TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

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for six or seven weeks all the argument was on one

side. Mr. Asquith's excuse for closing Parliament was

one of the feeblest we have ever heard: it was that
certain civil servants, engaged in answering

Parliamentary questions, need a holiday. So they may, and

so do many of us; but we understand that everybody

can well afford to accept; but what of a thousand

so do many of us; but we understood that everybody

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at least be prepared to accept the whole responsibility

of the conduct of the war. In that event the private

members might plead not guilty to charges that may be

brought against them when the conduct of the war
comes to be examined by their constituents. But it

was plain from the answer of Lord Newton to Lord

Devaunport that, in spite of ordering Parliament like

sheep, the Government still means to make it responsible

in the eyes of the public. Not, it seems, to the

Government was the forty millions expenditure on pensions due, but to the pressure of Parliament! The instance chances to be one which the House of Commons can well afford to accept; but what of a thousand others? In the coming six weeks, during which Members will know as little of what is being done as the general public, acts may be carried out by the Executive for which the House of Commons will be made responsible. In France, as guardedly reported, the same situation has resulted in the strike of Parliament; and the Executive has been brought to heel. But here Parliament is quite content apparently to forgo its power while still accepting its responsibility.

Mr. Asquith was once more at his ease in denouncing "the calumny that our people had not risen to the height of a great occasion." In what world does Mr. Asquith now live not to realise that the charge of failing to rise to the occasion is not brought against our people but by our people? Here in these columns and in acres of the Press, the complaint has been made that while "our people" have risen miraculously to every sacrificial demand, the Government has lamentably failed to persuade the profiteers to get off the nation's back. This, we can assure Mr. Asquith, is the real grievance of public opinion. It is not that the people are ashamed of themselves, or have any reason to be. But it is the fact that the continuance of profiteering more than usual is a cause of bitter resentment and a source of profound dissatisfaction. What to our mind, indeed, is the most marvellous manifestation of the war is the maintenance of public spirit in the face of the atrocities of our profiteers. Disaster upon disaster may reach us from the hand of Germany; and they serve only to fortify the national resolution to win in the end. But the disasters inflicted on us by our profiteers are not fortifying, but depressing; and, as we say, it is a wonder we survive them. Mr. Asquith must know, better than anybody, the truth of the matter. How much of his legislation has been aborted and frustrated by influences which he

We ventures to say that the Government is not in Capital's pocket when one Minister, only one, ventures to denounce the profiteers in terms only half as strong as those in which all of them denounce the working men.
The astonishing thing is that the public is not as articulate as its feelings deserve. There are animals, we are told—the rabbit perhaps is one of them—that utter a sound only when in the direst peril. Can it be that the public, such a creature, is not only conscious, but that nobody who goes among the people can doubt that the detestation of profiteering prevails almost universally. Yet not only can Mr. Asquith ignore the subject; but Mr. Lloyd George in his speeches intended directly for Labour cannot ignore it as well. If it were the case that by ignoring the fact, the fact would cease to influence conduct, the State could act in complete security. But on every occasion on which Mr. Lloyd George has tacitly endorsed the continuance of profiteering he has in fact complained of the "laxity" of the workmen, the sole cause of which is the very system whose name he dare not breathe. In his speech in the House of Commons last week, for example, he became almost tragical on the subject of the retention by the men of certain restrictive Trade Union customs. These, he said, were responsible for the shortage of production by twenty-five per cent. of its potential maximum. But surely it is his business to go further and to discover the reason for their retention. If production is actually being held back at a quarter of the cost of the Act, as the opinion of Trade Unionists, the sooner the cause is discovered and remedied the better. But what is the cause? It is not necessary to look a long while for it. Nor need it be sought in the vices of the workmen or in their ignorance of the fact that national labour is all that is needed to make private factories national. Being human, however, they compromise. Yet if Mr. Lloyd George is serious in wishing to increase the output, he ought to be aware that for every additional exertion they make on behalf of the State, the profiteer draws a private commission. What would they need to do to work their maximum under these circumstances is either God's or the profiteer's business, not ours. Being human, however, they compromise. Yet if Mr. Lloyd George is serious in wishing to increase the output, here is the means—commander every munition-factory and put managers and men under national orders. We should have as little then to complain of in our industrial army as in our military army.

The nation, we say, would, if it could find a voice, formulate the same demand; and particularly in view of the fact that Mr. Lloyd George has really presented us with our case. Defending in the same speech his proposed National Factories he did so in these terms: "The advantage which a national factory has over mere co-operation between different firms consists in economy, in that we are turning out the shells at a much lower price than that at which we are obtaining them. There will be better control, there will be better facilities for inspection, and we think that we shall have less trouble with labour. We think that labour, perhaps, will be ready to dispense with its restrictive practices when it is working in a national factory where no one can suggest that any profit is made by anybody except the nation." Quite so. We believe it too. But why then did Mr. Lloyd George proceed to say that "both systems (national and private) are absolutely necessary"? If it is the fact that national production has these enumerated advantages over private production; and as well as being much cheaper is more efficient by twenty-five per cent. of output, why is private production necessary? The reason, we boldly say, is that the Government cannot get rid of the profiteers though nominally fully empowered. We know, in fact, that theoretically a stroke of the pen is all that is needed to make private factories national factories, and thus it once to raise their efficiency. But we disclose that it is not done because the Government dare not do it. Once more, in short, we see our profiteers holding up supplies, maintaining conditions of production which ensure a minimum output, and defying the Government to commandeer and bring them under national discipline. It was Mr. Lloyd George's speech there cannot be the smallest doubt that this is the case. He has made our point for us. Surely the tongue of the nation will now be found, and the profiteers brought to book.

It is not only upon production that the continuance of profiteering has a malign influence, but upon the spirit of the nation as shown in the opposition to forced national service. We may be sure that the diminution of a quarter from the maximum potential of shell-output is an index of the diminution recruiting in all its forms suffers by reason of the existence of the same cause. As, roughly, one in four of the workmen in private factories feels himself indisposed to sacrifice his comfort to his employer's profit, the same proportion of civilians eligible for military service may be calculated as indisposed to enlist. In the debate in Parliament last week some further steps were taken in the discussion, towards conscription. With the main arguments of the speakers we must perforce agree. But the observations we have made before are unfortunately still in order. In the first place, conscription in our opinion would be totally unnecessary if the State were to deserve more service than it now receives, by demonstrating its equity in the work of the working and the profit-giving classes. Nor is there a doubt about it but that the Army would be filled to overflowing on the morrow of the day on which the Government announced that no war profits should be permitted to be made or kept. In the second place, we are absolutely certain that if profiteering is allowed to continue, conscription may be applied to the twenty-five per cent. of men now unenlisted. After all, what has happened in the sphere of the factories? There it has been found that the Munitions Act, with all its sanctions, was powerless to force a single man down the ladder. It may be in deploring the loss of twenty-five per cent. of shell-production, Mr. Lloyd George did not venture to threaten to apply compulsion to the Unions. But if compulsion cannot be applied to the minority of the Unions it cannot be applied to the minority of the men of the nation—for the two are of the same spirit. The greater the need for compulsion, in short, the more fatal will it be to attempt it. There is only one remedy for deficient enlistment—plastic production: it is to give the State the moral right to demand, and to use its subsequent moral power to enforce if necessary, the full service of any and every citizen. But this can only be given by requiring of the profiteers the sacrifice of the privilege of making profit out of their services. Abolish profiteering, we are convinced, and the man who declines to work until he drops or to shoot until he drops may be denounced and punished without raising a protest from us. We doubt if there would be many of them. But leave profiteering as it is, and, on the whole, we applaud the moral courage of the shirkers—such, at any rate, as know what they are about.

It might be thought that the leaders of the Labour movement who have been criticising the established authorities all their lives would now demand, and to set their own house in order. Instead of being the dismal chaos of stupidity and muddle it is, the Trade Union movement ought, in critical contrast to the official world, to present an almost paradoxical picture of order and intelligence. Also, the trade of criticism is not always the best preparation for the business of managing affairs. On the contrary, critics often appear to have a preference for living in glass houses. The Labour movement that only a few short years ago was preparing to run the Empire has now found the Trade Union movement beyond its strength. No greater reflection on the intelligence of Labour has ever been made than must occur to the mind that surveys the results of Trade Union statesmanship during the war. Literally it has lost every battle, and inflicted the smallest damage on the whole army of
We have just been examining the agenda of the Trades Union Congress. We must conclude that the motto of the Executive has been Stupidity as Usual; for a carelessly thrown away topic for discussion which is within a thousand leagues of the actual situation. Is it that no intelligent resolutions have been sent from the component Unions and Branches; or is it the case that the Executive has scooped all the brains out of the Agenda? We do not know. A Trade Union leader seems to be capable of anything. What we know is that of the hundred or so resolutions down for discussion, not one is worth the railway fare of a single delegate. Fifty or六十 of the resolutions are miscellaneous, that is, the twiddlings of cranks; and of these thirty have been passed at various Congresses once or perhaps a score of times before. In addition there are plous resolutions about the war, resolutions in favour of an Eight Hours Day, a Minimum Wage, Women's Labour—for the war only! Above all, as marking the critical times in which we live, the resolutions urging the Government to permit cabs to drive in Hyde Park is to be re-affirmed with solemn emphasis. Where in the world are we? Is this a Trades Union Congress, representing three million organised wurrkerrs; or is it a party of boy-scouts playing at congresses? We can almost understand the incredulity of some of our readers who charge us with inventing the Trade Union movement. But the Congress is no invention of ours, nor of anybody's. No doubt its agenda grew, in the waste spaces of the leaders' minds between thoughts of war and thoughts of becoming statesmen! ** * *

The rival organisation, or, in other words, Mr. Appleton's own particular General Federation of Trade Unions, need not plume itself, however, on any contrast with the Congress. We have before us the circular recently issued by the Management Committee purporting to answer the demand for a General Situation. It is, in brief, the programme of the G.F.T.U.: What do we find in it? After a representation of the facts of the increased prices of food and coal, the Committee proceed to address a series of humble requests and suggestions to the Government. They affirm their belief in this, they beg to suggest that, they urge the other, and they would remind the Government of something else—all in the most servile terms of abject unashamed beggary. Lord Melbourne of the duns ought to be Prime Minister to-day of the G.F.T.U. and they go out of their way to disclaim any responsibility themselves by reminding the Government quite unnecessarily that they, the Ministers, "must be prepared to shoulder the whole responsibility of their offices, since it is their business to initiate and conduct policies designed to advance the common interest." Idiots! As if the Government needs to be reminded of the fact that the Trade Unions are not prepared to be responsible for anything, even themselves. Hypocrites! To pretend that their humble requests and reminders are designed to advance the common interest. Knaves! To attempt to initiate and control policy while all the time fastening the responsibility on Ministers' "whose business it is." Let us say to the G.F.T.U. that they have no more right, as an Association of Labour, to attempt to influence the Government than the Associated Chambers of Commerce have; that Labour in politics is as much an anomaly as Capital in politics; and that, in short, if they have nothing to say on their own subject, which is the organisation of industry, and are prepared to do nothing towards settling it, the less we hear of their representations on public matters the more decency will be preserved in public life. Crawling, you would have thought, reached its masterpiece in the sentence we have just quoted. But there is, in our judgment, a wriggle of art in the following sentence that bears the palm away: "The Committee anticipate with misgiving the economic situation after the war, and therefore urge upon the Government the need for immediate organisation and comprehensive legislation." Poor Mr. Long! Poor Sir F. E. Smith! Poor Mr. Arthur Henderson! Urged on as supermen to accomplish, in the midst of your Imperial cares, what a Committee representing three million (or perhaps only two and a half) organised wurrkerrs dare not even offer to assist in! We pause to weep. ** * *

Unless the doddering officials are got rid of—we should like to present them to Prussia, under whose government they would-be quite at home—there can be only one conclusion; that the Trade Union movement has determined, deliberately determined, to shoulder the whole responsibility of their offices. For it must not be imagined that men like Mr. Appleton and the Executive of the Trade Unions do not know that responsibility has been knocking at the door of Trade Unionism. Even if they have never read The New Age, or cannot understand our highflew speech (just look at it!), Mr. Lloyd George himself has urged the matter upon their attention. The fact is that even their stupidity is stupid, because it is an affectation. They know very well, the slackers, that it is the duty of the Unions now or never to take up the white labourers' burden and to insist on sharing the responsibility of industry with their masters or with the State. They know it, but the prospect of real responsibility that can be tested by industrial results is too strenuous for their liking. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, though poverty there is, though the poverty those who travelleth and want as an armed man. But this is the failure, let us say, not only of Labour, but of Democracy. Is Democracy to be only a name for shirking responsibility? The emancipation of Labour and its insistence upon participation with Capital and the State in the full control of industry are, we affirm, the real test of Democracy. In shirking this, the Labour movement is inviting a powerful reaction back to slavery.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

A NUMBER of ignorant mischief-makers, both in Parliament and in the newspapers, have been demanding for many weeks past that cotton shall be placed on the contraband list. Freedom of speech has seldom been more grossly abused. Northcliffe Press readers and worshippers of the Markham type of intellect—people, that is to say, who up to a few months ago had scarcely heard of contraband and did not know what it was—are no doubt ready by this time to pose as experts on the subject and to advise the Government with the glib but useless fluency of “Daily Mail” leader-writers. The subject of contraband in general, not merely of cotton in particular, is complicated enough; and it is advisable for us to recollect, what no critic of the Government has done, that there is a political side to the problem even after the legal side of it has been satisfactorily adjusted.

The subject is complicated because the rules, such as the declaration of the western Hemisphere, are all conditional; that is to say, they have the effect of this Order in Council of March 11 which does away with the necessity for declaring it contraband—and the difficulty we have in stopping it is the difficulty we experienced even before the Order was issued, and should continue to experience even if cotton were declared to be absolute contraband to-morrow. That difficulty, it is almost needless to say, is to decide whether cotton consigned to a neutral is really meant for the belligerents will show the later course of events; and we cannot confiscate the vessels carrying them if they were consigned to a neutral with the ceremony of a belligerent, to say that such and such commodities are contraband and others conditional contraband and others non-contraband. It is when we are dealing with a belligerent, to say that such and such commodities are contraband, we cannot confiscate the vessels carrying them if we do not designate certain commodities as contraband, we cannot confiscate the vessels carrying them if we do not designate certain commodities as contraband. Secondly, there are relatively little interferences with the passage of certain classes of the Declaration of London, if it could be shown that goods on a neutral country, but the experiment has not been particularly successful.

You may say, I do not deny it, that we should arrange for neutral countries to have only a certain allowance of cotton, an allowance based on their previous purchases, with an extra percentage thrown in for normal expansion of trade. But, if we allow the neutrals to trade with neutrals to this extent, we shall be accused of violating their sovereign rights; and it happens that we are anxious just now to keep on good terms with neutral countries. We do not wish to offend the United States; and the cotton planters represent one-fourth of the United States in population and a still larger proportion of influence. We have already tried to interfere with the cotton export trade, and there are still many Americans who hold this country responsible for the slump in the United States export trade following the outbreak of war.

Two facts are prominent, or at any rate become prominent after a survey of the legal and political situation resulting from our policy on the high seas. One is that cotton goods were purchased by the British Government in Holland or Denmark or Sweden, bought goods for his own account and had them shipped to a neutral port, such as Rotterdam or Copenhagen, it was almost impossible, in most cases, to show that the goods were destined for the enemy; the belligerents will show the later course of events; nor can we neglect, of course, the American Notes to us and our replies. By the end of last year the Germans were treating as absolute contraband all supplies of food shipped to the British Isles. Our opportunity for legitimate retaliation soon came. On January 25 the German Federal Council issued a decree whereby all grain and flour imported into Germany on and after February 1 became practically a Government monopoly. The British Government immediately contended that it was now impossible to distinguish between civil and military food supplies sent to Germany; for, in taking over the food supplies of Germany, the German Government was obviously thinking of the needs of the army rather than of the needs of the civil population. In answer to this contention of ours the German Government issued an announcement to the effect that all grain imported by sea would be set aside for civilians; but the British Government, in view of the abnormal circumstances, held that this decree did not nullify the effect of the previous decision, and orders were given that grain and flour were to be listed as absolute contraband. The immediate result of this was the German “submarine blockade” (Feb. 19) followed by our Order in Council of March 11. This Order should be studied in the light of Mr. Asquith’s statements in the House of Commons on the subject of contraband, and Lord Robert Cecil’s answer to Major Hunt on July 26.
Towards National Guilds.

Messrs. Cole and Mellor, in a recent issue of the “Herald,” allow themselves to become thoroughly dejected on the subject of the future of Trade Unionism. "The prospects of Labour," they say, "are hardly more gloomy than they are to-day. Faced with the certainty of an economic crisis when the war ends, they have given up everything that could have served as a basis for optimism when the class-war was openly re-declared. Only the most incorrigible optimist would lose a great deal of the power it has been lost, and that Labour can no longer avoid." It is beyond doubt that the main battle will be lost, and that Labour can no longer avoid a great deal of the power it has been lost, and that Labour can no longer avoid a great deal of the power it has been lost, and that Labour can no longer avoid a great deal of the power it has been lost, and that Labour can no longer avoid a great deal of the power it has been lost, and that Labour can no longer avoid.

Without doubt the Trade Unions have been a great disappointment during the war; and Messrs. Cole and Mellor are within the evidence in questioning their right to exist. But, of course, the circumstances of the hour are altogether extraordinary, and it is nevertheless not to be tolerated; and we are sure that Labour and the Trade Unions are by no means analogous. The Trade Unions undoubtedly have a good many of Labour’s eggs in their basket, but not all—as the recent Welsh strike, undertaken by the rank and file against their officials, clearly showed. It is quite possible that the status of Labour may rise concurrently with the decline in the status of Trade Unions. If the latter fail to rise with Labour, they will simply be repudiated and the class-war will take the form of general, spontaneous, leaderless strikes. Such, in fact, may be seen looming.

One of the chief factors in the Russian campaign has been the shortage of munitions. But this hinges upon something more than the defects of her Allies. Being likewise at war, it was strictly unwise for them to furnish their own armies with munitions; they had a kind of right to expect that Russia likewise would be prepared to supply herself. The fact, however, is that Russia is not economically advanced to take a front rank in modern war. More than ever before, war now depends upon workshops. Other things being equal, it follows that the country with the best workshops will win in the end. Economic power, in short, proceeds or, at least, conditions military power, and precedes and conditions political power. But while quantity of production is vital, quality (which is only quantity in a highly intensified form) is even more important. It is conceivable that weapons may be awaiting invention which will cope with artillery, for instance, as artillery compared with bows and arrows.

But the conditions of such qualitative production are, first, the free association of scientists with workmen; and, secondly, the free association of workmen with scientists. A helpful partnership and skilled direction is therefore the means, and the only means, of maintaining our national leadership. Profiteering, which subordinates the progress of industry to the pursuit of profits, is fatal to a nation. The first that abolishes it is on the road to the hegemony of the world.

The following interesting letter has been received from the Rev. S. E. Keeble, to whom our best thanks are due:

I have just read with eager eyes your book “National Guilds.” As one reads it in book-form one gains a fresh impression of the valuable contributions made in The New Age to social reconstruction. I think I can see some fruit already from it in the recent conference between Mr. Lloyd George and the unions. My only regret is that the unions, before finally agreeing to anything, did not stipulate that the employers should first be met and made publicly to agree to a limitation of profits. A more probable demand was made in the recent issue of the They are defective on the other hand, they are nearing the end of their tether. The poor things are subject to the influence of flattery of which lashings can be obtained where they seek it—especially in parliamentary and social circles. But, on the other hand, they are nearing the end of their tether. The Braces and the Hendersons represent an age that is passing. They rose on the political impulse of the Trade Unions, and they will be left stranded in responsibility and Government jobs when the tide turns,—as it is now turning. The Trade Union leaders of the near future will not be, we venture to predict, top-hatted twisters, ex-Methodist preachers, assiduous Ionian-skins, profiteers’ valets—they will be Trade Unionists first, last and all the time. They will not draw their salary as labour officials and spend it as “citizens.” They will not employ the prestige of their job to propagate their personal ignorance on subjects like diplomacy and temperance. Like other professional public men, they will confine their public activity to discharging their public duty, which is the representation and execution of the opinions and will of their constituents.

With a few such men in it, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress could catch up with the rank and file in a very little while. So small a chance lies between the death and the resurrection of the Trade Union movement, that no sooner were it pronounced dead than we should see it alive again. We are not pessimistic. Labour cannot be left without leaders. If the Trade Unions do not exist, they must be invented! We confess ourselves properly and courteously rebuked.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
Americanising the Hyphenated States

Since the torpedoing of the "Lusitania" Americans have been engaged in the interesting pastime known as "removing the hyphen." In other words, they are trying to persuade themselves that the death of their compatriots on that occasion has united all American citizens in a common bereavement and provided them with a national rallying-point. At first they did not receive very encouraging evidence of contrition from that section of the hyphenated whose regeneration is most desired. German-American comment upon the destruction of the "Lusitania" differed in no respect from that of the Fatherland; even the insult of conventional sympathy for the mourners was added to the injury of an equally stereotyped defence of German methods. Neither departed in the least degree from the usage of official Germany. When it was evident, however, that the hyphen was deeply moved, a sudden and unanimous change was noticeable in the public utterances of German-Americans. With suspiciously simultaneous assurances of loyalty the latter began to correct the first impression left upon their listeners. The coincidence of this change with the tension of relations between Germany and the United States, and the abrupt relapse of the leading German propagandist into a silence preserved until his departure from that of the hyphen, even the insult of conventional sympathy for the mourners was added to the injury of an equally stereotyped defence of German methods. At first they did not receive very encouraging evidence of contrition from that section of the hyphenated whose regeneration is most desired. German-American comment upon the destruction of the "Lusitania" differed in no respect from that of the Fatherland; even the insult of conventional sympathy for the mourners was added to the injury of an equally stereotyped defence of German methods. Neither departed in the least degree from the usage of official Germany. When it was evident, however, that the hyphen was deeply moved, a sudden and unanimous change was noticeable in the public utterances of German-Americans. With suspiciously simultaneous assurances of loyalty the latter began to correct the first impression left upon their listeners. The coincidence of this change with the tension of relations between Germany and the United States, and the abrupt relapse of the leading German propagandist into a silence preserved until his departure from Europe—all pointed to a more or less concerted programme. Nevertheless, oblivious of the facts, prominent Americans proceeded to announce the disappearance of the hyphen. At last the word "American" required no adjective prefixed to it; alone it would suffice were we told, to cover a multitude of nationalities.

Nobody seems to have attached any significance to the peculiar unanimity with which the hitherto unrelated generate discovered their unsuspected patriotism. In the case where it was connected with the strained conditions prevailing between the United States and Germany the conclusion drawn was more creditable to the capacity for patriotic illusion than to the critical penetration of the commentators. They believed that the possibility of war had been sufficient to call forth the allegiance of the hyphenated American to the land of his adoption. That the circumstances might equally well be interpreted as indicating concern on his part for the land of his birth does not appear to have suggested itself. At all events, the suggestion was carefully hidden away with all the other unpleasant facts conflicting with the useless representation which pass for realities in this land of unrealised dreams.

If proof were required to show in whose favour these professions of loyalty are made, the history of recent events would supply it. Precisely as the anti-American note has weakened in the pro-German campaign, the tendency to rejoice over the repentance of one class, at least, of sinners against American nationality. The patriotic vows of Mr. Hermann Ridder, that professional German, have been greeted with becoming graciousness, and a new era is welcomed. Come what may, German-America will stand by Uncle Sam... but let us not be so tactless as to impose the test of war with Germany. Such is the happy frame of mind in which the "nation" finds itself. Everybody is united, but it would be premature to put an undue strain upon the delicate fabric of unity. Although differently formulated, the proposal appears to be: we must start at once to abolish hyphenation, we must see to it that, before a severe trial is thrust upon us, we have effected the complete Americanisation of the citizens of the United States. The national weakness has been diagnosed; what are the remedies suggested? Committees have been formed with a view to arranging for the de-hyphenation of American-oids, the duty to take any steps that seem practicable to bring before the immigrant population the whole duty of American citizenship. For example, the Fourth of July has been seized upon by the "National Americanisation Day Committee," which propose to make this national holiday the occasion of practical lessons in patriotism. As this committee is typical, we may judge from its programme the nature of the general enterprise. Not many words are necessary to outline the steps proposed. On the evening before the Fourth, prospective and American-born citizens are to meet in such public buildings as school-houses and there learn to know one another. Each district will have its gathering in the local school, where the foreign-born citizens will join with the native-born in various "patriotic exercises." The following day the usual general concourse of citizens will be held, but, owing to the intimacy of the night before, their manifestations of patriotism will be more real, on saluting the flag and firing off revolvers and other less deadly explosive instruments. Presumably the revolvers will cease to be loaded, and the diminished casualty list peculiar to the Fourth of July celebrations will testify to the brotherhood of the new and old patriots.

It would be incredible, were documents not there to

the gift of dual nationality enables one to see an identity of welfare undiscoverable to the unsophisticated. England's difficulty becomes not one of opportunity, but likewise that of the United States. In fact, with a proper sense of logic, the German-Americans have decided that there must be a perfect parallel between the interests of the two countries. Clearly the situation demands some such intellectual contortion, especially when it is politic to reconcile the irreconcilable.

The general public has not failed to notice the remarkable coincidence of German and American interests revealed by the activities of the hyphenated loyalists. Consequently the propaganda to prohibit exports of war material has not made as rapid progress as was anticipated. Even the descent of Mr. Bryan into the sentimental maelstrom has been deprived of its significance by the fact that his undoubted singleness of purpose, where pacifism is concerned, makes him almost useless as an ally of pro-Germanism. Many have forgotten their abuse of him as a "tool" of the Allies and have welcomed his support of "strict neutrality," but a large part of German-America has instinctively rejected him, knowing that he takes pacific patriotism too seriously for the purposes of pro-German propaganda. All recognise, however, that his influence with the Democratic electorate makes him a useful stalking-horse. Under cover of his phrases souls may be saved for the ultimate glory of Prussia. In fine, Mr. Bryan can plough up the soil in which the exotic bloom of hyphenated pacifism may take root beside his own pure flowers of bourgeois pacifist rhetoric.

Apart from this question of war supplies—where the opposition to an embargo is doubtless largely commercial—the tendency is to rejoice over the repentance of one class, at least, of sinners against American nationality. The patriotic vows of Mr. Hermann Ridder, that professional German, have been greeted with constructive representatives of leaders which pass for realities in this land of unrealised dreams.

If proof were required to show in whose favour these professions of loyalty are made, the history of recent events would supply it. Precisely as the anti-American note has weakened in the pro-German campaign, the tendency to rejoice over the repentance of one class, at least, of sinners against American nationality. The patriotic vows of Mr. Hermann Ridder, that professional German, have been greeted with becoming graciousness, and a new era is welcomed. Come what may, German-America will stand by Uncle Sam... but let us not be so tactless as to impose the test of war with Germany. Such is the happy frame of mind in which the "nation" finds itself. Everybody is united, but it would be premature to put an undue strain upon the delicate fabric of unity. Although differently formulated, the proposal appears to be: we must start at once to abolish hyphenation, we must see to it that, before a severe trial is thrust upon us, we have effected the complete Americanisation of the citizens of the United States. The national weakness has been diagnosed; what are the remedies suggested? Committees have been formed with a view to arranging for the de-hyphenation of American-oids, the duty to take any steps that seem practicable to bring before the immigrant population the whole duty of American citizenship. For example, the Fourth of July has been seized upon by the "National Americanisation Day Committee," who propose to make this national holiday the occasion of practical lessons in patriotism. As this committee is typical, we may judge from its programme the nature of the general enterprise. Not many words are necessary to outline the steps proposed. On the evening before the Fourth, prospective and American-born citizens are to meet in such public buildings as school-houses and there learn to know one another. Each district will have its gathering in the local school, where the foreign-born citizens will join with the native-born in various "patriotic exercises." The following day the usual general concourse of citizens will be held, but, owing to the intimacy of the night before, their manifestations of patriotism will be more real, on saluting the flag and firing off revolvers and other less deadly explosive instruments. Presumably the revolvers will cease to be loaded, and the diminished casualty list peculiar to the Fourth of July celebrations will testify to the brotherhood of the new and old patriots.

It would be incredible, were documents not there to
prove it, that such measures could be seriously entertained by people destitute of solving the problem of hyphenation. The intellectual vacuum revealed by these committees is an interesting commentary upon what has been said in previous articles in this place. The failure of America to give any spiritual imprint to its population need not surprise us when even so "typical" an American as Mr. Roosevelt (who is accepted as a patriot and a Progressive) can find nothing but approval for the programme in question. Americans have still so many prejudices of real patriotism that they cannot imagine the sentiment being inspired by means of "patriotic exercises" and receptions. It is easy to picture the nature of the intercourse between the "old Colonial families" and the recently-arrived victims of European war. A "slumming party" on an international scale is the nearest analogy. If any member of America's ultra-aristocratic Colonial snobocracy condescended to exhibit patriotism for the benefit of "Dagos," the result would hardly be that intended by the "Citizen ship Reception Committee." If the plutocracy participated it would doubtless be with an eye to the acquisition of cheap labour. The picture of an idyllic gathering of democratic brethren revealing to one another the United States message of America to a red-blooded just that mixture of little Bethel and Reuseau without which no genuine piece of American humbug is complete.

The fundamental fallacy, even were the programme of Americanisation, is most seriously misleading of the nature of patriotic sentiment. Patriotism cannot be induced by flags and speeches and fireworks, though these externals may arouse the emotion, provided it already exists. The would-be Americanisers have confounded cause and effect, since they believe that people for whom the American flag has no associations will appreciate the demonstrations of those who identify it with certain ideas and ideals of a national character. They are trying to produce a cheap imitation of the emotion which "patriotic exercises" awaken, by subjecting immigrants to the chance of infection by contact with citizens whose emotionalism is the result of genuine feeling. Presumably the mob hysteria which often carries away crowds of spectators, of such demonstration of patriotism will be accepted as a sign of civic grace. Certainly there is no hope of anything more substantial from the methods proposed by the Americanisation committees. They must appeal to something deeper if a national sentiment of American nationality home to the immigrant population of the United States. But, apart from stage effects, they seem to have thought of nothing more serious than the teaching of English and the abolition of illiteracy. But there are doubtless desirable, but have but the slightest bearing upon the problem. The most hyphenated Americans are rarely illiterate, while the Americanisation of German-America has by no means corresponded to the decline of the German language. Statistics show a considerable decrease in the number of German schools, and in the sale of German literature. In a large city with a population of 300,000 Germans the chief circulating library consigned its German books to the cellar, as there was absolutely no demand for them. This was due to the fact that Germans fighting in the American Civil War whose knowledge of English was slight, just as the most prominent German-Americans to-day write English fluently, and even with distinction. On the former occasion an ideal was before them and they sank their racial differences for a national purpose. At present they find themselves without any stronger motive attaching them to America rather than to Germany. The United States, having no national psychology, no definite attitude towards international politics, the hyphenated citizen feels at liberty to supply the deficiency by reference to his racial origin. The emigrants from the Allied countries revert to their former international status, those from the Austro-German countries to the same, with the result that the United States as a world power is impotent, swaying from side to side in obeisance to the dictates of its population, the satisfaction of which, unlike Switzerland, linguistic differences have not been preserved, the United States are no better off in the present international crisis. In spite of excusable racial sympathies, the Swiss have determined that they can understand the principle of neutrality than the Americans. The latter, having suffered the violation of the fundamental principle to pass in silence, pretend to invoke those principles in particular cases, as occasion arises.

The Americanisation of the Hyphenated States is evidently a long way off, and in saluting the removal of the hyphen, Americans are simply exercising their well-known privilege of taking credit for their good intentions. As far back as Bryce's "American Commonweal this trait was the subject of comment. The author himself having obviously acquired it while preparing his book. Flattering friends term it the energy and optimism of youth, which enables the citizens of a country to estheticise any degenerate principle of neutrality than the Americans. The latter, having suffered the violation of the fundamental principle to pass in silence, pretend to invoke those principles in particular cases, as occasion arises.

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The subject of women in industry is of such vital importance to Guildsmen that I am exceedingly gladdened to find the writer of the Notes of the Week returning to it. We have simply got to thrash the matter out. But in the process of hammering it out and each other will be as well to remember, or to remind the writer of the Notes, that between the members of the National Guilds League and those "who are but students of the subject" there is, or should be, no difference. Personally, although a member of the League, I have not the slightest intention of letting League propaganda (or League policy, which is what I suspect is meant) interfere with either my judgment or the expression of my views on any point of principle, and I believe the rest of the Guild members are of the same intention. The League exists, I take it, to spread Guild ideas in quarters where they will be fruitful; that is its function as a propagandist body; its policy is to have no policy which will interfere with such propaganda. Such an attitude we do, of course, understand, but we claim that such an attitude can only be taken up and held by people who are thinking in terms of wagery. The first thing we seek to do is to show the wage-earners and the salaried workers the necessity for abolishing wagery, and every point that comes up for consideration must be approached from the point of view whether it will or will not assist us in that direction. And that is our answer to those who want to know what we are going to do about it now. It may not strike them as a very satisfactory answer; it will probably not enlist many of them on our side; but it is the only answer we can give them and, if they find it insufficient, we must get on without them, or in spite of them, or, if they force it upon us, by force of argument. That is, I am at the trouble of convincing many who are on the way to being Guildsmen. They see the wisdom of our proposals, but the thought of those three or four million women now in the toils oppresses them.

In their discussions with interested women they have been met, as we have been met, by the declaration that women are in industry; that they see no immediate chance of getting out of it; that many of them like it; and that, being situated as they are, their first need is for efficient organisation. They want to develop as men have developed. They even tell us that they intend to take the same steps to improve their conditions that men have taken; or they talk about "emancipating themselves in their own way." This attitude we do, of course, understand, but we claim that such an attitude can only be taken up and held by people who are thinking in terms of wagery.

Now let me repeat that we are seeking to humanise industry and to free industrial workers by abolishing the wage system. One of the first things we seek to do is to make the Unions blackleg-proof. If only labour were in control of the machines of industry at the present time, and utilising it for the nation instead of private profiteers, the men of the nation could perform easily every piece of work that would be demanded of them. Nay, more than that, they could do it too. In normal times, as we all know, there is a large stock of surplus labour; a steady margin of unemployement. In normal times those unemployed are the curse of labour. They are a constant menace to the employed. But for them the agitator would be listened to with much more interest than he now is. The wise employer always desires as large a number of unempted as possible. As long as the factories are employing a hundred thousand women, he will do it; as by that means he will get cheap labour from the women and he will make the men's positions insecure and so depress their wages, and put two sovereigns in the bank where he only put one before.

In the textile industries for some years before the war, manufacturers were talking behind their hands of fifty, sixty, in some cases even of one hundred per cent. profits. Supposing labor had had the wisdom, as it had the power, to absorb much of those profits, it could have doubled its wages almost and still left the employers a "margin." But supposing that, instead of fighting for more wages, it had said, "look here, bosses, to the devil with this spinning and weaving for the gratification of markets and the making of quick profits, we are out for more decency in life, for better and more comfortable homes, for letting our women attend to their housework instead of helping us to make enough to keep things going. We must have the money for both." In some mills, even under the profiteering blight, it would have been possible to pay a man wages equal to what he and his wife are now making and still to carry on. But now imagine the position if women had been out already. A factory employs, say, one thousand men. Each man draws four pounds a week. There is work for every man who wants it. "Trade is always good." The employer dare not have trouble there even under present conditions. But trade is so good that the employer makes a slight extension and wants more labour. He cannot get men, so he goes to some damned labour blessings Act to call up women. The wise employer always desires as large a number of unemployed as exists. He would, if possible, turn out a hundred thousand women into his particular industry and he will do it; as by that means he will get cheap labour from the women and he will make the men's positions insecure and so depress their wages, and put two sovereigns in the bank where he only put one before.

Women in Industry.

By Rowland Kenney.

The subject of women in industry is of such vital importance to Guildsmen that I am exceedingly gladdened to find the writer of the Notes of the Week returning to it. We have simply got to thrash the matter out. But in the process of hammering it out and each other will be as well to remember, or to remind the writer of the Notes, that between the members of the National Guilds League and those "who are but students of the subject" there is, or should be, no difference. Personally, although a member of the League, I have not the slightest intention of letting League propaganda (or League policy, which is what I suspect is meant) interfere with either my judgment or the expression of my views on any point of principle, and I believe the rest of the Guild members are of the same intention. The League exists, I take it, to spread Guild ideas in quarters where they will be fruitful; that is its function as a propagandist body; its policy is to have no policy which will interfere with such propaganda. Such an attitude we do, of course, understand, but we claim that such an attitude can only be taken up and held by people who are thinking in terms of wagery. The first thing we seek to do is to show the wage-earners and the salaried workers the necessity for abolishing wagery, and every point that comes up for consideration must be approached from the point of view whether it will or will not assist us in that direction. And that is our answer to those who want to know what we are going to do about it now. It may not strike them as a very satisfactory answer; it will probably not enlist many of them on our side; but it is the only answer we can give them and, if they find it insufficient, we must get on without them, or in spite of them, or, if they force it upon us, by force of argument. That is, I am at the trouble of convincing many who are on the way to being Guildsmen. They see the wisdom of our proposals, but the thought of those three or four million women now in the toils oppresses them.

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Impressions of Paris.

I wonder if anyone has any right to talk about themselves as much as I do? I can’t believe that they have; and yet I can’t stop. After all, oneself is the only person who remains friendly in spite of all life’s little involvements and who can get out this same mood and bring myself back quite willing to wipe off old scores and start again. Who else would have proved so thoroughly understanding? Who else would have usurped me in sun-splashed, rainy, ill-dressed, and parsimonious? Who would have wagged after me and in and out of trams, have trotted or slouched the boulevards, have stood in the blinding sun while I read every word of the inscriptions on the column of the Bastille, or have eaten the green gooseberries first as I did, leaving me the red ones? No one! The least I can do in return, therefore, is to take a good deal of notice of myself as well as of other people.

The more I read in the newspapers the less I like the young and brightest creatures in Paris, and even when they have beards and grey hairs, their eyes are young. Some of them carry packages which have nothing to do with soldiering—packages or boxes in pretty paper and tied with string, presents they are grateful for; their nerves permit them to take your chance; but they are all strictly military. Vincennes is full of trees and pensions and young ladies’ schools, but really rather stuffy as to air. The wind which was fresh as the sea at the Bastille was here quite tame and without features. Babies I see of me—red stockings and black shoes, a short, dark skirt and an ecru blouse with red silk trimmings, and yet E can’t stop. After all, oneself is the only person who remains friendly in spite of all life’s little involvements and who can get out this same mood and bring myself back quite willing to wipe off old scores and start again. Who else would have proved so thorough understanding? Who else would have usurped me in sun-splashed, rainy, ill-dressed, and parsimonious? Who would have wagged after me and in and out of trams, have trotted or slouched the boulevards, have stood in the blinding sun while I read every word of the inscriptions on the column of the Bastille, or have eaten the green gooseberries first as I did, leaving me the red ones? No one! The least I can do in return, therefore, is to take a good deal of notice of myself as well as of other people.

I wish I was back home.

I said goodbye, finding myself somehow back at the Bastille, and got in a tram which elected to stop at a huge fountain-basin, the Triumph, in the middle of a huge fountain-basin, and the guildisation of industry will include, I, for one, am certain, the elimination of women from industry. As to whether there will come a time when women may be allowed to enter the Guilds, well—we shall have plenty of time to discuss that in the distant future.
population grows. The fact is that the blocks are being run up as generally outside the fortifications. When the fall of Antwerp seemed to indicate that the defences of Paris were useless, rumours instantly began to run of destroying them—of the hitherto secure beauties of the city—the most wall in places is a thing almost to enchant a Hessian cannon—and building apartments about the city! All there was the one voice protesting—and in the "New York Herald." Parissians either do not care, or if any care, they despair of fighting the builders and the cheap-transit companies who, as in London, dominate the Municipal Boards.

One of the most confounding reflections upon all this is that beauty of surrounding is small, or no, check to human nature. The biblical heaven itself was not secure from the passion of envy, and none but a novelist would place a pure heart necessarily in a natural paradise. The instinct of the world is certainly to destroy natural beauty, and this would seem to show a fear of being overpowered by it. But, actually, we do not see that natural beauty prevails, or has ever prevailed, against the cruelty and avarice of men. The more that can be said is that natural beauty is friendly to a soul already tolerably beautiful.

The hope for such souls that the destruction of natural beauty might prove commercially unsuccessful would be thinner and thinner; the reverse is the true. To "funcicularise Parnassus" would be to set everyone going there—even those who hate the poets and their woods and other nonsense—with pocket editions of the newest verses—about the railway. After all, perhaps man is not intended to be ever more than a comical animal, to laugh at himself and be laughed at. We are more corrigible through ridicule than monkeys! Who knows whether we are not all gone astray from seriousness never meant for us—and for desire of which our parents lost Eden and the unsuspicous society of the other animals. Now, I am becoming perverse by despair of solving why man his "vile strength wields seriousness never meant for us—and for desire of which"

The sacraments were useless, rumours instantly began in a moment. "Monsieur le Duc d'Ayen, 'when our King. 'Ah, sire,' replied M. d'Ayen, 'when our Lord died on Holy Friday he knew well he would rise again on the Sunday.'" That is very rude blasphemy, and I don't know exactly why I laugh at it. Our Vicar of Bray was apparently a Frenchman! "The Cure de Bray," having passed three or four times from the Catholic faith to the Protestant, his friends expressed their surprise at his indifference. "Me indifferent!" explained the priest—"nothing of the sort. I want to remain curé de Bray."

They were hardy sinners in those old days! "The Duchesse de Chaulnes was dying. 'The sacraments are ready. In a moment.' Monsieur le Duc wishes to see you." 'Is he there?' 'Yes.' 'Let him wait a little; he will come in with the sacraments.'"

But the Catholic Church was odd in those same days: they say it is the same now in out of the way spots and Naples. Chamfort's birth took place under circumstances sufficient to make a misanthrope of anybody. His mother, lady companion in a pious bourgeoise family, was turned out of doors on being found enceinte. The hardy duchess above might, in the midst of war, quite a number of readers find themselves lightly turned to thoughts of love?" This was duc, said the answer, to a natural reaction. "War obviously glorifies the man and tips the scales in his favour; and this must be met by the counterbalancing of the rests of World-worship, as means of the re-estalation of Love." I am altogether satisfied with the manner in which the question was set. It does not seem to me that people think lightly in matters of love—except, perhaps, in music-halls, where, in reality, the players do not speak of Love, but of what the Parisian girls call 'rigolade' or amusement, in severe distinction from their "situation," that is to say, the person who keeps them in bread and butter. And I think that if there were interested in love, it is because they are in trouble and are seeking, in print, a way of escape.

Some readers may possibly take counsel from the article I have already alluded to, wherein it is said that Love, like truth, is an unattainable ideal; and it is added, "Love is not a commodity for everyday life... but the passion of Love does result in positive approximations which themselves are not to be despised. And, as in a period of intellectual decadence, it is well that the unattainable ideal of Truth should be preached—even at the risk of the martyrdom of its apostles—so in a period of sexual decadence it is well that the unattainable ideal of Love should be preached—even at the risk of no matter how many killed and wounded among its disciples." I make no objection to these phrases, for in them Love is understood to be, as in the platonist sense, a tendency towards perfection; and in that case it is clear that we cannot attain it. But cannot Love also be understood as a positive, absolute reality?

Love will appear to an unattainable ideal to all those who seek it without finding it. Of all the centres of gravity of our consciousness, only one falls within ourselves: that of our own ego. The others, such as beauty, justice, or the knowledge of our own destiny, fall into the infinite; the imaginative ideal of happiness, into the region of fantasy; but that of Love, on the other hand, into an indifferent point between ourselves and the person we must love and who must love us. But if this person is lacking, as we feel that the centre of love is not within us, we may easily fall into the error of supposing that the love we are not the fire. And in this case it is clear that we cannot attain it. But cannot Love also be understood as a positive, absolute reality?

Love and Veracity.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

The question was recently asked in these columns: "How comes it about that in the midst of war a great number of readers find themselves lightly turned to thoughts of love?" This was duc, said the answer, to a natural reaction. "War obviously glorifies the man and tips the scales in his favour; and this must be met by the counterbalancing of the rests of World-worship, as means of the re-estalation of Love." I am altogether satisfied with the manner in which the question was set. It does not seem to me that people think lightly in matters of love—except, perhaps, in music-halls, where, in reality, the players do not speak of Love, but of what the Parisian girls call 'rigolade' or amusement, in severe distinction from their "situation," that is to say, the person who keeps them in bread and butter. And I think that if there were interested in love, it is because they are in trouble and are seeking, in print, a way of escape.

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Love will appear to be an unattainable ideal to all those who seek it without finding it. Of all the centres of gravity of our consciousness, only one falls within ourselves: that of our own ego. The others, such as beauty, justice, or the knowledge of our own destiny, fall into the infinite; the imaginative ideal of happiness, into the region of fantasy; but that of Love, on the other hand, into an indifferent point between ourselves and the person we must love and who must love us. But if this person is lacking, as we feel that the centre of love is not within us, we may easily fall into the error of supposing that the love we are not the fire. And in this case it is clear that we cannot attain it. But cannot Love also be understood as a positive, absolute reality?
but a preliminary deception. It is not love. Love shows itself afterwards, precisely in our daily life, and whenever the least illusion respecting the person loved, for we know her as much through her weaknesses as through her virtues.

This lovers' illusion cannot be very interesting for an intelligent person. It only gives rise to the comprehensive and compassionate smile with which we observe the joy of a child with a new toy. The interest of the thinker confronted with the problem of love increases through the undeniable fact that this illusion turns into a fount of heroism when external obstacles are set in the lovers' way. The sea, Leander swims across the Hellespont to see Hero. If they are divided by age-long family disputes, Romeo and Juliet will still prefer death to separation. Neither the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the sea nor marriage nor death can succeed in dividing Isolde and Tristan. Not even the mutilation of Abelard would be fatal to love, as it is equally hurtful to the
Readers and Writers.

As Mr. James Douglas has half accused The New Age of inventing Mr. Ezra Pound, I may perhaps spend with profit a little critical study in disproving it. However often we may have mentioned Mr. Pound’s name, it is at least certain that we have never countenanced his theories. But then Mr. Pound is so much better than his theories that to dispose of them is by no means to dispose of him. What, in fact, he does in the company his theories keep, it is hard to say; for they do not distinguish him, but link him with inferior schools; they do not influence his work, except when he is virtuous like an American child; and they afford him no help. I would part Mr. Pound from his theories as often as I found him clinging to one, for they will in the end be his ruin.

* * *

"Cathay" (Elkin, Mathews 1st), as I said last week, contains some excellent work. If I were to say that it contains the best and even the only good work Mr. Pound has yet done, my judgment might be deflected. The volume contains, among other poems, a reprint of "The Sea-Farer," Mr. Pound’s masterly translation from the original Anglo-Saxon. This poem, which The New Age had the honour of first publishing, is without doubt one of the finest literary works of art produced in England during the last ten years. I would put it myself alongside of Mrs. Hastings’ "Odes" as the best serious verse The New Age has published. For this poem alone "Cathay" is worth the shilling charged for it. But there are others, to whose pleasure I almost as readily succumb. In a note Mr. Pound tells us that they are accurate translations from the Chinese, made in the first instance by Fenollosa and only in the second by Mr. Pound himself. Some of them date back to the fifth century; others are as recent as the eighth century. I can only say that they astonish me. In character they are not dissimilar to the Anglo-Saxon poem referred to. Mr. Pound’s taste in including the "Sea-Farer," with them, is, in fact, impeccable. But it would be a pretty work of criticism to distinguish the individual qualities proper to each. In my judgment the Anglo-Saxon is a little less perfect; it has not the pure simplicity of its Chinese exemplars. On the other hand, it is, as we should expect, a little more manly in its sentiment. Mr. Pound will not, I hope, mind me quoting two of his Chinese translations with the invitation to my readers to compare them with the "Sea-Farer." The following is by Kutsugen, who wrote it, we are told, some twenty-seven centuries ago:

SONG OF THE BOWMEN OF SHU.

Here we are, picking the first fern-shoots
And saying: What shall we get back to our country?
Here we are because we have the Ken-min for our food.
We have no comfort because of these Mongols.
We grab the soft fern-shoots.

When anyone says "return," the others are full of sorrow.
Sorrowful minds, sorrow is strong, we are hungry and thirsty.
Our defence is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return.
We grab the old fern-stalks.

We say: Will we be let to go back in October?
There is no ease in royal affairs, we have no comfort.
Our sorrow is bitter, but we would not return to our country.

What flower has come into blossom?
Whose chariots? The General’s.
Horses, his horses are tired. They were strong.
We have no red, three battles a month.
By heaven, his horses are tired.
The generals are on them, the soldiers are by them.
The horses are well trained, the generals have wavy arrows
And quivers ornamented with fish-skin.
The enemy is swift, we must be careful.
We must set out, the willows were blooming with spring,
We come back in the snow.
We go slowly, we are hungry and thirsty.
Our mind is full of sorrow, who will know of our grief?
The other poem I shall quote is by Rihaku; it is of the eighth century A.D.:

**The River Merchant’s Wife: A Letter.**

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse.
You walked about my chair, playing with blue plums.

And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling.
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours.
For you, both are, it is true, so simple as to be almost natural; they might, that is, be almost records of reality and nothing more. And both, from a superficial view, are naive and artless. But looked at carefully and reflected upon, they will be seen to be full of artifice and quite as unlike anything actual as they are also like. The line between their “reality” and their art is, in fact, difficult to indicate; yet it most certainly can be felt. For all, Rihaku was not a merchant’s wife, nor was Kutsugen a bowman of Shu. Both were without exception, with which Mr. Pound has identified the paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden.
They hurt me.

I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrow of the river
Kintai,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Cho-In-Su.

Now nobody, I think, whatever his prejudices against free rhythm (and I share them), would deny that these two, let us call them compositions, are compositions of art for art’s sake, it is true, so simple as to be almost natural; they might, that is, be almost records of reality and nothing more. And both, from a superficial view, are naive and artless. But looked at carefully and reflected upon, they will be seen to be full of artifice and quite as unlike anything actual as they are also like. The line between their “reality” and their art is, in fact, difficult to indicate; yet it most certainly can be felt. For all, Rihaku was not a merchant’s wife, nor was Kutsugen a bowman of Shu. Both were without exception, with which Mr. Pound has identified the paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden.
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I grow older.

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I would make two further observations. As in the “Sea-Farer,” the thoughts contained in the Chinese poems are of a very simple character. The imaginary persons are without subtility and almost, you might say, without mind. But it cannot be the case that only simple natures can be the subjects of poetry; or that “naturalness” belongs to them alone. I have noted in the free-rhythmists a tendency to confine themselves to the elementary emotions of elementary people; as if the possession of a cultivated mind excluded its owner from poetry. But Browning, I suggest, was quite as simple, straightforward and “natural” in, say, “Bishop Blaughram’s Apology,” as Rihaku was in his Merchant’s Wife’s Letter. The difference that Browning was “perfecting” the expression of a powerful and subtle mind, while Rihaku was perfecting the mind relatively of a child. The extension of the directness and simplicity, the veracity and the actuality aimed at by free-rhythmists, into subtler regions than the commonplace is advisable if they are not to keep back in the nursery of art. My other observation is on the subject of the form. I have not denied being “pleased” with the poems I have quoted, though their form is that of free-rhythm. Nobody, as I said, can fail indeed to derive some pleasure from them. At the same time the pleasure is much less than I should find from the same contents in an orderly form. Content is not everything in poetry, as everybody knows. As well as the content the form itself is an integral and, in great poetry, an indistinguishable element of the pleasure. The form itself is, as in the case of Tennyson: the revolutionaries and the charlatans once more mingling as in every reform movement.

To which of these component parties in the school of free-rhythm Mr. Pound belongs there is, of course, no doubt. And hence I wish him speedily out of it.

***

But as well as a free-rhythmist and an “imagist,” Mr. Pound also professes himself a Vorticist. This, however, is a claim that cannot be allowed. A young American, feeling isolated by reason of his alienation from America, and again isolated, by reason of his as yet incomplete naturalisation in England (it has taken Mr. Henry James forty years to become English at heart), is naturally disposed to enlist under any flag that promises him the company of writers similarly situated. It is noteworthy that all the movements, without exception, with which Mr. Pound has identified himself are of foreign extraction, like Vorticism. But the work of experiment and deduction lingers on, and is seeking for him to become naturalised; they are none of them native. Usually, it must be admitted, there is something in common between the aims of the movement and the aims of Mr. Pound; they are, at any rate, in the same direction. But in his association with Vorticism I venture to say he has got into a current that is not proper to him. Vorticism, as I said last week, has as its ultimate object, not the perfectioning of Nature, but her frustration. Its method is to seize upon forces and invite them to stay primitive and “becoming,” and to divert them from their natural direction into manifesting the artist’s whims. To be curt and brief, its parent is Magic and not Religion! But Mr. Pound, as we have seen in the poems just quoted, is, above all, natural and veracious. He would have artist’s perfect nature; and he has begun with the perfectioning of the contents of poetry as I hope he will end in perfecting the form. But this is as much anathema to Vorticism as Vorticism is alien to Naturalism; and Mr. Pound, I believe, will discover it in time. It is true that Mr. Pound is not a long time more than an impertinent and “Blast” is not the gallery for “Cathay”; nor is Mr. Lewis’ “Enemy of the Stars” even within his comprehension. What is final in my mind is that his own contributions to “Blast” are easily the worst, as if indeed he were very far from feeling at home.

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

Love and Home Building.

My Dear George,—Sitting here solitary, and perhaps a little sentimental (a malaise not unknown to men of my age), the memory came to me of that very nice girl whom you brought in to tea a few months ago. You looked on me an attractive couple. I do not think that either of you had "serious intentions," as they put it in certain circles; but I shouldn't have objected if you had. Love, like religion, inevitably comes to us and there is no reason why we should not frankly face what is involved in sex-love. Judging by the vast mass of novels perpetrated in Great Britain and America, it seems as though love making is the chief preoccupation of the English-speaking races. It all depends upon how we regard love, whether this is good or bad. In the narrow sense of the word—the immediate relations between a man and a woman—I confess it worries me. Deeply interested though I am in everything you do, for Heaven's sake, don't relate to energies and rendered them incompetent. Did you see. 

Primarily women, and lovers only that they may become mothers. Any mental process they may depend upon how we regard love, whether this is good or bad. In the narrow sense of the word—the immediate relations between a man and a woman—I confess it worries me. Deeply interested though I am in everything you do, for Heaven's sake, don't relate to energies and rendered them incompetent. Did you see. 

It will probably pique the curiosity of some old maids, but healthy folk are only concerned with the result. The plain issue is whether you are marrying for companionship or to build a home. I mean by companionship the enjoyment of each other's company without want of home; and all proper rights in pursuing this course—it depends upon temperament and psychology—but the community is deeply concerned when you present it with a family.

I am willing to wager that, if your wife be healthy in mind and body, she will choose the family. To her, the nest is for her young. Making ample allowance for women with some absorbing vocation—literature, art, religion—the overwhelming majority of women are primarily mothers, and lovers only that they may become mothers. Any mental process they may experience in this regard is not conscious but subconscious. They instinctively know that home, and all that is involved in the word, is their heritage and their function. I cannot conceive why so many "modern" women revolt at their destiny. Perhaps it is because industrial and social developments have reserved their energies and rendered them incompetent. Did you see an extraordinary manifesto issued last year by the Fabian women? They proclaimed a propaganda to drive married women out of their homes and positively compel them to work in factories. Child-birth was to be a mere incident in a woman's life; the great thing was to work for a wage. An odd affair! These foolish virgins belonged to a Society whose supposed object is to abolish the industrial system. Appearing on the principle of a hair of the dog that bit them, they seriously proposed thoroughly to industrialise those women whose men-folk are already under the harrow. Probably that was the silliest thing ever written by any of the innumerable groups of "advanced" women. The great event of a woman's life is contemporaneously brushed aside as an "incident"; the child is to be bundled off to a crèche. I wonder what your mother would have thought of it! I did not see her for a month after you were born. Your coming nearly killed her, you young rascal; but ecstasy still shone round your forehead like a diadem, as though she had seen God. If the surroundings are salubrious, is the event less beautiful, less memorable, to a working man's wife? I have seen young mothers in every stage of civilisation and savagery. Almost without exception there is a joy in this knowledge of fertility; but it is reverenced as a miracle. The Fabian women who wrote such diabolical heresy could not see that industrialism had corroded their own souls even as it has despoiled their working sisters' bodies. And let me add that unless we learn to reverence child-birth, our course as a great nation is run.

Reverence for child-birth is, however, only the beginning of wisdom. The child must be nurtured and cultured and brought to an understanding of the natural order of things. We keep a gang of men constantly cleaning and thinning our cocoa-nut walk, so that we may bring the cocoa-nuts to fruition. The overseer is always on the spot, picking out the best, and passing them to the packer for the consumer. Three times every week we clean and prune our thousand acres of bananas. We watch anxiously for disease; we closely examine the soil lest it grow sour for want of proper drainage. Is a child's life less important than vegetables or fruit? Not less important; but less capable of immediate exploitation for profit. And so we are apt to let it grow up like Topsy. Industrialism suggests that the child can wait for proper attention. 

Meantime the mills must be kept going. Call out the women! And, just now, why not the children? I answer—am I an old fogey?—that now more than ever ought the women to throw aside every consideration and become skilled home-builders. They must build as they never built before. The gaps to be filled!

Compute, if you can, the social—the economic—loss suffered by Great Britain, during the past thirty years, by the diversion from their real work of thousands of women who have been stung by the political gad-fly. The worst of it is that these women have posed the question falsely. They have said to the men: Do you want good and intelligent wives? Of course the men promptly answer you that the same warm sentiments will not be extended to the men, but will be reserved as to beauty. Then vote for "Votes for Women." Come the irrelevant rejoinder. What the political vote has got to do with domestic competence and feminine intelligence has never yet been disclosed. But the question, put in this fashion, implies that men who do not fash themselves about the vote are logically indifferent to the domestic virtues. "Yah! You want a doll for a wife," I once heard a suffragette exclaim. The man was generous and refrained from the obvious retort. The true position was put with epigrammatic point some years ago by a friend. "Man," said he, "exploits nature; woman exploits man." He might have added that the child exploits the woman. It is when woman competes with man in exploiting nature, and claims citizenship on the strength of it, that sensible men politely but firmly tell the other sex to get back to their proper work. And, if you think of it, the vote has precious little to do with it. For a very simple reason: politics mainly reflects economic conditions. Women have at present no economic standing. When they have transformed the nation's home life into a great science and art; when they have made the home truly the Englishman's castle; when they help men to abolish the wage-system, instead of pushing the men more deeply into its mire (by competing with them for lower wages); then, and not before, will they have acquired that economic power that ensures them the vote.

Forgive me! I really intended writing you an avuncular letter on love-making and home-building, and, instead, here I am, up to my neck, in a discussion on the eternal woman question. Drat it! Do you find me a bore?

A confession. When I wrote that woman is primarily a mother, although it is a true generalisation, I was really thinking of Mary Armstrong. Mary was a well-developed, full-busted negress, living an innocent and useful life in the little settlement of Stann Creek, not far from the estate. Everybody liked and respected her. She had early learnt to read and write at the Wesleyan Mission, where they also taught her to use the needle, to cut out patterns and make dresses. At about the age of eighteen she "found religion." One of a subject race, floundering in mental darkness as black as its skin, some chord in her nature responded to the cry that the meek shall inherit the earth; that she was blessed when men should revile her and say all manner of evil things about her; that poor, and
neglected by the ruling caste, did she not believe, she would, beyond the grave, see God. The vision of the crucified Christ, emblem of sorrowing humanity (she knew how cruel were those set above her) lightened her daily burden. So she sang hymns and went on her way rejoicing. Like Thersc. "Morning, noon and night, Praise God"—said Mary.

Mary was general domestic factotum for Mariano, a half-caste trader. She cooked the meals, tidied the rooms and nursed her master’s children, three of them "lawfully begotten," and three of them "natural." She was a staid and uncomplaining sort of woman. 

She knew that only were they the youngest, but the minister had once reminded her, when speaking of them: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these. . ." She was dutiful to her master, being nearly always at his beck and call. But only to be distinguished from the minister’s wife, upon whom these jokes had a strange effect. They made her feel sensitive Mordecai. The boat no longer travels; it lies, delirious with fever. What is wrong? Look?—mindfully.

"Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy Bosom fly, O receive my soul at last."

The next few minutes seem ominous to the super-sensitive Mordecai. The boat no longer travels; it lies, delirious with fever. What is wrong? Look?—mindfully.

"Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy Bosom fly, O receive my soul at last."

The other crowd round the concertina and join in, the men improvising the bass. For two hours they sing their hymns and songs. The wind veers a trite uncertainly. The sails flap. Mordecai feels uneasy. About a mile to the stern, he sees a yawl-rigged boat coming up quickly. He nudges Mary and points it out. It is surely the "Gull Wing" from Punta Gorda. Mary has already bought her wedding ring. She has a long gold chain. Mordecai’s concertina catches her up, giving tone and body, as Mary, now full-chested, sings as though at the sacrifice of the deluge. Then Mary makes lewd jokes. They make her feel uncomfortable, but in no wise disturbed her. She would take her money and go. Sometimes she would tell the minister’s wife, upon whom these jokes had a strange effect. Tears would come, with exciting memories of Stalybridge. In time, Mary had saved about one hundred and fifty dollars, which the minister kept for the father’s wage-serfs had found communion and joint hope of a crucified Christ, emblem of sorrowing humanity (she knew how cruel were those set above her) lightened her daily burden. So she sang hymns and went on her way rejoicing. Like Thersc. "Morning, noon and night, Praise God"—said Mary.

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"Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy Bosom fly, O receive my soul at last."

The next few minutes seem ominous to the super-sensitive Mordecai. The boat no longer travels; it lies, delirious with fever. What is wrong? Look?
From the north-east the clouds scurry as though bent on some secret errand. They seem to be carrying a message for somebody on board. Look! From the north-west the clouds are scudding with desperate haste. They, too, would seem to have the boat in view.

Look! From the east, the white horses are galloping, spurred by impatient riders. Look! From the west, the waves rise and fall in uneven undulations, like white-turbanned cossacks careering over the Steppes. Tongue-tied and helpless. He vacuously moves the message for somebody on board. Look! From the north-east the clouds scurry as though bent on some secret errand. They would seem to have the boat in view.

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Quicker than I can tell it, the remorseless black hand pushes the boat down into the sea. The waters rush in calling and shouting. The cordage whistles and rustles. The waves, in fury, edge themselves over, their left wrists held firmly by the heavier men, ready with their right hands to haul up the wreckage.

With mains'll down, its jib and stern'll close home-building, I can only reply that I'm hanged if I know. But you shall not escape me! Next mail will bring you a fat epistle more germane to the subject. Your affectionate Uncle, Anthony Farley.

Views and Reviews.

The Saving Grace of Stupidity.

According to our temperament, we have all been amused or disgusted with the recent vagaries of the "Times." To see a paper that apparently aspires to govern England developing scare after scare, demanding at one time a Dictatorship and at another a constitutional session of Parliament, calling for Conscription and being obliged to admit the excellent results of voluntary recruiting, and maintaining each contradictory proposition, with equal vehemence and persistence, this has been but a sight of the public opinion that looked to the "Times" for the leadership that it advocates.

To those who did not, the explanation was easy; it was all Lord Northcliffe's doing, and represented a degradation of the ancient dignity of the "Times." I was much amused to discover that a similar criticism was passed on the "Times" sixty-three years ago; in 1852, Walter Bagehot wrote: "Take in the 'Times,' and you will see it assumed that every year ought to be an era. 'The Government does nothing,' is the indignant cry, and simple people in the country don't know that this is merely a civilised facon de parler for 'I have nothing to say.' Lord John must after the suffrage, so that we may have something pleasant to say in our columns." Bagehot, of course, was not denouncing the "Times"; he was only arguing against the proposition that "the influence of the Press, if you believe writers and printers, is the one sufficient condition of social well-being," and he did so by showing that "newspaper people, by the mere truth of their conviction and by the influence of their conviction, drive upon the people." The "Times" was typical, then, as a model of journalism, which apparently conforms to Emerson's description of religion by making "a new statement every day."

Bagehot argued that this was dangerous, that "nothing destroys common-place like the habit of arguing for arguing's sake;" and he put forward what might seem to be a paradoxical plea for the retention of stupidity. "If you want to laugh," he said, "when I tell you what I conceive to be about the most essential mental quality for a free people, a self-control contains the essence of our enemies are not dissimilar to our own, and that
the freaks of chance are not determinable by calculation. In practice we always base our preparations against an enemy on the assumption that his plans are good; indeed, it is right to rest our hopes not on a superioritiy lies with him who is reared in the severest difference between man and man, but to think that the decadent civilisation that uses Art to quicken the tortoise, and then tired of finding supports. Terror begins with the contemplation of the tortoise that has the freaks of chance are not determinable by calculation. This speech reveals what is also apparent in the passages I have quoted from Bagehot; it is the wise who lose the true kind of stupidity. From the either good gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise," said St. Paul; and although Matthew Arnold called it an easy ne quid nimis, it was the garnered wisdom of a whole life of experience that was expressed by the writer of Ecclesiastes in the phrase: "Be not righteous over-much, neither make thyself over-wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" For it was the arguing for arguing's sake, the speculation apart from practice, that led the Hindoo thinker at last to determine that the world rested on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, and then tired of finding supports. Terror begins with the contemplation of the tortoise that has nowhere to place its feet; and of all the feelings that can be experienced by man, terror is the most harmful. The Greeks in their wisdom encouraged the performance of tragedy so that by the witnessing of horror, men might be purged of the feeling of terror. It is a decadent civilisation that uses Art to quicken sensibility instead of shocking us into self-control by teaching us that nothing of good or bad, but thinking makes it so." If happy nations have no history, stupid nations have no need of tragedy. Sparta indeed had music, which Aristotle says was fittest to inspire courage; but its jests were no less famous than its victories, and it was a little statue of Laughter that Lycurgus dedicated.

But we must beware, in spite of the illustrious examples I have quoted, of too much praise of stupidity. Ne quid nimis, even in our lattice of fools. For although a certain degree of stupidity is necessary to sanity and to the stability of society, we cannot yield it all our allegiance without turning to worship false gods. If stability afforded the true standard of dignity, the mincing would be the objects of our admiration; and like the heathen, we should be so good as to imagine it to be, indeed, that "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." If happy nations have no history, stupid nations have no need of tragedy. Sparta indeed had music, which Aristotle says was fittest to inspire courage; but its jests were no less famous than its victories, and it was a little statue of Laughter that Lycurgus dedicated.

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fashion, we shall probably find that if we want the sovereign States of Europe to enter into a Union, we shall have to revive the Augustinian doctrine of persecution, and "compel them to come in."

A Little More than Kin. By Patricia Wentworth. (Melrose. 1s. net.) Miss Wentworth has attained the dignity of a fourth and cheap edition with this story, and the fact suggests that old clothes last longer than new ones. Here we have Miss Wentworth's usual story of the husband who learns to love his wife dressed up in Georgian costume, and acted to some extent on the stage of the French Revolution. Marat and Couthon come on to supply a touch of horror to one scene (they are always willing to obligé an authoress), and Philippe Egalité has an interest at second-hand in the Parisian adventures of the hero. All the stage properties of a tale of adventure are used in this story; there is the secret code by which one reveals to an ostensible dressmaker that one would like to be a refugee aristocrat, or the secret way out of Paris (in this case under a cart-load of corges), even a chateau has a secret passage known only to the heroine and the local leader of the revolutionists. The adventures are many, the escapes miraculous, but we have a feeling of not being over the thing by casting "a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members," in Matthew Arnold's phrase, shows the limits of Gissing's imagination. In this story, it is more concerned to satirise social snobbery; and his handling of Rosamund Franks and her husband is effective but not very subtle. Warburton himself was so recently purged of snobbery that he was capable only of crude effects when testing others by his new standard; indeed, he ostentatiously threw finesse to the four winds, and revealed himself as the English Philistine to the tip of his pen.

Will Warburton. By George Gissing. (Constable. 1s. net.) All of Gissing's stories, this one is probably the healthiest; and Messrs. Constable are well-advised to reprint it in this series. For once, Gissing has overcome that morbid sensitiveness to the social phenomena of poverty that is so depressingly to his readers, and tends to unfit them even for the work of reform. That he does so only by the crude device of making his hero develop into a successful grocer, imitating the French and cheap edition with this story, and the fact seems, even a chateau has a secret passage known only to the heroine and the local leader of the revolutionists. The adventures are many, the escapes miraculous, but we have a feeling of not being over the thing by casting "a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members," in Matthew Arnold's phrase, shows the limits of Gissing's imagination. In this story, it is more concerned to satirise social snobbery; and his handling of Rosamund Franks and her husband is effective but not very subtle. Warburton himself was so recently purged of snobbery that he was capable only of crude effects when testing others by his new standard; indeed, he ostentatiously threw finesse to the four winds, and revealed himself as the English Philistine to the tip of his pen.

The Black Watch. By L. Cope Corseford and F. W. Walker. (The Wayfarer's Library. Dent. 1s. net.) The Seaforth Highlanders. By F. W. Walker. (The Wayfarer's Library. Dent. 1s. net.) We believe that twelve months before the war broke out, a suggestion was made to various publishers that a series of volumes on British regiments would be a justifiable extension of the legitimate business of publishing. With that enterprise that has made British publishing a thing of note in the trade, the publishers to whom it was made. We do not know whether Messrs. Dent were among the number; if they were, they have only tardily recognised their duty to the British public. However, the duty is well performed; the Wayfarer's Library is convenient in form, and has a beautifully clear font of type, and each volume of this series has a frontispiece in colour of the full dress of the regiment with the badge and flag. The narratives are, of course, brief but compendious, and will certainly help to keep alive and to intensify that fine esprit de corps that makes the British regiments so formidable a unit of war. The series naturally begins with the most famous regiments; but we confess that we shall be more interested to read the history of the more humble line regiments who may not have achieved so much glory but do still bear the burden of the day unnoticed.

Jewel. By Clara Louise Burnham. (Constable. 1s. net.) Whatever we may think of Christian Science, "Jewel" will always be worth reading for its good humour. Apart from the specifically propagandist passages, it is a story of the naive affections of a child transforming the rude reticences of a somewhat frigid and calculating company into more normal relations. Similar results would be achieved by any child of good temper and frank affections, who also had the wisdom not to press her points too hardly at the moment; and such children are by no means uncommon even in England. But Jewel's humour is the more valuable because it is accomplished by such stealthy means as to suggest a defect of deceit in her character; she cures a horse of colic, and a groom of drunkenness, in the most professional style. Rheumatism and a prepared marriage of convenience also yield to her ministrations; and although she fails to cure a worldly mother of worldliness, she so transforms every other member of the household that the worldly mother is sent away to learn Christian Science. Her only complete failure is with a homoeopathist, who quite legitimately doubts the scientific nature of her doctrines. But the story is amusing in its play of character, not in its propaganda of dubious doctrine and doctoring.

Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War. By Ronald Scott Hall. (George Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.) Mr. Hall has translated Frederick's own account of the history of the Seven Years' War apparently with the idea of showing how immoral Prussian politics naturally are. "We must realise," he says, "that the writer speaks plainly about politics, we may learn that it is determined by other laws than those enjoined by the Ten Commandments. 'No honest man could be a Minister,' Walpole used to say and Frederick would certainly have been condemned by one of our Children's Courts. But national affairs are not so simple that they can be properly judged by moral rules; the practical activity has its own code, and any form of it can be condemned only by reference to that code. History is the only judge of politics, and history has sealed with its approval the policy of Frederick so far as Prussia is concerned; the only real difference between his policy and that of the Allies is that he made his policy effective. So far as this translation is concerned, Frederick's own writing has much more interest than have the comments of Mr. Hall; and we have preferred more political judgment and historical philosophy to the personal spirit of the pamphleteer displayed in this volume.

AN EPITAPHE.
"Ramsay will climb, that's sure." We often said it. Yet on the cross he died, and got no credit. Hard that the Gods so dire revenge should take, And damn a clever — for one mistake. 
P. T. E.
Pastiche.

ROSE AND CHRISTOPHER.

Rose was a stately, splendid star,
Born when heroic days were past,
When few professed a love of war,
Or milled a banner to a mast.

Her mirror was the printed page;
She loked the Present through and through,
And found in a material age
Nought for a heroine to do.

Men were grown sordid to her eyes,
Unusually, bound to servile ends
For gold. She could not but despise
The vaunted husbands of her friends.

They had small share of Byron's love,
Of Bayard's courage, Heine's art,
Byle's learning, Rousseau's knowledge of
The secret workings of the heart.

But one day, languid at a feast,
Through flowers, glasses, scent and stir,
Snatches of laughter, anger, jest,
She caught the face of Christopher.

The darkened, introspective eye,
The mobile mouth's obtrusive bow,
Straight nose, and over all the high
Bold arch of Michaelangelo.

And he had voyaged everywhere
To beaten lands of snow and sun,
Stretched on a long luxurious chair
Thinking of things he might have done.

He told of sunny days in France;
How Anio leaps, Stromboli flames
In anger, how the giants dance
Before the altar of St. James;

Where the sun veers to northward;
Where the flashing opal draws his hue;
And how the naked islander
Launches his skiff in Caribou.

And as he told of search for gold,
Of sport, adventure, Burmese art,
With admirable reticence
He seemed to hide the better part.

With all he seemed so brave and wise,
To have seen so much, have been so far—
Could he sift realities
From common chat of club and bar?

His tale transformed by Rose's ear
Became a chant of wave and wind,
And he himself a pioneer,
Restless, romantic, unconfined.

He spoke, he looked, he went his ways,
Rose murmured as she got to bed,
"The days of Prohibish, the days
Of Blake and Nelson are not dead.

PART 2.

In Paris, Padua, Pekin,
In Boston, Suez, Persia, Hind,
Ticketed loves had given him
A thorough grasp of womankind.

(THEY GET MARRIED.)

PART 3.

It has been borne on me of late
That I might do a patriot's share,
And Jupiter sent to his aid
The godly Blacksmith who was near.

The smoky Vulcan's magic wand
Impressed the Parson's collar stud.
The Parson's features, pale and bland,
Were then suffused with ruby blood.

His lily fingers swelled and creased,
His nose by length and breadth increased
And with turbulent colour gleamed.
His eyes their milky twilight lost
And shone like pufing chestnuts hot,
His glimming skin was bent like toast
And marked with many a venial knot.

Transformed his tidy vestments roll
To dungarees of greasy speck.
And lo! without a tortured soul
He finds a muffler round his neck.

Then Vulcan gave him work to do
From five o' morn to set of sun,
And after this the Parson flew
To drink within the "Buttered Bun."

At last his kinsmen avowed
To him a name of Christopher
From which he shirked the knave's lot.

The Lord above leaned back
Transformed his tidy vestments roll
To dungarees of greasy speck.
And lo! without a tortured soul
He finds a muffler round his neck.

Then Vulcan gave him work to do
From five o' morn to set of sun,
And after this the Parson flew
To drink within the "Buttered Bun."

At last his kinsmen avowed
To him a name of Christopher
From which he shirked the knave's lot.

THE PATRIOTEERS.

It was profits, profits all the way,
And dividends mixed in my path like mad:
My slum-lands seemed to heave and sway,
And marked with many a veiny knot.

Some splendiders ere our suns were set.

The press broke into its usual yells,
Its leaders purred editorial lies.

But give me rack-rents from God's heaven in the morn to set of sun,
He had answered, "Yes truly and afterwards, Hell's."

Hurrah! It was I that filched the sun
And the water and land for myself to keep.

Though in battle millions may drop down dead;
My factories flamed, such fires they had
A year ago on this very day.

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But give me rack-rents from God's heaven in the morn to set of sun,
Current Cant.

"War is creation."—H. de Ver Pococke.

"This war brings women the triumph of their virtue of patience and the deepest homage of all men."—Yvette Guibert.

"The women's example to the Welsh miners. No sluggishness where women are concerned."—Daily Sketch.

"Women's work will be needed to enable us as a people to discharge our indebtedness to the United States."—M. Pinkhurst.

"We are not enamoured of either the 'Daily Mail' or 'John Bull,' but at their worst they would find it difficult to be as objectionable as the poet, F. Sower."—Academy.

"Miss Violet Hunt guides her tale with her hand..."—Westminster Gazette.

"Let it be clearly understood that it is not necessary to have a 'girl' to wear long hair, patent leather boots, or to be as objectionable as the poet, P. Selver."—Academy.

"John Bull," but at their worst they would find it difficult to be as objectionable as the poet, F. Sower."—Academy.

"Have we, all unaware, been breeding a new race of Spartan women, or were women waiting for the opportunities this war has given them... There never was a time when so much strength, courage and fortitude were required of them. The response is magnificent. There is nothing too hard or dangerous for them to face."—Elinor Dale.

"There is but one Heaven and one God."—John Bull.

"The human side of war."—L. J. Hinde.

"The real test of Christianity is to come after the war."—Dr. Newman Smyth.

"Murder as a habit."—George R. Sims.

"The solemn shams that ossified the heart of England..."—H. De Vere Stacpoole.

"Who will deliver England from the hateful incubus of Socialism?"—George R. Sims.

"Perhaps through the Church more than through any other agency we shall come to a better understanding of the national character of our Russian Ally."—Church Times.

"Lady Oginski as a spy catcher. How her ladyship spies on spies..."—Pearson's Weekly.

"The war will put all things right, pointing the road to God..."—Horatio Bottomley.

"The we will put all things right, pointing the road direct to God..."—Pearson's Weekly.

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HAMPSTEAD OR HASTINGS?

SIR,—Please allow me to thank Mr. Norman for having stooped from Olympus to notice me. I seldom, or never, see the "Morning Post," and, therefore, was unaware of the recent proceedings of "a procession of one," with "the Romdads," and other dogs, barking at his heels. While fully acknowledging that physical force is no argument, let me also concede with Mr. Norman on having been like Napoleon, "conquered by the elements," as well. I have heard to the heavy rain broke up one of his late meetings. Sir, the mouse may be of service to the lion; and, therefore, will Mr. Norman allow me to tell him in what terms of courtesy, that in my time, I have observed as many blind men, barking at his heels, as I had interviews with statesmen and diplomats both accredited and of the neutral countries are gradually becoming less and less pro-English in words and actions. Mr. Norman wrote to the New Age that "neutral countries are gradually becoming less and less pro-English in words and actions."}

**THE CHOICE OF ENGLAND.**

Sir,—Circumstances took me abroad at the end of last month and permitted me to discover the real feelings of hundreds of thousands, both in France and in a certain neutral country. Curiously enough, the conclusions to which these people had arrived were drawn from different initial factors by several writers in The New Age. I say "curiously" because I had no idea The New Age had such a large, unconscious following abroad. I met statesmen and diplomats both accredited and of other kind, like myself, and I had interviews with thousands of people, both men and women. The situation is seen from one angle in France; from another in the neutral country I visited; and from yet a third side in England; but I was struck by the fact that armchair politicians (Belgians) and civilians abroad seem to agree in the main. Their remarks, by the way, had nothing complimentary in them for the men who lead the Press of England to-day.

I shall not dot my "i's," because in The New Age that is unnecessary. Let me say this, however: Germany is feared, hated, and admired abroad. The subject of Turkey is left severely alone. Indeed, I have found a deliberate indifference to speak of that side of the war, except once, when, during a three-hours' wait at a brand new Customs House somewhere in France, I was able to compare notes with four journalists and a dozen or so professional travellers, who represented about ten different nations. A Frenchman blamed England for Turkey joining Germany, but a Belgian officer promptly took him up and blamed France and Russia together for the war.

Coming back to the one real live enemy of England, I found that the possibility of her victory was not altogether ruled out. The general consensus abroad, however, is that the old drama played first in 1870—during the War of Seven Years—will take place again in some form or another. In other words, the longer the war lasts the better it is for the Great British military and naval machine. Any kind of stalemate material, and social point of view—the worse it will be for Germany.

But, argue Dutchmen, Swiss, and Scandinavians, Russia cannot go on for long, owing to internal conditions, as well as to external military pressure. Even if we do satisfy the French that a long war is necessary, it is doubtful if they or we can persist in the same high-pressure effort which they have made for the last twelve months. The present spirit of France is admirable. What many people who take a share in the responsibility of leading and serving France at the present time fear is England may acquire another half-year or so to stir up the danger. For the British Armies were in no way they have nothing but respect and admiration, even though they know their own to be bearing the brunt to a large extent. None Frenchmen do not expect the voluntary system to be given up here—least of all so far as it affects the fighting on the Continent. They do not possess, but they realise the value of, a voluntary army. They are even willing to make allowance for the British way, and admit that the people of this country require a good deal of explaining before they freely decide upon any course.

Their grievance is that the explaining must have been either ill-done or not done at all. Otherwise, how is it that neutral countries are gradually becoming less and less pro-English in words and actions? Mr. Norman wrote to the New Age that "neutral countries are gradually becoming less and less pro-English in words and actions."
comply with every one of England's demands—be these even extravagant whims and fancies—that day will be counted in times to come as the day from which decadence set in. This might with true English profiteering mean the last chime for Russia. Was she to realise herself given her by the gods, let it slip by for the sake of her old habits, because she could not bear to discard the outward signs of such puffy civilization as flourished in the year 1914.

If it means the breaking up of the whole democratic machine; if it means the building of a new world with newer—certainly cleaner—tools, then let the thing be done! Clear your twopenny politicians and burn your unworthy newspapers, use these cutting bishops of the "conventional" type with a touch of Aesop's fable irony—use them as sandwichmen for Kitchener's posters; but, for the sake of millions of men in France and elsewhere, either carry on the war with at least as much thoroughness as the Germans themselves, or else admit that you shirk the issue, and go on your merry way.

But, remember, the next time you will fight alone, and Germany will have the world in her hands. She has already incidentally lessened the amount of "tonnage" competing for the world's carrying trade. Indeed, not only has it lessened the competition, it has destroyed the most powerful opposition that British shippers had to face. This, taken alone, is, of course, a most laudable achievement. But, it also appears to me (not with true English profiteering in mind) that the British government do not intend the nation to benefit as a result of the national service performed by the Navy, inasmuch as they do not intend the nation to benefit as a result of the national service performed by the Navy, inasmuch as they do not intend the nation to benefit as a result of the national service performed by the Navy, inasmuch as they do not intend the nation to benefit as a result of the national service performed by the Navy.

The Ukraine is quiet also—will be quiet, no doubt, so long as England and France are at war with Germany. But, owing to British subservience to the Prussian victory and to the tongue-tied eminence towards Russia's democracy and Russia's subject-races, I am by no means certain of this. Take the case of the Ukraine, which is the case with all the other subject-races in Russia. The Ukraine is at present quiet. The Ukraine is quiet also, will be quiet, but, for the sake of millions of men in France and elsewhere, either carry on the war with at least as much thoroughness as the Germans themselves, or else admit that you shirk the issue, and go on your merry way.

But, the armistice protest of the Northcliffe Press. The "Times" and allied newspapers reserve for incompetent Russian statements a large section of their graphs, with which they deify to their Government. But who, in spite of the "Times," does not know the truth about Russia and the Russian "steamroller" nowadays? Out of respect for England and France, out of respect for the interests of the U.S.A., which would mean the Prussianization of Austria and of the Slav provinces over which Germany (not Austria) would obtain supremacy, the Russian government intends to take the Ukraine, in order to force the Russian rulers to go on with the war: if they fail in so doing (the Sun believes) they are destined to the same nasty fate, the same ignominious defeat as the Russian government.

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opposed to the division of the human race into two sexes, women, the writer might now proceed to give us strength to assist men to do away with the present system, etc., etc., says the writer of "Notes of the Week." But there is no need to be so bitter, says the same writer. The I.L.P. Women's branch may combine, establish a monopoly, exert their collective strength to assist men to do away with the present system, etc., etc., etc., says the writer of "Notes of the Week." It would be comic if it had not had already quite tragic results. This is one of the main causes of the blackleg women's organisations already in existence. It is prevalent in backward branches (one might say backward branches) of trade unions, and may be found flourishing in its full glory in the small strikes in individual shops, and may gradually result in a black class of women.

We cannot afford (I am not speaking as a woman, but as a human being, a unit of labour power) to allow sex-prejudice to cut across labour questions. It is a lunatic's notion to imagine that men can abolish the wage system while a vast unexploited field of cheap labour remains always ready to the capitalist's hand. The only way in which the blackleg without the help of women's aid would be by women getting off the earth altogether until the job was finished. Men, alone among the capitalist species, are free men, and men are not the only people who can make it. Of course, women are playing the blacklegs' game. So are unorganised men. Working women do not think that the capitalist exploiters can then organise them, and men labour power, a potential blackleg, and organising them, of course, that women are "too good for industry" is beside the point. The human race is too good for capitalism. What of it? So far as "Notes of the Week" is opposed to the wage system, but he is constructive, and not merely denunciatory, in his advice as to how to get rid of it. More opposition in reactionism. It is a real constructive article on the lines of the paragraph quoted above.

A small boy was once asked what we must do before we could be forgiven, and he answered, "Sin!" In the same way women (in ordinariness) pass and in the abolition of wage slavery, will have to run the risk of getting a little dirtied in the process. We are in the midst of the struggle against the wage system, through no fault of our own. Just as long as you try to alter it without us, so long shall we be used as blacklegs against you. The Industrial Commonwealth will have to work of the whole working class. WINIFRED HAWKIN.

Sir—I had hoped that the gage thrown down in your "Notes" of July 15 would have been taken up by abler hands than mine, but in the absence of other champions I feel bound to descend into the lists. It is the more daring as my New Age of 1914 is at the moment beyond my reach, but I should be a poor feminist if I had not a tolerably clear recollection of the most serious criticism ever brought against the Woman Movement. It is true that it has never been answered, and I admit the reproach. Nevertheless, it is no extraordinary one (the affirmation, namely, that the invasion of industry by women is not only inevitable, but socially right) to be untenable, and I am prepared to make a stand in its defence, before dismissing it (though perhaps not entirely my own) that I welcomed his article.

If I am not mistaken, the main conclusions reached in the "Notes" of August, 1915, may be summarised as follows:

(1) The cause and object of the Woman Movement is the bringing of women under the wage-system.

(2) The result is the destruction of marriage and spread of prostitution.

(3) This course means race-suicide, and must be resisted.

There were other points, but these are more than sufficient for argument. My position is that the first two may be accepted as substantially true, without involving acceptance of the third.

Labour has been exploited in various ways since the beginning of civilisation, and woman's labour has never been exemplar. But, not, has woman's labour been exploited by physical or economic force. Marriage in the Middle Ages was a feudal bond; prostitution is the correlative of the wage-system. In the ease of men it will not be disputed that each successive form of slavery was an advance upon the last in the sense that it brought nearer the possibility of freedom. No power could have made Guildsmen of the serfs of Russia or the negro slaves of America before they had been through the mill of wage slavery. It is neither in accordance with historical analogy nor present facts to assume that woman can never attain any social service required of the wife. It is this that causes the better sort of women to rush headlong to suck men's life-blood, giving nothing in return. Their partial return into industry is the cure. It is true that modern industry tells more hardy upon women than upon men, but this was equally true of every other form of servitude. Woman has always borne the heaviest share of the slave's burden, and the wage-system is no exception. She will pass through this ordeal as through the others, and carry the race on her shoulders. It is the blackest pessimism to think otherwise. Guildsmen have accepted many of the results of capitalism in the destruction of the small industry, the substitution of machinery for hand-labour, the absorption of the city common into the nation, and, though the Guildsman of to-day deplores the break-up of marriage, the Guildsman of to-morrow will have to build upon it. Anti-feminism is a form of mediocrism.

It is better knowledge to thoughtful women that the means of their sex's progress is a weapon in the hands of capitalists to delay the consummation of labour's hopes; and if to "stand and wait" until the men had won were a possible course, there are many who would gladly serve the cause of liberty by so doing. But it is impossible, and this not only because the process has already gone so far, not only because the conditions created by capitalism are compelling them into industry, but because the best instincts of women tell them that, rough or smooth, industry is the path marked out for their advance. The unions were able to stop the employment of children because the conscience of the nation was on their side. They are unable to stop the employment of women, as in South Africa they are unable to stop the employment of natives, because to do so would thwart the development of backward portions of the community. The hope of establishing an industrial democracy is vain. This is not illusory until that democracy embraces every class that capitalism has oppressed.

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Our merchants and master-manufacturers complain much of the bad effects of high wages in raising the price, and thereby lessening the sale, of their goods, both at home and abroad, and nothing more seriously affects the bad effects of high profits. They are silent with regard to the pernicious effects of their own gains.—Adam Smith.

"However during the scheme of National Guilds would have sounded half a generation ago, it now comes before a nation prepared to endorse the most unprecedented method. This, as the natural service for all is on many lips, all are called to work or to fight for the nation. Thousands now think in terms of the nation's needs previously left to the matters quite frankly to the politicians. On all hands we are bidden to parallel Prussia in organisation if in nothing else; organise, organise, organise, is the clamant refrain. If, however, to organise nationally is not to mean to Prussianise, we must see that it proceeds along lines consonant with the national genius. Granted the worker is to blame labour troubles for the country's difficulties, then only, that labour troubles became acute. They kindly 'release'-as they term it—their workmen to do the fighting, and they sit at

order not to embarrass employers and the country generally. This state of things lasted until about the New Year, by which time it was abundantly clear that, while Labour was prepared to make sacrifices, were seizing the opportunity to make money at the expense of the country. It was then, and only, that labour troubles the real truth of the matter is that the manufacturers of war munitions could not at one and the same time fulfill their obligations to the Government and to the demands of private customers. That is the real cause of the trouble is proved by the fact that men are now being taken to some extent, with private employers in Government work. Had this plan been adopted at the proper time no difficulties need ever have arisen. . . . I suggest to the people who have been so industriously seeking to make money for the country and their own personal wealth have no gratitude for what the workmen have done for them, it might at least be well for them to consider whether, after all, there may not be limits to what the workman is prepared to put up with."—J. N. Bell, general secretary, National Amalgamated Union of Labour.

"In this national crisis the employers and capitalists generally have cut the most miserable figures. They have been in the nature of odd men out, of not being wanted. Their presence in everything to be a hindrance and a curse. Wherever they attempted anything their glaring incapacity and greed for profits has brought disaster in its train. Of course, as soon as they were beginning to be found out, they turned round upon the unfortunate victims of their rapacity and oppression and roundly abused them, thinking to hide their miserable failure to deal with competent people and to supply adequate munitions—by heaping insults upon those in no wise responsible. But their mean subterfuges were as useless as the attempts of the Kaffir in his attempt to make himself appear as a great king. They are so about the attitude of these useless citizens, whose sole function seems to be to profit at the expense of the nation which is truly remarkable and positively indecent. When men are wanted for the Army the employers do not volunteer to fight. Not a bit of it. They are far too patriotic for that. They kindly 'release'—as they term it—their workers to do the fighting and they sit at home to bleed over their war profits.—The Free Trade Union is a weekly paper devoted in its editorial column to the propagation of the ideas of Guild-Socialism—a sort of cross between ordinary Collectivism and Syndicalism—and in a great part of its pages let entirely free of editorial censorship. It therefore contains a large variety of opinions, almost all 'patriotic' but differing largely in respect to minor issues and larger questions of human government. In the case of the Labour periodicals there is often to be found glorification of war on the vague grounds of Bernhardi—biological, ethical, or what not, about which the editors presumably are undeveloped. On the whole, however, the position of the New Age is 'sane' in the sense that it regards war as a national calamity to be carefully avoided at almost any cost, but, when it comes, to be carried out with the maximum of energy and effort. The editorial articles during the war have been devoted to pointing out the disproportion between the sacrifices made by the proletariat and the wealthy classes, respectively, to the discredit of the latter. The writers urge that the workers have sacrificed their lives, their material prosperity, and their homes without adequate guarantee that their dependents would be cared for; the employing classes have used most of their energies in crying 'Business as Usual' and endeavouring to increase their profits."—I. Welsh, "In the American Public."