in a corner to plot in talk some new liberty for themselves strikes him as indecent. But for this very reason Shaw and Wells, with all their faults, are better men than Kipling. They are the blind puppies of a new breed, the abecedarians of a new creed. Kipling belongs to the past. He has no more interest than the accomplished fact.

* * *

There is, of course, a strain of mysticism in Kipling that redeems his work from the vulgarity that otherwise would surely weigh it down to the level of Mr. William Le Queux. As for ideas, he has certainly no more than the rest of the magazine-writers; but in feeling, his range, both upwards and downwards, is far wider than theirs. The mahatma in "Kim" is an extremely sympathetic figure, but all the efforts of the modern theosophist, to whose work as pioneers "Kim" owes its being, go unrecognised by Kipling, and probably inspire him with contempt. He sympathises, in short, with persons, with characters, but not with ideas. Again, his range among the psychic phenomena of personality is strikingly wide. He is aware of the abysmal depths, as they have been called, of human consciousness. Look at "The Finest Story in the World" or the "Brushwood Boy," both excellent short stories and both stimulating. It seems to me that people in general are always trying to escape stimulants. The ideal is the grave and a long sleep. If Mr. Wells would allow me to drag him into this rather suspicious company of Beethoven's nephew and Helen of Troy, I might say that he was of the stimulants, although, of course, more than this. It was as a stimulant that he was practically abolished from the Fabian Society, and never admitted to challenge the unanimity of the brilliant British Academy which has secured a knighthood to Rabindranath Tagore, and did all but succeed in getting a State pension for Mr. John Masefield. It is not to the point whether Mr. Wells would or would not actually have opposed the lamentable apotheoses of either of these heroes of our literary age—his value would not have been in being always right, but in always obliging complacent persons to stir and wonder whether they themselves were right or wrong.

The Germans will not permit this frail head of mine to keep a thought in it for two minutes together; otherwise, I know not where this fascinating subject might not lead me. A woman is a wily thing to argue with, anyway. A criticism in the "Athenaeum" on Miss Jane Harrison's book, "Alpha and Omega," proves her to have calmly exchanged the natural attributes of the two in the case of Youth and Age, and it merely remarks on this as a "superficial inconsistency." I hope that Señor de Maeztu may read me as prudently for the sake of his time and energy. He has not convinced me that luxury is wrong, but only confirmed me that it is the economic situation which makes it naughty for me to drink a glass of champagne—though no worse this than to wear a piece of cloth woven in a Lancashire factory-tomb. This convinces me to considering luxury only as a stimulant.

Impressions of Paris.

The policeman, in his military-looking cap and smart white trousers, regards me tucked up on chairs on the boulevard, and no doubt he wonders why I smile desperately. I don't want to reply to Señor de Maeztu, that's what is the matter. He has labelled me a lover of superficialities, and were I to prove that those I cherish are not such as might be extorted from the poor, I should by no means escape Señor de Maeztu. He would then show me that I should have been without excuse in a well-regaled cheerful, an encourager of stimulants and an undesirable anywhere and at any time. Indeed, the truth is that when people talk of abolishing luxury I begin to tremble lest they should abolish me! The sooner now that I run away from personalities the safer. Others besides me would be abolished from a well-regulated state of things. There are persons whose unapparent service to the world is to be a kind of touchstone for the qualities of other men. They are most often parasites from the economic point of view; they may even seem damaging and calamitous; they possess, or much of that sort, charm. A bad specimen of such was the dissolve and braggart nephew of Beethoven. Beethoven defended him to his last breath, far beyond family affection, and would never have consented to his abolition. But he was a costly luxury as human beings go. There are the women like Helen who are useful only as stimulants to action; they pass through life, adored, sometimes abused, but always defended—pure luxuries compared with home-keeping humanity which never ceases to try to abolish them. Perhaps we should all rust if it were not for stimulants of one sort or another. It seems to me that people in general are always trying to escape stimulants. The ideal is the grave and a long sleep. If Mr. Wells would allow me to drag him into this rather suspicious company of Beethoven's nephew and Helen of Troy, I might say that he was of the stimulants, although, of course, more than this. It was as a stimulant that he was practically abolished from the Fabian Society, and never admitted to challenge the unanimity of the brilliant British Academy which has secured a knighthood to Rabindranath Tagore, and did all but succeed in getting a State pension for Mr. John Masefield. It is not to the point whether Mr. Wells would or would not actually have opposed the lamentable apotheoses of either of these heroes of our literary age—his value would not have been in being always right, but in always obliging complacent persons to stir and wonder whether they themselves were right or wrong.

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In the region of mystery, where is hidden the destiny of the world, we still advance only by the stimulant of the myth... The mistake of the time soon to ask of a race so barbarously young as we that we cease to electrify our lives, "beautiful," as we like to call it, by means of adventures, mental and physical, instead of reserving all energy for perfecting our souls: much, if an occasional inspiration reveals the truth that we are still barbarians!

I wonder, and with an inclination to doubt, whether artists would form a Guild; or whether philosophers would. That they never have done so is, of course, nothing to go by. But except for some specific collaboration where deep great learning perhaps is necessary, artists and philosophers seem to have been more than commonly averse from union, except of the Mermaid Tavern kind. None but minuscule artists are seen to form groups. Two rams drinking out of the same calabash were a less rare spectacle than two artists or two philosophers forming a union. The most magnanimous reason to give for this solitariness is "L'Amour," which is much safer.

Artificial love according to Stendhal; the first is at the birth of love, the second comes after moments of frightful doubt and misery the beloved object, to hope, and, then, "love is born." "Into the salt-mines of Salzburg, into the abandoned pits, one throws a branch of a tree stripped of all its leaves; the tiniest twigs, those no bigger than the claw of a tomtit, are decorated by infinite diamonds, mobile and sparkling; one can no longer recognise the original branch. . . . This that I call crystallisation is in the operation of the mind which draws from everything which comes near it the discovery of new perfections in the beloved one."

But the attention is only fixed on the beloved when doubt arises. After ten or twelve regards, says Stendhal rather precisely, the lover desires some proof that he is loved. The beloved perhaps treats him coldly or even angrily if he become presumptuous. Desperation prompts him to plunge into other pleasures: he finds them no longer of any avail to distract him, "Then commences the second crystallisation, producing for its diamond-like confirmations of the idea, 'She loves me.' Even after moments of frightful doubt and misery the idea persists, 'Yes, she loves me,' and he applies himself more than ever to discovering charms. Amidst these alternations, heart-rending and delicious, the poor lover feels keener. 'She will please me as can no one else in the world.'"

"Of Hope."

"It needs a very small degree of hope to bring about the birth of love. Hope may even fail after two or three days, the birth of love is no less accomplished. For a character decided, bold, impetuous, and an imagination developed by misfortune, the degree of hope need be small indeed. It may cease altogether without destroying the love. If the lover have been very unhappy, if his nature be tender and thoughtful, if he despair of other women, if his admiration of the beloved be very lively, none of the ordinary pleasures may distract him from the second crystallisation. He will prefer to dream in uncertainty of future happiness than to accept favours from a vulgar woman. At this period, if ever, and not later, the beloved woman would have to kill his love in some atrocious manner and to heap such public contempt upon him as cuts all relations between two people. . . . It is this second crystallisation which assures the duration of love. . . . It is almost altogether lacking in such love as is inspired by women who yield too easily."

But alack! for these celebrated mathematics which run into two or three hundred pages. They help in nothing at all, since love is as diverse as the human beings smitten by it, at least once by instinct all which is written above; and, surely, to know it in any other way would be to invite the disaster of knowing altogether too cleverly for the heart.

The New Age has just arrived with "R. H. C.'s" notes on this very book. I do not agree with him very far. If English lovers are unintelligent in their affairs the reason is probably that manners in general are very bad, whereas French manners in general are very good. Of course, I myself think that love is a wildflower, and naturally it withers quickest where the social winds are least well-tempered. I find Stendhal's book stifling in the whole, there is very little breeze of any sort in it; and where there appears to be breeze and roominess are the kind of breeze and room to make a sibylline desert of the life of any ordinary person who tried to walk in these ways. Extraordinary lovers know more than many Stendhals!

After all, the old grandmother way is the best, at least for women, in love. It is the way which regards all things as unfavourable to one's love, but no longer any need to doubt: this way keeps the heart gentle and desire strongly protected from the disdain that emitters. I have no more space now for this subject. alas!

Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Beechfer

We hurried down, my friend and I, to the Jewish quarters of Kiev. The Dniepr stretched out for miles in flood. Villages that in summer stood high above the banks lay like islands among its waters. The very streets of Kiev, of the Jewish parts, were only passable in boats. We were rowed along to the landing-stage, took our tickets and hurried upon the steamer. On the better class deck sat a round-faced old general at lunch; two army officers were strolling about in the sun, and we sat at a table and drank coffee. The steamer started off speedily downstream. We were turned down below decks, general and all, beneath Kiev's two bridges, lest we should throw bombs and blow them up. A patrol of soldiers came on deck with the usual fixed bayonets, and searched suspicious or timid people's luggage for explosives. At last we were released from the stuffy cabins, the soldiers rowed away and the

Alice Morning.
general left the two doctors and came to speak to us.  

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he commenced, "what nationality are you? Ah, English! I am proud to know you. Perhaps you know me; here is my card.

You do not? Ah, gentlemen, though, as you see, I am a military man, I am also and not less a poet and a philosopher. I believe in the indistractibility of matter. Water, water is everywhere. In me there is water! In you there is water! In all of us there is water, and everywhere there is water. And so, in ten years, I believe that a great part of me will be part of you, and a great part of you part of me. This, gentlemen, is my philosophy. In my poems you will find the complete expression of my thoughts; afterwards, when the time is favourable for poetry, I will read them to you. And, gentlemen, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ." He crossed himself three times. "I am a military man, I am also and not less a poet and a philosopher. I believe in the indestructibility of matter. Water, water is everywhere. In me there is water! In you there is water! In all of us there is water, and everywhere there is water. And so, in ten years, I believe that a great part of me will be part of you, and a great part of you part of me. This, gentlemen, is my philosophy. In my poems you will find the complete expression of my thoughts; afterwards, when the time is favourable for poetry, I will read them to you. And, gentlemen, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ." He crossed himself three times. "I am a military man, I am also and not less a poet and a philosopher. I believe in the indestructibility of matter. Water, water is everywhere. In me there is water! In you there is water! In all of us there is water, and everywhere there is water. And so, in ten years, I believe that a great part of me will be part of you, and a great part of you part of me. This, gentlemen, is my philosophy. In my poems you will find the complete expression of my thoughts; afterwards, when the time is favourable for poetry, I will read them to you. And, gentlemen, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ."

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Views and Reviews.

Peace, Permanent Peace!

Dr. Slater's six lectures* cover ground that is becoming distressingly familiar, a fact which suggests that the Union for Democratic Control is succeeding in its purpose of directing the discussion of the problems raised by the war. The titles of these lectures: The Economic Causes of War, Religion and War, Nationalism and Imperialism, Armaments, The Terms of Peace, The Maintenance of Peace: were not unknown before the war, but they have acquired permanence in the publishing world since the beginning of hostilities. Yet it must be admitted that Dr. Slater uses the ideas more judicially than is customary, and incidentally raises little points of interrogation which suggest that he has not adopted the whole programme of the Union for Democratic Control. He accepts, perhaps too lightly, the proposal that the Concert should redraw the map of Europe according to the principle of Nationality; but he reminds us that "the German Empire was built up on the principle of Nationality," and if he relied on this proposal for the future maintenance of peace, his case would be parable indeed. When he lectured on Nationalism and Imperialism, he came to the conclusion that the only possible way to the "federation of the world," which is the dream of the pacifists, lay through the gathering together of larger and larger aggregations of humanity," in other words, through the extension of Empires. Imperialism is not limited to the confederative idea, even in America; as a result of the interpretation of the American Constitution, America finds herself trying to control judicially at least five classes of dependencies detailed by Dr. Bizzell in his recent work, "Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory." Those five classes are as follows: (1) Territories, including Hawaii, which have practically as good government as that allowed the neighbouring States; (2) Territory under various forms of paternal government as, e.g., Alaska and some of the smaller Pacific Islands; (3) Territory under the special wardship of the National Government directly; (4) Territory controlled by a special type of territorial government as, e.g., Panama, to suggest that the extension of Empire is not always compatible with the principle of Nationality; and in cases where Nationality is a political force, the two principles are not likely to be conjoined but opposed, and Nationalism v. Imperialism remains the problem of Europe.

When he deals with the forces that make for peace, he falls, I think, into the snare of simplification. It is a fact, of course, that the decline of the birth-rate does correspond with a development of motherly feeling which may be generally supposed to be inimical to the destruction of human life. On the other hand, the decline of the death-rate does imply a raising of the mean age of the population; it is a commonplace of the returns of the Registrar-General that the proportion of people of marriageable age increases year by year. But it is a far cry from such facts to the deduction that the mass-psychology is in process of alteration, and that a middle-aged population containing a large proportion of old and middle-aged people is a guarantee of peace. In the first place, we do not know whether the younger generation is more or less bellicose than the older; although the fact that the married men have joined the new armies in greater numbers than have the bachelors indicates, not too surely, that the bachelors are the natural pacifists. But the great defect of this reasoning is that it takes no account of the fact that the rates do not decline equally throughout Europe, that both the age and sex constitution of the people varies in the different countries; and if the raising of the mean age of the population is a guarantee of peace, the variations of the mean ages of the populations of Europe only transfer the problem to the Continent. Russia, for instance, might be the youngest nation of Europe, against whom our middle-aged feminist and pacifist counsels might not be effective. But Dr. Slater does not trust too much to the middle-aged people, for he declares in favour of the "cooling-off clause" attached to arbitration treaties, believing that if war can be postponed it can be prevented. Sir Edward Grey acted on this principle last July, and the results are before us.

Even the eugenic argument is far from more than a superficial interest. "War claims the best of the manhood of each nation—and destroys it... War selects the hero for slaughter, so that the inheritance of heroism for the next and all subsequent generations is cut off. If this were so, the pacificist would rejoice; for it would mean a progressive decline of the pugnacious spirit throughout the ages. But it is not true; of the men now fighting, the large majority will come back alive. The man who has lost about 50,000 killed, not all inhabitants of the British Isles; which is about equal to the annual mortality of men of the same ages in times of peace. But there is no proof either that the dead heroes are childless, or that they monopolized the heroism of the race. It is a fact too often forgotten that the recruiting sergeant inquires about everything except a man's courage, trusting to the confidence born of training and discipline to make each man at least an efficient fighter. Even the diet of our Army, I understand, has been calculated to form the most desirable combination of heat, energy, and pugnacity producing qualities; and if heroism cannot be created, stamina, so necessary in a war of endurance, can be given, and the natural valor of man will not fail. Dr. Slater himself, when lecturing on "Armaments," suggested that "in the history of war, as it is popularly taught, we hear a great deal—perhaps too much—about the military importance of the valor of soldiers and about the skill of the generals"; and the fact mentioned by him, that "all the belligerent States taken together will probably have a greater population on August 1, 1915, than they had on August 1, 1914," disposes of the eugenic argument, for the proportion of naturally pugnacious men is not likely to be less among the new-born, while the adult population has developed a degree of pugnacity that is astonishing. To the glory of man be it said, that heroism will never cease exile the opportunities for its exercise are no longer provided, and we have produced a race so ordered, and so mechanical, that the whole scheme of things will go like clockwork of which the spring cannot be removed.

Of positive proposals for the maintenance of peace, Dr. Slater's chief one is for the formation of an International Court of Honour, voluntarily constituted by as many of the Powers as can be persuaded to recognise the suggestion. The chief duty of this Court would be to enlighten public opinion throughout the world by publishing the facts referred to any country. This Court would be to arbitration treaties, believing that if war can be postponed it can be prevented. Sir Edward Grey acted on this principle last July, and the results are before us.

* "Peace and War in Europe." By Gilbert Slater, M.A., D.Sc. (Constable, 28. 6d. net.)
What is exactly the purpose of this library of fiction, we do not pretend to know, nor is it easy to discover a principle of selection. It is not, we suppose, merely a cheapen-issue of the "best sellers" among modern novels, although Miss Mary Johnston's "By Order of the Company" obtains its twenty-second edition in fifteen years. Nor does it seem to be community of spirit, for Mr. Stewart White's "The Blazed Trail," now published for the ninth time in thirteen years, is in a totally different category from all the others. This magnificent story of a man's work, of his struggle with Nature and unscrupulous rivals in the lumbering trade, is the only one of the eight that can be called a man's book. Mr. White certainly compels his hero to learn that there is something better than love; but he learns that so tardily and in such a dramatic manner, and says so little about it, that we can forgive him the American heiress who adores him for the sake of the "great drive." Love or no love, he was a fine lumberman, and has the record of his dallyings. But what community of spirit is there between this story and, say, "The Broken Bell" of Marie van Vorst? Here is that everlasting pre-occupation with a woman's soul, the stock-in-trade of most modern novelists and dramatists. What does it matter to us whether she lived with her husband or her lover, even if Father Faversham was right in his judgment of her as a "sacred woman?" These "passions" that can be called to heel by Duty, by a phrase in a letter from a husband, "if only we had a little child!" are factitious passions, born of the mere velleity of the spirit; they are sterile, and for that reason, were cursed by the Hebrews. But if community of spirit is not to be found in this collection, there is not even such vice as much as place of "The Blazed Trail" beside Una L. Silberrad's "Keren of Lowbole," for example. Here is a substantial story of passion, of an alchemist's passion for revenge that realises itself; but the handling of it is of the untouchables, we should be still more thankful for the second-best, rescued from the deluge which, at present, seems to be its lot. Or it might be made a library of the authors' best work, or of the authors' pet work; but on some discoverable principle should the library be founded. A collection of books without a principle of selection is a collection; and if authors of fiction, apart from the writers of "pot-boilers," attempt to reveal the significance of their selection for repudiation. We can only say of this number of volumes that they are more remarkable for their matter than their manner. Most of them are full of incident, but of no one of them can we say that it was written by a great writer. Their literary quality is less remarkable than their dramatic construction; and while we are thankful for the second-best, rescued from the deluge of the untouchables, we should be still more thankful for the best, for literature in fiction as well as incident, psychology, or historical manners and costume.


Mr. Russell has here reprinted his articles from the "Daily News," revised and expanded, but still not really justifying the title of "Spirit of England. He said of The Inferno, and the measure of Miss Silberrad's cowardice will be manifest. Her "Good Comrade," is on a lower level of conception, but is more competently handled. It tells of a girl born in a family of social pretenders, trained in the sense of incident to condition, who conceives the idea of stealing a valuable bulb to pay a debt of honour contracted by her father and annulled by the lender. When the moment comes, she refuses to steal the bulb; but, having compromised herself with the man who had annulled the debt (who also happens to be in Holland in secret on stealing an explosive for the benefit of the English Government), she is dismissed from the house, and given the bulb as a present. She obtains employment in the house of the chemist, steals the explosive, and sends it anonymously to the man who had failed to obtain it. She still owes him the debt he had annulled, but, with the bulb in her possession, she refuses to sell it; and by the time that she scrapes the money together, her father, in whose name she had intended to send it, is dead. So she marries the man to repay whom she had intended to steal the bulb, for whose sake she did steal the explosive, and with whom she will now live happily. Exactly why this story should have a fifth edition in eight years, we do not know; but the paradox of honour born from dishonour is well developed by the author. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's "Tramp," a "Varsity man who is a poetical genius, becomes a successful dramatist, and marries a fruitpicker; needs only to be mentioned, with Corra Harris' "The Recording Angel," as being published for the second time.

But if we do not know, and cannot discover, the principle of selection for inclusion in this library, we may, at least, suggest that it should afford an opportunity of putting new writers before the public at a price that is not prohibitive, and will therefore give them the best chance of obtaining a hearing. Or, if the publishers do not want to make it an experimental library, it might easily be used to rescue from oblivion modern novels that have failed of due recognition either by being ineopportunely published, or through some failure of care of the publishers. Such a novel, for example, as Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's "That Little Marquis of Brandenburg" might well be rescued from undeserved oblivion by being published with a more intelligible title at a reasonable price in this more appropriate time; for the youth of Frederick the Great should be interesting to the public now. Of the other type, of novels that have failed through the failure of the publisher, we may mention the "Maid's Comedy" that ran in serial through these pages, and deserves a lifetime of notice apart from the publisher. Such a novel, for example, as...
have their interest, but are hardly adequate to the task. Yet there are spots scattered throughout this volume which, if they do not interpret the spirit of England, indicate at least the spiritual nature of the problem. Both the Authorised and the Revised versions of the Bible are classics of English literature, interpreting at different times their different messages in the life of England; and Mr. Russell, in his first article, turns to the passage of eschatological prophecy in St. Luke for light on this troublous time, and finds in the Revised version a phrase, "In your patience, ye shall win your souls," which certainly admonishes the spirit of England. That we are called upon to make sacrifices for what we believe to be true or for what we wish to endure in this world, is the spiritual statement of the problem; and Mr. Russell's call to the steadfastness of the problem. We are called upon to make mighty the truth among the "causes" such "national offences" as "uncleanness, gambling, drunkenness, commercial immorality, disregard for Sunday, interference with the divine law of population," is a perversion of the problem. We are called upon to make mighty the truth which we believe; when the Authorised version, "In your patience, possess ye your souls," is no longer admitted, we are permitted to the Revised version, "In your patience, ye shall win your souls," and we must win them in hand. "I care little about the sword," said Carlyle of Mahomet; "I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of... what is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great Duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong; the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call truest, that thing will not be found and growing at last.

We have been obliged to learn once again that Will, although not the measure, must be the guarantee and support of Truth; and to that end the spirit of England must endure.

The House of Many Mirrors. By Violet Hunt.

(Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Legacy-hunting is not an ideal occupation, but Miss Hunt has attempted in this too-long novel to show that it is compatible with, and in some cases calls for the exercise of, the heroic virtues of woman. Here was a woman whose marriage had separated her husband from his people, and had probably jeopardised her inheritance of about half a million. Her own income, of which he had the benefit, would pass to another at his death; and her own Alfy, who was too proud to make concessions either to his clients or to his family, would be left without sufficient money to indulge his very expensive tastes in furniture and bric-a-brac. The urgency of the problem was all the greater because she was dying of cancer, a fact of which her husband was not informed. The details of her intrigues cannot be told here; but, having her husband to go to see his uncle, she kept him there by lying messages about her health. That the messages also estranged her husband by their seeming irrelevance to everything but the sordid task of legacy-getting, is one of the touches that is intended to reveal her heroic spirit of self-abnegation. She would suffer anything, but Alfy should have that legacy. As it turned out, all her strivings, her intrigues, her sacrifices, were vain; the will made in Alfy's favour when a child had never been revoked or altered; so, by the time that Alfy succeeded to the estate, he was not only estranged in spirit from his wife, but was in love with the cousin who had been thought to be the heiress. Her failure to inherit incensed her people, and she went with Alfy to join his wife. They discovered that she had been dead for weeks, that she had written forty letters in the last three days of her life, and had left them with instructions to be posted one a day, to keep her husband in ignorance of her end until he had, as she thought, secured the legacy. The novel is far too long, garrulous as all women's talk about women; and its subtleties of psychology are almost hidden in the welter of trivialities. The revealing stroke of the artist is never made, and the writing dispenses with the graces of art. But through all the garrulous gossip, Mrs. Alfred Pleydell is seen as a woman suffering nobly (shall we say?) in an ignoble cause chosen by herself, perverting everything and sacrificing everything in the cause of what she deemed to be Love. Vaguely, all too vaguely, does Miss Hunt show that the undesirable method is also the unnecessary.

Pastiche.

CHANAK—1915.

"Two thousand shells per hour fell in Chanak, when the English fleet tried to force the Narrows... Chanak is only a shell of a city... A feature of Chanak is a collection of cats living in the Street of the Lame Camel. They were gathered here from the destroyed houses—by a kind-hearted Turk who now feeds them."—Special Correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle."

God who made both sea and land,
Save Yankee and Angle-land:
And most of men save Winston: he
Who promiseth us the victorie:
With fair words spoken at Dundee,
"Gentles—the Crescent—is now obsolescent
And the Cross—will shortly be the boss:
A few short miles of rock and scrub
And there's the rub. Meanwhile—
The rhyme for Dardanelles
Is shells:
And the once prosperous town of Chanak,
Lies battered by the Allies' attack:
But in Lame Camel Street,
Spared by the hostile fleet:
An ancient old improper Turk,
Has turned to rescue work.
From ruined maisonettes and flats,
He's congregated all the cats:
And now—by God's bodie,
They live on this Turk's charity.
I wish what their food may be;
Perchance—they eat—less meat.
For lack of mice and rats,
And lactic diet is a treat:
I know not. God save all cats and Christenite.

And Thou Christ God who died on Tree,
That everie creature saved mote be,
Have pity on this infidel:
Send not his soul to Hell:
For that he showed pitie
On all this caterie:
And holpen them in their extremitie:
He prayeth best to thee:
Thus Coleridge in his Rhyme wrote he.

To the Workmen of England.

I.
Come out of Egypt, come away,
And pass the sea though it be red;
On this side must the tyrant stay,
Or fathoms deep find his last bed.

II.
No higher build the towers obscene,
Cruel, voluptuous and vast
To prove what slavery has been
While tower or land or men shall last.
III.

Hark not to Pharaoh, who will give
More flesh-pot leisure day by day,
More smooth ignoble years to live,
All, but your souls, to make you stay.

IV.

Demand of him your souls alone,
Though it be rending of his land,
He made your souls to subserve stone;
Demand them back with earthquake hand—

V.

The flesh-pots spurn; your souls demand.
Before you dread your first-born lie.
Bid the first-born of Pharaoh's land
Abstain from human flesh or die.

VI.

Guards of the free; O! chosen tribes,
Strike for your souls; be nought but free.
Spit upon all Egyptian bribes,
And milk and honey shall add be.

H. P. ADAMS.

PUNCH.

"If a manufacturer does not think his goods worth advertising, it is a bit doubtful if they are worth buying."

First he “improves” an erstwhile honoured face
With paint; and then our Jester-Profitest
Makes his new child, devoid of shame and grace,
Solicit custom with an ugly sneer.

"Punch," ye maidens, and amidst your smiles—
Smiles without blushes—read how ye may cure
Your ostentative selves of flatulence and piles
In the chaste pages Thackeray dubbed pure.

Buy “Punch,” ye braves, and whilst you read—
Of multi-epitheted Novio.
And while ye scan our hyper-cultured lays,
And gloat o'er jibes at our Teutonic foe,
In the chaste pages Thackeray dubbed pure.

Pay us your pence and then rake in your pounds.
And if he scuttles when the breezes bring,
I wonder if ’tis cash that likes him best,
For he made your souls to subserve stone.

"I wonder if he stays, and thinks him blest
To be so met, and proud does challenge fling—
To any member of the bankers' ring
That stays at home and lives on interest
While in new waters they their anchors sling!
I wonder if they'd think them every thing.
Because they've paper bonds for money lent,
And worship, love, and serve them, honouring
Their two, or three, or four, or five per cent.

GOD, "Save Queen Bess!" is what we used to sing,
For we were then on other things intent;
But now we all are keen to save the king
For two, or three, or four, or five per cent!

E. F. BECHHOFER.
In "Notes of the Week" (June 17), there is a proposal that the Government should for once let the constituencies choose their own representatives without party draggings. I am told by cynical friends that the cry is "To God be the glory!" This course is that the elections would cost practically nothing, while so many people live upon the cost of an election. The effective objection to "To God be the glory!" is that it would simplify the keeping of the register whose complications now provide employment for some hundred thousands. But why wait for the Government to give permission? Could not it be done, quietly, by the bringing in of the politicians, the creak and whittle of the party engines, nominate and then elect some honest man without this knowledge—the man in whose election a member appears fully justified? I only ask for information.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

THE BALKAN PROBLEM.

Sir,—We must all be indebted to Mr. Verdad for boldly tackling the thorny Balkan problem in your issue of June 10, but I trust that you will permit me both to point out one or two errors into which he has fallen, and to express a few opinions upon the situation.

The dissension among the Allies which followed the first Balkan war was largely, but not wholly, due to Austria's action in refusing to Serbia her longed-for outlet upon the Adriatic. As an illustration, with the Greco-Bulgarian squabble, and it was the arrogant attitude of the Bulgars and their outspoken contempt for Greece and Serbia which drove those countries to form an alliance. The Serbs found themselves robbed of their Adriatic window, and in a worse condition with regard to communications with the sea than they had been prior to the First World War.

They saw Bulgaria unexpectedly in possession of vast territories in Thrace, thanks partly to the Serbian troops and artillery which had been sent to Adrianople, and they realised that, while they had rendered assistance which had not been provided for in the Military Convention attached to the Treaty of Alliance, Bulgaria had failed to dispatch the army into Macedonia which she was bound to do, and to which she would have been entitled through her membership of the Triple Alliance. The Serbs, therefore, demanded a revision of the treaty. On her part, Greece had entered into no previous agreement as to a division of the spoils, and confined her pretensions to the annexation of a strip of coast which would in the future, be too great for her to be assimilated by either State with more or less equal facility. Your correspondent is also entirely in error as to the lasting- shame of the Great Powers, she was not the first to be afterwards generous in the distribution of the spoils. The Times, for example, with the Greco-Bulgarian squabble, and it was the arrogant attitude of the Bulgars and their outspoken contempt for Greece and Serbia which drove those countries to form an alliance.

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The value to the Allies of the Serbian victories in this war is still insufficiently appreciated in England, and, in view of the lack of material for the war, it is possibly some consolation in Dalmatia as the price of Italian intervention, and probably also in the Banat of Hungary as the result of Serbia's action. Roumania, we shall serve to a useful purpose by further propositions calculated to deprive our Macedonian possessions. I believe I am reflecting national opinion when I say that no section of the Serbian people would tolerate the proposal, and it is difficult to believe that we should better our position by exchanging the magnificent Serbian soldiers for the plebeian assistance of King Ferdinand's underpaid army.

Let us face facts. Bulgaria dare not take sides against us, nor is it in our interest, in the opinion of every officer who is serving, that she is immediately coveted. The obvious deduction is that, as long as Greece and Serbia are stronger than Bulgaria, there will be preservation of the existing status quo, and therefore, a practical solution, and in which, we must, be deemed worthy of support.

Let us therefore also, lest we overdo the craze for nationalities. It is a dangerous hobby. Bulgaria has annexed Thrace, which was essentially Greek; Italy covets the Dalmatian province peopled by Serbs. Bulgaria has lost nothing in Macedonia, and Roumania casts longings on the Banat, another province peopled by Serbs. Bulgaria itself has no voice in the Serbian population, and Roumania casts longing eyes on the Banat, another province peopled by Serbs. It is the foreman class—the works manager and his ilk, the workman of the lower classes. He is a distinct class, and, I venture to say, is the mainstay of all British industry. This man, the hereditary working boss of the masses, is, in a crisis like this, the true master of the situation. As long as this self-reliant and resourceful class at all, unless you give him a guarantee as a non-com. and agree to train him for that job in the same manner as an officer, then you will not get him to join at all.

R. W. McGRATH.

ENGLAND AND GIBRALTAR.

Sir,—A couple of sentences in the last issue of THE NEW AGE must doubly appeal strongly to a good many people besides Indians. I allude to the following passage in the article on Foreign Affairs by your distinguished contributor, Mr. S. Verdad:

"I cannot believe that, whatever we may say, the Spanish friends of England—who, by the way, are the staunchest section of mankind—will ever lay down theoretical principles of government and administration and deliberately act in a contrary sense. An Englishman may think it strange enough when an Indian accuses him of not playing fair; and yet that is an accusation which is often made, and made with complete consistency and justice."

For my part, I am sure that not a single Spaniard, whether pro-Ally or pro-German, will be able to read that remark without recalling at once the existence of that "Gibraltar thorn," which, as Senor Azcarate has recently said, pierced the heart of the Spanish Liberals whenever the English stretch their arms to better hold the bonds of friendship which unite them with their admired and beloved England.

According to all contemporary men, the unique purpose underlying this terrible war is to assert everywhere the full principle of nationality; not the conquest or subjugation of any great commonwealth or the extraction of a portion or race which have been subjected and conquered; and, if doubt should arise about disputed areas, their aim is to settle them in the reconstruction of Europe without any must follow from this war, with a fair regard to the wishes and feelings of the people who live in them. (See the speech of Mr. Churchill in September last at the London Opera House.) Gibraltar, therefore, affords a powerful argument in the present circumstances to the Spanish Conservatives and Clericals—the traditional foes of Great Britain; and the Spanish government, well aware that Spain is extremely working it up for all its worth. On the other hand, the Spanish friends of England—who, by the way, are the soundest section of the country—can be silent on the subject without being accused of unpatriotism or of denying the raison d'être of their Angliophobia.

Particular emphasis is given to the fact that the strongest inducements of the conduct of Great Britain in regard to Gibraltar as well as the most urgent demands in favour of its restitution to the Spanish Crown, have always been uttered in England itself. Allow me now to quote four among several utterances of this kind:

"While we retain the possession of Gibraltar we must expect the perpetual jealousy of the Spaniards." (From a pamphlet printed in London, 1749.)

"Gibraltar is the real cause of the antipathy which Spain bears to England, which Spain, if that place were ceded, would eradicate." (From a pamphlet published in London, 1706.)

"England took possession of the Rock when she was not expressly at war with Spain, and she retains it against all moral codes." (From a speech by John Bright at Birmingham.)

"With the cession of Gibraltar all reasons for political, and, we may add, national, ill-feeling, which undoubtedly now exists between Spain and England, would immediately cease. If a really secure and equally well-placed harbour for our purposes can be obtained, then let us give up Gibraltar, if not because our finer feelings prompt us to do it at least because we are content that place will eradicate."

"Gibraltar Worth Keeping?" by Capt. F. F. Warren, R.N., (1882.)

An identical opinion has so recently appeared in the London press that I do not think it necessary to recall it here. I will only add that as far as the mutual advantages of peacefully exchanging Gibraltar for Ceuta is being now discussed, not at all unfavourably, in some of the Spanish Liberal press.

JOSÉ PLA.

[Mr. S. Verdad writes: While I sympathise with your correspondent's feelings, I cannot believe that, whatever we may say, the Spanish friends of England—who, by the way, are the staunchest section of mankind—will lay down theoretical principles of government and administration and deliberately act in a contrary sense. An Englishman may think it strange enough when an Indian accuses him of not playing fair; and yet that is an accusation which is often made, and made with complete consistency and justice."

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JOSÉ PLA.
might easily involve the two countries in territorial rivalry about the hinterland of Morocco.)

**THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.**

Sir,—The references to the materialist (or economic) interpretation have appeared of late in the pages of *The New Age* have drawn from "National Guildsmen" a reply which prompts one to try to destroy the foundations of their own otherwise admirable work. It is not merely that the reply in question contains assertions which are invalid and an indication that the writers hold views quite at variance with the history of Socialist theory which are quite aggressively false; but they appear altogether to fail to recognise how important the view of the collective mind is, and how intimately it is bound up with those features in Guild Socialism which give us any right to call it Socialist at all, or to regard it as anything more than a well-meaning piece of opportunism. I do not know how far "National Guildsmen" themselves reckon it as of any importance that their doctrine should be regarded as the historicism of Marxism, which we may surely take as the type of all Socialist theory; or whether they prefer to take it as the latest mode imported direct from Paris, with transfiguration in the English taste—and so regard the discussion of "Marxian dogma" as no more than tearing up the cast-off garments of yester-year. For my own part, I do not think it utter madness what they say about it; for the endeavour to work out their own doctrines will inevitably lead them to discuss just the problems that Marx disposed of in the *Capital* up to the point of his solutions, whether or not they know that they are his. But in the interests of clear thinking would it not be advisable to take some account of other attempts to solve the same kind of problem as himself? I do not for a moment suggest that Marx is always in the right—indeed, I am convinced that in some of his most important judgments he was quite wrong; but I think it is nevertheless less true that all satisfactory constructive work in Socialist theory must begin from him, and that the next greatest good will be done by those who succeed in formulating a reconstructed Marxism. It is because *The New Age* has already shown deciding signs of progress towards this end that it must not be allowed without discussion to throw overboard the economic interpretation of history. It is obvious that the whole matter is complicated and rather obscure, and I make no pretence of discussing it completely or of solving it. I will try to establish only two points—that (whatever it really is) it is important; and, secondly, that (whatever it really is) it is certainly not what "National Guildsmen" seem to think.

No detailed argument is required to show that the economic interpretation of history is, in Marx's view, fundamental to his whole position and to the popular misunderstandings which have prevailed about his work is that, if the theory of surplus value be shown to be false, no more need be said in criticism of Socialism. Indeed, I am convinced that in some of his most important judgments he was quite wrong; but I think it is nevertheless less true that all satisfactory constructive work in Socialist theory must begin from him, and that the next greatest good will be done by those who succeed in formulating a reconstructed Marxism. It is because *The New Age* has already shown deciding signs of progress towards this end that it must not be allowed without discussion to throw overboard the economic interpretation of history. It is obvious that the whole matter is complicated and rather obscure, and I make no pretence of discussing it completely or of solving it. I will try to establish only two points—that (whatever it really is) it is important; and, secondly, that (whatever it really is) it is certainly not what "National Guildsmen" seem to think.

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