NOTES OF THE WEEK.

While everybody is talking of economy, nobody, it seems, is practising it. An individual here and there may have come to the conclusion that economy is best that begins at home; but the bulk of the population, so far from reducing their expenditure during the war, have actually increased it. There is no concealment of this from the statistician. For the first seven months of the current year our imports, apart altogether from Government purchases, exceeded our imports of the corresponding months of last year, by the value of sixty million pounds. In short, there is no doubt that people have been spending more than ever. The reason, in the main, is that while we are spending on the war by loan only, then, as we say, our eightieth person must come to an end of his resources. Warning has already been given, in fact, in the form of a rise in the rate of the interest he demands. From three and a half per cent. his charges have risen to four, four and a half, and are now at five. Our next loan has every chance of raising interest to six per cent.; and in the end perhaps even ten per cent. would not produce all the money we need to carry on the war by loan only. Then consider the question of repayment. By the end of the second year of the war, we shall at the present rate have borrowed quite two thousand million pounds. The question is, can we carry this debt about our neck for a single year's interest; and, in the end perhaps even ten per cent. would not produce all the money we need to carry on the war by loan only. Then consider the question of repayment. By the end of the second year of the war, we shall at the present rate have borrowed quite two thousand million pounds. At the interest for which the taxpayer is liable, the annual charge for rent alone will be about a hundred millions a year, or half our present total Government expenditure; and this takes no account of the question of repaying the principal. Add, if you will, fifty millions a year towards the sinking fund, and it will be seen that, on the present calculations alone, we are incurring for twenty years to come an annual expenditure of a hundred and thirty or forty millions. The question is, can we carry this debt about our neck for a whole generation without sinking under the weight of it? It is true that at the close of the Napoleonic wars the national debt was three times the nation's annual income; while our debt will be not much more than a single year's income. But it must also be remembered that wealth was better distributed in those days. Nor was the general condition of the nation anything much to envy. We say, moreover, that our modern population, accustomed, as it is, to a relatively high standard of living, will not tolerate the conditions our forefathers endured. The Napoleonic nine hundred millions, interest and all,
was paid off in the sweat of the brow of the poor. They knew no better. But it is doubtful whether the poor of to-day would spend it! pinchers and pawnbrokers, whose advances to us are covered by our promise to repay out of taxes, they have pretended that their wealth is ours for no better reason than that they live in the same country with us. But if it were ours, we could not spend it! In the accumulated capital, foreign investments, gold reserve and other forms of wealth be ours, why are we borrowing it at interest of a handful of persons? Let us stop talking nonsense about our this and our that; and flattering ourselves, like village yokels, that we are among the better off for living next door to the moneylender who has us in his debt. The State that pronounces "we" has scarcely a penny or a stick of its own. Collectively "we" are as poor as a church mouse; and all "our" investments, capital and gold, belong to about half a million persons from whom we must borrow and to whom we must repay with interest, exactly as if they were on Wall Street, New York, or in Berlin.

So far are the moneylenders themselves from falling under the illusion prepared by them for us that, as we have seen, they are now considering in our behalf how we can raise the money to pay them back. Beyond declaring ourselves bankrupt and compounding with our creditors (which, perhaps, would be the best course to take), there is one means and one means only, namely, taxation; and the question arises which of the various classes is to pay the lion's share. Doubling again the income tax would be reasonable if it were not fixed at a nominal amount. For salaried persons, in fact, an increase of the tax on income is a serious prospect. But the only alternative mentioned by the Press to a large flat increase of this tax is the taxation of the wage-earners — what is the same thing — the food of the working classes. Why this poverty of imagination on the part of the Press? Even Mr. Harold Cox should know better than to accept the taxation of the proletariat as the only alternative to raising the tax on fixed salaries. Which is better, the debt or the reluctant? If but a million wealthy persons among us have already been able to lend us a thousand millions out of their coffers, and coald, if they chose, lend us easily another one, two or three thousand millions, the need to search further for hewroots to "rob" is not apparent. Lending capacity is taxable capacity if reason is any guide; and the proven existence amongst us of so much wealth to lend is evidence of the existence amongst us of so many wealthy persons to tax. After all, which is better for the State — the immediate repayment of already poor, or the reduction to a respectable competency of a few thousand of the over-rich? We declare that, apart from any question of raising the money, the mere abolition of the super-wealth of the super-wealthy would be a good thing for the State. Park Lane ought to be impossiible; Bond Street ought to be bankrupted; and both in the interests of society only. The argument, therefore, for a really ruinous super-tax upon Capital is twice blessed; it would discharge our national debt, and relieve society at the same time of its most dangerous parasites.

Nevertheless such is the awe in which wealthy pawnbrokers are held in this country that not only sadly, but gratefully, some of our publicists turn to the taxation of the wage-earners as the proper means of paying for the war. It is so good, it seems, that the poor should pay that the rich misunderstanding if many of them were to sacrifice. Among the advantages, it is alleged, of compelling our poorest classes to pay the heaviest part of the war debt is the "educative value" of a staggering tax. This, if you please, is the gist the "Daily News." supplied to the pill of a wage-tax. The "Spectator" goes one better and sees in a wage-tax not only a means of revenue and education, but a stimulus to the assumption of responsibility by the working classes. At present, it says, "the wage-earners who collectively make up the majority of the voters of the country have no power without responsibility. And responsibility must be given them by requiring them to pay taxes directly.
But the masterpiece of absurdity is, as usual, reserved for the creation of a Labour Member of Parliament, Mr. Arthur Henderson. Mr. Henderson, we gather, having become one of the governing class himself by the means of drawing a Minister's salary, is now of the opinion that the wage-earners can similarly raise their status by the opposition means of paying it. They are, in Mr. Henderson's logic, to rank as income-tax payers solely because they are to pay as if they were. Think of it, national guildsmen! The revolution you have been meditating of raising the status of the wage-earner by abolishing the wage-system, Mr. Henderson, would bring about by simply taxing wages. A great mind was necessary to think such a thing. But, alas, we are afraid that more than Mr. Henderson will be taken in by it. There are other members of his party ready to be as easily convinced as himself that the kingdom of status can be bought with money. Already, we understand, the proposal to tax wages has been favourably received by a majority of the Labour Party. We can only say that if it is adopted it will certainly bring home the war to the workers in more senses than one.

We can do no more in these Notes than begin to enumerate the objections to taxing wages; nor need we include among them what we believe is Mr. McKenna's objection, namely, that the revenue would not be worth the trouble of collecting. The machinery for the purpose could undoubtedly be discovered, and if it be a fact that the revenue, apart from all the rest of it, the machinery already exists in the organisation of the Insurance Act, under which, it appears, the employers of the country discharge the function of State servants. What could be easier than to add to the employers' present duty of collecting insurance contributions the duty of collecting taxes? Mr. McKenna, who denigrated it, was once a "powerful" opponent of the Insurance Act on the very ground that it officially confirmed and thereby threatened to make permanent the distinction between capitalist and workman. It appears, to this celebrated word-swallower, the machinery was bad, and the only remedy is to make a worse use of it! But in our opinion, the same to-day, yesterday and for ever, the machinery of the Insurance Act, if it alone is capable of collecting a wage-tax, damns the tax at the outset. Some other means must be found if even the ghost of a better status is to be given the workmen in return for their taxes. Mr. Henderson and the rest of his colleagues must surely see the difficulty of taxing wages, and not have the elevating effect of a proper income-tax. Their machinery is associated with the machinery of the Insurance Act. The blue return and the long buff envelopes are indispensable to the savour of a real new status.

But most of the Press are under a misapprehension, to use a mild term, concerning the actual increase of wages now being enjoyed by the working classes. The statistics are not complete at present, but we understand, to say that they will prove that wages have not risen as much as the cost of living. Living, we know, has gone up one-third. From all we know, wages have certainly not risen generally in the same proportion. What obscures thump of the one can be equated with an amount of the other. If the wage-system were once understood, the proposal to tax wages would be seen to be what it is—an attempt on the part of the profiteers to charge the cost of the war upon the necessities of the wage-earner and a profiteer than subsists between a pound of flesh taken from a living person and a pound of hat. The one is at the cost of life, the other is at the cost of luxury. Necessity and luxury are two discrete quantities, and no amount of the one can be equated with an amount of the other. If the wage-system were once understood, no educative value in it is worth a moment's consideration in comparison with the stupid injustice it would entail; and a proletariat that accepts it is past even the little education it might afford.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The Note regarding the use of the submarine in warfare presented to Mr. Lansig by Count Bernstorff is not so all-embracing in its range as some of our newspapers at first made it out to be. According to its terms, the German Government does not intend to give any definite guarantee for the safety of the passengers on board liners; and merchantmen are still liable to be sunk without warning. "Liners" are not to be sunk without warning, provided that they do not offer resistance or try to escape. There may be many a quibble as to the meaning of these two conditional clauses; and the behaviour of German naval officers up to the present certainly does not indicate that in case of any doubt the "liner" will have the benefit of it.

It is by no means without relation to this Note that we should have a sudden series of references to peace terms in the American Press. Slightly different versions of the proposed terms have appeared; but essentially they are alike. Germany wants an independent Poland (presumably ruled over by an Austrian Princeling); the partition of Serbia among Austria, Bulgaria, and Greece; the cession of the Belgian Congo in return for the evacuation of Belgium; the cession of the French Colonies in Africa in return for the evacuation of Northern France; the return of the German Colonies in Africa by Great Britain; and an international agreement on freedom of the seas, guaranteeing that private property at sea shall be immune from attack by naval forces. It is obvious that none of these peace terms can be considered; but the added condition that prize at sea shall be immune from search is a consideration that certainly appears to be produced by the Declaration of London, the principle that a belligerent was legally justified in interfering with enemy property at sea is now held inviolate on land. In- presented by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg on the 19th of August, 1915 (written in answer to the speech delivered by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg on the 16th), we find the passage: "Freedom of the sea may be a very reasonable subject for discussion, definition and agreement between nations after the war. The contrast is between the motives that originated the one and the other. It was always a German consideration that prize at sea shall be immune from search; and the German Chancellor were using the expression in the same sense. What that sense is precisely was indicated all too clearly by Sir Edward Grey himself at The Hague Conference in 1907, when he said: "His Majesty's Government are desirous of seeing the right of search limited in every possible way," and that they were further "willing to abandon the principle of contraband of war altogether." It was this pernicious principle, and others like it, which it was sought to impose on the British people by the Declaration of London; and, if the House of Lords had not rejected that measure in 1911, after an obedient majority in the Lower House had ratified the Bill making it law, Germany and Austria might still have been receiving all the supplies they wanted from neutral countries overseas. Even now we have the announcement, made only a few days ago, that "certain concessions" in the strictness of the blockade of Germany are to be made by the Admiralty, so that America's Christmas trade may not be interfered with. * * *

Now, it should be clearly understood that this country at all times stands or falls by its Navy; and the removal of power from the Navy would be a menace to the peace of the world: it was everywhere acknowledged that it was an arm of defence only. The Germans themselves were so sure of this that they thought up to the last moment that we were not going to participate in the war at all. But the German Army, on the other hand, was so overwhelming in its superiority that its aggressive purpose was manifest—even if that purpose had not been explicitly set forth time after time by public men known to be in the confidence of the German Court, and known likewise to be able to influence its attitude. The purpose of the German Army was avowedly "militarist"; aggressive from first to last. On the other hand, the British Navy has been aggressively employed. Those are facts known to all the world. But the British Navy owes its success as a factor for peace precisely to the principles which the Declaration of London wished to abrogate.

Sir Edward Grey should take warning from his own experiences in this war, and restrain his officious subordinate who insists on dragging in the Declaration of London by stealth when he cannot do so in the light.
The Prospects of the Guild Idea.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

I.

Mr. Ivor Brown, in his admirable series of articles lately concluded, threw brilliant light upon many fresh "aspects of the Guild Idea." He demonstrated how true the truth may be. But the moment has come, perhaps, in the evolution of the Guild Idea for an advance from a survey of its aspects to a glance at its prospects. For it is not enough that the key should have been found; it is the nation that must turn it in the lock. It is not enough that we should move "towards National Guilds," if we do not at the same time move towards National Guildsmen. Here lies the mission of the National Guilds League, but a mission full of danger unless the men who it gains be also converts—converts, that is, in the true sense that their hearts and not merely their heads have been turned.

The Guild Idea has survived criticism and overcome neglect: it may yet be imperilled by success. A critical moment for guildsmen will come when some prominent person declares "We are all Guild Socialists now." Mr. Bernard Shaw, no convert, may spring it upon us at any moment. "Timeo Fabianos dona feren tes." It can never be too often repeated that guildsmen seek no verbal victories. It is not their mission to pledge the nation to a name or to commit those who listen to them to a vocabulary. Let them take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves. The New Age quoted Mr. Vernon Hartshorn the other day as declaring that the Trade Unions "must eventually pass from the position of tolerated Bodies into that of part of the permanent fabric of the Industrial and Social System, with practical power to decide the conditions of work and wages in our industries, subject to the broader interests of the Commonwealth." When a Labour leader of the eminence of Mr. Hartshorn puts forward so plainly the Guild Idea, we need not seek to pick a quarrel about his phraseology. It is clear that while Mr. Hartshorn might be reluctant to talk about a Guild he would not be reluctant to establish one; though he may distinguish between the distinction between wages and pay in theory, he would appreciate that difference clearly enough in practice. The nineteenth century Socialist seemed to set himself the task of degrading his faith from being the inspiration of a cause into serving as the intellectual apparatus of a clique. For his rush about "the movement," his imbecile statistics as to the numbers of Socialists in various countries, his association of Socialism with a dozen irrelevant fads, his jejune application of "comradeship," his snarling subscription of himself as "yours fraternally." Indeed, one is often tempted to believe that, with a few outstanding exceptions, the sounder elements among our people have fought shy of the Socialist movement, and remain ripe fruit to be plucked by those who know how to enter the orchard where the nation's true idealism flourishes behind the barbed wire of common sense. The Socialist has largely failed to kindle that idealism because he has failed to reassert that common sense. The man who aspires to emancipate his fellows has no need to ape the manners of a secret society; by so doing he cuts himself off from them. The self-conscious "comrade" is a snob; the cant of "the movement" is not even "current"—it is obsolete.

But if we must guard against the Guild Idea becoming obscured by catchwords and claptrap, we must not fall into the opposite danger—so well emphasised by Mr. Brown—of seeking to establish our propaganda upon a "business" basis. Mr. Brown has pointed out, is a philosophy of work, but as wide a gulf separates Work and Business as that which yawns between Pay and Wages. "To think profits and to make them; that is the business mind."

This is no sweeping accusation of the dreamy idealist; it is a quotation from the syllabus of a "Memory School" setting itself the task (as it declares) of "mobilising the mental resources of the people." But it is right, that is the business mind, a phenomenon which it is the mission of the guildsman to combat, to eliminate and to supersede. It is a revolutionary, the only sense in which the term has any importance. For the guildsman may claim, if he will, to be every whit as "evolutionary" as the most thorough-going Collectivist, with the difference that the Utopia which the Collective would evolve of Trust the guildsman would evolve out of the Trade Union. But the evolution contemplated by the Collectivist is one which he can aspire only to modify or to assist; the evolution the guildsman is a "creative evolution," the product in large part of human will, emancipating in method as in aim.

And here we reach one of the most essential, as it is one of the most hopeful, features in any consideration of the prospects of the Guild Idea. In setting themselves the task of establishing their Trade Unions as permanent and responsible associations in the social order, the workers will gain freedom as they go forward, they will not merely find it waiting for them as it were "round the corner." The ideal of National Guilds should be to make its appeal to the worker not only for the reason that it calls upon him to take a share in its realisation. It not only opens up a prospect to which he can reasonably look forward, but it invites him by his own efforts to hasten its advent. It gives him something to work for, whereas the Collectivist only gives someone to vote for. The worker who is a guildsman will seek to inspire his Trade Union to play an active part in industry; the Collectivist sought to "capture" the Trade Unions in order that they might be induced to play a passive rôle in politics. The Labour Party was formed to rivet the gaze of the workers upon Westminster, while the Fabian Society set itself to concentrate the attention of the middle-class reformer upon Whitehall.

Yet in going to the worker and offering him not promises but tasks, the guildsman must expect to experience much discouragement. The Socialist, for all his efforts, has done little to prepare the way, more often he has greased the pitch. Indeed, it would be excusable to parody Shavian cynicism and declare that "Guild Socialism would be possible if it were not for the Socialists." The worker, once urged to action by the assurance that he had "nothing to lose but his chains and a world to win," had no time to learn that lesson before a new race of Socialists arose to explain to him that that world could only be won for him by the efforts of others on his behalf, and on the condition that he agreed to being shackled still more closely. In short, the worker was to reach Socialism—if ever—after he had been brought, blindfold and bound, through the dreary vista of the Servile State.

Mr. Brown points out, is a philosophy of work, but as wide a gulf separates Work and Business as that which yawns between Pay and Wages. "To think profits and to make them; that is the business mind."
The South Wales Volcano.

By Rowland Kenney.

Although there is now peace in the South Wales coalfield there is but little satisfaction. The owners are, no doubt, content; the Government is, no doubt, pleased; but the men are consumed with a very devil of bitterness, and there will be a perfect hell of a row immediately the war is over. As the writer of the "Notes of the Week" stated last week: "After the war it is riot or revolution." Now I have no desire to repeat anything that was stated in those columns a week ago, but a visit to South Wales when the trouble was on put me in possession of certain information which, I think, it will be well to put on record, and to this end I propose to give a short history of the struggle.

Let me state at once, then, that there is no shred of evidence that the South Wales miner is unpatriotic. Immediately war was declared delegates were sent to meet the owners with a proposal regarding wages, prices and profits. The men pointed out the gravity of the situation in which the nation was placed; they knew, that, on the termination of that agreement, the Government had no such intention as that the Board of Trade would work in collusion with the owners. They knew that the cry of treason would be raised against them by the Press if they threatened to strike, and they suspected that the Government would echo the cry. At this point their suspicion was justified. The chairman of the owners' delegation made a statement at a joint meeting of masters and men which the men could only construe as a declaration that the owners had the Government behind them. There was mingled a complete deadlock and a war of nerves. The owners, in the right, put the whole case before Mr. Runciman. Plainly and repeatedly they told him the precise points upon which they could not compromise, and the chief one was that all men working at the pits must be included in any award.

On July 1, the day after the agreement should have been signed, Mr. Runciman made his award as the matter had gone to arbitration. He interpreted the award in the most vague and general terms, so the men in some places struck work in order to bring matters to a head. Mr. Runciman seemed, in fact, to have decided that the matter was beyond his mental power, and that it would be better to slip the owners at the men. The Government now, alarmed at the possibilities before it, sent down three Labour men—Henderson, Brace, and Roberts—who told the miners to interpret Runciman's award their own way, to be as generous as they could to themselves, and so get the men back to work. This from men sent direct from a Cabinet meeting! On this understanding the leaders got those men who had already struck back to work, and a fourteen days' truce was called. These fourteen days were to give Runciman time to arrange matters, but he was either incapable of grasping the position or improper in the hands of the owners; and his decision was not handed to the men's leaders until they were actually in the train on their way home at the end of the fortnight. No wonder there was a strike. Then the proclamation with regard to the Munitions Act was issued—an interpretation which covered all men in the coalfields. And again Runciman had the consummate check to alter this, leaving out enginemen and machinemen generally. The result of that is that we have just seen.

And now for a word as to the present position. The men are back at work, knowing that they have been duped. Of all their reasonable demands scarcely one has been granted. The owners have been strengthened in their positions; the Government has openly sided with the owners. The men are branded as traitors. Better still, they have now such a clear idea of the base uses to which the term "patriotism" is put that their own leaders have to be very careful how, when, and why they use it.
Mr Redmond and the Average Irishman.

There is joy this year in the little Irish seaside town of Greystones. A new amusement has been discovered for the afternoons, one which can be enjoyed when golf and bathing begin to pall and the anaemic curate who preaches to half-a-dozen children on the sands has lost his charm. Its name is "recruiting among the natives," and it is a favourite employment with the young ladies, who in England "do their bit" by the indiscriminate distribution of white feathers. But it has this advantage over the white-feather game, that there is no danger of offending people whom one may meet at the golf course, as there is none of "recruiting among the natives," and it is a favourite employment with the farm-labourer of the little villages inland. I asked one of the recruiting brigade how she was getting on with her campaign. "Oh! very well," she replied gleefully. "You see, they have no work to do round here, so they have to join. Isn't it splendid?" And next morning I read in my "Free-man's Journal" one of Mr. John Redmond's portentous pronouncements that Ireland is giving freely of her youth to the cause of the Allies, and for the voluntary system of recruiting. Even the "Labour Leader" met with fairly lenient treatment from an English newspaper. The voice of the Irish unofficial public has not been drowned by the raucous tones of Mr. T. F. O'Connor, mouthing his ridiculous views of vengeance on the Hun before audiences of poor Irish labourers. Yet a state of feeling exists hostile to the Party, and there is not the least doubt that it has enormously increased during the last few months.

But while the average Nationalist is compelled by the circumstances of the case to acquiesce in Mr. Redmond's treatment of the main issue in Irish politics, he is profoundly dissatisfied with his attitude towards the numerous minor issues which have cropped up in relation to the war. To take the most obvious instance, he cannot understand why the Defence of the Realm Act should be administered in so completely different a spirit in Ireland and in England. The Harmsworth Press is allowed all conceivable latitude in attacking the voluntary system of recruiting. Even the "Labour Leader" met with fairly lenient treatment from an English newspaper. The Sinn Fein position or, to speak more accurately, "Scissors and Paste," consisting entirely of extracts from the "Times" and other English and American newspapers, the military authorities decided that there was danger to the State in the peculiar order of a number of passages, each of which was harmless alone. Accordingly, the current number of the paper was confiscated, its type broken up, and further publication prohibited; and from the action of the military there is no appeal. And, more recently, four organisers of the Irish Volunteers were ordered by the Press to leave Ireland within four days, on grounds of suspicion only. On their refusal to obey until some definite charge was brought against them, they were arrested and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In neither case has Mr. Redmond uttered a word to suggest that he disapproves of the action of the authorities; he seems to have forgotten that one of the duties of an Irish leader is to secure equal administration of the law in Ireland and in England.

Again, Ireland is not confident that she is being fairly treated in the matter of recruiting. In Great Britain it is recognised that farmers and labourers are needed, if the food-supply is to be increased, and that their value may be greater on the farm than in the trenches. In Scotland a regulation has been issued that certain classes of farm-labourers are not to be asked to join the Army. In some English counties, boards have been set up to decide whether any particular farm-hand who chooses to enlist can be spared. One would imagine that an acre of wheat was as valuable in Ireland as in England; but the recruiting authorities do not take that view. Politicians who have denounced the khaki for purposes of speech-making are never tired of denouncing the cowardice and greed of the Irish farmers, and special platoons have even been formed for which none but farmers' sons are eligible. Mr. Redmond has never shown any disposition to defend a class of men who
have hitherto been his most loyal supporters, and who are only doing what would be their duty if they happened to reside in England.

And again, there is a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction that as week after week goes by the Government has given no facilities for the manufacture of munitions in Ireland. This is the reason, I think, why Dublin is doing so well. Yet Dublin working men are being drafted to the latter town, while others are compelled to enlist from sheer want of employment. War taxation will be hard enough to bear everywhere; and the working men of Dublin are compelled to enlist from sheer want of employment. The resources of Dublin are as enduring special disabilities which could be removed as those, say, of Flint; yet Dublin working men are only doing what would be their duty if they were assisted by the temporary prosperity that springs from Government contracts. And in this case, too, Mr. Redmond has preserved his policy of masterly silence.

It is possible that none of the three causes of complaint which I have mentioned are of the highest importance. But it should be remembered that they are only a few instances out of many; and, taken together, they undoubtedly show that Ireland is not receiving the generous treatment which she has merited by her loyalty during the war. The average Irishman feels that Mr. Redmond's attitude towards the Government is not one calculated to secure such better treatment. The impression has gone abroad that it is of no use to expect him to utter any word of protest before the conclusion of a Blackout of the Militia, and the one remedy for Ireland's undoubted grievances.

The Sweated Clerk.

One of the most pitiable and tragic features of our present economic system is the snobbery which makes employees of the clerical tribe segregate themselves from the mass of their fellow wage-earners. To the casual observer it would almost seem that the possession of a black coat, and residence in a villa in a suburb at any distance from five to fifteen miles of the Royal Exchange, constituted a definite grade in society. For such men, the division of society into the economically free and the economically dependent does not exist. Every effort on the part of the wage slave to unshackle his chains, the average clerk deeply resents and definitely supports the common oppressor. In the view of the man in the street, it is Mr. Redmond's clear duty to press upon the Coalition the immediate redress of such inequalities of treatment as have occurred in the administration of England and Ireland; to insist upon his point even at the cost of opposing the Government.

John Forke.
American Chaos.

I.

"The colourless and formless and intangible!" No, the good Plato was writing of something else; besides, he said it was visible to the mind, the lord of the soul, etc. And in the present case nothing is particularly visible, it is mod-coloured, formless, disagreeable.

We are faced with an insoluble ignorance, we are so faced because, since the death of Laurence Sterne or whatever, neither has been there in England nor America any sufficient sense of the value of realism in literature, of the value of writing words that conform precisely with fact, of free speech without evasions and circumlocutions.

It is a deep chagrin to me that my country is not at this moment England's ally in war, yet when I curse my country I find myself cursing her for distinctly English habits, for habits imported from England.

There is a pradry doth hedge the printed word.

I turn to "The History and Topography of the United States of America," edited by John Howard Hinton, A.M., assisted by several literary gentlemen in America and England, 1834. Mr. Hinton was English, he vigorously defends the American nation against Mrs. Trollope. He writes as follows: "With respect to original works on geography, it is a deep chagrin to me that my country is not at this moment England's ally in war, yet when I curse my country I find myself cursing her for distinctly English habits, for habits imported from England."

The whole page is so priceless a "human document" that I feel no sympathetic misanthropist should be unduly deprived of its aroma (sic).

"Well, the awful struggle drags on and we are heartily sick of it. To talk 'war' is now considered 'bad form' in society, and one characters himself as a bore by introducing the subject. We are deluged with literature on the subject. I have read on the subject to a standstill. I can't see any conclusion to it but the exhaustion of Europe. In the meantime, it makes (word illegible) very bad with us in spite of the influx of gold. It seems to be congested in spots. I do hope the war is bungled to an end this year, otherwise, Europe will become bankrupt. This is in 'England' some ineradicable character much finer than 'the English Government.'"

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Having printed this letter, there are doubtless several readers (American readers) who will cry out against me. They will say I am biased against America. I present simply the fact. This letter was written.

For the benefit of those who will read American attacks upon me based on my having printed this letter, I must explain two words. I define them as they are understood by all gentled Americans.

(1) Cynicism: a printed statement of any fact known to nine-tenths of the population.

(2) A Jaundiced Mind: one capable of "cynicism." It is possibly a crime to set about to analyse its own subjectivity. It is possible that no democracy is of itself capable of any save ignoble ideas. If we must take the quoted letter as a sort of slumber-bottom of American feeling, it cannot be denied that certain noble growths have appeared above it. To wit: Mr. Roosevelt's dogmas put forth at the beginning of the war; and other facts (sic). Wm. Marion Reedy's paper in St. Louis has been calling for the Rattle Snake Flag (a rather fine Colonial emblem with the device "Touch me not").

I am told that in Philadelphia pro-German sentiments will exclude one from all decent company, and that the Germans 'are out walking the streets, starving, save for what the Germans do for them.'

I am told that one man with 'a name too German to write or pronounce raises the Stars and Stripes every morning on a pole in his front yard as a sort of sacrificial act' (sentimental).

I get a wild Socialist paper from Chicago definitely pro-English.

I get a perfectly sincere letter from a fine chap in New York doing nothing but neutralize. 'I hadn't thought enough about the war to take sides.'

I find an American business-man here in London putting up with the unending tediousness and stupidity of your minor officials simply because he 'knows Germans,' and didn't bankrupt. This U.S. will naturally forge ahead, but I assure you we are in no exultant humour and take little credit for an ascendancy that arises from a lowering of the standard of prosperity. I think our position might be explained as of one awestruck. America turns with horror from the cataclysm. Most Americans don't want to get mixed up in the war even for honour. This sounds base, but we feel that wager of battle is not the proper bottom of American Feeling, it cannot be denied that certain noble growths have appeared above it. To wit: Mr. Roosevelt's dogmas put forth at the beginning of the war; and other facts (sic). Wm. Marion Reedy's paper in St. Louis has been calling for the Rattle Snake Flag (a rather fine Colonial emblem with the device "Touch me not").

I am told that in Philadelphia pro-German sentiments will exclude one from all decent company, and that the Germans 'are out walking the streets, starving, save for what the Germans do for them.'

And on the whole, mes amis, what do you expect of us? You have not said you wanted us to fight. You cannot expect our Socialists to be enthusiastic over a conscription urged by military authority, but by Brunner, Mond and Co. and their like. England is perhaps inarticulate. She is, or has been, careless of the figure she cuts before strangers—a fine trait in an individual, but perhaps not prudent in a great nation. Your papers have been at least as full of exhortations to grab trade as to show boldness. (I dare say it is a necessity, I mean I can think of no excuse for such writings and such publications unless the upkeep of the country demands them as the sole means of getting investors to invest in a dragging state at a time when they might invest in war loans or prove over-cautious.)

You cannot expect men on farms in Missouri to share my conviction (a conviction grown, perhaps, out of comfort and fortuitous and happy contact) that there is in "England" some ineradicable character much finer than "the English Government."

You cannot expect us to be interested in Earl So-and-so's interest or Lord So-and-so's shares in . . .

And, thank God, the hatred of Ethelbert literature in both countries, nearly all that is finest in either is hopelessly obscured from the other.
Impressions of Paris.

What a pity that all non-combattant Allies do not follow my shining example and devote some of the interminable hours of this war to discovering another’s literature! The French are, if possible, more desperately ignorant about us than we are about them. You must take a long way before discovering anyone who knows more than we once produced “Hamlet” (who is intolerably long-winded in French), then “Gulliver” and, most recently, “Wells” (which is a pleasant military text-book about aeroplanes). Whilst the neutrals sequester night and day away as to be done situating terms with no matter what conqueror, the French, with their daily journals, some censored blank, some filled with almost cannibalistic, are left in such darkness as to our English character that quixote a strafing of the bourgeois wonders whether English will ever give up Calais since we have now got firm hold of it! Admitted that these bourgeois never dare read anything except the bourgeoise press for fear (they are always afraid of something or other) of hearing what the world thinks of them—admitted that they want it to know nothing beyond the price of gold coin, this is no reason why the generality of French and English should know less about such other literature than the generality of Poles, Jews, Czechs, not to mention Yiddish, Dutch, Turko, and other neolithic know about both. The Poles, especially, have a remarkable English bibliography, although they too obsequiously follow the ignorant English publishers to have ever heard of Arnold, the son of our criticism.

I brilliantly spurted out my own example this week with some extracts from the memoirs of Madame d’Epinay, one of my greatest favourites among the French women writers, of whom, by the way, there are a great number. Madame d’Epinay is the lady who gave Rousseau the freedom of the Académie, no undisputable honour considering who have been admitted hermitage at Montmorency. She was unhappily, or rather merely not happily, married to a top of whom we shall hear something, and after having two children, conspired herself with them and a circle of men and women of talent. She was new intimately Diderot, Grimm, Duclos, Voltaire, and, of course, had by her rank the acquaintance of the courtly world. She wrote several books, one of which, the “Conversations d’Emillie,” was crowded by the French Academy for one considering who has been the rejected, but what in that day still avowedly a considerable pleasure to the successful. For my part, I do not find “Emillie” very expressive of Madame d’Epinay. The form is too logical to let emanate her many-coloured femininity. In her manner, she noted down as part of the material for a long novel, she constrains nothing, and we have a study of herself as she was and not as she might have imagined herself as the heroine of a novel.

Like most women of leisure of those days, she was much interested in private theatricals. She acted, too, and gave her opinion pretty freely about the public merits of plays, but when it comes to judging a comedy as she was and not as she might have imagined herself as the heroine of a novel.

President de Maupeou does not want his wife to belong to any more to our troupe. The fact is that, at the reading of the piece, she appropriated a somewhat gay rôle for herself, and that she played it a little boldly, perhaps a thought too much so.”

“Really, I believe some evil genius pursues me and strikes perpetually to rob me of peace and consolation! My son is to go to college... A multitude of happenings hinder me from being able to combat successfully M. de Bellegarde’s opinion about public education. I begin to occupy myself very seriously with my children. They do not for me a mere recreation, they absorb my whole soul; while I try to form their minds, they develop mine; a crowd of new ideas come to me, and I can say that I begin to see what is true and solid happiness and that I take a new view of my duties. Alas! that I need to regret. I am so upset about parting from my son that I can only moderately feel the affront offered me by M. de Maupeou. He has forbidden his wife either to see me or to write to me; he will not, so he says, hear speak of me! I am, according to this flat-foot [worthless lie] of a feminine intriguer, pernicious and diabolical; in short, he will not allow his wife to have any truck with me. I vain in vain, she complains of his harshness and unseemliness; in vain, according to Madame de Rouchelles, she spiritually takes my part; nothing has any effect on him.”

“I have told them that I am going to spend four days in the country with a friend and that if they insist on taking my son from me they must make use of this period to do so, for I will never give consent. Indeed, it is very hard to be born a woman!”

“... Ah, well, my child is no longer with me. They have followed my advice, and while I was away they put him to school. I expected nothing less; yet the impression of finding my son gone was so unbearable that I have passed two days without eating, drinking or sleeping. I seem to have lost everything... I have already been twice to see him. It is a consolation which I shall have to forbid myself for the future; for I feel that the sight of me upsets him and prevents him from studying. He has asked to say goodbye to his father; but he was not able, as nobody has heard any news of M. d’Epinay for a fortnight past; I do not believe that he even knows of his son’s departure.”

Madame d’Epinay goes to the country with her father-in-law and her two children. Thither comes on visit Madame de Tully, one of the amateurs in the dramatic troupe. “I hardly know what to say as to her character. She seems quite wrapped up in herself, her face, and her clothes. In her manner, she noted down as part of the material for a long novel, she constrains nothing, and we have a study of herself as she was and not as she might have imagined herself as the heroine of a novel.

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She describes her household: “M. d’Epinay has completed his staff. He has three lackeys, and I have two—enough! He has a valet, and he wanted me to take a second woman, but as this is my own affair, I stood out well. Now, in fact, we have sixteen body-servants. As to the life I lead it is uniform, and I hope not to have to change it. That of M. d’Epinay is different. As soon as he wakes, his valet accommodates him. The chief secretary arrives... He is interrupted by a continual imagination... He has unique horses to sell, but they are held by some nobleman; he has only come so as to keep his word, for if he were offered double he could not bring the price of gold coin, this is no reason why the generality of French and English should know less about such other literature than the generality of Poles, Jews, Czechs, not to mention Yiddish, Dutch, Turko, and other neolithic know about both. The Poles, especially, have a remarkable English bibliography, although they too obsequiously follow the ignorant English publishers to have ever heard of Arnold, the son of our criticism.

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useless, unless, in fact, he goes back on his word.' However, the affair is concluded for the hundred louis without a glimpse of the horses, because Lord So-and-so will certainly change his mind. There, I have heard and seen all that sort of thing this last week. Now it is a scrap who comes to bray out a song, and who is promised patronage to enable him to join the Opera, after having received a few lessons in taste. I get up and leave; the two lackeys fling wide both wings of the door—for me who could slip through a needle's eye; this interlude is far too long for my space, but

**Apocalyptic.**

Our world beyond a year of dread
Has paled like Babylon and Rome,
Never for all the blood was shed
Shall life return to it as home.
No peace shall ever that dream recall;
The avalanche is yet to fall.

Laugh, you whose dreams were outlawed things:
The sceptre from the tyrant slips,
Earth's kings are met by those wild kings
Who swept through the Apocalypse.
Ere the first awful hand be stayed,
The second shall have clutched the blade.

On the white horse is one who rides
Until earth's empires are o'erthrown,
And a red rider yet abides
Whose battlefield shall be the grave
Either for master or for slave.

Once in a zodiac of years
Earth sits beneath her heaving crust,
And high and low, unheeding tears,
Are equal levelled with the dust.

Laugh too, you warriors of god,
The tyrants of the spirit fail.
The mitred head shall no more nod
And multitudes of men be pale.
When empires topple here below
The heavens which are their shadows go.

If the black horse's rider reign,
Or the pale horse's rider fire
His burning arrows, with disdain
Laugh. You have come to your desire,
To the last test which yields the right
To walk amid the halls of light.

It shall be better to be bold
Than clothed in purple in that hour,
The will of steel be more than gold;
For only those can laugh who are
Who know that mighty god to be
Sculptor of immortality.

A. F.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

All the way from Gretna Green has come a protest against my recent remarks concerning the passing of "modern" drama; and as the protest is even more vague than the assertion, I will try to explain. The use of labels is always dangerous, and I pay the penalty of my slackness by being compelled to define. Take the label, "naturalist school of drama," for example; all that it should mean is that a number of dramatic artists try to produce a sure and true illusion of reality by presenting their imaginative conception of it as nearly as possible in the form from whence they derived it. As an artistic method, it is as valid as any other, and must be judged by its results; but this much may be said of it with certainty, that it does not promise such good results as, let us say, the romantic method, because it does not offer such opportunities for the expression of the complete personality of the artist. Stated briefly and dogmatically, the romantic artist is an artist who offers not merely his vision, but his transmuted vision, of life; he asks us not to see things as he saw them, but to see what he has made of them. Behind the persons, he sees powers extending into the Infinite; all Nature attends the activity of his characters, the stars in their courses fight for or against them, the other thrills with their ecstasy, and, if they marry at last, the marriage is made in Heaven. He sings always with Swinburne, "Glory to Man in the Highest," does not always conclude the quotation, "for Man is the Master of things."

But the naturalist artist tries to make us see things as he saw them by showing us the things that he saw. He is like those people who, when asked to give an opinion, detail the facts that are necessary to the formation of any opinion, and leave you to deduce your own conclusion. He selects his facts, of course, because he wants to produce an impression; but he relies almost entirely on the assumption that the facts will produce the same impression on other people that he has produced on himself. So he is very scrupulous about the facts, thinking it shame and blasphemy to add or subtract a word from what his characters would most probably have said in the situation. He stands aloof, observing; he does not mingle in the arena of the stage. He aims at converting us, not addressing the Virgin Mary to the Almighty; it puts down the mighty from their seat, it shows us only the "tremble of the humbler." My correspondent seems to imagine that dramatic "naturalism" describes the matter, not the method of presenting it. He makes no distinction between "ideas and heresies" and "romance and incident," between a "drama for thinkers" and "a popular drama"; and gives the label, "naturalism," to "ideas and heresies." But even if we accept this rendering of the word, "naturalism" is only the cult of the natural; and I know of no reason why ideas and heresies should be thought to be more natural than romance and incident. Imagination and aspiration are as natural as thought and criticism, and are usually much more pleasing. But my correspondent's chief contention is that the naturalist school of drama, or drama of ideas and heresies, has not passed away; he asserts that it has not arrived in these islands yet. His subsequent statements do not help out his attention; for he offers reasons why the drama of ideas has not succeeded. "The naturalist school of drama," he says, "is a school of clever men. The British public is a crowd of mediocre people. As a result the people were flocking to "Diplomacy" and its silly kind, while Ibsen and Shaw were being played to empty houses. Surely you cannot say that a drama has passed away when the masses failed to understand it." What "the masses" have to do with the matter I can see; but to understand, the theatre audience is, like all artistic audiences, seléctive; and my contention is that "Ibsen and Shaw" have had their vogue with that public, and have passed away. Their success (and they had a success) was largely due to their re-action against the prevailing conventions of the stage: Hankin, for instance, was "happy ending," which, by the way, Pinero has just restored to a play after production, a most significant sign of the times. My correspondent does touch the root of the matter when he asserts a difference between the naturalist school of drama and the British public, although I think that he gives the wrong reason for it. It is not that the British public is mediocre or stupid; all publics are mediocre and stupid, the repertory public being particularly so; the real reason, in my opinion, that the British public is incurably romantic. It does not want reasoning on the stage, it does not want the plays that make you "think"; it requires what St. Paul called " a sign," it seeks after miracles. Unless it sees signs and wonders, it will not believe that a man is a dramatist. The English mind prefers Hugo to Zola, the Ibsen of "Emperor and Galilean" to the Ibsen of "When We Dead Awaken," or even "Ghosts," it does really feel a greater affinity with Shakespeare than with Shaw. So long as it was wonderful and strange, so long did it attract attention of the illusion, it was willing to be produced when the original impulse failed, and the method itself became a convention. The attempt to show things as they are led to a meticulous and microscopic examination of character. Women carelessly explained to their lovers that they loved them with the right ventricles of their hearts, but not with the left. Like Gigadibs in Browning's poem, who saw the "two points in Hamlet's soul, unseen by the Germans yet," the dramatists sought for the minute difference between the apparently similar, and exhibited it. Before the war, we were all becoming tired of it; and the failure of the method is really registered by the fact that it produced no great work, but, on the contrary, resulted in persistently worse work as it proceeded. It was not an inspiration to our writers; it is now only a belated convention; and the plunge into reality which the war has caused has swept it into the limbo of obsolete things. As Mr. Palmer says in his essay on Bernard Shaw (the passage will show that I alone in my opinion): "The return to simplicity, so frequently travestied, is at last coming in sober truth. Every art is going to rid itself of the moral and intellectual casuistry in which it has so long abounded. Morality, duty, conscience, character—call it what you will—has suddenly become very simple. We shall stand no longer counting the pulse and taking the temperature of our deeds. We are going to be quite careless of the moral and social doctor." For the truth is that our "realists" have been superseded by reality.
Readers and Writers.

Messrs. Longmans have not sent us a copy of their edition of the complete works of Bagehot; but doubtless, if they have forgotten "John Bull" and the "British Weekly," the opinions of both of which journals Bagehot himself would quite hail to. But I have consolled myself with the two volumes of his collected essays published in the "Everyman" series. First, however, let me take this opportunity of once more expressing the gratitude of readers to Mr. Dent and his editor for this series. Though I have been over the catalogue of the library many times, there are, it seems, volumes in it whose existence I had not suspected. Bagehot is one of them. But what a wealth of books is implied in this capacity of the series still to take one by pleasant surprise. I now anticipate further discoveries with every hope of making them. My thanks to Mr. Dent. Bagehot's essays in these volumes are not his best work. For that we must look to his political writings. But of the brilliant common sense of which he was a modern pioneer, these essays are full. They are mainly literary; and I have read several times the essay on Gibbon in particular. Gibbon and Tennyson are in some ways the crux of critical ability. Both are so impeccable after their own fashion, so complete, so justifiably self-satisfied, so monumental, that it requires a powerful as well as an independent mind to pronounce any judgment (I do not say opinion) upon them. It is like criticising St. Paul's. Bagehot, of course, was well out of the deal, the great thing for him in that Tennyson was still alive. Everything, after all, that need be said of Tennyson is contained in Bagehot's comment upon "Enoch Arden," that it is incredible that his whole mind should be made up of fine sentiments. Fine sentiments were Tennyson's weakness. On Gibbon he is much more severe, though in the proper spirit of respect. Of Gibbon's famous style he remarks that "it is not one in which you can tell the truth." That, allow me to say, is brilliant common sense in excelsis. Equally final is his comment on Gibbon's attitude to the French Revolution as expressed in the model letter Gibbon wrote to an English nobleman. The fact is, says Bagehot, "Gibbon had arrived at the conclusion that he was just the sort of person a populace kills." It is not surprising that, despite his praise of Gibbon, Bagehot at the end could not but be aware that he had felt contempt for the man—as well as for us! However, in this case it was but fulfilling Bagehot's aspiration "that a hundred years hence I may still continue to be abused." * * *

One of Bagehot's remarks upon style is worth thinking about. He says of my beloved eighteenth century that it was a period in which men had ceased to write for students and had not begun to write for women. Style subsequently, he said, became brilliant. The description implied in the double negative concerning eighteenth century style is, I think, true; but are women so readers responsible, I wonder, for the introduction of "brilliance." Is the modern epigram really feminine in motive? I hurry past the thought at this moment, not caring at present to discuss it. My readers have leisure and courage enough no doubt! And I pull up at a reflection that has several times before occurred to me—is The New Age unpopular exactly on account of its eighteenth century style? As impartial as I possibly can, I maintain that in quality as well as in quantity of thought this journal that you are now reading is easily the first of any journal ever published in this country. Either I am mad or this is true. Yet absolutely no evidence of it exists outside the small circle of our faithful readers and writers. Why? The conclusion to which I came, and which I should have recommended to my fellow contributors, was that (present company, of course, excepted) we are unpleasant fellows who state our opinions so offensively as to be not worth consorting with. And I could have pointed to Nietzsche as a tragic warning. He, the great aristocrat, uttered his truths so unpleasantly that, until he was safely dead, all Germany kept him in Coventry. It is well known that not one of his books paid its expenses while he was alive; but doubtless a publisher could not find an taw that an awkward warning against indulging in strong language even under the provocation of passionate conviction? Ought we not to be as smooth as the pebbles that David slung at the head of Goliath? Perhaps, my mind is open to light. But in the meanwhile, think of this.

This you will find in Blake. See "The Everlasting Gospel." Was Jesus gentle, he asks? And he answers it in language that must sound blasphemous.

If He had been Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd done anything to please us;
Gone sneaking into synagogues,
And not used the Elders and Priests like dogs.

Or consider this, the gnomes of Heraclitus: "Multiscience does not teach intelligence; but the Sibyl wild enthusiastic mouth shrilling forth untruthful, inornate and unperfumed truths, reaches to a thousand years, with her voice through the dark that is all very well, but the books of the Sibyl were destroyed. So, too, Cassandra's warnings were ignored because, I fancy, she delivered them badly. And, after all, it is not a thousand years hence the Sibyl's lines are content to be read. It is all very baffling! Contrast, again, Nietzsche with Ruskin; and recall the expressed fear of Demosthenes. Ruskin wrote such a beautiful style that everything he said in it went in at one ear and out at the other. Nietzsche will be read when Ruskin is forgotten. Demosthenes sheared his orations of ornament lest ornaments should distract the attention of dilettante Athens from his opinions. Dare we conclude that, given an overpolite age (an age, that is, of finicking affectation), a pleasing style is the last in which a man ought to write, readers or no readers? But in that case, his readers will certainly be few at most; and thus he might almost as well not write at all, or postpone it until he is a hundred and fifty. No, such is my state of mind, that my colleagues shall receive no advice from me. Let 'em write as they must.

To one colleague I will refer, since the subject of his article of last week was disquieting or stimulating, as you have a descending or ascending mind. Classification à la Nietzsche! Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu is digging about the roots of modern opinion, and already he has turned up some old, forgotten, false truths. Watch him as the spade turns in the Liberal soil. In particular, his criticism of the anthropocentric theory of the Good is most destructive of the Liberal doctrine, destroying, as it does, the common doctrine that all good things exist for man. No, says Mr. de Maeztu (if I understand him), man is only one of the good things of the world; though, being what he is, it is his duty, above them all, to preserve and increase them. Justice, beauty, truth, innocence, health, and all the rest of the goods, of which the Greeks made gods and Plato divine intelligences or pure ideas, have as much claim to be considered as man himself. Neither any one of them, nor any one of the measures of one of these things, but all things must be measured by them all. The consequences of this neo-Platonic view, as I venture to call it, are of revolutionary. At the same time, they are essentially commonsense. Mr. de Maeztu will doubtless draw some more of them out to the consternation of doctrinaires and the delight of the progressive; and I will not imperil an anticipation. But may I recommend, after him, the book to which he referred—Mr. G. E. Moore's "Ethics" in the Home University Library (Williams and Norgate, 1s.)? My second bouquet, by the way, is herewith thrown at a series fit to rank with "Everyman" and the Oxford Classics. For simple subtlety Mr. Moore's volume would be hard to equal in English literature. At last in expository thought it is as good as Euclid. And I
Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Becherer.

Thank you for this, Lord "Answers," in the "Novoye Vremya.

... In view of the immediate results, the plan created by Lord "Answers" for the military strength of England might have been considered only a postponement of the final ruin. Happily, in succeeding years the number of volunteers for the defence of the Fatherland grew and, on the day when the German army broke our line, England appeared incomparably stronger than could be thought. The Territorial division, taking service only in the limits of the country, by an impulse of patriotic animation, advanced to the aid of the regular army abroad and, after a little experience, showed itself by its military qualities superior to that of professional soldiers.

However, even with this happy turn, the work of the English army transferred to the Continent seemed a drop in the ocean. The terrible guns of destruction emptied the ranks by tens and hundreds of thousands. In the first month of the war the English Government turned anew to the patriotism of Englishmen and to its call appeared nearly three million young men, ready to give up their lives for their country.

But even this number appears manifestly unattained. The struggle is drawing out, and for the attainment of victory England is bound to make the same effort as her allies and enemies. It is required of her perhaps to put in the field two or three million warriors. Meanwhile the stream of volunteers has visibly dried up and at the decisive minute England, with its previous system of filling its army, may appear "not up to its numbers."

With prevision of this possibility the English Government is making the following attempt to escape from the threatening embarrassment without resorting to the introduction of universal military obligation. It has introduced into Parliament the National Registration Bill. ... We do not mistake if we call the National Registration Bill an attempt to introduce universal military obligation, without calling it by this unpleasant name. England has furnished from her midst millions of men who, without compulsion, are offering their lives in the protection of their country. It may be that in history there are few examples of such noble animation. But rude reality demands at least three million volunteers, and without compulsion.

If under the moral pressure of the National Registration Act the English War Office receives at its disposal the necessary two or even three million volunteers, universal military obligation will be made unnecessary for England. England is then sure of the incontestability by Europe of her particular forms. In the opposite case she will be forced to go over to the ruder perhaps but more hopeful method of protecting her national existence.

The defence of their country from foreign violence is not a right reserved only for ardent patriots, but a duty incumbent upon all citizens of the Empire without exception. War is not a sport for the ruder among strong nations, but a high, though also a grave, duty upon the whole population.

The English forces on the French frontier, in the North and Baltic Seas, in Mesopotamia, along the Suez Canal, at the Dardanelles, and in the Sea of Marmora have shown themselves wonders of manhood, skill and self-sacrifice. But the great war is not satisfied with heroic exploits. It demands in addition great numbers.

Compulsory service in the army is not attractive for Englishmen and contrary to the whole structure of their opinions and habits.

But now it is presented by the whole association of created conditions.

There's gratitude for you! Give them honey and they ask for a spoon. And what is the use of it all? If three million men are a drop in the ocean, six million men will be only two drops in the ocean. But please observe the Black Hundred's latent malice towards England; it would greet a war with us as holy and popular, but falsely, for England and Russia are each nearer in spirit to the other than to any other European Power. You will remember what you mentioned at the beginning of the above article, that every available man in Russia has gone to the front. But the Russian compulsory system brings in men as a tattered net fish—there are a dozen ways of getting out to the one chance of being caught. Nevertheless, the Russians have mobilized three times as many troops on their frontiers as the enemy can put against her. And Libau has fallen, Warsaw has been evacuated of its civil population and hardly a Russian regiment left near the frontier. Of course, if numbers are really everything we might dismantle our fleet and put the bluejackets in the trenches. Munities of war also seem a trifle in comparison with numbers, so let us send our arsenal workers to Flanders. Nothing matters but numbers, "it is not three million patriots that are needed, but six million warriors," and yet the German patriots have driven back three times their number of Russian warriors. Perhaps, after all, bravery, hope and intelligence are necessary, and these qualities are not to be obtained by force but by goodwill.

But it is not only for this that we oppose it. For it might be so morally right that we ought to work for its adoption. We nearly all admit the excellences of discipline, why not those of compulsion, of compulsory national service and compulsory national military service? There is no question of a partial adoption of compulsion. As it is understood in England it applies to all, high and low, rich and poor. At the present moment the capitalist's sons are at the front while their fathers are raking in Government money at home. Nobody who admits compulsory national service to be right may object to compulsory national military service simply because it is unnecessary. To him it would be good, but not expedient; and that is not an objection to compulsion, but to its immediate adoption.

The theory of compulsion must not be identified with the theory of law. Civil law appears to be the means of preserving the status quo through the meshes of exchange. Criminal law, that suspicious object, is little better than codified social revenge. Compulsion is much wider than its legal aspect. Law maintains society, but compulsion may divide it, expand it or change it in some manner. To pay taxes for public facilities and safeguards is in return for the receipt of those advantages; one receives, one pays; this is contract. But now we find that the law has been extended in a field to the guarded by the police, one is safeguarded by the police, and for that one pays a share. But a man may perhaps look upon the Army and Navy as not essential to him. The Navy, you tell him, safeguards England. From what? he asks. From you and me. But what is that to me? If the Germans conquer England, they will not make me a slave or a serf.
prevent me from living as I live now. I hold no State office, the State preserves no possessions of mine abroad. I pay taxes for the protection I receive at home, and I refuse to support either Army and Navy; as for serving in the Army, why should I fight to preserve what I do not care a rap for—it is your England, you like it, save it yourselves. And he is right, because an Englishman is not simply a man who is born or naturalised in England, but one who loves English life and habits, English men and books, and, above all, English speech. The man who cares for none of these things might live happily in Bismarck's Empire rather than Lloyd George's. But those who care for England and the English language are those that must fight to preserve them.

This is, I know, only one side of the question, and I specifically say that the decision we may come to upon compulsory military service in general is not binding upon compulsory military service. The reason is simple. Our objection to wages was not that they were not a good price for labour as a commodity, but that they make labour a commodity. Labour, we said, was life, and life is too holy to be so bartered. Our objection to conscription is not necessarily that it is compulsory, but that it forces men unwillingly and in cold blood to take life and is too holy to be so taken. When volunteers fight volunteers, the battle is a tournament, and may the best win. The fight is for the warrior, for the patriot, not for the unpatriotic man we have described nor for the men we shall consider. Just as there are men below fighting, so there are men above fighting. They are the Brahmins of the world—it is forbidden them to take life. They love English letters and life, they applaud English bravery and English victories, but they will never stain their hands with blood. Are they to be forced to fight? As well force a brick wall, for they will rather be shot than shoot—and who dare try to force Brahmins? So our practical objection to conscription is that the class below patriotism is not worth compelling and the class above patriotism will not be compelled.

To hark back to national service, it is news to me that the National Guilds, like the old Socialism, are to be the "coming slavery." But when I read Mr. Ivar Brown's articles I read from their style that the old guilds will be unpleasing to some workers. There will be a class below the guilds and the class above them. The first will consist of those men without guild-feeling who will refuse old guild duties and exploit these outguilds. They are the born wage-slaves, the willing blacklegs. Above the guilds may be supposed fanatical individualists and men who are, or think themselves, ill-used by the guilds. As the guilds will hold the monopoly of guild-feeling, these outguilds will be unable to compete with them in work. They will be assigned perhaps land outside the towns where they will live by taking in each other's washing and similar self-supporting industries. The expert workers among them may support themselves with the fees of apprentices the guilds send to them. Perhaps monasteries will revive and give the outguilds shelter as they did in the old days.

They will be our Cossacks. The Cossacks (Tartar : Kazak—a freeman) were men standing outside the communal Russian life, outlaws, but barely inimical to the State. Bodies of them collected upon the frontier steppes, the State pressed no obligations upon them in return for their military service. They formed a permanent frontier guard and a buffer against invasion. Nowadays every new tribe that becomes part of the Empire is formed into a "Cossack" regiment, but the original settlements survive, above all, here in the Caucasus, more or less pure Russians, among the thousand tribes and races of Little Asia. Our Cossacks, our outguilds, may do us a similar but spiritual service. The inferior types among them will be warnings to us, the superior types may be our fresh ideas and our leaders for progress.
contrary, extreme loveliness will disconcert the tender soul. You must see it, if not in love with you, at any rate interested in its majesty.

Who would think of falling in love with a queen, unless she made the first advances?

Nothing, therefore, is more favourable to the birth of love than long periods of wearisome solitude broken by a few hours to which one looks forward gratefully. This system is adopted by wise mothers of marriageable daughters.

Real society, as it flourished at the old French Court, and, I think, has not existed anywhere since 1780, was unfavourable to love. It is so full of the solitary and leisure that are indispensable for the work of crystallisation.

Court life gives one the habit of watching and of practising an infinite number of gradations, and the sense of beauty forms the beginning of an admiration and of a passion.

When the misfortunes peculiar to love are combined with other misfortunes (the misfortunes of vanity, if your mistress offends your proper pride, your feelings of honour and personal dignity), to misfortunes in health, in money matters, in one's political career, etc., the ensuing increase of love is merely apparent. Such misfortunes, by distracting the imagination, hinder crystallisation when love is in its inceptive stages, and prevent the birth of doubts when love is crowned with happiness. The sweetness and the madness of love return when these misfortunes have vanished.

Observe that misfortunes favour the birth of love in cold or frivolous natures, and that after its birth, if it be an earlier period, they favour love for this reason, that the imagination, being turned aside from the other phases of one's life, which furnish it with nothing but mournful visions, devotes itself entirely to the work of crystallisation.

CHAPTER XIV.

I now proceed to a theory which will be disputed, and which I offer only to men who, if I may say so, are unlucky enough to have loved passionately for several years, and to have found their love thwarted by insuperable obstacles.

The sight of anything that is supremely beautiful, either in Nature or in art, recalls to us our beloved as with the brightness of lightning. This is because, in the process of crystallisation, all that is beautiful and sublime in this world becomes part of the beauty of our beloved, and this unexpected glimpse of happiness at once fills the eyes with tears. Thus it is that our love and our sense of beauty feed each other. Love and our sense of beauty feed each other.

One of the misfortunes of love is that this happiness in seeing and talking to the beloved does not leave behind it any clear memories. The soul, it would seem, is too much distracted by its emotions to pay attention to their cause or accompanying circumstances. The soul is then, in fact, all sensation. It is, perhaps, just because these pleasures cannot be worn threadbare by our recalling them at will, that they renew themselves with such vigour, as soon as any object comes to wake them out of the reverie devoted to the woman we love, and to remind us of her more vividly by some new association.

Thus it is that our love and our sense of beauty feed each other.

Hence the possibility of passions of artificial origin, such as that of Benedict and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." Cases in point are St. Simon and Werther. However finely-wrought and fastidious a hermit may be, his soul is distraught; one part of his imagination is employed in anticipating social intercourse. Force of character is one of the most seductive charms for a truly feminine heart. Hence the success of young officers to take one's heart, or, if I may say so, to make love in this respect.

One can use such charlatanism without any qualms, so soon as one sees that the crystallisation has begun.

A lean old architect used to meet her every evening in society. One day, carried away by natural good feeling, and without paying heed to what I was saying, I spoke to her of him in elaborate terms of praise. She laughed at me outright. I had not the courage to say to her: "He sees you every evening." This feeling is so strong that it extends to an enemy of mine who is in constant touch with him. When I see this woman, she recalls Leonora to me so vividly that at that moment I cannot hate her, try as I will.

It seems as if, by a strange vagary of the heart, the beloved dispenses more charm than she has herself. The vision of a distant woman might rush him into a moment that throws one into a deeper and more delicious reverie than her own presence. This is the result of severity.

The reverie of love cannot be analysed. I notice that I can lose myself in a novel once every three years with the same enjoyment. It gives me feelings which correspond to the type of tender passion that rules me at the present time, or, if I feel nothing, furnishes me with variety in my ideas. I can also immerse myself in the same music, but there is no need for memory to play its part here. It is only the imagination that needs to be touched; if one enjoys an opera more at the twentieth hearing, it is because one understands the music better, or because one remembers the sensation of the first hearing.

As to the new vistas which a novel opens up for the knowledge of the human heart, I recollect the old vistas very well; I even like to find them noted in the margin. But this kind of pleasure applies to novels in so far as they increase my knowledge of human nature, and in no way to reverie, which is the real pleasure that the novel gives. This reverie cannot be analysed. To analyse it would be to kill it for ever, since there is no analysis of pleasure, and to kill it still more irrevocably for the future, since nothing is so paralysing to the imagination as an appeal to memory. If I find in the margin a note that describes my sensation in reading "Old Mortality" at Florence three years ago, I at once absorb it in the history of my life, in a comparison of the different degrees of happiness in the two periods, in a word, in profound philosophising—and good-bye to the free and easy pursuit of tender reflections.

Every great poet who has a lively imagination is timid, that is to say he is afraid of men because of the way in which they interrupt and disturb his delicious reveries. Men, with their low material interests, draw him out of the garden of Armida and push him into a filthy quagmire. It is hardly possible for them to claim his attention without irritating him. By virtue of constantly feeding his soul with moving reveries, and of cherishing a horror of all that is vulgar, the great artist is very close to love.

The more a man is a great artist, the more he ought to seek titles and decorations as a bulwark of defence.

CHAPTER XV.

In the midst of the most violent and most constantly thwarted passion, we find moments when we suddenly think we have ceased to love; it is like a spring of fresh water in mid-ocean. We scarcely take any more pleasure in thinking over ranks to what we were saying, overwhelmed by her cruelties, we find it still more painful to have lost all interest in life. A most depressing blank follows upon a phase of existence which was certainly not unfurled, but which showed all Nature unmasked in the paragraphs of a novel, incomparable in its effect.

The reason is that the last visit we paid to our beloved put us in a position from which our imagination, on some other occasion, had culled all the sensations it could offer. For instance, after a period of coldness, she treats us less badly, and lets us have precisely the same amount of hope, and that by the same external signs, as on some previous occasion—all this, perhaps, without her realising what she is.
doing. The imagination finds its path blocked by memory, with its gloomy counsels, and the crystallisation instantly ceases.

CHAPTER XVI.

[February 25, 1822.]

I realised last night that music, when it is perfect, has precisely the same effect on the heart as the presence in other words it apparently gives the most exquisite happiness that exists on this earth.

If all men felt the same, nothing in the world would more readily dispose them to love.

But I had already noted at Naples, last year, that perfect music, like perfect pantomime, makes me think of what for the time being forms the object of my reverie, and inspires me with excellent ideas; at Naples, this concerned the means of arming the Greeks.

Now, last night, I could not blink the fact that I have the misfortune to be too great an admirer of my lady L.

And perhaps the perfect music, which I was fortunate enough to hear, after two or three months' lack of good music—although I went to the opera every evening!—has simply produced its well-known effect, I mean that of making one think hard of that which is occupying one's mind.

[A week later.]

I dare not either erase or approve the foregoing remarks. There is no doubt that, when I wrote them, I was reading in my heart. If I call them in question now, it is perhaps because I have lost the remembrance of what I then saw.

By being addicted to music and to its reveries one is predisposed to love. A sad and tender air, if it be not too dramatic, if the imagination be not compelled to dwell upon action, and an air that inspires nothing but the reverie of love, is a source of keen delight to finely-wrought and unhappy souls.

Cases in point are the long passage for clarinet at the beginning of the quartet in Bianca e Faliero, and Camporello's recitative towards the middle of the quartet.

The lover who is in high favour with his mistress enjoys exceedingly Rossini's famous duet of Armida e Rinaldo, which paints so faithfully the little doubts of a happy heart and the moments of rapture that follow reconciliations. The instrumental piece which in the middle of the duet, at the moment where Rinaldo wants to fly, portrays in such an astounding manner the conflict of the passions, seems to have a physical effect on the lover's heart and to touch it literally. I dare not say what I feel in this matter; a reader of the Northern race would think I was mad.

CHAPTER XVII.

BEAUTY DETHRONED BY LOVE.

In a box at the theatre, Alberic meets a woman who is more beautiful than his mistress (I beg to be allowed to express this in mathematical terms), that is, a woman whose features promise three units of happiness instead of two (let us suppose that perfect beauty of any amount of happiness expressed by the number four). That is, a woman is more beautiful than his mistress (I beg to be allowed to express this in mathematical terms), that is, a woman.

As we have been advised to eliminate this word—or, fail to see the cause.

If all men felt the same, nothing in the world would more readily dispose them to love.

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And perhaps the perfect music, which I was fortunate enough to hear, after two or three months' lack of good music—although I went to the opera every evening!—has simply produced its well-known effect, I mean that of making one think hard of that which is occupying one's mind.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The attitude of lovers described in the last chapter finds a parallel in the theatre, where the spectators, in the case of their favourite actors, no longer notice whether they are really handsome or ugly. Lekein, in spite of his remarkable ugliness, conquered hearts galore. The same applies to Garrick. The reasons are manifold, but the primary cause is that what one saw was not the actual beauty of their features or movements, but the beauty which the imagination had long been wont to ascribe to them, in grateful remembrance of all the pleasure they had given. In the same way, the mere face of a comic actor makes people laugh as soon as he comes on the stage.

A girl who was taken to the Théâtre Français for the first time no doubt felt some revenges for Lekein during the first scene, but soon he was making her weep or shudder. How could she resist such parts as Tancredé or Orosmané? Whatever ugliness she still noticed in him was soon forgotten amid the enthusiasm of the whole audience, an enthusiasm which has a nervous effect upon a youthful heart. Nothing of his ugliness remained but the name, and not even the name, for one often heard his feminine admirers exclaim:

"How handsome he is!"

We must remember that beauty is the expression of character, in other words, of moral habits, and is therefore independent of all passion. Now it is passion that we need. As regards a woman, beauty can only furnish us with probabilities, and makes it more likely than not that she is cold-blooded. Though your mistress be pitted with smallpox, her glance is a charming reality which makes you ignore all other probabilities.

* Beauty is nothing but the promise of happiness. The happiness of a Greek was different from that of a Frenchman of our day.

If we are sure of a woman, we examine her to see if she is more or less beautiful; if we are doubtful as to possessing her heart, we have no time to think of her appearance.

[Characters in Voltaire's "Tancredé" and "Zaire" respectively—Translator's note.]

To this nervous sympathy I am inclined to attribute the miraculous and scarcely comprehensible effect of the music that happens to be in vogue (e.g., Rossini's at Dresden, 1821). As soon as it goes out of fashion, it no longer has any effect on the imagination, that is, on the music that happens to be in vogue. Madame de Sévigné writes to her daughter: "Lully had made a final effort with all the King's music; that exquisitely 'Miserere' was enlarged; there was a 'Libera' that filled all eyes with tears." We can no more doubt the truth of this than we can question the wit or the taste of Madame de Sévigné. Lully's music, which she found so delightful, would not be listened to for a moment to-day. His music encouraged crystallisation then, now it would make it impossible.
Views and Reviews.

Aristocracy and Malthus.

A few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of calling the attention of readers of The New Age to Mr. Ludovici's book on Aristocracy, a book which, whatever its merits may be, has aroused a vigorous controversy in the "Observer," and is being well reviewed in the Press generally. But it was remarked by one of the participants in that controversy that none of the other participants seemed to have read the book; and a letter which appeared in the last issue of The New Age was written under the same condemnation. I expressed my own opinion of Neo-Malthusianism rather forcibly in these pages about two years ago; and I think that no reader of Mr. Ludovici's book would ever suppose that his advocacy of the aristocratic principle (more particularly, as he defines it) could be twisted into an advocacy of the prevention of conception. His diatribes against the Puritan suppression of all that might stimulate the sexual nature would seem to be a more effective defence against such a form of intellectual parasitism as is implied by the attempt to justify Malthus by Ludovici. But the apparently incredible has happened: I am asked to believe that Mr. Ludovici's ideal demands, his diatribes against the Puritan suppression of all that might stimulate the sexual nature, are a response to the attempt to justify Malthus by Ludovici.

I am also asked to believe that because the Malthusian League has adopted as its motto the phrase, "Non quantitas sed qualitas," it has therefore adopted the aristocratic point of view. I believe neither statement.

The Malthusian conception differs from that of the aristocratic conception, as defined by Mr. Ludovici. It is not the voice of flourishing life that proclaims the principle of "prudential restraint"; it is not flourishing life that demands "full birth control" by the aid of contraceptives. For whatever reason, the Malthusian and the Neo-Malthusian have passed judgment on themselves. Malthus said to the labourer: "You are not wanted; abolish yourself and your kind." The Neo-Malthusian says, in substance: "I will show you how to abolish your kind, without the moral discipline and exercise of the will that Malthus demanded." If they merely preached to others, I might be disposed to see in their propaganda a cynical adaptation of the aristocratic idea; but they practice their teachings. They condemn themselves to sterility, and ask others to do likewise; instead of saying "Yes," they say "No" to life; they are, in Mr. Ludovici's phrase, democrats, because they are in love with death.

It should be apparent that such teaching never springs from aristocracy, as Mr. Ludovici defines it; and if it does make it so, I quote a passage from his book. "The principle of aristocracy is, that seeing that human life, like any other kind of life, produces some flourishing, and some less flourishing, some fortunate and some less fortunate specimens; in order that flourishing, full, and fortunate life may be prolonged, multiplied [my italics], and if possible enhanced on earth, the wants of flourishing life, its optimisation of conditions, must be made known and authorisedly imposed upon men by its representatives. Who are its representatives? The fanatics and followers of Science are not its representatives, for their taste is too indefinite; it is often pronounced too late to be of any good, and it is not reached by an instinctive bodily impulse, but by long empirical research which often comes to many wrong conclusions before attaining to the right one. It must be clear that the true representatives of flourishing life and fortunate life are artists, the men of taste. The artist, the man of taste —the successful number, so to speak, in the many blanks that human life produces in every generation—is in himself a chip of flourishing life. His own body is a small system of flourishing life which is the only means of carrying out flourishing life and fortunate life. What he wants, therefore, life wants; what he knows is good, the best kind of life knows is good. His voice is the very voice of full, flourishing and fortunate life. No number of committees or deliberative assemblies can have as their head, as fortunate as he, can possibly form an adequate substitute for him in this. For the voice one has, and the desires and wants it expresses, are not a question of chance or unbringing, they are a question of the body with which one's ancestors have endowed one. "All science, all the known laws of heredity prove this conclusively."

This passage makes clear another difference between Neo-Malthusianism and aristocracy; it shows quite plainly that aristocracy has no necessary objection to numbers. It does not say, "Non quantitas sed qualitas;" it says that we cannot have too much of a good thing, and although it insists first on quality, it is not less insistent on quantity. It expresses an exactly opposite impulse from that which the Malthusians represent, its desire moves in the exactly contrary direction. It is positive in its choice; it desires the increase of good. The diminution of evil that is the Malthusian's chief principle has a negative purpose; if it succeeded, life would not be enhanced in quality. The Malthusian heresy, besides indicating a decadent biological tendency, asserts a fundamental antagonism between quantity and quality which is unproven; it says quite simply that if there were fewer of us we should all be better off. If there were not a thousand times more than suppose that we should all be millionaires; but all that we really know is that if there were fewer of us there would be fewer of us. Certainly, there would be no guarantee that we should be examples of flourishing life; but we might, we probably should be, all Neo-Malthusians, and the triumph of the principle be proven by the annihilation of the human race.

But I fail to understand why "free sexual selection by women" should be thought necessary to the realisation of aristocracy. Are we to suppose that the woman's instinct for flourishing life is surer than the man's, that her choice would be more productive of flourishing life? If we are to suppose this, why should the demand be coupled with that of full birth control by the aid of contraceptives? Sexual selection should mean choice of a father or a mother; but if birth is to be controlled, the man would be only a lover, and (if I do not misinterpret the prefix "free") he would be only one lover among many. But whether or not this is a proposal of polyandry, the control of birth by the use of contraceptives implies that the union is intended to be sterile. Then what is the value of the "free sexual selection by women" to the idea of a race of fine men? The two conceptions are totally antagonistic; the one for full, flourishing life could not condemn itself to sterility, it would be against nature for it to do so. Of the two main tendencies of life, the ascendancy and the decadent, Mr. Ludovici's conception of aristocracy and the Malthusian democracy are examples; "Aristocracy means Life and Democracy means Death," says Mr. Ludovici, and the fact that a Neo-Malthusian should attempt to justify her heresy by a doctrine that condemns it is an indication that confusion of taste that Mr. Ludovici has attempted to correct.

That confusion of taste can only be corrected by a clear transvaluation of all values; and it is because Mr. Ludovici has attempted this that I recommend his book to readers of The New Age. The instinct for flourishing life has been so long suppressed in all the efforts of the Malthusian to suppress the control of birth by the use of contraceptives and the suppression justified by such apparently cogent reasons, that the reformation of our conceptions may seem impossible. But Nature is kind to the English, and allows them to retrieve mistakes that would ruin people less fortunately endowed and situated; and the searching inquiry made by Mr. Ludovici into our code of morals, our system of production, and our dietary, will at least serve to give us a standard of judgment in social and individual matters, and may even determine the direction of our efforts. Not "Back to Malthus," but "Back to Merrie England," is the cry.

A. E. R.
Pastiche.

THE BALMY BEES—A LIBEL.

It was the buzzing of the drones that first perturbed the worker-bees. They were shocked by the thought that their parasitic masters had so lowered their aristocratic status as to buzz and be busy. Their anxiety was, however, speedily alleviated, for they soon discovered that the buzzing did not proceed from the fine motor-cars in which they were driving up to the Honey-suckle Congress—where it was proposed to discuss new methods of speeding up the honey-sucking industry.

The worker-bees gathered in a great swarm around the Town Hive, and admired the gorgeous decorations of bees-wax and honey-comb which they had laboured very hard to complete by early morning in order that the Town Hive might present an exceptionally important appearance. The lowest class of worker-bee had, in addition, suggested that they should all hang in an inverted position from the grand balcony from which speeches were to be made. These presented a unique spectacle—several million of them hung upside down by their legs from the stucco-work.

The fattest drone alighted heavily from his buzzing motor-car and crawled into the vestibule. The assembled swarm gave him a tremendous reception, buzzing for several minutes with admiration. Within an hour the large Town Hive was crammed with the jewelled drones. The worker-bees had fastened their forty million eyes upon the luxurious splendour which they themselves had created during long months of laborious toil.

The swarm waited outside the Town Hive and guarded the motor-cars of the fat drones: cars which were designed, manufactured, cleaned, driven, oiled, and repaired by members of their own class.

While they watched, one of the worker-bees buzzed up into the air and settled upon the spire of the Town Hive, and commenced to buzz the following speech:

"Fellow Workers, why do you stand stupidly guarding the luxurious and artificial buzzers of our useless master class? Even now these fat idle ones are plotting some new evil against you. Why are you not diligently and wisely setting about your time-honoured task of eliminating from your midst these absurd creatures that have fatness is of the sweet honey which you yourselves have harvested from the flowers and delivered uncomplaining to your seniority. If therefore there be five Generals then there should be five Chief Staff Officers. So likewise not five Incomprehensibles, but one Incomprehensible.

Furthermore, there is one Commander-in-Chief neither made, nor promoted, but proceeding. No one would be greater or less than the other. Not contradicting their Generals, but confounding their junior. Not as substantive in rank, but as possessing substantial powers of annoyance. Not as reasonable souls with human flesh subsisting, but as persons so worried with the exigencies of the Military Situation that they must not be bothered by irresponsible Civilians.

Whosoever offended one of these little ones it were better for him that a Mill Stone were hanged about his neck. For there is one General at Mombasa, three Generals at Nairobi, and several others in different places. But their glory is unequal, their authority depends on their seniority. So we must not say that there are five Generals Commanding the Troops, but one General. So likewise not five Incomprehensibles, but one Incomprehensible.

And so it is that even the Commander-in-Chief would not be greater or less than the other. And considerable confusion would arise therefrom, and he even as it is already done so. He therefore that will be saved must then think of the Staff Officers. Not as substantive in rank, but as possessing substantial powers of annoyance. Not contradicting their Generals, but confounding their Junior Officers. Not as reasonable souls with human flesh subsisting, but as persons so worried with the exigencies of the Military Situation that they must not be bothered by irresponsible Civilians.

These are the articles of war which except a man be loyal to the Faith of the Command he was given to the Command of one of the Imperial Service Contingents.

The glory be to the General, and to his Chief Staff Officer, and to the Brigade Major, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, War without end.
**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**THE HISTORICAL FUNCTION OF ENGLAND.**

Sir,—Mr. Belfort Bax makes of "personal liberties" an "ologistic and axiomatic bedrock" and declines "at once time in discussing it." I am sorry. There are things which surely Mr. Belfort Bax loves as much as "personal liberties": the sense of social solidarity, the Kantian discipline of thought and the perpetuation of human life, trusted chiefly to women by Nature. A discussion on liberty could have revealed that all these things, to which Mr. Belfort Bax has devoted a considerable amount of work, ability and learning, are in danger of destruction precisely because "personal liberties" have been raised to the category of a principle, instead of being regarded as temporary expediences.

And I am not "joking à la Shaw." Only on two "absolute axiomatic bedrocks" Mr. Belfort Bax can base the "relative axiomatic bedrock" of liberty. First, on a theory of law and the State founded on the person, as the fountain of rights. Second, on a theory of Ethics, looking to the interior of consciousness as the exclusive theatre of morality. This subjective theory of Ethics has been upset by a Professor of Cambridge, Mr. G. E. Moore. Now we see the foundations of Ethics not in man but in the good things that our fathers did for us and in the bad things that our fathers did not remove, but that we ought to replace for our sons. As for the personal theory of law, it has been superseded by a Professor of Bordeaux, M. Leon Duguit, by another theory based on solidarity, according to which there are no other rights than the rights annexed to the social functions of every man. No functions, no rights! Mr. Moore is known to you and M. Duguit is the first name of France in matters of the theory of law. And both are in earnest.

* * *

RAMIRO DE MAESTU.

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**Current Cant.**

"Women demand National Service."—"Evening News."

"The Times" —, our leading journal."—C. K. Shorter.

"Cabinet majority in favour of conscription."

"A strike or two cannot make much difference."

"Times."

"Miners declare war on the nation."—"Daily Express."

"Rabbitearing for girls."—"Daily Mail."

"The emancipation of music."—EDWIN EVANS.

"Lord Haldane is not the Holy Ghost."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Men who get up in the world are very happy indeed."

"Spectator."

"We are going to win on the land. We are going to win on the sea."—BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS.

"War prosperity among the working classes."—"Evening News."

"The munition worker made Lyons' Tea the best nerve tonic he can obtain."—"Star."

"The American people are an imaginative people, and every one of them is a conscious psychologist."—F. J. PHILIP.

"Life may be one bother after another, but a compensation is Selfridge's."—"James's Gazette."

"To all industry as to all art, woman is consecrating a new purpose and a new spirit of efficiency."—KATE DEBELLOE in "Nash's Magazine."

"David W. Griffith, the world's greatest motion picture producer, took eight months to complete 'The Birth of a Nation.'"—"Star and Echo."

"No body of men have rendered their country better service in this war than the British Labour M.P.'s."—"Daily Mail."

"I would set lessons on the war in every nursery in the Kingdom, and if a child of average ability, at seven years of age, could not answer any of my questions, he should stand in the corner till he could. It cannot hurt a child to say 'God Save the King.'"—STEPHEN PACET, F.R.C.S.

"From the first day of hostilities I have done what lay in my power to put before my readers the facts of the war."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"How to write a kinema play, a chance for unemployed British authors."—LEONARD WILLIAMS.

"If you cannot join the Army, join the Anti-German League."—OXFORD STREET POSTER.

"One of the greatest difficulties in recruiting is to get young men to change the ordinary routine of their lives."—"Daily Mail."
has not proved fatal in the case of the Austro-
Hungarian Empire.
(8) Something greater than the national State is
needed for order; something causing a greater
freedom for liberty. They must increase; the State must decrease.
* * *
H. P. ADAMS.

** FOREIGN AFFAIRS.**

Sir,—Mr. Ince's reply to my letter with regard to
the right-of-way on the River Scheldt is a curious instance
of how not to conduct a case.

The impartial reader will observe that, whereas I fur-
rished the proofs of my contention by giving full data,
he rests content with a mere assertion, without giving a
particle of proof.

I am not unthankful to Mr. Ince for such a measure of
irrelevant insinuations with regard to Holland's attitude before and during the war, which fill
about three-fourths of his letter, they are equally
done to obviate the insubordination of tilting
with so loud-voiced and badly equipped a knight.

* * *

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Sir,—It would certainly very greatly simplify things
for "our civilisation" if it could decide which it would
"deal with" first—the wage system or the status of
women. But unfortunately the question has been—and
will increasingly be—settled for it by the logic of events.
It is only on paper that one can separate things so satisfac-
torily. I, as a Socialist, am primarily interested in
ending the wage system, but a woman, also, I want to
see the institution of private property abolished—that
institution which has resulted in woman's inferior status.
I am perfectly prepared to subordinate the class struggle
(in this one aspect) would be much simplified if women could
be kept out of industry until the wage system was ended
—kept out wholly and completely. I merely deny the practical possibility of such a simplification. Of course
if (as that inverted Feminist, Gladys F. Biss, and some
other Guild Socialists appear to think) the women now
entering industry are to be "trained" for it, then Feminists animated solely by a fierce desire to "take all
labour for their province," then one would either have to
bar their way or encourage females to postpone their ambitions until the sun had risen on the Guild system.

But the mass of women in industry are not there because
they are Feminists and the inconceivable handful of
Feminists (not themselves in industry) who demand
(theoretically) to enter industry as a "right" are really
not facing the fact that women are in industry because they
had no choice in the matter; because men's wages in so many
industries are below the standard of life, and the women and girls
of the family had to go into industry—or get off the earth.
What is the use of appealing to trade unionists who have
depended on pensions paid by industrial welfare, or to
their husbands' wives, or to "refuse to work
with woman labour," unless, of course, you are prepared
to guarantee them an increase of wages sufficient to do
away with the necessity for their womenfolk leaving home?
If men were all organised and all earning a
"family" standard of wages, and if women, from motives
of Feminism, were just now threatening to enter industry,
then one would either have to bar their way or allow them
to indulge females to postpone their ambitions until the sun had risen on the Guild system.

As the majority of women in industry are not Feminists
and the inconsiderable handful of Feminists (not themselves in industry)
who demand (theoretically) to enter industry as a "right" are really
not facing the fact that women are in industry because they
had no choice in the matter; because men's wages in so many
industries are below the standard of life, and the women and girls
of the family had to go into industry—or get off the earth.
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their husbands' wives, or to "refuse to work
with woman labour," unless, of course, you are prepared
to guarantee them an increase of wages sufficient to do
away with the necessity for their womenfolk leaving home?

Sir,—I am glad to see that at least one woman has had
the perspicacity to recommend Mr. Rowland Kenney to his
"own funeral." Nothing is more certain than that, if men
were all organised and all earning a "family"
standard of wages, and if women, from motives
of Feminism, were just now threatening to enter industry,
then one would either have to bar their way or allow them
to indulge females to postpone their ambitions until the sun had risen on the Guild system.

For the rest: Why should not a guild of women workers
be formed for all those trades outside the scope of
the men's unions and including domestic service: one central
guild with different departments? Here is a work
that women with brains and energy can do to their own
benefit and also to the benefit of men, who will further men's aims at the same time as it
benefits women; keeping the pay, at least, up to subsistence
level and bettering conditions.

To my personal knowledge there are great numbers of
women (each girl out on her poor little own) doing semi-
artistic work, requiring originality and great skill, who
are shockingly exploited and underpaid. Of course the
same conditions obtain wherever women are employed.

As regards the maintenance of the quite inevitable
opposition—if women are not to be considered as their
own brothers, nephews, or whoever will give them the freedom
of their table in return for the performance of the disagree-
ablest of the household duties and the scorn and derision of
the community as in the good old Victorian days of the
disabled "old maid").

MARY MCCROSSAN.

P.S.—On another subject, why does that adorabe,
incapable, matronial Alice (may she live for ever!)
permit herself to say "Very astonished"?

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SURVEY OF THE WOMEN WORKERS' WORLD.

Sir,—Although I long ago arrived at the knowledge that no one's views and convictions are ever changed by
the most faultless logic, I feel it is impossible to
deal with some of the criticisms made in these columns.
I say "some" because I do not propose to take into
consideration—the extent of the remarks of Mrs. Winifred Horrabin. The lack of
grace that has been the marked characteristic of the
"Advanced Women's Movement" is amply displayed in the
paragraph of her letter, coupled with the usual form of
humour that is so acceptable in Feminist circles. First
as to the invariable use of the word "tirade." Whenever a
Feminist finds herself unable to answer
an argument, more especially if it includes an appeal to the finer
instincts, be sure that "tirade" will be brought forth.
In this instance—of which Winifred Horrabin
surely cannot be one—there is no reproach for me
not please Mrs. Winifred Horrabin—it is in the style
of one's maiden aunt." This exquisite form of humour
never fails to call forth peals of ecstatic laughter from a
Suffragette audience; and if I concern myself with
the thing here once and for all, it is because I want to show,
emphatically as I can, how such women, so far from
really caring to raise the status
of women, really caring to raise the status
of their table in return for the performance of the disagree-
ablest of the household duties and the scorn and derision of
the community as in the good old Victorian days of the
disabled "old maid").

For the rest: Why should not a guild of women workers
be formed for all those trades outside the scope of
the men's unions and including domestic service: one central
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disabled "old maid").

MARY MCCROSSAN.

P.S.—On another subject, why does that adorabe,
incapable, matronial Alice (may she live for ever!)
permit herself to say "Very astonished"?
Wells, for "constructive" articles as to how women can be prevented from becoming wage-slaves, Mrs. Winifred Herraban remarks complacently that women "must play their part in the abolition of wage slavery, and will have to bring down society if they wish". The question of the prevention of the process of<br/>
I have underlined the significant words. It is a great step to find a Feminist admitting that women cannot go into the world of toil for lack of a "right" to it. Only the women<br/>
their experiences in "sex" novels, they may be considered<br/>
unprejudiced person to choose which is<br/>
of Miss Hyett is perfectly clear; and it is difficult for<br/>
our never-to-be-forgotten gospel is that, instead of cherishing the spark within her and<br/>
iindicating to her its possibilities of growth into a steady and<br/>
and vital flame, in place of assisting that great crusade which<br/>
wherein each new home, however lowly, becomes a new<br/>
centre of life, light, and love, these Anarchists have done<br/>
their best to smother it out and to perpetuate ignorance,<br/>
and squab.<br/>
Meanwhile there are letters more worth one's considera-

1. I do not know that I am called upon to deal with<br/>
any social service is required of the wife. It is this that<br/>
reduces the world as worse than it is. Of course, what<br/>
men's<br/>
the poorest woman has her nice<br/>
life-blood, giving nothing in return.<br/>

2. We<br/>
love, these Anarchists have done<br/>
their best to smother it out and to perpetuate ignorance,<br/>
and squab.<br/>

3. Consider for one moment what "industry" means to ninety per cent. of the men and women compelled to take<br/>
part in the struggle for existence, not to play at the awful<br/>
stenews, after the manner of vividly young ladies, the<br/>
driving of a life--on the whole--sweeter and<br/>

drier, the room has to be kept at a temperature of stifling<br/>
heat. Mounted on a high stool, she assists the mechanic<br/>
with themselves this young girl, feet, arms, and head aching,<br/>
but the baser<br/>
suffice is the justification<br/>
for my introduction into a monthly "sugar of work"<br/>
other any person of average intelligence read this remarkable<br/>
justification, to what use it would be possible to<br/>
Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Jellyby rolled into one to display<br/>
greater confusion of words and ideas. And yet anyone<br/>
who has these "advanced" notions will be filled with horror in my statement, that this passes for the<br/>
most of Ida Hyett, Women's "sex" novels are the favourite forms of relaxation, it is<br/>
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own little shelter, and within those four walls you shall find companionship and sympathy, the joyous faces and voices of children, and the calm, contented, untroubled leisure; and they have been ceaselessly striving to have more leisure in which to seek respite from the soulless grind of labour. Can any one declare that even the Females has been directed to the dragging down and desecrating of the last vestige of idealism in modern life? Be sure all these and all other considerations but those of leisure are ignored.

Those with sentiment may, however, take heart of grace.

**HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY.**

Sir,—Perhaps the following extract from his book, "Ancient Rome and Modern America," by Dr. Guglielmo Ferrero, may be of interest to Mississ. Rumiro de Maestu, London and Glasgow:

"Consuming little and content with a life of simplicity and poverty, the ancients had no need to produce much or produce at great speed—so they had no requirement for machines. The few simple machines which the hand of man or the muscular force of animals could operate sufficed. Accordingly, Art occupied in the eaisiness, and by way of compensation, their quality in modern civilisation. It was not a refined luxury for the few, but an elementary necessity. Governments and wealthy citizens were obliged to adorn their cities with squares, streets and houses, because the multitude wished the cities to be beautiful, and would have rebelled against a municipality which would have them disdained, or against a government which placed obstacles and hindrances in the way of the construction of railways. In those times, the requirements were that everything, down to the household utensils, modestly less expensive and destined for the use of the poorer classes, be inspired with a breath of beauty.

"Anyone who visits a museum of Greco-Roman antiquities, in which are exposed objects found in rich and highly-cultivated districts—that of Naples, for example—where so many objects excavated from the ashes of Pompeii are to be seen—can easily convince himself of this curious phenomenon, and realise more vividly by contrast the carelessness, roughness, and commonplace vulgarity of the objects made by modern machinery. In short, if the quantity of the things produced by the industry of the ancients was small—for that very reason, and by way of compensation, their quality was refined and excellent. The contrary is the case in the modern world. . . .

The translation of the passage mentioned was a point of great difficulty. I thought of "lady of easy virtue," but it struck me that one short, sharp word was needed in contrast with "chartreuse" and "suffuse"; and I finally decided in favour of "belle," because it is out of keeping with the tone of the passage, and suggest "Jade" or "wench" as an emendation. The point of the sentence is, I think, that the brighter the light, the more clearly to realise how superior his mistress is to the "belle" type, and sets him dreaming of her charming qualities all night.—[The Translator of "De l’Amour."]

**GEORGE GISSING.**

Sir,—Let us say that Gissing in certain moods was possessed with the mental state of the rich in power, more so than that he was "Philistine in mind." Perhaps his kindest and sincerest thoughts on the "people" are contained in that wonderful chapter in "The Nether World"—"As to Saturnalia."

"Well, as everyone must needs have his panacea for the ills of society, let me inform you of mine. To humanise the multitude, two things are necessary—two things of the simplest kind conceivable. In the first place, you must effect an entire change of economic conditions, and place obstacles and hindrances in the way.

The translation of "tart" in the passage may be considered. In the original, the second paragraph finishes with "his attitude to men in general was somewhat akin to Swift's."

To quote Mrs. Craigie once more she speaks of his ideals he may hope for happiness, but not till then."

... the destruction of the poor. . . ." They also assure me that..."

"A very slight degree of hope suffices to bring about the indestructibility of the soul. Neither the prescription recommend itself? It is jesting and sets him dreaming of her charming qualities all night.—[The Translator of "De l’Amour."]"
Press Cuttings.

"As a worker, no matter what his nationality may be, a man must sell his labour power to a master in order to live. He must get wages, meant to be sufficient, but not plenty, and find his freedom coming to exist. (...) When once the workers of the world see clearly that they are no more than a commodity whose price rises and falls with supply and demand, they will have reached an important stage in their development. (...) as long as the commodity status of labour exists, no matter if the workers' rulers conquer the whole world, no personal benefits will ever fall to the workers." A. Ritchie Haining, in "The Star."

"I suggest if so called 'National Service' meetings are arranged that men and women who want the real kind of service should attend and move amendments, calling for the nationalisation of the land, minerals, and other national resources, the national organisation of all necessary industries by means of National Guilds as the first step to be taken towards the organisation of our national life."--George Lansbury.

The journey of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman to Cardiff to announce to the strikers of Wales unconditional capitulation by the Government, and to tear up the King's Proclamation marked the downing of an epoch in which the British Government has so far, unlike any previous Government, been in harmony with the British, an epoch in which the coal miners are nationalised under a system of national ownership and compulsory arbitration. The fact that Mr. Runciman, the Minister responsible for the issue of the King's Proclamation, did not resign when it was torn up at the bidding of angry pitmen is evidence that the Cabinet shouldered responsibility for the issue of an Act of Parliament before it was born. The only possible consequence of the surrender of the British Government to the strikers is that the centre of gravity of the State has shifted from Westminster to the coal mines, shipyards, and railways. Never again will Labour consent in the great issues of the day; there is no more room to look for the salvation of the nation in one or other commodity on Cobdenic lines."--"Vanoc in the Reference."

"Amongst the several difficult questions of an internal nature at the British Government has had to confront since war was declared, not the least has been that referring to the attitude of certain labour elements that, directly or indirectly, have perturbed in some measure the nature that the British Government only possible consequence of the surrender of the British in the great issues unless the coal mines are nationalised under a system of universal and compulsory National Service. The fact that Mr. Runciman, the Minister responsible for the issue of the King's Proclamation, did not resign when it was torn up at the bidding of angry pitmen is evidence that the Cabinet shouldered responsibility for the issue of an Act of Parliament before it was born. The only possible consequence of the surrender of the British Government to the strikers is that the centre of gravity of the State has shifted from Westminster to the coal mines, shipyards, and railways. Never again will Labour consent in the great issues of the day; there is no more room to look for the salvation of the nation in one or other commodity on Cobdenic lines."--"Vanoc in the Reference."

"Of the 'movements' which aspire to modify the social order, that which aims at instituting National Guilds is the most inclusively humanitarian, and appeals most completely to the British working-class. The Guilds' policy is for the country we will sacrifice ourselves willingly, and for the sake of their members' Leisure and plenty, culture and fine art. The government of man is more than science; it is an art, based not on economics but on philosophy, and the building of an ideal, well-ordered society, such as Socialists dream of, is emphatically a work of art. (...) The new order of society, if it is to be attained at all, calls for imagination, courage, devotion, and high-spirited allegiance to its great ideals. It is in this spirit that some of us see in National Guilds the model of a new civilisation. The mark of that new fraternal civilisation will not be a false and impossible equality, but fair play and freedom in the fellowship of the Guilds. The Guilds will raise and expand the standard of life for the whole of their members. Leisure and plenty, culture and fine art, will pervade the life of every man, as at present. To work for the second coming of the Guilds is to work for the re-establishment of fellowship in the world. "The Venture" (Bristol)."

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"Amongst the several difficult questions of an internal nature at the British Government has had to confront since war was declared, not the least has been that referring to the attitude of certain labour elements that, directly or indirectly, have perturbed in some measure the nature that the British Government only possible consequence of the surrender of the British in the great issues unless the coal mines are nationalised under a system of universal and compulsory National Service. The fact that Mr. Runciman, the Minister responsible for the issue of the King's Proclamation, did not resign when it was torn up at the bidding of angry pitmen is evidence that the Cabinet shouldered responsibility for the issue of an Act of Parliament before it was born. The only possible consequence of the surrender of the British Government to the strikers is that the centre of gravity of the State has shifted from Westminster to the coal mines, shipyards, and railways. Never again will Labour consent in the great issues of the day; there is no more room to look for the salvation of the nation in one or other commodity on Cobdenic lines."--"Vanoc in the Reference."

"The journey of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman to Cardiff to announce to the strikers of Wales unconditional capitulation by the Government, and to tear up the King's Proclamation marked the downing of an epoch in which the British Government has so far, unlike any previous Government, been in harmony with the British, an epoch in which the coal miners are nationalised under a system of national ownership and compulsory arbitration. The fact that Mr. Runciman, the Minister responsible for the issue of the King's Proclamation, did not resign when it was torn up at the bidding of angry pitmen is evidence that the Cabinet shouldered responsibility for the issue of an Act of Parliament before it was born. The only possible consequence of the surrender of the British Government to the strikers is that the centre of gravity of the State has shifted from Westminster to the coal mines, shipyards, and railways. Never again will Labour consent in the great issues of the day; there is no more room to look for the salvation of the nation in one or other commodity on Cobdenic lines."--"Vanoc in the Reference."

"Of the 'movements' which aspire to modify the social order, that which aims at instituting National Guilds is the most inclusively humanitarian, and appeals most completely to the British working-class. The Guilds' policy is for the country we will sacrifice ourselves willingly, and for the sake of their members' Leisure and plenty, culture and fine art. The government of man is more than science; it is an art, based not on economics but on philosophy, and the building of an ideal, well-ordered society, such as Socialists dream of, is emphatically a work of art. (...) The new order of society, if it is to be attained at all, calls for imagination, courage, devotion, and high-spirited allegiance to its great ideals. It is in this spirit that some of us see in National Guilds the model of a new civilisation. The mark of that new fraternal civilisation will not be a false and impossible equality, but fair play and freedom in the fellowship of the Guilds. The Guilds will raise and expand the standard of life for the whole of their members. Leisure and plenty, culture and fine art, will pervade the life of every man, as at present. To work for the second coming of the Guilds is to work for the re-establishment of fellowship in the world. "The Venture" (Bristol)."