NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE’S announcement on Thursday that over three hundred of the munition factories have been declared controlled establishments within the meaning of the Munitions Act comes as a welcome surprise. And the official explanation that “by this provision Parliament has secured that the sacrifices made by the workmen are made for the nation as a whole and not for the benefit of individuals” is a recognition at any rate of the principle of national service for which we have been contending. At the same time there are several circumstances that raise an interrogation. In the first place, why has the announcement been so long delayed? If, as Mr. Lloyd George says, controlled establishments were being made within a day or two of the passing of the Act, would it not have been wise to announce the fact weeks ago? We might have been spared the South Wales strike. Again, it is unfortunate that the “interests of the Army and Navy” require secrecy concerning the factories scheduled as controlled. Under cover of this cloak fish of one factory and fowl of another may obviously be made.

Are the so-called “great” munition factories, for example, controlled; or is the principle to be applied only to the small firms that cannot afford to keep a Union machine will never be put together again in the same form in which we have known it in the past. On the other hand the circumstances that will prevail after the war will not be a replica of the circumstances that prevailed before the war. And, on the other hand, a more considerable resistance to Trade Unionism may be expected from the employers who by that time will have learned by experience the advantage of having no unions to contend with. Is it likely that, given the pressure of facts when peace breaks up their monopoly by flooding the labour-market with several additional millions of workmen, the employers, while they forgo for the period of the war the right to excessive profits, preserve it clear, their hold upon the machine that creates profit. They may thus expect to enjoy its fruits without restriction as soon as the war is over. But in abandoning the rules of their Unions the workmen are actually giving away their machinery of defence. They not only forgo its present use, but they scrap its parts at the risk of never being able to put them together again.

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industries differs in no way from the introduction of, let us say, Chinese coolies for the same occupations in which women are now finding employment, the Unions would be upon their hind legs declaring that their interests were being jeopardised. But why not now? Cheap labour, it stands to reason, whether it be that of our own women or that of Chinese coolies, is the real enemy; and it is not a whit less dangerous as to Trade Union standards than their pig-tails. The fact, however, remains that women are flocking into industry while the Trade Unions stand looking on in bewilderment. By the time the war is over they will have made themselves at home in industry. As allies of the employers in the common cause of keeping wages down they will prove a powerful enemy to the Trade Unions, who will thus live to regret that they did not make a stand a year ago.

In most of the Trade Union journals that we have seen the subject of the introduction of women into industry is treated with a mixture of jocularity and resignation; such as suggests that the officials are facetiously were a weapon quite lethal enough for the deadliest enemies of the standard rates of men’s wages. And in the “Federalist,” the organ of the General Federation of Trade Unions, “T. Q.,” who we believe, is the son of the late Mr. Harry Quelch, scarcely less facetiously suggests that the Unions must treat the importation of women into industry in a “broad and statesmanlike manner,” by admitting them as members. Certainly if women could command the same wages as men, and the number of labourers seeking employment made no difference to the rates of wages, the admission of women into industry and the Unions would be “statesmanlike.” But neither women’s wages nor men’s wages are fixed by the fiat of Trade Unions, but by the Law of Supply and Demand; and it follows that the more labourers are in competition for work the lower the wages, Unions or no Unions. However, we must leave events to demonstrate these things, since the Unions will not learn them by reason. Time will prove what we can not.

It is clear that the scheduling of “controlled” establishments, though a passable device for meeting the objection of workmen to work overtime to put surplus profits into the pockets of private employers, is no more than a piece of opportunism. It establishes no principle of industrial organisation; and it can as easily be abandoned as it has been adopted. The real problem of industrial organisation remains exactly where it was before the Munitions Act was passed. But the question of whether a piece of tinkering opportunist machinery that stops a leak for the moment will prove to be sufficient to carry us through the war, let alone to enable us as a nation to resume and maintain our leadership of the world when the war is over! Lord Haldane lucubrates concerning the necessity of “ideas of organisation and leadership.” Well, here is an idea for him. The organisation of the nation that hopes (and deserves) to lead the world must provide for the discharge of national functions by means of national organs. Laissez-faire, as everybody knows, is proving out. Prussia has effectually killed it. But equally by her example Prussia has put an end to any desire in man to see established an absolute State control. If now both laissez-faire and its presumed only alternative, State collectivism, are discarded—the war by its failure by its abominable success—in what direction must a nation with a future seek for a new principle of self-organisation? We reply, for our own part, that the principle to be applied is that of Home Rule in the economic, as well as in the political sphere. The nation that first learns to distribute national functions and their responsibility among national groups of its members will first obtain leadership in the new era of international competition opening before us. The Munitions Act, we repeat, is no more than a stop-gap. The principle there partially and timidly applied must be fully accepted and generally adopted in every industry. Not merely must we have a limitation of profits, but profits as such must no longer be sought. National production for national use must take the place of private production for private profit. No lesser idea will enable a modern democracy to hold its own against the State collectivism of an autocratic Prussia.

That State collectivism, strange as it may appear to the Fabian Society, is quite compatible with the continuance of production for profit, as clearly shown by the case of Prussia. We have during the last week, in fact, seen evidences in the German Press that the abandonment of laissez-faire in the matter of the freedom of industry need not connotate the abandonment of laissez-faire in the conduct of industry. On the contrary, the decreed the nature and amount of the things to be produced, the State in Prussia leaves to the employers both the control of the means of producing them and the amount of profit to be made. This has naturally become a source of complaint among the few Socialists in Germany whose economic ideas have not been forgotten during the war. The extreme left wing of the Social Democratic Party complain, for example, that “under the cloak of the political truce, the rest of the party has been transformed from a champion of the workers’ struggle into aiders and abettors of the bureaucracy in a capitalistic State.” In other words, they accuse the party of conniving with a bureaucracy which itself is already in league with capitalists to maintain the exploitation of labour. There is not the least doubt that this is the case. The Prussian bureaucracy, though all-powerful, exercises its power by and with the concurrence of the great capitalists; with the effect that to the economic power of the capitalists the sanction of the State has been formally added. Capital is indeed nominally under the control of the State and has, we must admit, to mind its p’s and q’s when dealing with the Prussian militarist machine. But at the same time when this submission has once been made, Capital’s control of Labour is wellnigh absolute. The great capitalists, in short, are the State’s barons of medieval times, sworn to allegiance, but in return for the right to exploit their economic retainers. What wonder, we say, that German Socialists who have lost their heads seek no longer to do more clearly what is afoot during the war? Our hope, indeed, is that more of them will recover their senses until a party is formed strong enough to overthrow not only the capitalists but the State that is in league with them. And in this hope, curiously, our own profiteers must join. But what a piece of irony it is that English profiteers must wish the success of German social-democracy while doing all in their power, just like their German confrères, to defeat social-democracy at home. It is not for us to oppose any promising discussion of an immediate peace. Peace certainly cannot come too soon to please us. But we would warn our readers
that a peace which is no more than a truce would be infinitely worse for civilization than the prolongation of the present war to a finish; and, furthermore, remark that, by all the signs, a peace at the present moment would involve nothing less than a victory for Prussia. It has not easily been imagined by those who do not study the German Press regularly how far German public opinion is from acknowledging either the error of its ways or, still less, the possibility of defeat. We would put it to our wrongly named pacifists (they are really "trucists") whether the petition of the half-dozen landholding and industrial German associations to the Kaiser, which was published last week, indicates a spirit of negotiation, to say nothing of surrender or even of compromise. These powerful bodies, so far from being satisfied with the success of their national defence, have now thrown off any pretence of a purely defensive war, such as seduced the social democrats to believe. It can hardly be imagined by those who do not realize is now beginning to be made that the war, defensive war, such as seduced the social democrats to believe, makes it, however, imperative that longer views should be taken in this country of our national strategy. While the Chamber and Senate are to adjourn from time to time, but only for very short recesses. The interminable Parliamentary Committees, on the other hand, are to be made permanent, and are not to lapse as Parliament adjourns. It is, all things considered, a great victory for interventionism; and by the same reasoning it is no less to the ultimate advantage of the Executive. For the moment, perhaps, the Executive may feel itself encouraged; but the encumbrance is of the nature of a defensive organ. The responsible cooperation of Parliament with the Executive ensures the latter not only popular support but, in case of need, popular defence. Executive heads will not fall and a revolution will not be precipitated if Parliament shares responsibility with the Government. The moral for us is plain.

The financing of the war likewise necessitates a view as long as the war is now considered likely to be. While our Government and public are under the illusion that the war might stop at any moment, we can understand, though we cannot approve, the plan of raising loans lest heavy taxes should make the war unpopular. The case now is changed in several respects. The war will not soon be over and from being a luxury has become a necessity. If it has become the most popular (we do not say desirable) war ever engaged in by this country. There is thus not the least reason to fear that taxation will make the war unpopular among the masses of the people. The fear is only that equitable taxation or taxation according to means will de-popularize the war among the commercial classes who, as we know, are more cosmopolitan than patriotic any day of the week. Loans, moreover, are a poor substitute for taxation for a war demanding the serious co-operation, measurable in sacrifice, of every citizen, only the policy of taxation here and now will be effective. Let us have no more exclusive loans by means of which to live riotously on our uncles at the expense of our posterity; but let the nation begin its sacrifices now, share the burdens of the war now, and risk their economic ease in the financial trenches now. If a democratic nation is to be carried through the war it should pay its fare as it goes; and we believe it would willingly do so. But are we in this suggesting that the contrast of our respective Parliamentary procedures should be neglected. Last week there came to an end in France a political struggle of principle which had been going on since the war began. It was no less than the struggle between the principle usually called democracy or government by elected persons (pace "A. E. R.") and the Prussian principle of the absolutism of the de facto Executive. Months ago the French Chamber in Security representation on the Executive Ministerial Committees; and months ago both asserted their claim to remain in session at their own discretion. But latterly it was felt by the Executive that so much popular independence, especially when accompanied by criticism, was a nuisance; and it was sought in France, as here, to muzzle permanently the representative assemblies by adjourning them practically sine die and by dissolving the Parliamentary Committees intermediary between the Chambers and the Executive. Last week, however, the struggle was concluded; but not, as here, by the surrender of Parliament to the Government, but by a compromise favourable to Parliament and not, in a long view, unfavourable to the Executive. The Chamber and the Senate are to adjourn from time to time, but only for very short recesses. The interminable Parliamentary Committees, on the other hand, are to be made permanent, and are not to lapse as Parliament adjourns.

**The New Age**
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

Last week the attention of diplomats was concentrated on the Balkan Peninsula, and in connection with the negotiations which had been proceeding there for some time two very important pronouncements were made. The first was the statement issued by the Serbian Government at Nish that the representatives of England, France, Russia, and Italy, had asked for certain guarantees from Serbia in respect of territory in Macedonia claimed by Bulgaria in return for her eventual participation in the war on the side of the Allies. The second was the interview which the Bulgarian Prime Minister, M. Radoslavoff, arranged to grant to an American journalist for the purpose of conveying to the world in general his view of Balkan affairs. It was stated in the Nish communiqué that the Greek Government had been asked by the representatives of the Powers to give guarantees similar to those requested from the Serbian Government. The Serbian statement indicated that "for the present" the guarantees asked for could not be given, but that expression "for the present" may almost certainly be regarded as a saving clause which will probably be taken advantage of at a very early date.

As was indicated in these columns last week, the Allied Powers are not uninterested in ultimately effecting a Balkan settlement which shall be as much to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned as any Balkan settlement can reasonably be expected to be; but their immediate object is to utilise the military strength of one or more of the Balkan States which have not yet joined us. The strategic position on the eastern front is at the present moment of such a nature that the participation of Roumania is not advisable from a military point of view. On the other hand, the Bulgarian Army can be utilised to advantage.

As our enemies are quite familiar with what will happen in consequence of Bulgarian participation in the war against them, there is no harm in saying that the employment of the Bulgarian forces against Turkey is not everything that may be expected. There are at the present moment so many British, French, and Italian troops at the Dardanelles that the ultimate forcing of the Straits with or without the aid of Bulgaria is only a question of a short time. Even one-third of the Bulgarian Army would make a vast difference to us in that field. It is not now too soon to consider the possibilities of an advance into Hungary through the Balkans after Turkey has been eliminated from the campaign. Too much attention need not be paid to the apparently successful advance of the German Armies. Even in the middle of last week it was clear that both the German flanks had been weakened in order that troops might be concentrated in the centre for a tremendous attack on Kovo. It is evident that the German forces, exhausted and spent as they are after several months of very hard and incessant fighting, are not in a sufficiently strong position to meet an attack by a new army from the south composed of Roumanians, Bulgarians, and several divisions of British, French, and Italian troops released from the Dardanelles.

It is in the light of this probable circumstance that M. Radoslavoff's statement to the Press must be judged. It is true, as he said, that the Bulgarian Government was negotiating with both sides—with the Central Powers as well as with the Allies. Both sides promised territorial compensation—the Entente Powers on condition that Bulgaria takes an active part in the campaign; Germany and Austria on the sole condition that she continues her neutrality. But it is sufficiently evident that a continuance of neutrality can avail Bulgaria little once the Dardanelles are forced; and they can be forced without Bulgaria's assistance. If we are asked, as we are asked by the Bulgarian Prime Minister, to regard the situation as it exists at present as a business proposition, then let us consider it from our own point of view. We force the Dardanelles in a reasonably short time, and the moral and material effect of that action is felt throughout the Balkans. Turkey is rendered incapable of taking any further part in the campaign. Greece, if she wishes to help us, is allowed to retain Kavalla and the Struma Valley; Roumania, no longer fearing Bulgaria, is free to march against the Austrians, and thus relieve the pressure on the Russians, with the aid of the troops released from the Dardanelles operations.

That does not pretend to be a prophetic statement, for the hypothesis need not be entertained at all; but it is certainly a reasonable presentation of what we might expect to see if Bulgaria chose to take the part of our enemies. We still admit, therefore, that Bulgaria's assistance would be most valuable, we do not admit it to be so valuable that we cannot afford to do a little bargaining. There is one other factor in this situation which we may possibly have to entertain at all; but it is likely to exist after the war. We need not pay, in this connection, too much heed to the pessimistic statements regarding a poverty-stricken Europe which are so prevalent just now; a general depression of securities, and money at an extremely high price. Whatever the financial condition of Europe may be, it is to France and England, and not to Germany and Austria, that the Balkan States will have to look for their future loans; and loans, at some time or another, they must have. Furthermore, the Ottoman Debt, as readers of The New Age may have been reminded from time to time, has never yet been apportioned among the conquering Balkan States, as it should have been after the Second Balkan War, and would have been if it had not been for the present war. It stands to reason that the Balkan States which have helped this country and her Allies in the struggle against Germany will naturally meet with greater consideration at the hands of the Financial Commission than Balkan States which have aided Germany or maintained their neutrality. This is only natural; for the allocation of the Debt must necessarily be made, to some little extent, in a purely arbitrary manner.

From what has just been said it follows that Bulgaria, despite her negotiations, frankly admitted, with both sides to the present struggle, has really a very limited choice. If she risks an alliance with Germany and Austria, she loses, eventually, not only Kavalla, the Struma Valley, and the districts in Macedonia she claims, but also her title to financial consideration after the war. In view of the normal conditions prevailing in Bulgaria since 1912, this last is not to be despised. A rising young State, fresh from a popular war, and with additional territory, should not have to borrow money at between seven and eight per cent. in times of profound peace. Yet that was the condition of Bulgaria last year. It is to be hoped that these aspects of our present relationship to Bulgaria have not been lost sight of by the Foreign Office.
Towards National Guilds.

The L.C.C. tramway strike is an episode of the past and had no particular significance to call for passing comment. It was the nth demonstration that wage-strikes, even under the most favourable circumstances, are played out. Until the unions can ensure themselves against blacklegs by stopping the source of supply, above and below, they can now be defeated on every occasion. The employers are now skilled in defence. It should be given to all, as giving the lie to the farmers who pretend that labour is not to be had at any price, that Mr. Fell, the manager of the L.C.C. tramways, not only announced that he had no difficulty in obtaining men, but got them! The poor farmers got women and children.

We are quite prepared to be told—and to believe—that capitalists do not deliberately maintain the horrors of the wage-system by which they live upon Rent, Interest and Profit. The following story, however, out of the "Reminiscences of Sir Robert Ball," may be commended for an illustration of the case.

There was a discussion at the Church Congress in Dublin prior to and con the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection. Dr. Ruck, a disciple of Dr. H., said: "Look, for instance, at the shark, a malignant monster with one eye on one side of his head and a mouth on the other. Under the most adverse circumstances, such a creature could exist. Sir Robert, who subsequently took part in the discussion, said: "While agreeing with some of the speaker's statements, I think that he is wrong in one respect. He does an injustice to the shark. I know him to be quite tender-hearted; but, like all other creatures, he requires food. Nature kindly steps in and places his eyes on one side so that he may not witness the struggles of his dying victims." "Is it then impossible to introduce discipline and greater regularity into the essential industries? Not at all; but we must first recognise the workpeople in some other character than that of the servants of private employers. Let us put it in this way. Suppose that industry were organised on what is roughly called the Guild System. . . ." More dots, please. . . .

The quotation is from an editorial in the "Nation" of May 29. We like that "roughly called the Guild System." We thought we had called it very precisely indeed. The article continues: "And what the first in these advantages that true socialism would turn in this national ordinance to the great democratic institutions that represent the most important change in our life since the last great war. Give to the Trade Unions . . . Wisions is about! . . ."

The special correspondent of the "Times" reports an experiment undertaken at Leeds to "eliminate the employer." A factory for the manufacture of shells has been prepared "under the direction of a small executive committee of engineering employers, who will manage it on behalf of the Government without having any financial interest in it of their own." So far so good, but there remains to be effected the inclusion of the Trade Unions in the undertaking. Is it the remissness of the Unions that is responsible for their omission? Are they afraid of power because it entails responsibility? Or are they just asleep?

In the House of Lords Lord St. Davids recently fell into the common error of distinguishing labour from the labourer. "It was no more undemocratic to requisition a man's labour than to requisition horses, cattle, hay, vehicles, etc." But a man's labour is inseparable from himself. You can requisition his horses, etc., without requisitioning his person; but you cannot requisition his labour without requisitioning him. For this reason we have suggested the amendment of the economic form of Land, Labour, and Capital as being necessary to production. It should be Land, Capital and Labourers. There are, in fact, only two instruments of production,—land and capital. The labourers are the users of the instruments, and the real producers.

The "New Witness" (June 10) would offer a suggestion to the Trade Unions. If the Government does conscript the plant of the armament works, etc., and then calls for a conscription of labour, what is to prevent the Trade Unions from offering on their collective responsibility to supply such labour? Such a solution of the question would be a step in the right, instead of in the wrong, direction." A happy idea! We think so then, and we thought so still.

One of our correspondents has been disturbed by the problem of foreign trade under the National Guilds System. Before us lie a number of manifestos recently published and scattered broadcast over China urging the Chinese people to boycott Japanese goods the equivalents of which can be made in China itself. It is supposed," writes the correspondent of the "Saturday Evening Post," "that the boycott was instigated by the guilds, by which every industry in China is controlled. There are, "he continues," guilds for every sort and character of occupation. In some instances these guilds correspond to trade organisations [trusts] in the United States, and in some instances to labour unions." More accurately, we should say, every guild partakes of the nature of both, being at once a trust and a co-operative association of workmen. Their defect in China is that they are local for the most part in character; for in the absence of a "nation" a guild cannot be national. But they tend towards amalgamation in these days of easy communication; and, as Japan is covering, their total effect upon foreign imports can be crushing.

We have received the following letter:

In Chapter v of "National Guilds" the view is expressed that international trade between guild and other countries would take place with advantage to both parties. On p. 31 it is suggested that the business of buying and selling abroad should be carried on by the Consular Service manned with Guild representatives. No indication is afforded, however, as to the manner in which imports into this country should be regulated. Two possibilities have suggested themselves: Either the retailing of imports should be carried on either by the Government or by the Guild appropriate to each class of imported commodity. In either case, delicate questions would arise as to the desirability of importing goods that are also manufactured at home. In other words, are the Guilds to be protected against foreign competition? This question is not on all fours with the existing one of Free Trade v. Tariff Reform, because under the Guild system the issue would be simplified by the removal of conflict between the interests of classes, and only those of the nation as a whole would have to be considered.

The points raised by our correspondent are not as clearly stated as they might be; and we must therefore be absolved from blame if our reply should provide his point. The question of retaining imported goods is surely no different from that of retaining goods manufactured at home; the same system of distribution will presumably operate in both cases. What it may be we have elsewhere suggested: a system of Guild stores in every part of the country where the products of each particular manufacturing Guild may be purchased. The Guild, it is to be presumed, would determine for itself whether foreign goods in competition with its own should or should not be imported. Its function is to supply certain goods; it is scarcely likely to import what it can itself produce, since in exchange for such imports its only means of payment is goods like them! We see no difficulty in the question of Tariff under the Guild system, for tariff is a monetary object, and the Guilds are equipped to maintain quality; and nothing below the standard of home production would be admitted. Each guild, however, could be trusted to see to that.

National Guildsmen.
Americanising the Hyphenated States

III.

The first necessity, if the Hyphenated States are to be Americanised, is a general recognition of the identity of American nationality and American democracy. This, in turn, supports a clear conception of the meaning of both terms. There is but little evidence to show that Americans really understand what is meant by a nation or a democracy. Reference has been made to facts and statements which indicate serious or ludicrous misapprehensions. It is not unfair to say that the majority of people in the United States are prepared to greet as loyal citizens those who are moved to patriotic emotionalism by the Stars and Stripes, just as they hail as democrats men whose social conscience is as atrophied as that of Rockefeller. After all, did not Andrew Carnegie write in perfect seriousness, "Triumphant Democracy," that epitaph upon the tombstone of American ideals? To Americans democracy is associated almost entirely with a particular form of government, just as nationality is confounded with aggressive patriotism. Both phenomena may be explained as pure reactions to stimuli from Europe. The hereditary nobility and class privileges of monarchical countries produce in Americans the illusion that they are a democracy. Similarly, the contrast of their military unpreparedness and lack of national homogeneity with the preparedness and unity of the European peoples at war suggests doubts as to the reality of an American nation. In either instance the conclusion is reached correctly, and cannot have the value of positive thinking.

The hyphenated, pseudo-democratic conditions have existed all the time, and are by no means to be remedied by ephemeral measures, drawn up in view of the special circumstances of the present. The two is not, however, understood. Conscious of hyphenation, Americans are still sunk in their superstition of democracy. They imagine, indeed, that the war revealed the former and confirmed the existence of the latter, thereby demonstrating, once again, their inability to grasp the significance of the words "nation" and "democracy." They attribute their condition of hyphenation to the European war, and proclaim the war because of its universality. What is remarkable in the erroneous deductions they have drawn from the war, is the widespread belief that the United States Government seem at all likely to conflict with the concept of democracy. The hyphenated, pseudo-democratic conditions have existed all the time, and are by no means to be remedied by ephemeral measures, drawn up in view of the special circumstances of the present. The two is not, however, understood. Conscious of hyphenation, Americans are still sunk in their superstition of democracy. They imagine, indeed, that the war revealed the former and confirmed the existence of the latter, thereby demonstrating, once again, their inability to grasp the significance of the words "nation" and "democracy." They attribute their condition of hyphenation to the European war, and proclaim the war because of its universality.

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for public manifestations of their disregard for humanity and civilisation. While a Rockefeller is being "grilled" the head-line writers enjoy the sensation of democratic control, which they transmit to innumerable readers. The only tangible facts that transpire are (1) profiteering is above the law, (2) American profiteers are the least of their victims. Whenev er these revelations of inhuman greed and incredible incompetence are made, one realises how fortunate American Business is in the possession of a Tariff and an uneducated proletariat; without these the United States could never stand competition from Europe. Here, again, the absurdity of the individualist theory dear to Americans becomes evident. Claiming an heredit ary privilege, they demand credit for the virtues, such as they were, of the pioneers. At the present time there is no community more indebted to natural and social advantages, and less entitled to claim superiority as the reward of personal effort. America's great wealth is essentially Economic Rent—not the rent of ability.

The absorption of economic rent—and what an extent!—by a small class is somewhat incongruous in a professional democracy. Americans are morally sensitive to the privileges accruing to aristocracy, and they are scornful of the European's failure to abolish them. Yet they are absolutely blind to the fact that their own wealth is usurped from a community—or by nature—and is, therefore, a far greater menace to social progress than the privileged classes in Europe, to which they so strenuously object. The railroad corporations and the trusts have been permitted to grow in exactly the same way as our landed aristocracy came into existence, although America had her own professions and the example of Europe to guide her. The democratic citizen who sneers at social prejudice, and becomes facetiously superstitious when royalty is jilted, is unaware of the harmfulness of the one, and the practical limitations of the other. Viewing them, as he does most things, with the eyes of the Revolutionary philosophers, he loses sight of the fact that he is living in an industrial age and in a highly commercialised society. Otherwise, he would be aware that the unearned increment appropriated by American capitalism is a greater evil than the unearned esteem commanded by birth in England—for it is always of the latter he complains.

Consciousness of the distance which separates the United States from even the point where European democracy will be slow in coming. The peculiar conditions which have been outlined, all tending towards the exclusion of enlightened opinion, lead to a pre-occupation with trivialities and superficialities, as becomes a newspaper public. In spite of much play, with political generalities, American people are politically uneducated. We hear far too much about exceptional States, notably Wisconsin, and not enough about the average, where the level of politics is far below that of the Western European nations. Federal politics are removed far outside the life of the ordinary citizen, State and municipal politics are too closely interwoven with his own personal and private welfare. Owing to the abominable trail of the politician over everything within the area of his public. State, and municipal机械ically a question of jobs. When a considerable section of a town's population hangs for life to the ballot box the discussion of municipal affairs is not calculated to be deep or inspiring.

What we reflect that the reformers, the muck-rakers, and other guardians of popular liberties, are equipped with nothing better than a selection of the more sanctified items in the Fabian programme, we need not be surprised that they effect nothing. The profiteers will have decided matters for ever, even to accepting fully the suggestions which they now dismiss with indignation or disdain. Progressivism, as the name indicates, represents the advance guard of political thought, so we may estimate the arrears which America must make up even to reach the stage at which English Liberals find themselves, the latter being in many respects ahead of the former, on the other side of the Atlantic. The sense of civic responsibility and the communal spirit are so much in abeyance that propaganda is becoming increasingly directed towards their awakening. Belated individualism, and a very natural distrust of State or municipal administration given the nature of American politics, are making this a more difficult matter than in countries where democratic opinion is more self-conscious than else self-confident. Consequently, the energies which might be employed in preparing for democracy are diverted into a battle which, as we know, may lead to a very difficult goal. The very difficulties to be overcome threaten to make the results seem vastly more important than they really are.

The primitive state of its social consciousness constitutes the gravest defect in the character of American society. This may appear a strange statement, in view of the almost notorious activity of American citizens on behalf of "reform"—especially in international questions. There is, it is true, a number of organisations and enterprises of an "uplifting" nature, which give scope to that most objectionable class of unemployed, the "American woman." Settlement-houses, peace leagues, and the like, are the specialty of this caste, for the women who do not succeed in the dull lodges of the philanthropic spirit form a sort of class, the equivalent of our "Idle Rich." The ordinary American woman, of whom we are told nothing, is simply the European woman more industrialised. Child and female labour, be it remembered, are most important factors in American profiteering. The female uplifter bears no more relation to serious social reconstruction than her "slumming" sister in England. It is her business to mind other people's business, to foster the arts, and, generally speaking, to take care of the evils of social reconstruction, which the more fortunate, who hope to emulate her, naturally is that, generally speaking, escape from starvation is possible. The opportunities of labour are quantitatively, but not qualitatively, better than in Europe. Even this is ceasing to be true, as the growth of unemployment testifies. The revolution of ideas necessary to change this state of affairs must be slower here than in England, owing to the immensity of the area to be affected and the great variety of local circumstances. One might parallel the situation by saying that, if London had been obliged to wait for municipal tramways until the principle of municipal ownership was accepted in Anatolia, the Fabians would still have a future before them. Intellectually and politically the South is far behind the North and West, so that when an idea has taken root in the latter it will be a hotly exotic to the former for many years. But we know how slender is the thread connecting collectivism and democracy; it will assuredly not support the weight of "Big Business." What are the prospects for the growth of a national spirit, when such facilities but few are obstacles but many to progress? State Socialism seems to be the highest point in sight, a distant prospect, it is true, but the certain goal of present evolution. Evidently the future of democracy in America is prearranged.

E. A. B.
Compulsion!

Is reading the Northcliffe journalism and certain other kindred organs of the Press one acquires the impression that though victory in this war is an undoubtedly desirable thing yet that this is after all in a sense subsidiary to what ought to be the supreme goal of national endeavour, namely, compulsion—i.e., compulsion of persons alike in military and industrial matters. If, as Lord Kitchener is reported to have given as his mature opinion, a conscript army and a voluntary army will not work together, it must be quite clear, one would think, to the advocates of compulsion that there is at least a chance that the resort to the latter system at this stage of the war might result in our defeat, or at best, in a hazardous prolongation of the war. If they will not admit that much they may as well say at once that Lord Kitchener is a fool whose mature opinion is worth nothing at all. Hence, I think, we are fully justified in the above statement, that the pre-conscriptionists place schemes of compulsion, at least in so far as military compulsion is concerned, as a goal to be striven for at all costs, even that of defeat, complete or partial.

Now let us take the other side. It is alleged by the conscriptionists, in effect, that compulsory military service is as good as necessary if defeat is to be avoided. We need scarcely say that for ourselves we traverse this conclusion entirely. But let us grant it for the sake of the argument. The problem then presents itself as follows:—Would a defeat with a voluntary system be so very much worse than a victory at the cost of the sacrifice of that principle of personal liberty (within the limits, of course, of the economic liberty permitted by capitalism) which it has been the historical function of the Anglo-Saxon race to exemplify for humanity? This is a serious question which it is impossible fully to discuss in a general article like the present. We do not hesitate, however, to say that in our opinion a material victory in arms gained by this country would be more than outweighed by the moral defeat of the great principle (for after all, it is a great principle) which constitutes one of England's most important contributions to humanity. Here is a question as to the mere question of our own immediate safety as a nation, but of buying an immediate advantage by being false to a principle with which historic destiny has entrusted us in the service of humanity. The question may be put in this way:—Would you rather yield to the false logic of militarism the armies at the price of becoming morally like Prussia? We leave this question to be answered by our fervid patriots who so exult the British spirit versus that of the central Empires. We are aware, of course, of the retort to the allegation that compulsory service means the Prussianizing of the British character. Military conscription at least, it is urged, is not an exclusively Prussian institution. You have it in France, you have it in Italy, you have it in a sense even in Switzerland, though in its least objectionable form in the Swiss militia system. Let us consider this point for a moment. In the first place, it cannot be denied that the ideal perfection of organised national military service is that over which the Prussian Junker rules. The logical conclusion of the system euphemistically termed "national service" is Prussian militarism. The present war alone has shown this. Again, the tendency at least of all conscript countries is to develop the domination of a military caste. For instance, in the temptation to cut the German knot of Labour discontent by military methods has proved irresistible alike in France and Italy, in spite of their democratic political institutions. Will our conscriptionist friends guarantee us against the domination of a military oligarchy in this country of all others? If between a voluntary and a conscript army is shown at once in the treatment of the soldier, with the aid of military discipline. A conscript army is favoured by the capitalist classes for the fact that it is cheaper than a voluntary army. Why is it cheaper? Because it is a conscript not a free man whereas the voluntary recruit is. Hence, under the régime of military discipline, you can crush down all complaints in a conscript army, and, in a word, "do" your men on the cheap. This fact, as just said, explains much of the patriotic zeal of the journals catering for the well-to-do classes in their campaign in favour of conscription. Furthermore, with all respect for our Allies be it said, their democracies have undoubtedly suffered pro tanto from the principle of compulsion with which they are burdened. The numerous anti-military agitations in France within the present generation, and, not least, the formidable protest against the Three Years' Service which was only cut short by the war, are sufficient evidence of this. And have, after all, the military achievements of the conscriptionist democracies been so superior to those effected by the voluntary system of this country? Prussia-Germany, by reason of its logically complete military system, has, up to the time of writing, scored a greater measure, of purely military success even if only temporarily, than all the other Powers put together. But of those other armies which shall say that the voluntary British forces have shown up less favourably than those of the other democratic countries with the doubtful blessing of conscription?

It is made a charge against Socialists that they inconsistently object to compulsion as such under circumstances in which it is dedicated by what is called the logic of events, while themselves postulating a system of compulsion for society in general. The answer to this supposed crushing is very simple. It consists in the discrimination between the compulsion of persons and the compulsion of things. Socialism is necessarily opposed to the former and essentially accepts the latter. The Socialist organisation of industry pre-supposes, obviously, a systematic ordering of industrial processes to which the individual worker must subordinate himself in his own interests no less than in those of society as a whole. On the other hand, the Socialist does not propose that a man should be laid hold of by the scruff of the neck and dragged into a factory if he is able and prefers to maintain himself in primitive fashion by eating grass and drinking rain-water. Similarly, the Socialist would have no right as a Socialist to wish to hinder him earning his living in this way. But a person of that type may as safely be left out of account in dealing with Socialism as the miser who hoards money in his sledging car. The Socialist, considering the case in dealing with Capitalism. (The coercion of criminals, of course, is another matter and has special justifications not applicable to that of the ordinary citizen. We would point out here that moral suasion, like economic pressure, inducing the individual to a certain course of action, whether in any particular instance good or bad, right or wrong, is toto calo separated from the direct physical coercion ordained by law and backed by its sanctions. For example, there may be any amount of moral or social pressure induced upon a man or woman to marry, but this is poles asunder from a law or edict enforcing compulsory marriage. Similarly, the recruiting pressure exercised at the present time upon men to join the Army may be justifiable or not, desirable or not, in particular instances; but this is quite in a sense even in Switzerland, though in its least objectionable form in the Swiss militia system. Let us consider this point for a moment. In the first place, it cannot be denied that the ideal perfection of organised national military service is that over which the Prussian Junker rules. The logical conclusion of the system euphemistically termed "national service" is Prussian militarism. The present war alone has shown this. Again, the tendency at least of all conscript countries is to develop the domination of a military caste. For instance, the temptation to cut the German knot of Labour discontent by military methods has proved irresistible alike in France and Italy, in spite of their democratic political institutions. Will our conscriptionist friends guarantee us against the domination of a military oligarchy in this country of all others? If between a voluntary and a conscript army is shown at once in the treatment of the soldier, with the aid of
The Liberal principle offers no solution of the problem of apathy; and this is the real origin of the anxiety with which some of the noblest souls in England are inquiring whether one of the most popular dogmas of British politics can serve them as a guide in the hour of crisis. It is true that it is not liberty so much as democracy which is being discussed, but this only means that the question has not been properly set forth. In the *British Review* Mr. H. C. O’Neill has asked, ‘Can democracy be organised?’ and has answered, ‘No.’ His reasoning is based on the supposition that the spirit of modern democracy is that of liberty, ‘although to say this is to make a gigantic assumption.’ So gigantic, in fact, that it cannot be accepted for a single moment.

That a democracy may be organised is seen in the example of France, where there is scarcely an individual right which has not been sacrificed to the general determination to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. In the same number of the ‘British Review’ as that in which Mr. O’Neill writes we may read the text of a recent French law the object of which is: ‘To prescribe that none shall escape from the sacred obligation of doing for the defence of his country all that his strength will permit him to do. Consequently, it is meant to place at the disposal of the high command the maximum of forces available.’ Here is an instance of a democracy capable of sacrificing individual selfishness to the common aim. Mr. O’Neill may object that France is not a pure but an imperfect democracy; but his article does not refer to pure democracies, but to those at present in existence.

Mr. O’Neill’s argument rests on the following assertion: ‘The prime and final effect of democracy seems to be the changing of the centre of gravity in the State from the good of the people to the good of self.’ But to say this is to forget that democracy does not arise and cannot arise or maintain itself in existence except in the common will. Even Rousseau acutely distinguished between the ‘general will’ and the ‘will of everybody.’ A democracy is not and cannot be an aggregate of isolated individuals with no common ends. Every type of society, and not only democracy, has arisen precisely from community of aims. In places where the individuals speak in monologues and act for purely personal ends there is no society at all. Every society is a society for common ends. In autocracies the formulation and carrying out of these ends are entrusted to the monarch; in aristocracies to a few persons; and in democracies it is the common will which decides. But the common will is not that of individuals, but that of the assembly of individuals.

At this point I would beg the inattentive reader to attend if he wishes to understand in what respect ‘the general will’ differs from ‘the will of everybody.’ At bottom it is simply a case of differentiating the purely individual aspect of our will from its common aspect. We individuals do not meet together to fulfil purely individual aspirations. My own, for instance, might be to be loved by a woman who does not love me, and to increase my power of sustained thinking by two hours a day. It might perhaps occur to me to confide my troubles to a friend, but it would be absurd to propose that an assembly of men should apply its collective will to them. An assembly of men can apply its will only to subjects which are common beforehand to the individuals taking part in the meeting. Without a previous identity of the thing desired an act of the common will is impossible. Democracy cannot remove the centre of gravity of the State to the individual ego, because the individual part of the ego necessarily remains beyond reach of the State and of the common will. In every man there is at once the solitary and the citizen. The solitary escapes not only the power of the autocrat, but the power of the community as well. The citizen and the city, however, are one and the same thing. The difference between autocracy and democracy is that in the former the individual is not active, while in a democracy all the citizens are alternately active and passive—active in deciding the common will and passive in carrying it into effect according to their functions and talents.

To organise is simply to unite men under external rules for the attainment of a common end by means of the division of their labour. This definition covers the four elements of which every organisation is composed: the common end, the men who unite, the rules they must obey, and the work allotted to each man. The value of every organisation is the value of its elements—the importance of the common end of the men who are organised; the number and quality of the men; the fitness of the rules for the object it is sought to achieve; and, finally, the proper division of labour. Not only are these elements influenced by the fact that the Government may be autocratic, oligarchic, or democratic. There are large and small autocracies as there are large and small democracies. In Germany the division of labour is greater than in France, because of Germany’s greater industrial expansion, and not to the German form of government; and the aim of the organisation to which we have been referring—National Defence—is identical in both countries. It may be said that the rules to which men have to submit are not so strict in a democracy as in an aristocracy. This is the only serious objection made to democracy. But it does not stand the test of analysis. When democracy organises itself to carry out an end whose execution calls for unity of command, the democracy achieves its object by entrusting its collective strength to the man who inspires it with confidence for the execution of this command. Thus it often happens that the officers of a democracy—a Joffre or an Abraham Lincoln—may exercise greater authority than the officers of a monarchy or an oligarchy. There are two reasons for this: in the first place, such officers rely upon the active co-operation of the people which has appointed them to these positions; and, in the second place, because they possess the knowledge that they are carrying into effect the common will, and this knowledge arouses in them a determination to make certain that their object shall be achieved.

A mystic autocrat may fortify his mind with the belief that God is guiding him, and the authorities appointed by the autocrat will harden their resolutions in a spirit of loyalty and obedience towards the sovereign. The same thing may happen in oligarchies possessed of the conviction of their governing mission, and in the authorities appointed by such oligarchies. But round about the autocracy, the oligarchy, and their authorities the masses of the people will lie like an enormous and mysterious note of interrogation. And so an autocracy or an oligarchy may be tormented by the doubt whether its will coincides with that of the people, and this doubt will blunt its resolution. On the other hand, the authority appointed by a democracy will not see in the masses a perplexing interrogation, but an explicit mandate, the evidence of which makes the authority inexorable in carrying it out. The law must be put into effect which prescribes that ‘none shall escape from the sacred obligation of doing for the defence of the country all that his strength will permit him to do,’ and the same public which affirms this act...
will transform itself into an agent of its fulfilment, and helps the authorities to drag from their hiding-places and have duties. This immense power wielded by the authority in a democracy is precisely what inspired John Stuart Mill to write his essay "On Liberty." Mill's liberalism was not so much directed to the defence of the rights of the individual against tyrant as against society itself: "There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence, and to find that limit and maintain it against encroachment is as indispensable to the good condition of human affairs as protection against political despotism." And although Mill twice says that the individual "may rightfully be compelled" "to bear his fair share in the common defence"—for Mill was no fool—his essay "On Liberty" and his other writings are always an absolute evil, and prevail that the mission of the law and of the State should be limited to seeing that individuals should mutually respect the liberties of one another. To wish to build up society, not on positive solidarities, but upon coercion, is to believe that the coercion of one individual by others is like wishing to establish marriage not on the sacrament, not on love, and not even on mutual obligations, but simply on the principle that the man and wife shall not open one another's letters, shall not ask one another awkward questions, and shall have nothing in common.

It is this principle of individual liberty, and not that of democracy, which is radically and irredeemably opposed to all organisation, because in any organisation the individual can be nothing more than the organ of the common will. For Liberalism, on the other hand, the isolated individual is the source from which emanates all good, or, at any rate, the supreme good. And let it not be said that Mill's Liberalism is an anti-social thing. A Liberal such as Mr. Hobhouse, who declares himself to be an interventionist and even a Socialist, says in his book on "Liberalism" that "the function of State coercion is to override individual coercion," and in this idea the isolated individual is always an absolute evil, and respect for the individual is the supreme good. There is no need for me to say that coercion is dangerous when it is used for evil purposes, as, for example, to punish thought, to put difficulties in the way of the preservation of wealth, and to impede the development of human values, either cultural or vital. Coercion is a good thing, on the other hand, when it sacrifices individual apathy on the altar of national defence, or the progress of thought, hygiene, morality, or national wealth. In short, in saying that coercion can only be justified as a means to an end, in accordance with the Jesuitical theory, Coercion is not an evil in itself. Coercion implies Power; it is power; and power is a good thing—an instrumental good and a good in itself.

Mill would have transcended in principle his negative conception of society if he had paid more attention to his own definition of the concept of Progress—"as the preservation of all kinds and amounts of good which already exist and the increase of them." For Progress includes Order, but Order does not include coercion of one individual by others, is like wishing to establish marriage not on the sacrament, not on love, and not even on mutual obligations, but simply on the principle that the man and wife shall not open one another's letters, shall not ask one another awkward questions, and shall have nothing in common. And it is this principle of individual liberty, and not that of democracy, which is radically and irredeemably opposed to all organisation, because in any organisation the individual can be nothing more than the organ of the common will. For Liberalism, on the other hand, the isolated individual is the source from which emanates all good, or, at any rate, the supreme good. And let it not be said that Mill's Liberalism is an anti-social thing. A Liberal such as Mr. Hobhouse, who declares himself to be an interventionist and even a Socialist, says in his book on "Liberalism" that "the function of State coercion is to override individual coercion," and in this idea the isolated individual is always an absolute evil, and respect for the individual is the supreme good. There is no need for me to say that coercion is dangerous when it is used for evil purposes, as, for example, to punish thought, to put difficulties in the way of the preservation of wealth, and to impede the development of human values, either cultural or vital. Coercion is a good thing, on the other hand, when it sacrifices individual apathy on the altar of national defence, or the progress of thought, hygiene, morality, or national wealth. In short, in saying that coercion can only be justified as a means to an end, in accordance with the Jesuitical theory, Coercion is not an evil in itself. Coercion implies Power; it is power; and power is a good thing—an instrumental good and a good in itself.

But Mill, however, feared lest by progress would be understood nothing more than the idea "to move onwards," the metaphor of the road which Mr. Chesterton has recently deprecated. This led him to neglect his own magnificent conception of progress as a criterion of the goodness or badness of societies and organisations. But he was wrong. With his conception of progress he would have guaranteed all the goods which he believed he was assuring to people by means of liberty—though he would as well have avoided all the evils which individual liberty positively allows, such as indifference, apathy, frivolity, and the misapplication of human energies to such anti-social ends as that of leaving children rich enough to be useless if they please. But this theme requires to be developed very much further.
he has devoted a hundred pages and a vast amount of work. He has tapped "an invaluable series of town records,including the Letter-Books of London and the Records of Bristol, Colchester, Coventry, Leicester, Northampton, Norwich, and York," and the results of his labour are abundant. I know of no English work which contains a description of the Guilds so clear, so thorough, and so convincing as that in Mr. Lipson's chapter. It cannot be said that his research will ever be looked up for details of administration and government, from pay and prices to livery and yeomanry is worked out with detail that is not pedantry, and brevity that is not ignorance.

"The Gild system answered to the needs of the time." That is the bane of Mr. Lipson's criticism. It was not destroyed by human wickedness, though he is quite unsurprising in his treatment of the relations existing between the master and the journeyman. It was not a mere pageantry to details of administration and government, and capital became more important, there followed an increasing division of labour and the mercantile and industrial aspects of the Guild were differentiated. The trading functions now began to pass to a special class of traders, the master craftsmen were confined to the purely manual functions.

It was no long step thence to the state where the craftsmen lost their independence and became wage-earners paid by piece-work, but working in his own home, and employed by more than one capitalist. The growth of economic evolution and not of individual and purposeful creation, it was nobody's business to save them. Nobody planned: nobody defended: nobody foresaw. And so when the differentiation within the Guild, the substitution of a national for a town economy, the opening up of national trade and foreign markets had rendered the old craftsmanship incapable of meeting the new demand, the Guilds decayed and fell. Perhaps Mr. Lipson would have done well to have insisted more on the continual precedence of industrial over political growth. Trade became national before the national government was either aware of it or strong enough to control it. Under a town economy the economic and the political units were the same, and economic circumstance, not the depravity of independent, self-governing craftsmen, that caused the decay of the system. Collectivists please note. At the same time I must not be thought to support an economic determinism which argues that national Guilds must come because State control will follow the nationalisation of (journeymen and masters) one clear fact emerges: the Gild system was beginning to work badly because it no longer answered to the needs of the time. The internal relations of the craft Gild were harmonious so long as the Guilds were the product of the times as surely as private profiteering. The need of the times may be determined by the will of the people; unfortunately people preferred the growth of adventurous capitalism to the conservative solidity of the medieval Guilds; perhaps they may be content with the security of the servile State. We can only wait and see.

Mr. Lipson has many illuminating passages on points often neglected. "Gildship, like parliamentary representation, was originally a bourgeois body, and involved heavy responsibilities. The Gildsmen of the earlier Middle Ages were exercised not how to keep men out, but how to bring them in. We are apt, in truth, to see the different elements of which the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries saw only burdens. That is a fact worth noting by those who are interested in comparing the function of the modern Trade Union with that of the mediaeval Guild. Mr. Lipson accepts the Webbs' definition of Trade Unionism, and it is perfectly right in showing that on this basis the resemblance is small. But, revise your definition of Trade Unionism, pass from the historic concept to the idealist, and there are a hundred points of similarity and interest which finds its analogy with the mediaeval Guild. Though it may seem, the democratic spirit is always strongest in an oligarchical and privileged body." Here, again, is a warping and an encouragement for modern Guildsmen. It is in the privileged and monopoly-holding Guild that democracy will be most easily realised, democracy so long and so vainly our goal in politics. On the other hand, a prime cause of disruption in the mediaeval Guilds was undoubtedly the oligarchy and the ever-widening separation between liverymen and yeomen. Our task is at present to bring the black-coated proletarians into touch and sympathy with the coatless; but our task will not end there. It would continue, should Guild organisation ever be attained, in the maintaining of unity between the high and low grades of skill in the industry. It is obvious that "the separateness of craft representation must go along with Industrial Unionism; the danger is that the crafts may take offence at some point of administration perhaps, and make of these associations antagonistic Trade Unions. Thus they might pass into a permanent opposition, destructive rather than constructive, self-seeking rather than honourably critical. We want no new associations of disgruntled journeymen in our Guilds of the future. It is the oligarchical and exclusive spirit, the bane of Trade Unionism in the past, that may achieve this unhappy end. In the light of history let us beware.

IVOR BROWN.
More Letters to My Nephew.
Love and Home Building.--(Continued.)

IX.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—In the business of home-building I am old-fashioned enough to believe, eugenists and cynics notwithstanding (eugenists are unconscious cynics), that love is the foundation. I hope that modern life, with its neuroses, leaves you untouched, that you are not tempted to experiment with love as you would with your vegetable garden, but rather that you should let your instincts have at least as much free play as you would your imagination. If you discipline yourself, thereby strengthening and refining it, so, too, there comes a certain spiritual refining of love, inevitable in your culture and attitude. I suppose this is what the apostle meant when he urged his people not to be unequally yoked together. Of course, you or anybody else may make a mistake. If so, I can see no reason why you should perpetuate it at the behest of the priests, who, in marital affairs, are a danger and a pest. I have a strong prejudice, too, against the modern habit of obtruding one’s sexual difficulties and experiences upon others. Blessed is the domestic union that has no public history. When I was leaving the parental roof-tree your grandfather’s advice was simple and direct: “My son,” said he, “give not thy strength unto women.” He meant it, I think, in a narrow moral sense; but it is capable of a wisely wide interpretation. It may mean (and it is my advice to you): “Do not let your sexual life divert or impede you in the business of life.” I do not really care greatly whether you are ridiculously happy or reasonably unhappy in your relations with women so long as you steadily pursue your work and compass your career and ambitions. We must recognize, however, that, should your domestic ship be driven on the rocks, a morbid public curiosity may drown you. Paris, for example, I happen to know that his private life was clean. I think that Granville Barker must have had him in mind when writing “Waste.” Personally, I know the charm of women; every healthy man does; but if the work of the world is to be carried on with verve and intelligence, the sexes must have their several functions. Woman’s function is home-life, her province the refining of love, inevitable in your culture and attitude. I suppose this is what the apostle meant when he urged his people not to be unequally yoked together. Of course, you or anybody else may make a mistake. If so, I can see no reason why you should perpetuate it at the behest of the priests, who, in marital affairs, are a danger and a pest. I have a strong prejudice, too, against the modern habit of obtruding one’s sexual difficulties and experiences upon others. Blessed is the domestic union that has no public history. When I was leaving the parental roof-tree your grandfather’s advice was simple and direct: “My son,” said he, “give not thy strength unto women.” He meant it, I think, in a narrow moral sense; but it is capable of a wisely wide interpretation. It may mean (and it is my advice to you): “Do not let your sexual life divert or impede you in the business of life.” I do not really care greatly whether you are ridiculously happy or reasonably unhappy in your relations with women so long as you steadily pursue your work and compass your career and ambitions. We must recognize, however, that, should your domestic ship be driven on the rocks, a morbid public curiosity may drown you. Paris, for example, I happen to know that his private life was clean. I think that Granville Barker must have had him in mind when writing “Waste.” Personally, I know the charm of women; every healthy man does; but if the work of the world is to be carried on with verve and intelligence, the sexes must have their several functions. Woman’s function is home-life, her province the refining of love, inevitable in your culture and attitude. I suppose this is what the apostle meant when he urged his people not to be unequally yoked together. Of course, you or anybody else may make a mistake. If so, I can see no reason why you should perpetuate it at the behest of the priests, who, in marital affairs, are a danger and a pest. I have a strong prejudice, too, against the modern habit of obtruding one’s sexual difficulties and experiences upon others. Blessed is the domestic union that has no public history. When I was leaving the parental roof-tree your grandfather’s advice was simple and direct: “My son,” said he, “give not thy strength unto women.”

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by threes and fours, and in little groups, were streaming from every quarter, entering every door, tripping up the wide, handsome stairs, filling all the seats—boys and girls; it was like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. . . . The enthusiasm of these boys and girls, with their clapping of hands and their laughter, soon affected the spirits of the singers as a radiant day in spring affected me. I envied the happy parents who had their children round them; it was light—wonderful April. Mr. Wister sees a moral catastrophe something of the tigress in her nature, particularly Lortzing, and to exult in World-assassination on suicide; but I must hasten to the sequel: "It was on the seventh day of June, 1914, that Frankfurt assembled her school-children in the opera-house, to further their taste and understanding of art. Exactly eleven months later, on May 7, 1915, a German torpedo sank the 'Lusitania'; and the cities of the Rhine celebrated this also for their school-children."

Mr. Wiener sees a moral catastrophe. I remember, about the time that you were born, giving a lecture on education. A school-teacher, who had repeated so often the pure and noble things; the miracle will surely be achieved by the Prussian method of indoctrinating and enforcing unquestioned obedience and docility. Least of all do we want docile mothers, who, without protest, send their children first into a mechanised creche, next into a mechanised school, and finally into a mechanised industrial life. How can they prevent it? By themselves gradually adjusting their offspring to their own degree of home-building, so that they shall know without doubt or hesitance when home-life is better and richer than school-life. If prison-life were made more attractive than civil life many of us might conceivably drop in. Our home standards are working their way into all the schools, in their turn, must inevitably continue the competition. Behind the whole argument remains the ultimate fact that a nation whose mothers cannot protect their children cannot survive. Docile mothers are at a discount. Let us have a touch of the tigress. I should like a deputation of English mothers to corral the Fabian women's group and soundly box their ears. The sound would reverberate further than Jenny Geddes's singing stool.

Do you remember your old playmate, Doreen Bertram? She has grown tall and lithe and beautiful. You might do worse, you know! When she was a child, on a day I chanced to be dining there, she rushed into the drawing-room, her eyes and hands Historically, she knew it wasn't true, replied Miss Prunes and Prisms. "I'm not so sure," said the mother; "a child knows that its doll is stuffed with sawdust—it may even see the sawdust falling out—yet it fondly imagines it to be a living baby. I wouldn't destroy the illusion for anything you could give me." I think we all envied the little girl her mother! Here, in the great solitude that I was subjected to, did I begin to notice those educational controversies that shaped my own and my generation's mind. They have left but little impression. Most vividly do I remember Jules Guyau, a French writer whose name seems to be forgotten. Like the Germans, he knew the value of music as an educational factor, but the point he most strongly emphasised was the regenerative quality of suggestion. Suggest to a child that it is naughty; it ipso facto becomes so. Thenceforward, the whole story was very real to Doreen; I wish I could go back to the days when it would have been real to me. "But she knew it wasn't true," replied Miss Prunes and Prisms. "I'm not so sure," said the mother; "a child knows that its doll is stuffed with sawdust—"
Readers and Writers.

It is very chivalrous of Professor Gide to enter the lists in our national defence against German criticism; but I do not know whether to thank him or not. In a recent issue of the "Daily News" he undertook to reply to Professor Sombart, who had written of us as follows: A people of shopkeepers, incapable of any achievement of intellectual culture—either in the present or in the future—because of the many, ethinic inferiorities which have adulterated manifestations of the spirit of the huckster... whose politics, like its morality, aims only at utility. It has only been able to create two things, comfort and sport; and these have contributed to destroy the last vestiges of its spiritual life.

But, in the first place, it is no defence to cite, as Professor Gide does, the great names of Newton, Milton and Shakespeare. These cannot be said to be achievements of our present. And, in the second place, we had better admit that there is some truth in the indictment. It is not, of course, altogether true; and to pronounce us incapable in the future of any intellectual achievement is to adopt the child of a mere German wish. But that we are for the moment and have been for twenty years incapable, as a nation, of maintaining, still less of transcending, our intellectual traditions is not alone a German discovery. Matthew Arnold announced a few years before he had seen his forecast fulfilled. Let us confess our sins, the more certainly to amend our ways. It was not so long ago that I remarked in this column that other nations have some right to reproach us. Germany in particular. If Germany has never equalled our English culture at its best, Germany can yet maintain that, while she has been striving to do so, we have been falling away. After all, the question is one of fact in great part. If it can be shown that there are more people in Germany who understand and appreciate our English classics than there are in England itself, the verdict would be against us obviously. And I am afraid that either there are, or would soon have been. The majority of cultured Germans certainly know our Newton and our Shakespeare better than the majority of our own educated classes. As things were going, in a very little while I believe that most of our classics would have been comparatively neglected here as they became more and more familiar to Germany. If that is not a proper ground of reproach to us I do not know what it is.

To fail even to understand, let alone to rival or surpass, our past achievements is surely almost a definition of decadence. And we were rapidly approaching that state. Unfortunately, too, the rot had gone so far that people were not even ashamed of it. We can laugh at Germany as much as we please. The mention of Russia reminds me to make a note on Mr. Bechhofer's letter of last week. I am gratified to discover that Mr. Bechhofer has taken my hint to him to meditate patiently before coming to a conclusion about the soul of Russia. His "Letter" is full of observation and reflection, and contains a good deal of the necessary material for a just judgment of Russia. But his conclusion is still a little hasty. Russia as "the Dionysos of the nations" is certainly a respectable diagnosis; but I should hesitate to call it satisfying and final. It assumes more definition in the conception of Dionysos than we can claim to possess; and thus explains "x" by a scarcely less indefinable "y." And it unites to set Russia in relation with the rest of Europe. If Russia is the Dionysos, are all the other European nations Apollon—for Dionysos and Apollo are presumably a comprehensive dichotomy? However, there is time yet to define Russia. She is still doing it herself.

Another small bone remains to be picked with Mr. de Maetzu. Here I would compromise if he be willing. Love, I would plead, is no more invariably his sudden absolute event than it is my gradual approximation; but sometimes one and sometimes the other. Allow, if you please, that a frequent form is "love at first sight," love as a slow awakening is still not excluded as a fairly common fact. And the case of Manon Lescaut is, I contend, an instance of the latter. Mr. de Maetzu rules her postponed awakening out of court on the ground that pain had intervened. But of whatever the process of awakening consists, the fact that it is a process and not a sudden fall into love is illustrated by the case. Oh, yes, Manon belongs to me! The doctrine, therefore, which my critic deduces from his conclusion must needs be as one-sided as his conclusion itself. If only love absolute exists certainly we ought to admire those who can pack and be off on the second instant of the first meeting. But unless experience suggests that love can sometimes be won by waiting, how are we to understand him who despises those who continue knocking at the door? The translation of Stendhal's "L'Amour," however, is in preparation for publication in these pages; and as the first instalment, I believe, will appear next week, our discussion can be postponed.

R. H. C.
Shaw on Napoleon: An Italian View.

A criticism from the "Corriere della Sera" of July 15, 1915, of a performance at the Majestic Theatre, Milan, translated by Paul V. Cohn.

At the opening of last night's performance, before the actors began to speak, the house broke into one great cheer when Luigi Carini, in the guise of the Napoleon of Lodi, pale and long-haired, appeared behind the footlights. The applause was an act of homage both to the actor and to the father: to the father who at the call of duty had torn himself away from the bedside of his son, wounded by an Austrian bullet, and to the actor who has always practised his art with so much talent and sincerity. After this outburst of feeling, the horizon grew clouded. From the first, "The Man of Destiny" provoked but few smiles; the lengthiness, the monotony, the lack of movement gave one a sense of impatient boredom. At one point the usual lunatics who consider the performance of a new comedy as a sort of personal challenge clamoured for the ringing down of the curtain. Others protested, and expressed their disapproval of these hotheads. Meanwhile, on the stage, the actors were at their wits' end. At last, Emma Grammatica, with great presence of mind, suppressed a portion of the scene. In this crippled state, and obscured by the quarrel—now indeed grown less violent—between supporters and opponents, "The Man of Destiny" reached its conclusion.

It is true that the audience showed lack of self-restraint, but the same charge must be brought against the author. Bernard Shaw's lack of self-restraint is notorious. He may be described as immoderate both in length and brevity. Often in one and the same comedy you will find one act interminably long-winded, and another as thin as tissue-paper. But he is always Bernard Shaw, that is to say, one of the most fantastic spirits of modern literature, and he certainly deserves a hearing.

"The Man of Destiny" is not a masterpiece. It is not even a profound comedy. It is an unconscious parody of profundity. This, the author's originality is not instinctive, as in almost all his other plays, but forced and pig-headed. He does not create here or break fresh ground: he contradicts. His contradiction, moreover, is essentially petty. It is in the tone of some back-biting old woman that he sets forth a tiny episode in the career of no less a person than Napoleon. Napoleon, the man born at the opportune moment! Let us see how the hero dominates and restrains, but the same charge must be brought against Shaw by himself—whether he is running a comic opera, or denouncing marriage, or showing up the defects of medicine and surgery, or attacking current morality with that bitterness against all laws, written and unwritten, which comes naturally to an Irishman, since Ireland was for two centuries the victim of injustice and oppression—seems to us a keen observer, a clever and elusive controversialist; but in handling Napoleon he cuts a poor figure. In his other comedies he can present us with an act of will, as he was once able to do in "Preludes." His resolute, serious, his coldly glittering eye, his tousled mane of hair; and the futile laughter died away. He is master of the situation. He takes possession of our souls.

In conflict with Napoleon, the playwright looks preposterous. We see an immeasurable difference in their statures. Shaw by himself—whether he is running down women, or denouncing marriage, or showing up the defects of medicine and surgery, or attacking current morality with that bitterness against all laws, written and unwritten, which comes naturally to an Irishman, since Ireland was for two centuries the victim of injustice and oppression—seems to us a keen observer, a clever and elusive controversialist; but in handling Napoleon he cuts a poor figure. In his other comedies he can present us with an act of will, as he was once able to do in "Preludes." His resolute, serious, his coldly glittering eye, his tousled mane of hair; and the futile laughter died away. He is master of the situation. He takes possession of our souls.

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Thus "The Man of Destiny" is all built upon an error, an error not so much historical as dramatic, since it robs the playwright of all mastery over his audience. Mistake is heaped upon mistake. The packet of letters passes from hand to hand with exasperating monotony. A dozen times Napoleon is on the point of opening it; a dozen times he abandons the idea. In Napoleon himself, in the lady, in the landlord, in the officer there is not a single sympathetic trait. The whole dialogue is indirect, slow, insipid. The frequent strokes of keen observation—among them a pungent satire on English egotism which was suppressed yesterday evening—are mere wanderings from the point. All these people are passionless, compounded solely of cautious and frigid intellectuality. Shaw's interesting buffoonery here degenerates into low comedy, as in the character of the officer. This part should have been entrusted by the company, not to their leading juvenile, but to their best comedian, in order that the audience should not have been left for a moment in doubt as to its broadly farcical nature. The whole play is weak and incompetent, not so much from the standpoint of traditional stagecraft as from the standpoint of dramatic expression.
Impressions of Paris.

It is easy to go to Dieppe quite seriously, but it is not so easy to stop there. In the first place you will not want to. Prices are very high as nearly all the hotels which are not shut are militarised, and the few pensions open charge like hotels royal and are moreover haunted by extraordinarily coquetish nurses. Fancy an English nurse painted and powdered! They look prettier, but somehow, shocking. One is prejudiced perhaps. Wounded, wounded everywhere, and gangs of soldiers cheap; that is four francs a night for a room, buy your anything somehow, shocking. One is prejudiced perhaps. Three innocent peasants here roaring with glee in the woods and over rivers would have completed my summer cure if I had only had the sense not to leave the country.

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"They look prettier, but somehow, shocking. One is prejudiced perhaps.
I do not think it can be said that people "seek" Love. The young, in free countries, take it as a part of their birthright along with all the other happinesses of action. And it certainly would be a bad thing to belittle this ideal, even as we do not belittle the ideal, though unrealisable for the most part, that every soul may be saved. We know no more as to who shall be loved than so to who shall be saved. Repeat it—that there are no rules! The thief is inscribed as among the elect of Paradise; and Love has as little concern for our ordinary standards of what is loveable, as the Recording Angel for our notions of merit. But do not, do not, let us confound the matter with domestic affection, because this is to be either totally ignorant or else unenvious, in either case, mischievous. Herein lies a world of men's and women's melancholy, for whom Love never comes, and who are not trained to arrange their condition so as to make domesticity agreeable. One might easily travel on into the latter subject, but all I could say would amount to a reproach of women whose business, if anything, is this, and who have laged ages behind culture in this matter. One of the canons of feminine culture should be, "Little dress-money, and much house-room." Dear, dear, thereby hangs many a tale of woe. I am going out now!

This big, sunny river is remarkably clear. On the other path it is walking in white drapery; and so, many feet down, below even so many more feet of shadow, there she is walking upside down.

Alice Morning.

Views and Reviews.

A Defence of Aristocracy.*

Mr. Ludovici has undertaken a difficult task. At a time when all the great European Powers, except Germany, are professedly fighting for democracy (whatever the unfortunate history of the previous attempts made in Germany, are professedly fighting for democracy), the measure of Mr. Ludovici is affected by the generation in which he is doomed to live. That his sympathies extend to the aristocratic ideal, is so much to the good, more than that could not be expected from one born among people who have forgotten the meaning of "flourishing life" expressed by taste and safeguarded by power.

That the subject is unpopular, one fact mentioned by Mr. Ludovici in his preface will convince us. "There are in all only nine books mentioned under the heading 'Aristocracy' in the 1909 edition of the London Library's catalogue, and of them are purely partisan publications, while the corresponding list under the heading 'Democracy' numbers in all eighty-five volumes." The unpopularity of the subject in literature is probably only an index of its unpopularity among the public, and that, in turn, is capable of an historical demonstration.

Disraeli told us in "The Coming Conflict" you will observe one curious trait in the history of this country; the depository of power is always unpopular; all combine against it; it always falls. Power was deposited in the great Barons; the Church, using the King for its instrument; crushed the great Barons. Power was deposited in the Church; the King, bribing the Parliament, plundered the Church. Power was deposited in the King; the Parliament, using the People, headed the King, expelled the King, changed the King, and, finally, for a long period of years, the King has become an administrative officer. For one hundred and fifty years Power has been deposed in the Parliament, and for the last sixty or seventy years [written in 1844] it has become more and more unpopular. In 1820, it was endeavoured by a reconstruction to regain the popular affection; but, in truth, as the Parliament then only made itself more powerful, it has only become more odious. As we see that the Barons, the Church, the King, have in turn devoured each other, and that Parliament, the last devourer, remains, it is impossible to resist the impression that this body also is doomed to be destroyed; and he is a sagacious statesman who may detect in what form and in what quarter the great consumer will arise. The last depository of power, as all democrats will agree, is the People; but the People, one-half of Parliament has been destroyed, or, what amounts to the same thing, has been rendered ineffective, and the other half is certainly in difficulties at this moment.

But, as Disraeli said, "It is not in the increased freethinkers of its institutions that I see the peril of England; but in the decline of its character as a community." If the People is to be the last depository of Power, and the doctrines of Democracy, with its hatred of power, are to direct that inherited distrust of power to its logical end, the People will become unpopular, and try to abolish itself; and Mr. Ludovici's description of Democracy as Death will be justified.

The difficulty of discussing questions of principle in England is that our apparent examples are misleading. If we talk of monarchy, we are confronted with a system that has not known a King for nearly three hundred years. If we talk of religion, we are confronted with a Church which is "a doll," in Emerson's phrase, and whose "religion is a quotation." We retain estates, but rob them of their reality; and then protest that the principle they expressed has failed. The principle of aristocracy, for example, is closely allied to the principle of hereditary succession; yet we are confronted with, and supposed to be confounded by, a House of Lords that has lost all its prestige. The difficulty of discussing questions of principle in England is that our apparent examples are misleading. If we talk of monarchy, we are confronted with a system that has not known a King for nearly three hundred years. If we talk of religion, we are confronted with a Church which is "a doll," in Emerson's phrase, and whose "religion is a quotation." We retain estates, but rob them of their reality; and then protest that the principle they expressed has failed. The principle of aristocracy, for example, is closely allied to the principle of hereditary succession; yet we are confronted with, and supposed to be confounded by, a House of Lords that has lost all its prestige. The difficulty of discussing questions of principle in England is that our apparent examples are misleading.
A. E. R.
REVIEWS

British War Poems. By an American. (Harrison and Sons. 6d.)
Sincerely American encouragements to us to go in and win at all costs. The verse is respectable, however, and the author seems to dislike the Germans. Perhaps he is an ambulance, too modest to let us know that he is with us in body as well as in spirit.

Songs to Save a Soul. By Irene McLeod. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. 6d.)
We have jeopardised our salvation by only reading about half. Some few have a magazine lilt in them, but what feeling there is is the pretty, flatterling, self-dissection beloved by women. My hands, my feet, my little white body and my heart and my soul are all sung to, not forgetting my lover, who is permitted to pipe a fair record on occasions.

The Common Day. By Stephen Southwell. (Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.)
This, introspective, resigned verse babbling often with a religious tendency; but the poet has now gone to the war: wherefore we will waive our glaive.

Poems. By Margaret Radford. (Allen and Unwin. 2s.)
It is not a sign of modesty to entitle a volume of 180 pages "Poems": there are hardly so many as that in the whole literature. The author makes a witty enough epigram or two, and has a talent for description, though more prosaic than poetical.

Songs of Chaos. By Herbert Read. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)
Mr. Read has seen the Dawn "all naked." Also he plucked a wild and wayside rose and gazed in long delight... but oh the rose fell in the stream and sailed away from me! He borrows Nietzsche's phrase for his volume, but his rhythms suggest a dancing tar rather than a dancing-star.

War Time Verses. By Owen Seaman. (Constable. 1s.)
He had to do it, of course, but it need not have been so shocking poor. Fancy telling England to be glad, whatever comes, at least to know you have your quarrel triumph to dismiss Man if Oblivion has to be called in to take his place.

Mr. Dobell took the common view of Nietzsche, but for his volume, but his rhythms suggest a dancing tar rather than a dancing-star.

The Quest of Beauty. By H. R. Feston. (Blackwell, Oxford. 1s.)
"I well remember how one night I came into my little room." He fumbled with the lamp! and apparently got it lighted, because he saw a letter which made him repeat after having read it: "I well remember now that night I came into my little room. He can do better than this, but is all too lonely of nights, like the rest.

Or in the Grass. By Madeleine C. Reck. (Wilson, Glasgow. 2s. 6d.)
More than half I; but even this with some poetical feeling. The descriptive verses, as usual, are prosaic. Several of the little pieces would be worth quoting. We give one.

By Edward Shanks. (The Poetry Bookshop. 6d.)
Mr. Dobell took the common view of Nietzsche, but for one or two mistakes of this kind, his statement of the several other pieces full of spirit, satire, and humour, and although sometimes sad, as age is sad, straightforward and clean of all sentimentality.

Sonnets and Lyrics on the War. By Bertram Dobell. (Dobell. 1s.)
The author, at seventy-three years, died just before these verses on the war were published. They are wonderful work from so old a man. We quote the first sonnet, "The Shadow of War," and would like to quote several other pieces full of spirit, satire, and humour, and although sometimes sad, as age is sad, straightforward and clean of all sentimentality.

Mr. Dobell took the common view of Nietzsche, but for one or two mistakes of this kind, his statement of the feelings of an old Englishman should not go unread.

Ballads of Old Birmingham. By E. M. Rudland. (Nutt. 2s. 6d.)
The Lord Mayor of Brum writes in his preface to this book—"As a live dog is better than a dead lion, so is a busy street better than a ruined temple." A very proper sentiment indeed for a Lord Mayor, and one can only rebuke him bitterly for leading his name to this resuscitation of morbid old legends. Some of the ballads are not very bad, and some are almost good, and as they are a tribute to the Right Honourable "Man of us All," as the author calls him, perhaps there is no great harm done to the busy brains of Brum.
"Tid'apa." By Gilbert Frankau. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.)

Recommended to our masculine readers. Truly a "remarkable satire."

Vagaries. By Charles Granville. (The Dryden Publishing Co. 2s. 6d.)

Pleasant, level verse for the most part, but one or two of the lyrics fly. The piece entitled "What Will'st Thou?" is somewhat remarkable among modern verse.

Windrush and Evenlode. By Henry Barlein. (Methuen. 2s.)
The writer writes of everything and anything in a happy-go-lucky way with a clever little talent unspoiled by genius.

The Small Hymn Book. Edited by Robert Briggs. (Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d.)

As its title implies—a collection of devotional verses.

Casus Belli. By Charles Cammell. (Humphreys. 2s. 6d.)
A satire directed against the wickedness and folly of war.

Straight and Crooked. By James H. Cousins. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.)

Some of these verses are charming, notably "The Bubble-Blowers" and "A Pair of Sabots."

Songs of Simple Things. By Judith Folangem. (Curtis and Davis. 2s.)

Words, words, words, "Ah! Moon, who loves! Ah! Moon, who dies!"

Vidyapah. (The Old Bourne Press.)

"Songs of the love of Radha and Krishna, translated by Ananda Coomaraswamy and Arun Sen, with introduction and notes, and illustrations from Indian paintings." The latter are very interesting, and beautifully produced, but the verse makes not the least addition to English literature. The vocabulary selected is painfully sentimental and the rhythm holds by nothing discoverable. Oriental translators should copy our ancient tradition in translation which safer risks being cold than hot. The least over-urge in feeling and down goes dignity. This-wise, Professor Murray has very nearly made a lady of Euripides.

Maria Again. By Mrs. John Lane. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. John Lane has returned to her Maria in none too good a temper. She seems to be more concerned to make Maria ridiculous, to reprove the snobbery of the social aspirant, than she is to write an interesting character-study. Even the opening chapter, wherein Maria attempts to write her own conversations, instead of letting Mrs. Lane obtain such credit as might appertain to the reporting of them, is devised to make Maria ridiculous. All the servants give notice, and therefore Maria retires from literature. Mrs. John Lane never varies the mood: Maria, who is supposed to be so "caustic and witty," is made ridiculous in every one of her exhibitions. If she denotes the "harem lady!" it is shown that she is a harem lady herself; if she is dubious about the propriety of riding in the motor-car of a "creature" the splendour of the car settles the question for her; if she goes to be photographed everything that could make her ridiculous is recounted, and the final touch is given when we are told that the invitation to be photographed for nothing was sent to her by mistake. Even at her best she is not a pleasant character; but with Mrs. Lane emphasizing every petty economies, her petty pretensions, and bringing every one of her activities to a ridiculous end, she becomes an intolerable idiot. If Mrs. Lane really can score against Maria in this way, Maria must be the dullest-witted among the suburban ladies, and no further record of her sayings need be made.
having gazed at his rifle for an hour without speaking, rose up to his feet and was heard to say: "I'm going home."

His words were handled like jewels by his comrades. Up and down the lines of waiting men they went. As they came back they had changed to, "We're Going Home." They chanted these three words as they gathered their belongings and made ready to march. One enthusiast found a lump of slate on which he wrote their final note, "We've Gone Home." He propped the slate up with stones so that it stared up at the night sky. And the wind and the moon made the shadows of the branches dance across the writing on the slate.

Indignant protests came from superior officers; but these were silenced. One melancholy old colonel was so shocked when he saw the men swing past him that he put a bullet in his head. Many superior officers followed his example.

Like rays from a searchlight the news spread across Europe. Regiment after regiment took up the cry, "We're Going Home." And they did. Railways and boats were seized upon. The majority of officials were too staggered to attempt resistance. Gradually, the fighting force of the Empire returned to England.

In a month the drums of war had been silenced. When asked the reason for their hasty return, the troops would reply in a dreamy sort of way, "We thought we would go to England."

In the word, England was not England.

HARRY FOWLER.

TO THE PRESENT DAY.

When chaos melted into formal shape,
And daedal sculpture neath Apollo's hand,
Insidious grew decay before that rape
And wilde irruption of the Thracian band.

Like as some awful python changes skin
Convulsively, and leaves upon the grass
His ancient habitation faded thin,
Where nature spreads her gauds before his
Skill;

He, first and last, his tale of good and ill
Where waits his prey, his peril and his gain,
Instant for harmony, yet finding none
Convulsively, and leaves upon the grass
His ancient habitation faded thin,
Where nature spreads her gauds before his
Skill.

MARDONIC MEDITATIONS OCCASIONED BY A PERUSAL OF DIVERS INFLAMMATORY PRINTS.

With lusty whoops the "Times" and all its kin
(New Jeremiahs setting evil right)
Point shaking fingers at our load of sin:
"Lo, where the rotters rot, the blighters blight."

"Lo, caiff clerks and errand boys still don
That shewy necktie and the patent shoe
They, as of yore, put fancy waistcoats on,
And seek and find them fiddles whom to woo."

"Away with them, and every butterfly
That scorns what our sagacity hath said.
The country's making for the dogs
Of pain is that England should once more learn the value of the humane soul."

"And so on." But you ask: What do they here
Still perched upon their little cardboard throne,
Still sowing foolishness in yesteryear;
Concerned with all men's duty but their own?

O blind accusers! See you not, that all
Who in His offices still twirl the pen
(Tis why their prose doth either limp or crawl)
Are more than ninety-six or less than ten?

P. SILVER.

Current Cant.

"The human side of Lloyd George."—"Strand Magazine."

"National Register. How to fill up your form."—"New Statesman."

"When the clock strikes."—A. G. Hales.

"Lipton's tea is always placed first for flavour."—"Daily Mail."

"Write to 'John Bull' about it."—"Star and Echo."

"Playing the game."—Austin Harrison.

"The novel as a tonic."—Mrs. de Horn Vailey.

"One of the most courageous men in London is undoubtedly Old Moore."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"How I wish women could take the firing line."—Molly Russell.

"The Americans strike one as an intensely religious and even superstitious people. Materialism repels them."—G. Chesterton.

"The Bishop of Yukon, when caught by an early winter on his return to Dawson City, kept himself alive by eating his boots."—"Nature."

"Very wonderful are the articles which are appearing in the popular press."—George S. Sims.

"Shall we all button and unbutton to the end of life? Unless the War releases those who suffer from the tyranny of the little things of life we are doomed to despotism by buttons."—Arnold White.

"Hold your shuck, Jack; dance the hornpipe, and if, perchance, you meet a pretty girl in a foreign port—well, give her a kiss, and think of the Missis."—Horatio Bottomley.

"Smith's Widow Weds. Licence taken out on the day of his execution."—"Sunday Pictorial."

"This War has brought about the collapse of the House of Commons. In a hundred direct and subtle ways it made conscious of the fact... This Store's impressionableness is proved."—Oxford and Co.

"Mr. Wells and his recent work seems to put a full stop to the age of materialistic thought."—"Standard."

"O men in the trenches and watchers at home, have faith in God. All that He has desired these long months of pain is that England should have more learnt the value of the humane soul."—"Superman."

"Every man from the Czar downwards who has had to do with Germany knows that it is impossible to trust a German."—"Daily Sketch." 

"What is to be done with the miners? In their present state of mind it is almost impossible to reason with them. Every concession by their employers leads to fresh demands."—"Standard."

"Mr. Smith left no property. The money he had in hand, amounting to about £9, which he had obtained from one of his most recent victims, was handed over to the conductors of his defence."—"Reynold's Newspaper."
Mr. C. Chesterton

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—May I, through your columns, make my curtsey to National Guildsmen? I mean, by my courtesy, not to form women's trade unions, unless in an industry especially appertaining to women, but to unite with every other industry, and, without rejecting their chivalry, submit that women cannot feed their stomachs on flowery speeches and gallant bows? 

For some considerable time, in this country at least, there has been a large surplus of women over men, and the same condition might still prevail in the future, unless, of course, this can be regulated by National Guilds. To talk about women, irrespective of their individuality, their abilities and their aspirations, to remain in the house as stupid as it is cruel. The assertion of National Guildsmen that the employment of women in industry is harmful to women's health and, consequently, bad industrial economics, is utterly fallacious. There are few industries in which women mainly are employed which are more strenuous than rearing children, scrubbing floors, washing clothes, cooking, and all the other innumerable activities which abound in the home. This is no argument against work in the home, but it is an argument against the assumption that industry is injurious to women. Of course, there are certain branches of industry which are not adapted to the constitution of women. The服饰 frequent and wild moments would not advocate mining, dock labouring, or road digging as suitable employment for women, but the manufacture of clothing, the production of certain foodstuffs, teaching, and clerical work, which are employed which are more strenuous than rearing children, scrubbing floors, washing clothes, cooking, and all the other innumerable activities which abound in the home. This is no argument against work in the home, but it is an argument against the assumption that industry is injurious to women. Of course, there are certain branches of industry which are not adapted to the constitution of women. 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the recognition of woman's true economic value might take in a Guild State that I entered upon this controversy. Hitherto Guild writers have offered us nothing but stale take in a Guild State that I entered upon this controversy. the recognition of woman's true economic value might need to be reminded of its faults. They only tolerate it because they have found it useful, and not because it is desirable. To recognise that capitalism, willing evil, has wrought To recognise that capitalism, willing evil, has wrought

To recognise that capitalism, willing evil, has wrought

capable of exploitation of sex. I may have expressed myself badly, but it is surely clear that the sexual function, like labour, is capable of being exploited, and that it is so exploited. To use it by force is tyranny; to traffic in it is degradation. To use it by force is tyranny; to traffic in it is degradation.

It can be stated in two lines as under

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates—

 beware of the workers advocating the clearing-out of all women from industry; it then stands a pretty big chance of being written down without more ado as a collection of middle-class crank's "Olympian feats of genius," nor even any marked degree of skill in industry, but simply the lesson of freedom. They are beginning to value themselves, and a kind master is no longer the highest goal of their desires. If the workers won't do it, and they won't, then the only thing is for the "State" to do it, and as the State is the Capitalists—well! it's hardly likely to do it.

If we can organise 100 per cent. of the workers on all the railways, men, women, old men and boys, during the war, we shall be in a position to demand shorter hours in order to re-establish the railwaymen who come back from the front. If we don't, in what state are we going to find cheap labour, swamp the railways, without making any attempt to organise them, then it's going to take years of work, arguing about whether women are efficient, or whether they ought to do this, that, or t'other, years of work getting them out (even if it could be done), and fights without number against crunk feminists and Marx knows what!

You can only wield the industrial union weapon if your union is blackleg proof, and that can never be impossible unless men and women are organised together. Mr. Kenney's idea that married women are "cleared out" of industry is not, so far as I can see, anything but a sort of half-truth from one who has a knowledge of conditions in Lancashire! The worst sort of blackleg labour to fight is married women labour, the sort that "helps" the family income. That is why in order for the same wages for the same work, for men and women, we are fighting to keep out this deadly peril.

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On one point I am myself in complete agreement with Mr. Kenney—the simplicity of the problem. It can be stated in two lines as under:

Can women be used as blacklegs?

Answer: Yes.

Simple Solution—Then we must organise them with us in our own unions.

When women organisers of women ask what about the women now going into industry, should they not be organised, what should be done with them?—the reply is simply that that is their funeral, not ours.

A truly lordly reply, Mr. Kenney, and a highly intelligent attitude to take up. It is an attitude that will certainly lead to your downfall—and that of the National Guilds League.
Press Cuttings.

"Of course, we are all wrong about our treatment of coal. All minerals should be State property, the property of the people. A man never owns coal, if he finds it. Once a man is found digging coal, he is the agent who digs it all over the coal. But because another man tanks a shaft and finds coal, it does not become his. It is the man who digs coal, the owner himself by his own efforts. But the employer is free to employ or treat the coal as he pleases. But if he is free to treat the coal as he pleases, he should also be free to employ the workers as he pleases. If he is free to treat the coal as he pleases, he should also be free to employ the workers as he pleases. The workers are to be regarded as servants of the State, dealing with State property for the national good. In effect, they would be an industrial army governed by discipline, rules, and rates of pay. Just as is the army."—"Daily Sketch.

"There is no human nexus between the poor oppressed agricultural labourers and their shared employers. Aggressive economic right is asserted by the employer, and the spirit of the claim is reciprocated in emphasised degree by the new votaries of freedom. I recall that the last President of Cardif, P. M. of the Labour Party, made the statement that 'political economy must ever be subject to political managers.' But there is little of it in the Welsh coal trade. A high-hearted humanity and deep sense of duty abide with some employers and is instinct with many managers. But they are as sparkling gems in a black glove. To make war on private property is to open a Pandora's box of enmity. The Grand Victualler must be bulging with corn and meat and cheese and all the other supplies of food. But the Grand Victualler is a ready ground for mischievous crops, "- Clement Runciman's Bill will, if it is to be of the nature of a clearing-up process, be a most mischievous measure. It is the army. 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"'Of course, if we were a businessman like people there would be no war profits to tax. But as we are anything but practical in our methods of administration there are war profits, and war profiteers. . . . As for the war profits on coal, food, etc., there is no pretence made that they are ever to be repaid. The process of exploitation is so cleverly worked and so complicated that taxing is but a very poor method of getting at the actual profits, which, as at the present moment, have been far better than any curative process." — Daily Sketch."