The prospects of the guild idea.—II.

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Notes of the week

Russia is one of the few countries that really progress by means of war. The Crimean War was followed by her emancipation of the serfs; the Japanese War was followed by the institution of the Duma; and now there is every probability that the present war will leave Russia with a parliamentary constitution. At the Congress of National Defences, held a fortnight ago in Moscow, and attended by representatives of the municipal councils, a resolution was passed calling for “the reconstruction of the Government, so as to include persons who enjoy the confidence of the country.” This, it was said, was “an indispensable condition of victory.” But what is it less than a demand for popular government in the Western sense of the word? And there is every likelihood that an approach, at any rate, to the satisfaction of the demand will be made. Already the Conservative Grand Duke has been superseded in supreme command by the Czar, who is, if anything, a Liberal. And equally great changes have been made or are impending in the personnel if not in the actual constitution of the Grand Council and of the Duma. Absolutism, in short, is going; and with it, as well as in consequence of it, the persons representative of the passing régime are being retired. While they remained in power the more Russia changed the more she con

CURRENT CANT

By Ramiro de Maerzu

Letters to the editor:


Press cuttings

The end of its lustrum, may cease to be representative of its original electors, so a Trade Union Congress (or rather executive) may cease to be representative of the current thoughts and will of its constituent members. That the present set of leaders are, on the whole, out of touch with the movement proper, nobody but themselves will, we think, deny. Strike after strike has taken place not merely without, but against, their authority. Both the Clyde strike and the South Wales strike are recent examples. And in the rank and file of the railway workers there is at this moment an agitation which threatens to defy the official control and once more to resume the leaders a self-direction which has been delegated to them in vain. Under these circumstances we would advise our readers not to be misled by the apparent unanimity of the recent Congress at Bristol. Votes, it is well known, can be engineered by an astute Executive with all the machinery at their disposal. They can produce you almost as easily a resolution affirming as a resolution denying anything. The careful observer will draw his conclusions less from what is put upon the minutes than from what in the nature of things is certain or, at least, likely.

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We may assume that the overwhelming vote in support of the justice of England’s participation in the war is actually representative of working-class opinion; since it is evident from other sources. The voluntary enlistment of several million Trade Unionists is alone, and without any vote at a Congress, conclusive. But we ought not so easily to assume that the equally overwhelming vote against Compulsory Service is similarly conclusive. Without prejudice to our own opinion of Compulsion, it is obvious, in the first place, that the Congress could not repudiate Compulsion as an unalterable principle without reflecting upon its own system of compulsory levies; and, in the second place, that out and out repudiation would tie the hands of the Trade Union movement when it comes to talk of the compulsory conscription of capital. Compulsion, in short, must be felt if not seen by Trade Unionists to be a weapon of two edges. Directed against the enemies of the proletariat, even the Congress, we imagine,
would be in favour of it. Directed solely against itself, it stands to reason that compulsion would be resented. The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn from the state of mind of the Congress is that Trade Unionists would not be unwilling to accept the compulsion of men provided that the rest of the community—the propertied classes in particular—were prepared to accept the compulsion of things as well. They are willing, if necessary, to be "put all in," if the other classes are disposed to do the same. But the "all" in the latter classes includes money and other forms of property. As well as their lives the wealthy must therefore be prepared to offer their goods in order to induce workmen to offer their own all, namely, their lives. But once this were done, we should not anticipate much resistance to Compulsion from the organised Trade Unions. Right or wrong (and we are not arguing the principle at this moment), Compulsory Military Service would be little resisted if, when it was proposed, its necessity was first made apparent and the conscription of capital were made to accompany it. How likely the latter condition is of will leave our readers to say. But it is in our opinion exactly as probable as military conscription—no less and no more.

Mr. Lloyd George’s speech to the Congress was of the kind we look for from him. It was clever and specious, but constructed, for an immediate effect. Like manna and journalism it rots on the second day! Judged on the surface, however, there is no doubt that he realized his aim to appear fair and to look reasonable. What was his case? That the Government had entered into an agreement with the Trade Unions of which the terms had been kept only by itself. In return, he said, for the undertaking by the Unions to suspend their "suspended rules," the Government, it was alleged, to limit profits, to restore the privileges of Trade Unions after the war, and to insist, in the matter of women’s labour, upon the principle of equal pay for equal work. All these promises, he continued, the Government had fulfilled in the letter as well as in the spirit. Its conscience was void of offence. The Unions, on the other hand, had failed in their reciprocal undertaking and were still at this moment clinging to their old privileges to the enormous disadvantage of the national output. And he cited case after case in evidence of it.

What appeared left to be made by the Congress but an apology and a promise of amendment? It is plain that, in fact, for the moment nobody had anything to say. As heretofore before her shearer is dumb, so the Congress opened not its mouth. On the following day, it is true, the Congress decided to investigate the charges and to publish a Report. Doubtless too, when it appears, the charges, as usual with Mr. Lloyd George’s, will be proven exaggerated to say the least. But in the meanwhile Mr. Lloyd George has got his blow in first; and we doubt whether any Report will now fully counter it.

It is a measure, however, of the shallowness of the one and of the stupidity of the other that a little reflection would prove the hollow character of Mr. Lloyd George’s case. The argument to no less upon common-sense reasoning, accessible to everybody, than upon facts known as yet only to the Government. For if, indeed, the bargain between the Government and the Unions has been broken only by the latter, the reason is not the enforced disadvantage of the national output. And the Congress opened not its mouth. On the following day, it is true, the Congress decided to investigate the charges and to publish a Report. Doubtless too, when it appears, the charges, as usual with Mr. Lloyd George’s, will be proven exaggerated to say the least. But in the meanwhile Mr. Lloyd George has got his blow in first; and we doubt whether any Report will now fully counter it.

least, improbable. After all, as the “Times” and other journals have pointed out in discussing the effect of Zeppelin raids upon this country, the civilian population does not differ in character from that part of the population which is on active military service. To imagine, therefore, that the character of the industrial rank and file differs in a sense of honour from that of the military rank and file is to imagine what is not.

Mr. Lloyd George now claims that 95 per cent. of the munition industry is State-controlled, that is, limited in its private profits; but both his announcement and the details are still vague. Why have we not heard of it before? Above all, why the men not heard of it? And, again, upon what principle are the profits of controlled establishments limited? Certainly we think the men have had reasonable cause to doubt whether the Government was carrying out this clause of its bargain, since they knew neither which shops were controlled nor the extent to which they were and are controlled. But this in itself was a sufficient ground of distrust, why should the Government’s case be any different? The men of the Unions knew, for concessions which were only to be guessed and taken on faith? The ones were substance, the others might prove to be shadow. Mr. Lloyd George has therefore only himself to thank if the men of the Unions had grounds for doubting the Government’s good faith.

Then, too, the promise to restore the existing rights of the Trade Unions after the war is not one that can command the respect of everybody. However sincerely made, its fulfillment is contingent upon circumstances over which the Government even admits it has not complete control. No Government, said Mr. Lloyd George, can discover, nobody from the Unions or from the Government employers, is charged to make such a promise at all. And the whole, however aggrieved by the apparent neglect of the Government even to record the Union rules that are everywhere being hung up. Correspondents from the workshops assure us that, as far as they could discover, nobody, either from the Unions or from the Government employers, is charged to make a note of the suspended rules. They are suspended and that is all that is known about them. But when it comes to restoring them—the men of the Unions have had reasonable cause to doubt whether the Government has kept actually irretrievably than saved. If the promise of the Government is to be realised even in the letter—to say nothing of the spirit—the obvious course is to note as they occur the breaches of the Union customs that are made, and to have them endorsed, by the Union officials. Until this is done, and done with the full knowledge of the men, doubts of the sincerity of the Government can
reasonably be entertained, and must continue to lead to such action as Mr. Lloyd George deprecates.

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The third condition, namely, that women now being imported into industry shall receive equal pay for equal work, is, again, of too superficial a character to settle the real problem. The ulterior object of Trade Unionism (whether consciously or not) is less the maintenance of standard rates than the creation of a monopoly of labour. Compared with this the maintenance of nominal wage-rates is not only secondary, but it is unimportant. Without an approach to the maintenance of wage-rates, the simpler reason that the latter depends upon the former. Even granting, therefore, that the principle of equal pay for equal work could be enforced upon the employers of women in industry, the introduction of women into the competitive labour market must have one or both of two effects: either to bring down the general level of wages, men's as well as their own; or the forcing of men into still more intensive labour than is now economically demanded, to the suppression, indeed, which experience is tending to confirm, that far from taking all labour for their province, women are likely to take only light labour, the conclusion is obvious that the heavier and more skilled labour will require to be done by men. And similar systems may be under 11 considerations in which it is no less probable that in future more energy will be taken out of them in industry in return for much the same wages as at present. Feeling rather than seeing these things, the rank and file are right to be apprehensive of their future in competition with women. The division of labour between men and women may (though we deny it) be all very well; but the concentration of one sex in a scramble for the wages of unskilled labour, and the concentration of the other in a scramble for the wages of skilled labour—this is likely to result in low wages for both the few.

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From these considerations alone we should have been prepared ourselves to forecast some difficulty in the discharge of the men's part of the national contract. But there are others. We have already referred to the fact that the existing leaders are not altogether representatives of the rank and file; and in no respect is this more clear than in the threatened breakdown, for reasons unguessed by themselves, of the agreement into which they entered upon their members' behalf. Even, we say, if the conditions demanded of the Government were fulfilled to the last letter—as we see they have not been and cannot be—the contract would still be of the nature of an unequal bargain, and of a bargain, moreover, which represents only a portion of the men's real demands. It is an unequal bargain to barter what may be irreparable loss for what in the nature of the case is only a temporary gain. The system of full profits, there is no doubt about it, can be restored to the employers by a stroke of the Government's pen; and in the complex rules and customs of the Trade Unions, it is obvious, can be so easily set up on the wall again. The system of profits, in short, will bear suspension for the reason that it is mechanical; but Trade Union principles, being alive and organic, are likely to die or at least to faint under suspension. Then, too, as the "Times" observes, the limitation of profits is lost only to the organisation industry; the suspension of Trade Union powers, though nominally confined within controlled establishments, must affect by sympathy the whole world of organised labour. To forgo the right to strike in the munitions factories, for example, is to forgo at the same time the right to strike in conjunction with Unions outside. Thus the principle of Trade Union solidarity is broken into by the enforced neutrality, in any given war of Capital and Labour, of the Unions in controlled shops. What this means we have had opportunities of seeing and may again see, since the conditions remain. Under no circumstances can any Trade Union now strike against high prices with the expectation of the support of the munition Unions. These latter have been isolated, and cut off from the main body; as certainly as their employers have not been. And thus once more the inequality of the original bargain is demonstrated.

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It is, however, in the omissions from the demands made by the men's leaders that we should seek the deepest causes of the prevailing unrest. Incomplete and unsatisfactory as the enumerated demands are, even their fulfilment would be useless without the concurrent satisfaction of demands the leaders failed to formulate. These include what Mr. Lloyd George almost volunteered in his peroration: a promise, not of a simple restoration of the status of Labour after the war, but of a "reconstruction" of industry. After the war, said Mr. Lloyd George, "the country will want a resettlement, a reconstruction; it feels in its conscience that things are written in it, and it wants them to be moulded into the common conscience, and its business was the Labour officials to associate themselves with the desire and be the first to express it. From the outbreak of the war we have repeatedly urged the Unions to take advantage of their economic indispensability to demand a new status for their class: a status of responsibility corresponding to the power they have been proved to possess. The promise and prospect of it would, for their members, have been a stimulus to production during the war, the magnitude of which can hardly be exaggerated. For the lack of it, on the other hand, the spirit of crisis may well flag in them. They have not even a victorious return to look forward to as the reward of their exertions.

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In his final sentence Mr. Lloyd George besought the men "not to put the country against organised labour." The people," he said, "were neither capitalist nor Trade Union." That may be so at present, but it would be equally fatal to put organised labour against the country. For not only as everybody now admits, has Labour demonstrated its strength—Mr. Lloyd George said the country could win with the Unions, but not without them—but the future of the country depends just as largely upon labour as the future of the attitude of the country. The two are, in fact, necessary to one another, and will droop or flourish together. More certainly will this be the case in the State organisations of the future; which will not, as readers of Mr. de Maetzu's articles guess, be either aristocratic or democratic, but functional. This implies the transformation of the Trade Unions into proper national industrial organs with rights and privileges corresponding to the function they will discharge; and this again implies the abolition of the wage-system and all wealth distribution. Some inkling of the drift of things is surely present in the mind of the rank and file if it has not yet dawned upon the leaders; and we do not doubt that the agreement lost only to the munitions industry; the suspension of Trade Union powers, though nominally confined within controlled establishments, must affect by sympathy the whole world of organised labour. To forgo the right to strike in the munitions factories, for example, is to forgo at the same time the right to strike in conjunction with Unions outside. Thus the principle of Trade Union solidarity is broken into by the enforced neutrality, in any given war of Capital and
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verda.

The pessimist is abroad. "We're beat" is the disconsolate and not precisely grammatical expression which I have heard more than once in the course of the last few weeks. The Russians are alleged to be "out of it," the Balkan States are not coming in—or, if they are, they will join the other side; we are losing men at last few weeks. The Russians are alleged to be "out of incidents are rare; and military men themselves are the first to complain that long-range artillery and poison-gases have "knocked the picturesqueness" out of modern warfare.

To other defects in the news service from the front too much attention, if anything, has already been directed. It is not always possible to mention the exploits of regiments in detail; for the name of a regiment might conceivably provide the enemy with information. This excuse, it should be said, is no longer so valid as it was at the beginning of the war. The Germans are nearly as well informed now about the dispositions of our regiments as we are about theirs—there is little to choose between the espionage systems in the two countries. As for the Austrians and the Turks, their strength lies in their German leaders; and the number of casualties among German officers recently (see the French official reports, for instance) has been so large that if the war lasted for another twelve months it is certain that there would not be a sufficiently large number of German officers to lead the auxiliary troops. None of the usual pessimistic stories one hears need be taken too seriously. The point of view held by the Balkan States will be found to be favourable enough for us when the time comes for them to be employed. There are, naturally, one or two little details in the negotiations, known to all parties concerned, which one would like to have explained at once. Why, for instance, did our Government not see its way to buying the Roumanian harvest for him to get his own crop in.

This is one of the points upon which the authorities in charge of the Foreign Office might consult Sir Eyre Crowe. It is common knowledge that many matters which are not of adequate importance for Sir Edward Grey or Sir Arthur Nicholson to handle are turned over to Sir Eyre Crowe; and there is reason to believe that it was he who was responsible for what all statesmen regarded as Sir Edward Grey's curious attitude towards the Declaration of London. I may recall the fact that the phrase "freedom of the seas," upon which so much stress was laid in the Notes exchanged between Berlin and Washington, was referred to at some length in a recent letter to the newspapers in this country signed by Sir Edward Grey. The statements in that letter were not unlike some of the remarks made by Sir Edward Grey at The Hague Conference in 1907; and, in view of the fact that Sir Edward Grey has never professed any deep knowledge of international law, one naturally looks elsewhere for the source of his observations on the subject. If persons interested in this highly important matter have sought Sir Edward Grey's inspiration in Sir Eyre Crowe, they can scarcely blame him for doing so. What we expect from our Foreign Minister at this stage is not a letter dallying with what is for us the most vicious principle in the Declaration of London, but a very definite announcement that we propose to retain the advantages which are conferred upon us by our sea-power—advantages, it should be emphasised as often as possible, which we have never abused as the Germans have abused their military power; advantages which we have never used for offensive purposes, as the Germans have used their army. And when I refer to offensive and defensive uses of the advantages conferred on a nation by its armed strength I am not merely thinking of the present war. I am thinking of the diplomatic war which was waged from 1904 to the end of July, 1914. In that war the Germans used their power unscrupulously; and its malignant influence was felt in discussions relating to Persia, Morocco, China, the Balkans, Asia Minor, and elsewhere.

To express the point of view I am putting forward in another way, it is right now the public should be pessimistic, but it should be pessimistic about the right things. Many people, misled by the Harmsworth Press and by writers like Sir Leo Chiozza Money, are anxious about our scarcity of men, whereas the problem of men is virtually settled and the thing to be anxious about is our scarcity of money. Many people, again, are pessimistic because, as they believe, Sir Edward Grey has muddled the Balkan negotiations; whereas the Balkan negotiations are going along very well, and the thing to be pessimistic about, so far as our Foreign Office is concerned, is the fact that the authorities there, under the guidance of Sir Eyre Crowe, are trying to impose upon us too many clauses of the Declaration of London. It would almost seem as if the newspapers, by inducing their readers to discuss unimportant subjects such as National Service, were doing their best to divert attention from subjects of genuine importance, such as the feeling in Labour circles. Whether they do so deliberately or not, the papers manage to keep their readers about three months behind what is happening at home. In March or April last, for instance, the papers were beginning to discuss Conscription seriously, just at the time when the Government had stopped considering Conscription and was devoting its attention instead to the problem of money. The Press has now reached the stage of discussing money—at a time, that is to say, when the Government has sent a financial deputation to the United States and is turning its attention to Labour. It is obvious from what has taken place at Bristol that Labour will have to be placed in some genuine way, and not with mere words; but, from what has appeared in the Press, one would think nothing was happening in this regard at all.

The public does not sufficiently realise that this attitude of the newspapers must not be ascribed altogether to Press hypocrisy and the desire to conceal unpleasant facts. It is, on the contrary, very largely due to the sheer ignorance of the modern journalist. The real feeling in Labour circles, for instance, whether in peace or war, is not hideous to any journalist in a hundred; and the ignorance of Fleet Street on the subject of foreign affairs is simply colossal.
The Prospects of the Guild Idea.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

II.

"There is no other way of making Socialism safe than by making democracy real. These words from Mr. J. A. Hobson's book, "The Crisis of Liberalism," published fifteen years ago, serve well to illustrate the difference between the outlook of the Collectivist and the Guildsman. They might have been penned by either, but in how different a sense! "Safety" to whom and "real" in what way? Mr. Hobson—a Collectivist in his more daring moments, but a Liberal always—is concerned to devise means whereby Socialism may be rendered "safe" for "the public" above all, and the democracy of which he is thinking is political democracy, which may, he believes, be rendered "real" by a reform of our electoral machinery and the introduction of the referendum. But while the middle-class Collectivist is asking himself, "What shall I do to be safe?" the worker is asking, "What must I do to be saved?" The Collectivist has been too busy devising answers to his own question to attend to the question of the worker, even (and it is not often) when he has ears to hear it. He has been so occupied in prescribing his schemes in an acceptable form to the capitalist whose proposals to replace that he has overlooked the need of presenting them in this light to the worker, who will have to carry them out. The Collectivist may make Socialism "practical," but it is the worker alone who can make it practicable. It is the Guildsman who has been sensible enough to realise this, and who must be practical enough to preach the means. It is his mission to make clear that there is no other way of making Socialism safe for producer and consumer alike than by making industrial democracy real.

The truth is that those very things upon which the Collectivist has most concentrated his attention and that of those who have listened to him—the practicability of Socialism and the efficiency of his proposals—are bound up with the prospects of the Guild idea. The Collectivist cannot make Socialism safe for the very reason that he does not know how to make democracy real. The State Socialist may promise the worker liberty, but the Guild Socialist is on surer ground. The Collectivist has most concentrated his attention and that of his worshippers in the abstract, but of his liberties in the concrete, and those he has gained, and advance from these to further and firmer liberties in the future. The Guild may be interpreted as the Guildsman who has been sensible enough to realise this, and who must be practical enough to preach the means. It is his mission to make clear that there is no other way of making Socialism safe for producer and consumer alike than by making industrial democracy real.

It is worth while examining these "tactics" more closely; indeed, it is necessary to do so if they are to be understood. The claim to elect foremen needs no elaboration here. I cannot say whether any case exists in which this claim has been definitely put forward, but I believe that there is none in which such a claim has been conceded, though the negative power of rejection is enjoyed in some cases. But the claim would be well worth making in industries where the Union is strong enough to have some chance of effecting its purpose. It must be by a strike, nor is there any need why the right once obtained should be restricted to foremen. I have no wish to revive the controversy upon democracy in industry which raged between "A. E. R." and Messrs. Cole and Brown in these pages earlier in the year.

When the Guild is founded and chartered by the State, its constitution may provide that its officials shall emerge from the Guild itself (as I believe that it should) or be imported, as "A. E. R." would suggest, by "suffrage," or co-partnership with the employers. The whole duty of the Guildsman not to oppose negotiation, but to see that the machinery is made effective; to scrap the one would be to scrap the other. What is needed is to secure that the machinery of negotiation and arbitration shall be transformed into true negotiation boards by the expulsion of external authority in the guise of the impartial—impossible—from its oppressive and objectionable features. For it is only by some scheme of negotiation that recognition can become effective; to scrap the one would be to scrap the other. What is needed is to secure that the machinery of negotiation and arbitration shall be transformed into true negotiation boards by the expulsion of external authority in the guise of the impartial—impossible—person and the abolition of restrictive time agreements. When this has been done it will be the task of the Guildsman not to oppose negotiation, but to work for its extension to districts on such a basis as to secure a full control of the Guild. But perhaps most important of all in this respect is that pressing upon the capitalist of the demand that the Union should be recognised as the responsible agent of his workmen in all his dealings with labour. Strange as it may seem, it is possible that the capitalist may be ready to concede more in this direction in some cases than the Union is alive enough to claim or even to accept. It is reported on good authority that the following offers were made to the Liverpool dockers by their employers, and actually refused by them: (1) That the Union should undertake to supply labour at the docks; (2) That labourers supplied by the Union to the number demanded by the employers should be paid whether working or not at any given time; (3) That the Union should receive such a lump sum in pay as should be agreed upon and distribute it among the labourers which it supplied as it thought fit. If these terms were really offered and refused it does not mean that the employers were not sincerity and sightedness of the Union concerned. Such a refusal would probably arise from an apprehension that the workers might, by accepting, be inveigled into some sort of co-partnership with the employers—a healthy suspicion enough.
But when all is said, it remains true that the prospects of the Guild Idea depend before all (as the Guild Writers have always insisted) upon the resolution of the workers to remain no longer the slaves of the wage-system. The prosecution of the aims of Industrial Unionism would be not only futile but even indefensible for any less purpose. Not only is there nothing unpractical about this great ideal of the Guildsman, but it is likely to prove the only practical means of securing the support and goodwill, not only of the public, but of the administrative worker and the professional and experts whose support will ultimately prove essential to the success of the Guild Idea. It may be said that it should be possible to bring pressure upon these to force them into throwing in their lot with the Unions in their struggle to Guildise industry. It may indeed be possible, but far better than such pressure will be the moral pressure exerted by bodies of worker claiming responsibility even before rights, and woe be it to any free man rather than any mere share of the spoils of industry, however justly earned. Let the war upon the wage-system become openly declared by the workers, and thousands will flock to join them who might hesitate to stand by their side in any less noble cause.

Gilders of the Chains
By Ivor Brown.

No. I.—SIR JOSEPH LYONS.

The perpetuation of wage-slavery depends obviously upon the slave. Does the captive grow restless? He must be soothed. Is he bored? Amuse him. Is he awake to the infinite degradation of his status? Then blind him, cajole him, put bedding in the cell and gild the harsh iron of his chains. Better far than whips and scorpions are cinemas and palaces, de luxe: better flattery than fetters and finery than fines.

The new Capitalism of Pleasure has made amazing progress in the last decade. I do not say that it is a conscious effort of scheming slave-owners to gild the chains and to add a veneer of splendour to the shabby pile of industrialism: it is more probably a commercial venture to exploit the wage-slave’s demand for release. But undoubtedly the whole effect of our ever-increasing music-halls, picture palaces, and corner houses has been to give colour to what was drab, and thus to persuade the worker—and more especially the office-worker—that the world is not so bad after all. The danger lies not in the seduction of the genuine working-class, but in the persistent and successful attempt to persuade the clerical and lesser-paid professional workers that they are really gentlemen far removed from the vulgar ranks of the proletariat. A stall for eighteenpence to see a radiant star and tea in a marble palace somewhere near Leicester Square with laughing girls and sobbing Fox Trot at its tea and to gaze upon aristocratic marble at strictly popular prices. And this, Sir Joseph, you have most effectively given it.

Your Corner Houses are well named, for you have cornered the tea-money of the middle class. Every month sees your ring of fortresses round the Great Pleasure Base of Piccadilly grow stronger and more complete. Carefully graded in price and tone, they cater for every taste and purse. And from their packed chambers and thronging portals arises the one insistent cry, “This is Life.” For you gild and you lavish the elixir of the wage-slave: flattery. You make of the poorest a West End Faucon.

Very symbolic are your Corner Houses. The elder brother verges upon the Square, but it is not in the Square: so the corner is not turned, the fatal step is not taken, and the inmates may sit upon the brink of the Half World and know that they are safe. Full well you know that your clients have no taste for the descent: what they want is respectability and a thrill—for sixpence. You gambled in psychology when you set out so lavishly upon your latest ventures, and your psychology was sound. You built for the Corner House girl, and you found her ready in thousands. But there is no melodrama about the New Lady of Lyons and the Night Male. Everything is quite nice.

So you will pass, Sir Knight, from triumph to triumph, and the great empire of Capitalism, like the great empire of Rome, will bow down to the Ara Lugdunensis. You will surely triumph because you understand the secret of this damnable age. You know that, because all the simple and the plain things like work and play and beauty are degraded and dis-honoured, man must find his elixir in knowledge, therefore, that the modern proletarian’s notion of beauty is a mass of colour, gilt, ornament, noise. You know that his idea of music is fevered rag-time and clotted sentiment. You give him what he wants. You give him the palace and the orchestra, and you only charge him for his tea. And so, as the servile State is built more completely and more thoroughly, and as the chains are bound more tightly upon the wage-earners, there will be a still greater need of sedatives, a more imperious call for gilt. And this you will supply. Who cannot foresee the London of the future, gleaming with your hotels, resonant with your clattering tea-pots, afloat with your myriad lights and signs? There are fields for you to conquer. You have settled tea and play and beauty are degraded and dishonoured. You will surely triumph because you have conquered the women. There is beer: there are men. Our public-houses are intolerable: and they, too, might be the sedatives of slavery. By your graceful flattery you have persuaded the lower middle class that they are of the West End; you have finally destroyed any flickering connection between the black-coated and the coatless worker; you have cajoled the first, the second you have neglected. It is true that the coatless are handicapped while the coated stand akip, but even alone they are something worth and may deal wage-slavery a blow or two. Why not attend to them also? The public-house is the poor man’s club. Capture it, gild it, civilise it. Give not only a glass of beer for twopenny, give music, pictures, dancing, and make the artisan a gentleman. Perhaps the bitterness of class distinctions horifies you as it does so many others. There are two ways out—the abolition of the gentleman, which is my way, and the creation of more and still more gentlemen, which is yours. The Pan-Gentleman Movement, of which you are the distinguished pioneer, has a great future and I fear it. Compared to it, Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism and Pan-Anglicanism are trivial and temporary. They would have us all rubbish and bricks, and have us all gentle, so gentle that we would never lift a finger to the masters. The Christians will be thrown to the Lysos, but there will be no fighting in the den, for both will need each other. There are very good reasons why they should lie down together in amity. In the meantime, you have a great and pressing work to do, and you achieve it admirably. You are the best of the warders, and you work wonders with our cells. Polish up the chains and let not the crafty hirer for there is great need of gilding and also of Guilds.
American Chaos.

II.

"England is the only country in the world where a man will lie without being paid for it." The rich echo of those words is still in my head, and there mingles with it that saying of Flaubert's sent the war of 1870, "If they had read my 'Education Sentimentale' this would not have happened."

If the gentle reader read my article last week he may remember that I set out to find fault with my own country, and in so doing found that if England and America might be united politically over the doctrines of Magna Charta, they were also inextricably united analytically or for the purpose of analysis in certain mutual faults, and in particular their neglect of realist writing.

No, the point is not clear, gracious reader, the point is technical. Most points of such importance are technical. It is like trying to argue with a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has never read John S. Mill on "Exchange." Two large, amicable nations, once allied very closely by blood, exchange not only cash, credit, gold, etc., but they also exchange impressions. (For I hold, in opposition to most of my compatriots, that some Englishmen are capable of receiving impressions.)

The German, I am told, "lies on system, because he thinks the truth might be dangerous." The Englishman lies unconsciously, because he wants to be considered as holding "sound opinions." The German is "inaccessible opinion" in England is a curious and seductive affair.

The American falsifies, either because, as men of other and older races, he wishes to sell you a horse (or a pup), or because he wishes to seem genteel, or because of a curious sense of humour.

But "firm friendship between nations" can scarcely result from mendacity alone. You may hang together because of necessity or interest, or because of a union of ideals (though this last is a tenous bond). Commercial interest is a still more tenuous bond. It is by no means demonstrable that English and American commercial interests are identical. So that America might make war out of hatred of Germany, but scarcely from love of England?

Yes, that is about it.

And the American nation does not seem grand and noble in the eyes of her erstwhile mother?

No, not particularly.

And since I wrote the first of these papers yesterday afternoon (September 1) Germany has patched up that "Lusitania" matter, etc., etc., so we shall hear no more about that?

Until she sinks something else.

Is there any clear idea whether or not England wants America as an ally?

There is not. There are only contradictory rumours.

Is America "in the war already"—I mean, is she so involved financially as to be giving as much aid, or practically as much, as if she were actually at war?

I wish I were sure of it.

Had anyone, a year ago, any clear idea of what the war was about?

Oh, well now.

Can I say that it has developed into a war of ideals, a war between two ideas of the State: that is to say, Germany believes in the State and individuals being damned, and "the Allies" believe that the individual has certain inalienable rights which it is the duty of the State to preserve to him?

In this latter case, America is unquestionably an ally, or would be if she knew "where she was at," and if she were not almost wholly inarticulate.

And both England and America, pauvre Amerique, are very nearly inarticulate, because it is the confirmed habit of their Press to be either corrupt or argumentative and of their literature to be "evasive."

How, in heaven's name, can two nations become acquainted?

You have contacts via the Press, and the Press is mostly ignoble: I do not mean that "both" sides, all sides, etc., do not fill their columns with noble sentiments, but that there exists a certain discrepancy between the sentiment and the fact, or between the V.C.'s on page 4 and the "spelter, etc.," on page 7.

If self-interest is to clothe itself in a beautiful symbolism it must clothe itself sufficiently.

There are contacts in commerce, personal contacts, and contacts through literature and the arts.

The contacts of commerce do not breed friendship.

The American business-man meets "inaccessible" boards, petty, impertinent under-officials, etc. He is not soothed any more than the Englishman who under-goes the same experience.

Personal contacts are fortuitous and about neutralise each other.

The Press one discounts. No one believes the newspapers even when they tell the truth.

Ultimately, the impression of national character or national honesty is a literary impression. If we find a body of writers in any country setting down their beliefs and impressions in clear words that conform to fact as we know it or find it, we begin, without fuss or ebullition, to have a quiet amity or respect for that nation.

Whenever I meet an interesting man in either England or America he invariably tells me things which he "is not allowed to print." (This is not a matter of war censorship; I am aiming no shaft at that very necessary board.)

I do not know where the blame lies in England; it is hardly my job to investigate.

As for America, the blame is ultimately upon the "better magazines" which have stifled American thought with "the genteel tone"—i.e., with a habit of mental evasion.

This habit of evasion shows itself naïvely when some subsidised professor complains that the "audience is at fault." That is choice. Having never tried to interest the intelligent and now finding themselves at the mercy of cheaper periodicals, they pay a man to explain that the fault is with the reader.

"So near is work to play in life as in art," as they tell you in "Harper's"; or, further along, "Art circles in many grooves" (apt word).

"The art of fiction is mostly concerned with life as a play," again "Harper's." It is a fine, lofty sentiment.

And the result of it? Or perhaps not the result? That private letters from America are interesting and that printed American writing is not.

Even from men who are obviously carrying on some "campaign of enlightenment" I get letters saying very much the sort of thing I believe, but differing materially from their printed expressions.

Quite natural! Yes, but until there is an exact correspondence between what the man says to his friend in private and what he writes in his book or his paper there is no literature, and there is no firm basis for alien friendship and acquaintance.

And hence the term "chaos" at the head of these two articles. Until America can support such exact expression she is "uninteresting"? No, perhaps that is not the mot juste, but she is certainly unsatisfactory.

And "satire"? Ah, until American can understand that a satire consisting merely in a statement of fact (undistorted fact, known perfectly well to the reader) is not intended to be "comic," we must still sigh with Leopardi—

... vede le mura e gli archi
E le colonne e i simulacri...
Ma la gloria non vedo.

EXTRA POUND.
On Law and the Guilds.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

There is a man in France, M. Léon Duguit, Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Bordeaux, who has destroyed the subjective conception of Law and created instead an objective conception, as the juridical basis of a syndicalist, functionarist, or guild society which he believes will, in a short time, be called upon to take the place of societies as they exist at present—founded as these are, like that of ancient Rome, on the two conceptions of the State and of private property, the Imperium and the Dominium.

All other jurists continue to base Law and Rights on subjective conceptions because they are still fascinated by the problem of Austin—the problem of ‘Where supreme power ultimately resides.’ In this way they come to see in Law nothing but a command from sovereignty. You are already familiar with the doctrine of Austin. I give below the summary by Mr. Sidgwick of its two questions (b) sovereignty cannot, strictly speaking, be legalised apart from the person acting, whether the person be an indigent or a sovereign; and (c) sovereignty, being that power or authority which the observer takes note of and investigates. To this rule there are no subjective rights, neither the majority nor the minority, nor the State itself, nor the nation, nor a collective actor, nor the individuals, nor the nobles, nor the plebeians, nor the capitalists, nor the proletariat, nor the citizens, nor the social classes. Social rules exist because without them society itself could not exist, and these social rules are disciplinary because every society is in itself a discipline. The social rule is based on the solidarity on the fact of men’s interdependence, “which unites by community of needs and by the division of work the members of humanity, and especially members of the same social group.” M. Duguit’s idea is, as we see, classical. R. de Maeztu founds his city: “A city takes its rise from this, that none of us happens to be self-sufficient, but is indigent of many things” (Republic 369).

This social rule is juridical and not merely ethical, because it regulates only the external conduct of man, and not his inward desires or wishes, and because it imposes on men only those acts which possess some social value, and so far as they are of this value and produce a social effect. It is not an absolute rule such as those prescribed by natural law, but which change with the different types of life presented to us by different human societies. It is not the basis of subjective right either for the individual “because of the pre-eminent human dignity,” to use the phrase of the French jurist, M. Michel, or for the State, on account of the traditional prestige of the regal powers in it. Accordingly to this rule there are no subjective rights, but only objective rights which are “the social obligations upon everybody to carry out certain missions in order to perform the actions necessitated by the fulfiliing of these missions.” M. Duguit takes as his own the phrase of Comte: “No one has any other right than that of always doing his duty.”

The reason why the theory of subjective rights has lasted for so long is that the fact that the Roman jurists had invested it with the double armour of the Imperium and the Dominium. The Imperium is, like the sovereignty of Austin and persons must possess will to create or to exercise rights, and as will is to be found only in individuals, it follows that it is only individuals who express the will of collective persons, thus serving them as organs. The State is a corporate and indivisible person, the only nominal possessor of public power. Rulers, officials, national representatives, and the like are the individuals who express the will of the State. It is not they who create and execute; it is the State who, through them, creates and executes. M. Duguit destroys the German organic theory merely by saying that it leads one into the false notion that the Anglo-French theory of representative power. “Is the will of the State that which exists through its organs? or is it the organs which exist by the will of the State?”

This Gordian knot is cut by M. Duguit with his objective theory of Law. Instead of asking who makes the Law and by what right, M. Duguit inquires what sort of thing Law is: what Law is in itself? He answers his question by saying that “Men are under a social rule based on the solidarity which unites them.” This rule must exist. If its basis is challenged, M. Duguit would not hesitate to postulate it. The interdependence of men being taken for granted, there arises the necessity of rules of conduct which must be imposed upon everybody. With this definition the problem of sovereignty disappears. Social necessity creates laws. If a group of men wish to amuse themselves by playing football, the first thing necessary is to draw up laws on football and then to nominate referees who will cause them to be respected—or perhaps the most competent to do so will nominate themselves as referees. From the strictly juridical point of view all this is a matter of indifference. The law of football arises from the fact that the men who wish to play football are mutually interdependent. Nobody has any subjective right to impose a law—neither the majority nor the minority, nor the State itself, nor the nation, nor a collectivity, nor the individuals, nor the nobles, nor the plebeians, nor the capitalists, nor the proletariat, nor the citizens, nor the social classes. Social rules exist because without them society itself could not exist, and these social rules are disciplinary because every society is in itself a discipline. The social rule is based on the solidarity on the fact of men’s interdependence, “which unites by community of needs and by the division of work the members of humanity, and especially members of the same social group.” M. Duguit’s idea is, as we see, classical. R. de Maeztu founds his city: “A city takes its rise from this, that none of us happens to be self-sufficient, but is indigent of many things” (Republic 369).
Rousseau, the subjective right of commanding—the absolute, indivisible right which exists by itself without any other right, which is the public power. M. Duguit flatly denies the existence of public power as a juridical concept. Clearly enough he recognises the existence of individuals who command by the fact that they are more powerful than others; but this fact of the greater power cannot be explained by a belief in the existence of a sovereign substance, as the personality of the nation or of the individual or of the State. The existence of this sovereign substance is a hypothesis which is affirmed, but is not, and cannot, be proved because it is a purely metaphysical and scholastic formula, "like that of the individual soul, the reflecting substance and its faculties." Nor, in M. Duguit's view, does the collective will exist. The only will is that of individuals. "A law is voted by 10,000 citizens, that is the social will. It is the same as it would be if the individual who is superior to others commands because he exercises more power, or in fulfilment of the mission which the law entrusts to him. In the first case the command is a fact; in the second case it is a juridical fact, but in no case does the imperium exist as a subjective right.

By the way, the Romans misdemeaned to make over in favour of certain individuals the absolute power to dispose of a given quantity of wealth, and of imposing on all other people respect for this power. It was an absolute right which included the rights of enjoyment, use, and disposal, and went even so far as to make this subjective right also another metaphysical conception which is already disappearing from the juridical sphere.

M. Duguit does not make this statement because he is an enemy of private property. He does not tell us that individual property is going to disappear. He even affirms the right of existence of a pure capitalistic class entrusted with the task of collecting the savings of one generation and utilising them to prepare the working capital for the following generation. What M. Duguit does deny is that such a capitalistic class has any subjective right to property, and, on the other hand, he does affirm its social mission. Property ceases to be an individual right, and is turned instead into a social function. "As long as the capitalistic class fulfils the mission assigned to it, it will live. When it abandons this mission it will disappear as the clergy and the nobility disappeared in 1789."

We must try up M. Duguit's theory by saying that it radically denies that the law is an order of command. "It is a discipline of fact which social interdependence imposes on every member of the group." But how can it be proved that the law is not an order? Because an order does not apply to those who give it more, but neither the power of the number nor the quality of the individuals can create the subjective right to command. The imperium is an indestructible myth. Nobody has any right to command because he is superior to others. He commands because he exercises more power, or in fulfilment of the mission which the law entrusts to him. In the first case the command is a fact; in the second case it is a juridical fact, but in no case does the imperium exist as a subjective right.

But Duguit himself does not deny this. What M. Duguit does deny is that such a capitalistic class has any subjective right to property, and, on the other hand, he does affirm its social mission. Property ceases to be an individual right, and is turned instead into a social function. "As long as the capitalistic class fulfils the mission assigned to it, it will live. When it abandons this mission it will disappear as the clergy and the nobility disappeared in 1789."

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know of in you is your timidity: everyone takes this for an excess of modesty, and I should be tempted to believe it the effect of amour-propre misapplied. I will try to explain my thought. Amour-propre is nearly all people is confounded with their vanity: they esteem themselves in proportion as they love themselves, and their self-esteem diminishes in proportion to the excess they feel of it. You are sensitive to this exception to the general rule: the more you love yourself the less you find yourself lovable; you become self-distrustful, and in losing the hope of pleasing you lose also the delight of being. This effect of amour-propre is so rare that it gives to your character something strange and perhaps a little unsociable [sauvage]. You are truly struck by the agreeableness of others: you compare them with yourself and you imagine to miss in yourself all the qualities and talents which you find in them. Thus, distrust seizes you, and discouragement, and you desire nothing but retreat and solitude.

Prevent your amour-propre, madame, from taking fright so precipitately. It was left to you to let us know that a little vanity is no defect, or, to speak more precisely, you teach us that timidity is a defect much more annoying. Your timidity supplies you with fancied evils in the midst of all real benefits; it hinders the movement of your soul, and renders you perhaps inaccessible to friendship; it inspires you with mistrust, with reserve, and robs you of the sweetest thing in life—to give, to open the heart and believe oneself loved. . . . Close your eyes, madame, to your real merit, see yourself as others see you—and you will perceive instantly the esteem that you inspire. People like you, and want you. Respond to these feelings by a little more confidence, and no one will be so perfect or so lovable as yourself.

**LA DUCHESE D’AIGUILLON.**

Madame la duchesse d’Aiguillon has a sunken mouth, crooked nose, mad, cold regard, and in spite of all she is beautiful. Her colouring wins over the irregularity of her features. Her form is coarse, her throat and her arms are enormous; nevertheless, she has not at all a heavy or thick air—force in her makes up for a deficiency of lightness. Her mind has much in harmony with her face; it is, so to speak, as badly designed and as striking; activity, impetuosity, are its dominating qualities. Without taste, grace, or precision, she surprises, she amazes, but she neither pleases nor interests. Her physiognomy has no expression; and all that she says springs from an interminable imagination. Sometimes she is a prophet agitated by a demon, who neither foresees nor has any choice as to what he is going to say; or like several noisy instruments from which no harmony emerges. She is as a spectacle, over-done with mechanism and decoration, where are seen things amazing but without order or result—such as the mob admires but the educated condemn.

One might compare madame la duchesse d’Aiguillon to those statues made for archways and which would be made to awaken the dead; impotent souls should love her face of the beautiful Emile, a face with which she is so distrustful, and in losing the hope of pleasing you lose also the delight of being. This effect of amour-propre is so rare that it gives to your character something strange and perhaps a little unsociable [sauvage]. You are truly struck by the agreeableness of others: you compare them with yourself and you imagine to miss in yourself all the qualities and talents which you find in them. Thus, distrust seizes you, and discouragement, and you desire nothing but retreat and solitude.

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One might compare madame la duchesse d’Aiguillon to those statues made for archways and which would appear monstrosities in a temple. Neither her face nor her wit should desire to be seen or examined too closely. This effect of amour-propre is so rare that it gives to your character something strange and perhaps a little unsociable [sauvage]. You are truly struck by the agreeableness of others: you compare them with yourself and you imagine to miss in yourself all the qualities and talents which you find in them. Thus, distrust seizes you, and discouragement, and you desire nothing but retreat and solitude.

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mend them. Do you frequent people of wit?—they are occupied only with themselves; they want to shine at you, and will not take the trouble to make themselves understood. Have you business with people of small intelligence?—they are embarrassed for the liars, pretenders and sentimentalists, the lunatics, the malcontents. They jeer at those who are, or who seem to be, sublime. These people do not believe in love; they want to be understood. Have you business with people of small intelligence?—they are embarrassed; they will not take the trouble to make themselves understood.

Warning her for the liars, pretenders and sentimentalists, I pursued any longer my reflections; they are the result of insomnia; I admit that a dream would be worth more.

** * * *

There! I have come nearly to an end of my space, but I have not given more than a glimpse of Madame du Deffand, who was "all love and all aversion," who laughed at the clergy and the philosophers, who drew out the friendship of one of the most brilliant and reasoned of Englishmen; who saw truly, saw nothing to justify life, and yet dined death.

I say that she saw truth; but, with an aversion equaling hers for the liars, pretenders and sentimentalisists which compose the most of mankind, I say that she was ill-favoured by destiny. She was never really young. Her imagination was never set on fire by Nature. Wonderfully she kept her mind quite clear; but it was a mind unled with the things of youth—a prosaic mind. I find in her not the least flame of poetry, nothing sublime which burned yet after all the nonsense and all the knavery of priests was dissipated. She had but this one gift from fortune, of seeing truly. Without this, she had been almost as luckless as the electricised creatures, bred, born, and reared amidst noise and vibration, too insanely active ever to be really employed, Nature. Her imagination was never set on fire by Nature. ALICE MORNING.

More Letters to My Nephew.

Love and Home-Building.—(Continued.)

My DEAR GEORGE,—

The instinct of the upper and middle-classes for security in one form or another is a sane and wholesome, even though "property" may loom up out of true perspective. Meredith invests home-building with dignity, even with pomp and circumstance. It is the central fact in his scheme of life. Casual or haphazard mating has treated with contempt; no great passion, no great suffering, no great joy, has been the fruit of woman as a thing of beauty (soon with the alchemy of approved love having lapsed, Colonel Desmond strolled out into the great hall, encountering Mrs. Rutland. He waved his hand round the antlered walls.

"Austere, don't you think?" he queried.

"Masculine rather than austere. Lady Mortimer went from us too soon to redress the balance. I gain the impression that it marks a three-quarter bachelor."

"It's a distinction that credits a ripened observation," said the Colonel, "and a mellifluous Hibernics robbing the remark of sting."

"One may be an accurate observer and yet a bad judge," replied Mrs. Rutland; "but your remark struck a deep feminine chord. Ever since we women wore bangles, we have instinctively sensed the difference between the masculine and the austere."

"But, ma'am, there's an angel in the house."

"A daughter, not a wife. There is an abyss between father and daughter bridged only by a slender cord of love."

"A thread or two of mutual confidence, let us hope."

"Confidence is an uncertain modicum. Beware of the crushing confidence of a daughter about to deceive."

"Then a daughter cannot express herself in her father's house?"

"It would be an aberration of the life-force. She thinks, lets us hope, of self-expression in her husband's home."

"By the pricking of my thumb," said the Colonel, "the dream will soon be realised."

"Mrs. Rutland could purr, but she had claws. "What did you say, Colonel, about a ripened observation?"

"Ah, Ma'am," rejoined the Colonel, "yours is in your head; mine only at the tip of my fingers."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Rutland, "no dinner is complete without an Irishman. Let us go into the drawing-room and listen to the big guns booming."

"In the drawing-room, Sir James Swinnerton was recounting, ora rotundo, and swelling with importance, the exciting crisis of Arthur Balfour's resignation. "Yes," he was saying, "Arthur has gone and we have put Bonar Law in his place."

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"Confidence is an uncertain modicum. Beware of the crushing confidence of a daughter about to deceive."

"Then a daughter cannot express herself in her father's house?"

"It would be an aberration of the life-force. She thinks, lets us hope, of self-expression in her husband's home."

"By the pricking of my thumb," said the Colonel, "the dream will soon be realised."

"Mrs. Rutland could purr, but she had claws. "What did you say, Colonel, about a ripened observation?"

"Ah, Ma'am," rejoined the Colonel, "yours is in your head; mine only at the tip of my fingers."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Rutland, "no dinner is complete without an Irishman. Let us go into the drawing-room and listen to the big guns booming."

"In the drawing-room, Sir James Swinnerton was recounting, ora rotundo, and swelling with importance, the exciting crisis of Arthur Balfour's resignation. "Yes," he was saying, "Arthur has gone and we have put Bonar Law in his place."

"Hail to the tertium quid!" cried Adair with mock enthusiasm.

"Facils descensus pecunia," said Sir Fortescue.

"Do you mean money or sheep?" asked Desmond.

"The golden calf," suggested Adair.

"It's a new shrine for old knees to bend," suggested Adair.
When your country calls, you will enter the Temple of Rintomor,' came Adair's smoothly suave comment. "If you drop in casually, you needn't abjure your faith," soothed Desmond.

"He had to go," continued Sir James, 'there's a new force in politics; 'twas Bonar Law or the triumph of Manchester.'

"There's a considerable Irish population both in Manchester and Glasgow," remarked Desmond.

"It's the triumph of bad taste," said Lady Dalrymple. Arthur was fastidious. He bent down over mordant brain. "Because, sir, out of the crack of the geese, you have conjured Pretorian harmony."

The clocks of Mortimer Towers chimed ten. Sir Fortescue prided himself upon his horological erudition and was at pains to maintain a choral punctuality. "Ohé," groaned Mrs. Rutland. "Ten o'clock is the Great Divide between 'Town and Country. In Town we are meeting; in the Country we are parting."

"Not of my seeking," hospitably volunteered Sir Fortescue.

"We have far to go," sighed Lady Dalrymple, "indeed it is a far cry to the borders of your spacious domain."

"We'll cut it short," said Adair cheerfully. "We lawyers will get some pickings."

"Unless our commercial Bonar Law buys you off," said Mrs. Rutland, rising.

During the evening, George Farley had been counting the looks and tones of Rosamond and barely noting the looks and tones of Rosamond. With glowing brown eyes, he beckoned Rosamond into a windowed alcove.

"Give him my love and duty," said Rosamond, tenderly.

"He is my earthly trinity—father, mother, uncle," said George.

"Give him my love and duty," said Rosamond, tenderly.

"The night was clear and mild. I saw Sir James Swinerton, the guests might think the viands were Vesuvian larva. He bade me fare forth on my love adventure and said he would join us in the Country we are parting."

"I feared, yet did not fear, my Darling. I wish Uncle Anthony were here."

"He would not come, averring that he is an impotent Democrat and Guildsman. He said that if he chanced to encounter Sir James Swinerton, the guests might think the viands were Vesuvian larva. He bade me fare forth on my love adventure and said he would join us in the Country we are parting and add some lines to his pilgrim's script."

"The dreadful man!"

"He is my earthly trinity—father, mother, uncle," said George.

"Give him my love and duty," said Rosamond, tenderly.

"The guests were already in the hall, Mrs. Rutland, with Colonel Desmond cavalliering, showing her sinuous grace, even under her winter cloak. Lady Dalrymple, batted down like a frigate chartered to cross the bar, was the first to glimpse Rosamond as she swam out of the drawing-room."

"I see four bright eyes," she cried.

"Can you see two light hearts?" asked George.

"May I blame it, Sir Fortescue?"

"You may throw discretion to the winds and proclain it to the high heavens," said Sir Fortescue.

"Another kiss, dear Rosamond. You are a dainty maid and George is a handsome squire; but I suspect you are two babys in a rose-bower."

"She held out her unloved hand to George, who, gallantly kissing it, escorted her down the steps to her barouche. It was dimly lit, redolent of the antique."

Chap. XIV.—Our Hero, On His Morning Ride, Meets a Fairy Who Quizzes Him.

"Early morning after his betrothal saw George Farley step briskly out of his uncle's house, 'White Nights,' to find his horse charmingly flicked. He quickly glanced at bit, bridle, crupper and belly-band, then jumped lightly astride and was off at the gallop. He picturesquely fitted the saddle. Mrs. Rutland had said that he had the leg of the county, which, like most of his happy mists, was extraordinarily obvious. Graceful and athletic, he skimmed field and ditch, flying the English hedge-rows with natural and rhythmical momentum. He rode as with high purpose, clear-eyed, to his mark, drawing rein and dismounting at the fairy ring, near Bluebell Dell.

"Love is Demos in Ether, touching and brushing prince and peasant; it is the Great Leveller, armed, not with pike and blunderbuss, but with wings. Love is the Divine Elevation, whisking an interwoven carpet, all its pilgrims to the starry regions queensd by Venus. Love is Bacchus in the laughing custody of Apollo and Admetus. Above all, it is the Great Nemorance, drawing to His magic circle, all earth's children perched with the dart, who listen intently to His incantations.

"George Farley came to the fairy ring under the fascination of the Great Nemorance. Standing in the centre, he looked towards the dell, already shimmering blue, watching in reverie. Fairies and Deities might surely nod knowingly at him, now that his love was sealed. Not long did he wait; Pandora with her jewelled casket rose and came to him with quizzical smile.

"'I thought at first you were Minerva; but I see by your box that you are Pandora. What have you in it for me?'"

"'For...?'

"'For us,' said George, slyly. Pandora's eyes made herculeal failure to look grave."

"'Open and see.'

George touched the spring and looked in. The casket presented an encased void. His blank disappointment soothed the fairy-goddess.

"'The box is yours; you must stock it yourself.'

"'After the morning's adventure perilously near the verge of dream-land, breakfast with Uncle Anthony was bereft of romance. The older man soberly told him that the older generation trained the better trenchermen. George made frank admission and began building a castle in Spain. A letter was handed to him by the butler. He courageously feigned unconcennement.

"Uncle Anthony broke the filmy substance of his edifice:

"'Dear Lad, I fear levitation. The Queen's Gracious Message brooks no delay. Open it instantly.' George opened and read:

"'Dearest: The night was clear and mild. I sat at my open window and waited for a message from my king. It came, filling me with great happiness. It said that my day of womanhood had come.

"'Father asks if Uncle Anthony and you will ride over to lunch. Come quickly.

"'Your Rosamond.'"

Am I daft? Not a bit! Home-building is a grave and dignified affair. I have told you, by fable and innuendo, all I know about it. I can now only pray that, escaping storm and squall, avoiding rock and shoal, you may happily round Marita Point and set out, full sail, for the open sea.

A word or two of advice... Peste! I must be off. The tram superintendent has just told me that there is a break in the line. He says that the rail at that point is so rotten that no self-respecting snake would have its back bared upon it. Your affectionate Uncle,

Antony Farley.
Readers and Writers.

"PETER SCHLEMIHL, the Shadowless Man," the famous book by Adelbert Chamisso to which I referred the other day, has now appeared in Messrs. Allen and Unwin's "Sesame Library" (ts. net). The story is a classic, that is to say it is unique; but I cannot agree with the editor, Dr. Joseph Jacobs, that similar inventions are particularly rare; the unique is not necessarily singular. "Rare," he says, "as is the invention of plot, the invention of really effective and imaginative incident is perhaps rarer. Robinson Crusoe gazing at a solitary footprint, Colonel Crawley tearing his wife's jewels from her and casting them at the prostrate Marquis of Steyne, Monte Cristo being cast into the sea near the Chateau d'If—how rare is it in the whole realm of imaginative literature we come across incidents like these that immediately revive in the imagination when we think of the respective books in which they occur." Not at all, they are almost as common as the books we recall and which are, in fact, recalled usually by that very reason. Setting aside plays, of which obviously Jacobs has in mind. One has only to perhaps rarer. Robinson Crusoe gazing at a solitary footprint [foot-print?], Colonel Crawley tearing his wife's jewels from her and casting them at the prostrate Marquis of Steyne, Monte Cristo being cast into the sea near the Chateau d'If—how rare is it in the whole realm of imaginative literature we come across incidents like these that immediately revive in the imagination when we think of the respective books in which they occur."

The gathering up of the shadow of Peter Schlemihl is not, either, so dramatic an incident in Chamisso's romance as Dr. Jacobs makes out. Years ago when I first read the story—contemporaneously with "Robinson Crusoe!"—I failed to note the incident at all, as I certainly did not the incident of the footprint. And even now, reading the book again, other incidents stand out much more clearly: the grey man at the picnic, for example. Chamisso, I should say, has not himself done justice to his own idea. The unloosing of Schlemihl's shadow from the grass and the folding of it up ought to be a "curtain"; but Chamisso misses the significance and continues as if nothing important had happened. All through the book, indeed, Chamisso misses chances that a greater writer would transmute into gold. He had the idea and he carried it out. No one without perhaps the whole novel is now built on that. It might have been infinitely better carried out I agree with Dr. Jacobs. However, it is no use complaining. A discovery cannot be made twice. The shadowless man is the invention of Chamisso (one of the few Frenchmen, by the way, who became a German), and belongs to him and him alone for ever.

The correspondent who questioned Miss Alice Morning's use of "very astonishing" has this paragraph to answer for. The validity of the phrase depends in part upon technical grammar and in part upon good taste. Grammatically it appears to me that the phrase can be defended on the analogy of sentences such as these, in which the past participle has obviously ceased to be a verb and become an adjective: "I was flushed." "I was flustered." But if they have become adjectives they can be modified, so grammars tell us, by adverbs; and thus are strictly susceptible to the company of the adverb "very." To say "I was very flushed" appears to me as technically correct as to say "I was very red or very tired." The participial form of the word ought not to conceal its purely adjectival nature. As a matter of taste, on the other hand, I should not advertently use the phrase myself; and for the reason that it might be challenged on the ground of taste. The adjectivalisation of "astonished," though technically complete, is not yet completely accepted; it has been hinted, but it has not yet begun to circulate freely. Maybe it will never circulate; for of phrases as of other things many are called but few are chosen.

Quite a number of my readers have asked me to compile a list of the "Best Hundred Books." I was never enamoured of the idea and I am less so now than ever. What would in my opinion be of much greater value is the learning and appreciation of the "Best Way to Read." Read properly, fewer books than a hundred would suffice for a liberal education. Read superficially, the British Museum Library might still leave the student a barbarian. A book, after all, is no less difficult to understand than a man of the complexity of its author. Yet readers who would think ten summers and winters insufficient to enable them to pass judgment upon the personality of, say, Plato, will read his "Republic" once and be satisfied. But that is to have a nodding acquaintance, at best, with an author; and it compares with reading him as such as acquaintance compares with intimacy. To read in the sense worth speaking of is to live with a book for as long as one would need to live with the writer to become familiar with him. My own plan—if I may say so—is something of the kind. Necessary interruptions aside, I spend a week or so at a time with any writer worth my curiosity. I may not, after all, know many intimately; but such few as I do I know to the bone.

Professor Höffding of Copenhagen contributes to "La Revue Politique Internationale" an admirable article on "The Culture of the Spirit." His chief point is that the culture of the spirit, in its three-fold manifestation of Art, Science and Religion, is essentially a personal culture. "Science, art and religion," he says, "are derived ultimately from the human personality; hence for culture there is no other source of regeneration than personality." This is excellent doctrine for the occasion, since the world was (and is) in danger of conceiving spiritual culture as a social creation, of making it, that is to say, everybody's business, and hence nobody's. But the reaction from this ought not to carry us back to individualistic heresies of the spirit in any of the three fields. There is an aspect of personality which at the same time that it is individual is also universal. All the world classics are at once universal and national. And it is to this plane of the personality that we must look for the regenerative sources. Here is the home of originality as the ordinary personality is the seat of memory. Thence comes the inspiration that really creates. Culture is creation.

The master mind of this doctrine is for us English, if he were only read, William Blake. Blake, as I have said of Lamb, is quite as great a critic as a creator. The two faculties, indeed, are one. I have just been spending a week with Blake; and the qualities of the man still surprise me. About his system of mythology, on which Mr. Yeats has erected a ginnick pagoda of interpretation, I care not a jot. But I like Blake's criticism of the aridity of memory. Memory, he says, is barren: it can only re-create. Inspiration can alone create. We must "cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration"; for "if it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic Character, the Philosopher and the Experimentalist would soon be at the Ratio of all things; and stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round once again." Culture thus implied for Blake the development primarily of the "Poetic Genius" in man. "All will be happy," he says, "when Philosophy is the servant and scholar of the Poetic Genius or Inspiration." I beg my readers to turn to the address to the Christians in "Jerusalem." It is to be found on p. 403 of the Oxford Edition (1s. 6d.). It illustrates Professor Höffding perfectly.

R. H. C.
CHAPTER XX.

Or Love at First Sight.

An imaginative soul is affectionate and distrustful, however artless it may be. In some cases it is distrustful without realising the fact; it has had so many disappointments in life! In the case of such women, all that is formal or expected in a man's introduction to them scares their imaginations and renders the chance of crystallisation remote. At first sight, on the other hand, love triumphs through the romantic element.

Nothing could be simpler. The astonishment which makes us reflect for a long time upon an unusual event is already half the cerebral movement required for crystallisation.

I will quote the opening of Séraphine's love affair in "Gil Blas." Don Fernando is telling the story of his flight from the myrmidons of the Inquisition: "After crossing some passages in utter darkness, with the rain falling all the while in torrents, I came to a drawing-room and found the door open. I went in, and after taking in its full splendour, I saw that in one of the walls there was a door, left ajar. I entered it and saw a row of rooms of which only the last one was lighted. 'What am I to do?' I said to myself... I could not resist my curiosity. I went forward, I crossed the rooms and I reached the one in which there was a light, that is to say, a candle burning on a marble table, in a candlestick of silver-gilt... But then, as I cast my eyes on a bed which had its curtains half open on account of the heat, I saw an object that was drinking in the delightful vision, she woke me up.

I cast my eyes on a bed which had its curtains half open on account of the heat, I saw an object that was drinking in its evening for two hours expressing the noblest sentiments, and of whom we have no other knowledge? How can we fail to connect generous and lovable feelings with the face of an actress whose features have nothing about them that repels, whom we see every evening for two hours expressing the noblest sentiments, and of whom we have no other knowledge? When at last we succeed in gaining admission to her presence, her features recall to us such pleasant thoughts that all the reality which surrounds her, however ignoble it may be, at once assumes an attractive and romantic hue.

"In my early youth," said a friend of mine, "when I was an ardent admirer of our tedious French tragic drama, I was sometimes lucky enough to have supper with Mademoiselle Olivier. At every moment I found myself filled with profound reverence, as if I were speaking to a queen; and in sober truth I have never rightly known whether, in her presence, I was in love with a queen or a pretty girl!"

As the acute reader will have observed, the author is neither a prince nor a millionaire.

† E.G. Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor. A man of the world, if he man-sacks his memory, will find a host of instances of love-affairs, but if he wants to write he does not know which of them to choose. The anecdotes of the various social circles in which he has lived are unfamiliar to the world, but its literature is replete with a vast number of pages to reproduce them with the necessary colouring. This is why I quote well-known novels, but I am far from basing my ideas to any great extent on empty fictions, which, for the most part, aim at picturesque effect rather than at truth.
putedly high character applauding the happiness of Madame Melville, a beautiful, talented and virtuous young lady, who is lucky enough to become the wife of a wealthy, elegant, reproductive, evil-living, stupid, but wealthy old man, whom she has seen for the third time in signing the contract to-day. "If this infamous age has any distinguishing mark, we may find it in a triumph of this sort, in the absurdity of such a rejoicing, and in the prudish cruelty with which, we may be well assured, the same society will vent a world of scorn upon the slightest amorous indiscretion of the unfortunate victim." All ceremony, all the least in any natural or unexpected element, and demanding a conventional behaviour, deadens the imagination and leaves the mind alive only to things that conflict with the spirit of the ceremony, to the ludicrous; hence the wonderful effect of the most trivial jocose on such occasions. A luckless girl, overwhelmed with confusion and quivering modesty during the official introduction of her future husband to her, can think of nothing but the part she is playing—and an unfailing means of stifling the imagination.

It is a far greater shock to modesty to be with a man whom one has only seen twice, after a few words of Latin have been mumbled in church, than to yield in spite of oneself to a man one has adored for two years. But I am talking in a ridiculous way. The Pope is the fruitful source of the vices and misfortunes which ensue upon our present-day marriages. He makes it impossible for girls to have freedom before marriage and divorce afterwards, when they find themselves mistaken, or rather when they have been compelled in the choice they have been compelled to make. Look at Germany, the country of happy marriages! An amiable princess there (the Duchess of S——) has just married, with full public approval, for the fourth time, and she made no bones about inviting to her wedding her three former husbands, with whom she is on excellent terms. This, perhaps, is going too far; but a single divorce, which punishes a husband for his acts of tyranny, prevents thousands of unhappy marriages. The amusing part about it is that Rome is one of the places where divorces are most common. *

Women fall in love at first sight with a man whose face has something in it that they can respect and something that they can pity.

CHAPTER XXII.
OF INFATUATION.

Some very fastidious minds are extremely liable to curiosity and to anticipation. This is especially true of those in whom the sacred fire, the source of the passions, has died out, and it is one of the most fatal symptoms among occultists among novices who are just entering the world. At the two extremes of life, with too much or too little sensibility, we are not content simply to test the precise effect of things, to feel the real sensations they ought to give us. These over-ardent spirits, amorous on credit—if I may so express it—burl themselves at things instead of awaiting their impact.

Before the sensation arising from the nature of the object reaches them, they invest it from afar, and before seeing it, with that imaginary charm which they draw from antepun, or rather from the impression in their minds. Then, when they approach, they see the thing, not as it is, but as they have made it. They think they are enjoying the object, whereas what they are really enjoying is themselves. One fine day, however, they get tired of the one-sided game, they find that the adored one is not sending the ball back to them. Then the infatuation is at an end, and the shock to their self-esteem makes them unfair to the object that they once overrated.

CHAPTER XXIII.
OF THUNDERSTROKES.

This ridiculous word ought to be dropped, although the thing exists. I have heard the high-souled and inexorable Wilhelmine, the despair of the gilded youths of Berlin, speak slightingly of love and scoff at its follies. She was endowed with every possible gift, dazzling with youth, wit and beauty, while her vast fortune, which enabled her to develop all her qualities, seemed to conspire with Nature in order to offer the world the rare spectacle of perfect happiness granted to one who thoroughly deserved it. She was twenty-three; though she had been at court for some considerable time, she had refused homage from the highest quarters; her unassuming but unshakable virtue had become proverbial, and from that time forth the most charming men, losing all hope of finding favour in her sight, aspired to no more than her friendship. One evening she went to a ball at Prince Ferdinand's, and danced for ten minutes with a young captain.

"From that moment," she wrote to a friend, "he was lord of my heart and me, and that to an extent which would have terrified me, had the joy of seeing Herman left me time to think of anything else. My only thought was to see whether he paid me any attention.

"To-day, the only consolation I can find for my weakness is to fondle the illusion that some higher power tore me away from myself and from my reason. No words of mine can paint with anything approaching reality the degree of passion the innocent infatuated universe convulsed every fibre of my being. I blush to think with what suddenness and violence I was drawn towards him. His first words, when at last he spoke to me, had been: 'Do you adore me?' I should really not have had the courage to answer 'Yes.' I had never dreamt that the effects of a passion could be at once so sudden and so unforeseen. I even thought for a moment that I was poisoned.

"Unfortunately, you, my dear friend, and the whole world knew that I had loved Herman dearly; well, at the end of a quarter of an hour he was so dear to me that after that he could become no dearer. I saw all his faults, and felt that I could pardon them all, if only he loved me.

"Soon after I had danced with him, the King left; Herman, who was among the officers in attendance on him, had to follow him. With his departure, everything vanished from the world for me. No words of mine can describe to you the sense of boredom, the sublime depression that came over me as soon as I lost sight of him. A breathing space was only equalled by my anxiety to be left entirely alone with myself.

"At last I was able to go. No sooner had I locked myself up in my room than I tried to resist my passion. I thought I succeeded. Alas, dearest boy, I said that evening and the following days for the pleasure of thinking myself virtuous.

"The above is a truthful account of a story which soon became public property, for after a month or two poor Wilhelmine's depression was such that it could not fail to be noticed. It was the origin of that long series of misfortunes which led to so early and so tragic a death. All that we could see in this young captain was that he danced very well. He was exceedingly cheerful and self-confident, with an air of great good nature; he lived with loose women; he was better of noble family, as poor as a church-mouse, and did not come to court.

"For such thunderstrokes, one needs to be not only distrustful but weary of being distrustful, weary of showing courage in face of the hazards of life. The soul, tired of living without love, convinced in spite of itself by the example of other women, has risen superior to all life's fears and has had enough of the ignominious satisfaction of pride. Thus it has unconsciously fashioned for itself an ideal model. One day it meets a being who resembles this model, the crystallisation recognises its object by the perplexity that ensues, and attaches to the lord of its destiny the dream that it has cherished for so long.

* Written in Rome in 1820.
regard to an analogous problem. If, on the contrary, the solution of any problem is attained through conscious reasoning, a failure will scarcely occur in a second instance; because every step in advance marks a gained position, and from that moment we no longer grope our way blindly. The Earl of Sandwich is content to exercise his gift blindly, and, like a Dogberry in the manger, to say to medical men: "Gifts, that God gives." The gift may glorify its possessor, but its activity is restricted; the Earl of Sandwich himself declares that he regrets that he is "unable to give help, except to comparatively few." But science aims at the extension of benefit by eliminating what seem to be the unessential factors; and it prefers a knowledge of the process to the activity of a person, however gifted, because that process may be learned and performed by others. When the Earl of Sandwich dies, his gift will die with him; for it is apparently incommunicable. But if I have an attack of inflammation of the lungs, for example, any homeopath can dose me with tartar emetic, and cure me; if I have a katalytic change in the tissues? If the Earl of Sandwich places his hands on a patient? What is the Spirit, as though the Spirit did not inform all things, to measure it; and a power that can be measured can be the one to effect the reconciliation between science and spirituality. What happens when the Earl of Sandwich places his hands on a patient? Is it a katalytic change in the tissues? If the Earl of Sandwich knew anything of chemistry and bio-chemistry, he might be able to tell us, and the exact nature of the katalysar be discovered. It might then be discovered that it was not necessarily personal (or "spiritual," if the word is preferred) in its origin, but substantial; or, at least, that some substance would provide an effective substitute for the person. If the powers of genius are to become the treasured possessions of the human race, it can only be by a knowledge of their mode of operation; and that obviously can only be communicated to others in the technical language peculiar to that activity. But the Earl of Sandwich prefers his genius to be mysterious, powerful, and incommunicable. He denies that he has used suggestion, and yet reports that his first attempt at healing took this form; he says: "If we did not believe, we could not have this agony coming on again—it is more than I can bear." The idea came to me to answer him, 'No, Andrews, it is not, you are not going to have it again; don't think about it, let us talk of other things.' Nothing will satisfy him but a direct relation with the Spirit, as though the Spirit did not inform all things, even "suggestion" and "any natural mental process." Even his own Scriptural authority tells him that there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; and the spiritually free man is able to pass through the various planes of being and describe his powers in the terms of the other gifts of the Spirit. A. E. R.
International Law.

To refer to International Law in some quarters just now is to provoke derision. Many sections of the public simply refuse to recognise that any such thing exists, or maintain that it has existed merely to be turned into a laughing-stock. The leaders in the "Morning Post" represent the extreme type in this section of opinion. At the opposite end of the scale we have Mr. W. J. Bryan seriously suggesting that, as wars are evil and ought to be stopped, the best way to stop them is to hold a series of international conferences for the purpose of discovering additions to the law of nations. In the face of such extreme views the moderate man need feel no shame if he is for the moment unable to make up his mind on the question of International Law. It is with newness of laws for us to be susceptible of various interpretations; for since law has existed lawyers have disputed over the meaning of legal enactments. What we are called upon to consider now is not whether this or that clause in a measure should be interpreted in this or that way, but rather whether a certain branch of law is worth the paper it is written on.

The defect of International Law is obvious enough. The representatives of practically every country in the world may assemble to draw up codes for use not only in time of peace but in periods of war also. A war bursts upon us, and we find a great military Power calmly and openly violating essential principles and clauses of the very laws to which, in peace time, it set its seal. In his book, "International Law and the Great War," Mr. Coleman Phillips, in the first place, tried to set aside Article II of the Treaty of Paris in the course of the Franco-German War—a most extreme power, as is the neutralisation of the Black Sea. The other Powers protested; a conference was held in London; the concession Russia had sought to extort was granted voluntarily, and it was specially declared that it was an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, or modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting Powers by means of an amicable arrangement.

In the second place, we have the case of the Austrian Emir and the Prince (as he then was) of Bulgaria, in 1908, who both announced after the Turkish Revolution that they intended to repudiate certain provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. "The action of Austria at once set the seal of cession Russia had sought to extort was granted voluntarily, and it was specially declared that it was an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, or modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting Powers by means of an amicable arrangement.

And yet we should not feel inclined to pardon the cynic who simply shrugged his shoulders at the actual facts concerning the Geneva regulations. And who can ever forget the shock caused by the sinking of the "Lusitania"? Say what you will, these things produced an effect from which the Germans will take a long time to recover, and that is the fact the time was shown by their clumsy attempts to "justify" their illegal actions. Within the boundaries of a country there are national laws which may be broken with impunity, or at the cost of a small penalty. There are, on the other hand, offences against international law which are punishable with death. The law of nations has been brokensince once; but not even Germany can so far forget herself as to break it again. A few cargo-ships may be torpedoed; but another "Lusitania" outrage is unthinkable. Germany has herself established a precedent in this direction; but we can well imagine that if it ever did happen again a horror-stricken world would rise and sweep the German people from the face of the earth. In time this feeling of the world at large will be felt, codified, and acted upon. We can see tendencies in this direction even now.

The second factor usually forgotten is the existence of social pressure. A man without a standard of law or morality is an anti-social, uncivilised being: an anarchist. His fellow-men either shun him or, more probably, lock him up. A nation is in precisely the same condition. Even in neutral countries where German sympathies once predominated or were extremely powerful—as in the United States and Holland, for example—all that Germany stands for is instinctively avoided. The good and the bad have fallen together; and Goethe is as much out of favour as Bernhardi or Bismarck. But, apart from this, we must not forget that International Law is essential to the well-being of any nation, and to the exercise of social pressure within a State. The law has been broken once; but not even Germany can so far forget herself as to break it again. A few cargo-ships may be torpedoed; but another "Lusitania" outrage is unthinkable. Germany has herself established a precedent in this direction; but we can well imagine that if it ever did happen again a horror-stricken world would rise and sweep the German people from the face of the earth. In time this feeling of the world at large will be felt, codified, and acted upon. We can see tendencies in this direction even now.

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that shall be fortified by sanctions more authoritative and more potent than those which have hitherto been applied to safeguard the law of nations"—all this in order that "law and right, in the relationship of States, may be enabled to triumph over anarchy and brute forces." The end will be attained, we venture to surmise, long before we find ourselves in Utopia or in Arcady. On this point Sir John Macdonell, who writes a brief but erudite introduction to the book, seems to agree with us rather than with the author. Still, we shall not blame Mr. Phillipson too harshly for the last five pages of his notable work, though we should not miss them if they were not there. We merely say that the short last chapter may well be skipped, while every other page in the book cannot be studied with too much care.

**The War on Labour**

So far as I am aware, the Government has not yet announced its intention of prosecuting Mr. Cole under the Defence of the Realm Act, but I feel convinced that his latest book* contains a deal more dynamite than a hundred anti-Grey tracts of the I. L. P. Pec viene type. Not that he has written a seditious lampoon or broken out into anti-national hysterics; indeed, his writing is staid to the verge of dulness, passionless to the verge of nonchalance. Here is no rhetoric, no declamation; but merely fact and figure. Only, those facts and those figures are damning: and the civilisation for which we are fighting looks baggage in their glare.

They are damming to the preposterous fraud called Capitalism. They are damming to the incompetent bullies of the governing class. They are damming to the slow-moving, improvise leaders of the working class. With the clean logic of incident and statistic Mr. Cole shows the utter failure of our boasted industrial system to answer national needs, and the equal failure of the Labour movement to use that collapse to demonstrate its own power and to demand responsibility for national servants. When the Socialist International discussed the possibility of Armageddon in 1907 it decided, "Should war none the less break out, their (the working classes) duty is to intervene to bring it promptly to an end, and with all their energies to use the political and economic crisis created by the war to rouse the populace from its slumbers and to hasten the downfall of Capitalist domination." Just the reverse has happened. In every country the Capitalists have used the crisis to lull the populace to deeper slumber and to strengthen the crazy, useless edifice of the wage-system. Mourning patriotism, it is the rich who have been anti-national: they make a desert and they call it industrial peace.

Throughout the war the workers have lost in money and in status: they have been plundered by the profiteers and callously labelled as drunkards to shield Governmental incompetence. And now the right to strike is vanishing, rules and regulations are torn up for shadowy guarantees of future restoration, and the wage-earners are bound to the "controlled" establishments like serfs to the land. And yet they are patriotic! For the England of Sir Walter Runciman and D. A. Thomas, of Bottomley and Begbie, of Harmsworth and of George! Is this a love of country that nothing can destroy or a sheepishness that nothing can inflame? For the sake of the Guilds, let us pray it be the first in at least a few of our industries, in a few of our cities.

Naturally, Mr. Cole's work is incomplete. He has carried his history down to the passing of the Munitions Act, a copy of which interesting measure he includes as a useful appendix. But the Government has only just begun its war upon Germany, and there is no reason to suppose that it has finished its war upon Labour. The working of the Munitions Act is of the greatest moment. South Wales wages have been fixed through its ordinances, but all the world is not Rhondda, and elsewhere the convictions go merrily on and the scandal of Openshaw cries aloud. It is obvious that Mr. Cole will have to write a second volume if the work is to have anything but a transitory value, and it may even be objected that the present book has no raison d'etre. Why not wait and make a whole job of it? Mr. Cole's reasons for not waiting are, of course, private; but perhaps he has some flickering hope that a cry of warning may not be vain. The last chapter may be read by one or two Trade Unionists and perhaps they may think it over. Perhaps someone may even act, and then the second volume may be brighter reading.

* "Labour in War Time." By G. D. H. Cole. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
**Pastiche.**

**INSOUCEANCE.**

As prescribed for the new American National Anthem by Mr. William Bryan the First, George S. Viereck, the asinine author of "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier, oh dares to put a gun upon his shoulujjier," and various other Germano-hynopitates.

Have you seen your pretty Polly, With her new coat and jacket, And her little grey shoes and her green parasol? I have seen your young lady In her new coat and jacket, With her pretty, pretty face and no feet at all.

Why had she no feet, my good man, say? Because they'd blown her through the port hole Of the cabin de luxe, 'Cause they leapt on top of her through the port hole Of the cabin de luxe. Oh, she would go to sea on the Lusitania!

So sing "Hey!" and sing "Hoch!" for the great Kaiser Wilhelm. Who's such a bold hand at killing' Our women and children.

I have seen your son's toys and the seat Of his breeches. You might like to hear more, But you shan't.

So sing "Hey!" and sing "Hoch!" for the great Kaiser Wilhelm. Who's such a bold hand at killing' Our women and children.

In words his thought none dares, but only sighs:

As to the full her worth to appreciate.

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So sing "Hey!" and sing "Hoch!" for the great Kaiser Wilhelm. Who's such a bold hand at killing' Our women and children.

Have you seen your dear mother (She was reading "Krieg und Frieden")? I saw her grey head As the deck was a-slidin' To the bottom, to the bottom. Oh, the Lusitania Was a fine ship. She was.

Sing "Hey!" and sing "Hoch!" for the great Kaiser Wilhelm. Who's such a bold hand at killing' Our women and children.

LADY TWIDDLE IN THE "EVENING STANDARD" writes:—

Of course, I can't say where I have been to, but I have had a marvelous time, and, when I got back, the War Office was simply amazed. "How did you do it?" they said. "You are the only woman who has ever done such a thing!!!" Lord Kitchener was quite overwhelmed, but, as I told him, if it had not been for General Joffre, who was so kind, it never would have happened. Well, the first place we came to, the mud was so dreadful—in sum-

seekt for one 'cafe, where they gave us an excellent lunch, with such a perfect omelette Britannique, is honour of me! The "patron" said I have been woman in the whole village. After lunch, although the commanding officer warned me that snipers were everywhere, I wandered about the ruins of the cathedral, I picked up a lovely door-knocker and quite a large piece of beautifully carved altar rail, and then we motored up a mountain, where the French Staff received us with open arms. They said I was the only woman who had seen for a whole year. I begged to be allowed to fire off a machine-gun, and, finally, they consented. A very Grand Person gave me some cotton-wool to put in my ears, but I had brought two dear little old-fashioned ivory ear bells for the purpose, so I popped them in, ran down into the trench and pulled the trigger. When the French soldiers heard the gun go off, they leapt on top of their sand bags and waved their képis, shouting Vive l'Anglois, and though I begged them to go back, they would not, but crowded round me kissing my hands. They said I was the only woman who had ever done such a thing. Of course, it is impossible to realise what a dreadful thing this war is until you have been there, the days I passed there are simply heart-

beging, and very nearly into the arms of a German soldier with a bayonet in his corner, and very nearly into the arms of a German soldier with a bayonet in his corner.

I wandered a long way, and the soldier fired his motor horn, and shot Hans with a revolver, I suppose, but I have not been able to tell you all about it. He (the Major-General) was quite angry, but when I said c'est la guerre, they couldn't help laugh-

ing, and he had the revolver for a souvenir. I popped it down the front of my orange crêpe de chine blouse, and we went on to a little village quite ruined, ex-

cept for one café, where they gave us an excellent lunch, with such a perfect omelette Britannique, is honour of me! The "patron" said I have been woman in the whole village. After lunch, although the commanding officer warned me that snipers were everywhere, I wandered about the ruins of the cathedral, I picked up a lovely door-knocker and quite a large piece of beautifully carved altar rail, and then we motored up a mountain, where the French Staff received us with open arms. They said I was the only woman who had seen for a whole year. I begged to be allowed to fire off a machine-gun, and, finally, they consented. A very Grand Person gave me some cotton-wool to put in my ears, but I had brought two dear little old-fashioned ivory ear bells for the purpose, so I popped them in, ran down into the trench and pulled the trigger. When the French soldiers heard the gun go off, they leapt on top of their sand bags and waved their képis, shouting Vive l'Anglois, and though I begged them to go back, they would not, but crowded round me kissing my hands. They said I was the only woman who had ever done such a thing. Of course, it is impossible to realise what a dreadful thing this war is until you have been there, the days I passed there are simply heart-

Types o' trouble! They mean each word they said, They'll go through fire and water, They'll go through fire and water. But they're only blowing steam off, 'Cause they feel a little fed, Just let 'em have their grumble, And they'll fight like imps from hell, They'll fight like imps from hell. And Flemish mud as well, So while they keep an grouning You can book it down all's well. Somewhere in Flanders.

**GUIDO CAVALCANTI.**

Chi e questa che vien che ogni um la mira. Who is this comes, the target of al men's eyes, Who makes the air vibrate with gentleness, And with her brings in Love, that to express In words his thought none dares, but only sighs?

Ah, God! how looks she when she turns her eyes! O tell it, Love, for I may not confess; So seems she lady of all humbleness That by her all seem proud and cunning-wise.

Her wondrous charm can never be relate; And maidens try, by glassy eye, To freeze the slackers out. All are full of warlike ardour.

But the Tommy, brown and fit, Of patriotic fervour! How they rally round their country in anxiety to serve her! How old men drill and form platoon 'Til they forget their gout, And maidsens try, by glassy eye, To freeze the slackers out. All are full of warlike ardour. Seventy pounds in arms and kit, Living rough and ready, And doing of his bit.

It's: "Wot the bleedin' 'ell we're doin' 'ere? Would I 'list again? No bleedin' fear! I must 'a' been clean halmy On the day I joined the Army, An ain't I just a-pining For a pint of English beer? If I've the luck to set foot On Bytyle's soil once more, Gawd strike me bleedin' speechless If I ever leave its shore!"

You'd think, to hear them cursing, They meant each word they said, But they're only blowing steam off, 'Cause they feel a little fed, Just let 'em have their grumble, And they'll fight like imps from hell, They'll fight like imps from hell. And Flemish mud as well, So while they keep an grouning You can book it down all's well. Somewhere in Flanders.

**F. A. C.**
Current Cant.

"I am one of the belligerents."—G. B. Shaw.

"If this war has shown anything, it has shown the patriotism of the rich. The well-to-do have given their lives and their money. There has been no war bonus for them."—Sir Frederick Banbury.

"The war has been the consecration of his life-work."—Appreciation of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevich in the "Times."

"Trust us."—Horatio Bottomly.

"Get into khaki and strike a blow for dear old Shoreditch."—Recruiting Poster.

"Things may not be quite so easy now, but it is astonishingly simple for a man to get the necessities of life."—W. G. Chinnick in the "Organiser."

"We have never heard of a woman in this country who is against national service."—Daily Mail.

"In 'Maria Again,' by Mrs. John Lane, we have the very best book of the season."—C. K. Shorter.

"The 'Times' has hit upon a good idea."—Robert Batchford.

"Five Nights," by Victoria Cross. The most daring novel the world has ever known."—Leystonstone Cinema Poster.

"Charlie Chaplin's vulgarity is refined."—Henry North.

"I am one of those who foresee a new England and a new English life."—Austin Harrison.

"Sir Herbert Tree is the greatest producer of plays in this country."—Daily Mirror.

"War workers want Wrigley's chewing gum."—Wrigleys Ltd.

"This young lady is loaned by the Ingersoll Watch Company."—Notice in Holborn Shop Window.

"The only difference between a body of men and a flock of sheep is that the men fight when they are attacked and the sheep do not."—C. K. Chesterton.

"The 'Daily Mail' has nothing to do with party politicians except, if possible, to sting them."—Daily Mail.

"Labour—the greatness of its responsibilities."—Daily Mail.

"Father who recruits by looking at slackers."—Daily Sketch.

"O Lord, bless all they servants. . . A too of coal for 2s. 6d."—British Weekly.

"The need to-day for the 'Clarion' is greater than ever. . . 'Clarion.'"

"Russia—our great illusion."—Austin Harrison.

"Mr. Harold Begbie has in preparation a volume defending the belief in angels' visits against a sceptical age."—P. R.'s Weekly.

"If a minister believes and teaches evolution, he is a shank, a hypocrite, and a liar."—Billy Sunday.

"There is under no factory roof a workman so flecked that the work of his hands is not aiding the fulfillment of an equally great and equally ideal purpose of civilised mankind, the development of economic civilisation."—Hugo Munsterberg.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INDIA OFFICE METHODS.

Sir,—On September 2 the proceedings of the India Office assembled at Cromwell Road and gave a farewell party to Miss E. J. Beck, who, we understand, left for India on the 6th. A short account of the proceedings—the only account I have yet seen—appears in your contemporary, "India," dated September 9, and, by way of editorial note in the same issue. This comment is not a little surprising and is obviously inspired. The writer regrets that he was led into error in a previous issue in "repelling certain Ungenerose insinuations made by a contemporary" (that means you, Sir; though when "India" mentioned the Tax New Ag reform before it referred to it by name). Readers of "India" have now informed that "no such circular as that referred to was sent out by the Educational Adviser at 23, Cromwell Road, nor had Mr. Arnold anything to do with it, however circular or editorial matter it may have been "nobbled" by the reactionaries. Now let us turn to the report. There we read: "Sir James Wilson, speaking as honorary treasurer of the Association, said the Council recognised that it would be only fair that a contribution should be made to the expense incurred in carrying out their wishes. As the funds of the Association, mainly owing to the war, were not likely to show a surplus this year, it was resolved to send a letter to members and other friends of the Association, inviting them if they wished, to make a special contribution for the purpose." Now this speech of the honorary treasurer is in direct contradiction to the editorial note in "India," which says (a) that no circular was sent out, and (b) that Mr. Arnold had nothing to do with it, anyhow. It is true that Sir James Wilson refers to a "letter" and not to a "circular." I do not know why Cromwell Road should wish to quibble on this occasion, unless just to keep its hand in. The fact is that letters, circulars, appeals, notices, or other equivalent documents were issued, circulated, posted, or otherwise brought to the attention of "members and other friends" of the National Indian Association, and some of these begging epistles were signed by Mr. T. W. Arnold.

Further, though the response may have been "gratifying and genuine," I notice one or two significant names lacking at the farewell party. Where was Sir Krishna Gupta? Where was Sir Munirjee Bhownagare? Does Sir James Wilson know what these distinguished ornaments of Indian society in London said when they read the circular? Does he know what they think of the scheme? And does he quite realise that not a single Indian would have written a penny to Miss Beck's tin if he had not feared that, by omitting to do so, he would have offended the India Office? The only other speaker at the party whose remarks are reported was Mr. Yves Alli, who, as one of the Council, said: "Sir Charles Lyall, expressed good wishes to Miss Beck for a prosperous voyage, the fulfilment of her hopes, and a safe return." Why "prosperous?" Is Miss Beck to collect funds? And why "fulfilment of her hopes?" Can Sir Charles Lyall seriously have intended this innuendo?

It is strange enough that the only slip of the pen I made in this case has not been referred to at all. I mentioned a certain Dr. P. C. Ray who had been appointed to a post at No. 23, Cromwell Road, but had resigned. This should have been, I think, Dr. P. K. Ray, another well-known Indian professor.

S. Verma.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—One may suppose that the tactical device of abusing your opponent, when you have a poor case, is common to the little wits of all countries; but, when he has been longer in England, Herr van Sturcz with the corroborative evidence is not considered to be "irrelevant."

His argument is based on his own translation of an
exceeding taxation at all. I have gathered that the party is being given the kicks while England

**IRELAND.**

Sir,-May I be allowed to supplement Mr. Foyle's article of September 9, and also to correct it in one or
two particulars? Would he be so kind as to name the issues in which the journal "Sinn Fein," became wildly pro-German and wildly anti-English? As an interested reader I should be glad to know of them. With the general trend of thought in Mr. Redmond and the Average Irishman, I can express entire sympathy, as must all sincere men. From the very date of the Irish leader's ill-considered announcement, Nationalist Ireland has been held for the usual share of governmental cynicism, culminating in the abandoned attempt to foist Mr. J. H. Campbell upon the Irish people. Until this atrocity is put a stop to and the fortification of the kindred ofxis are allowed to share in the mud honey of war, but only in the matter of being given the kicks while England

The mere discussion of the enclosed resolution should be sufficient to show that insurance men possess at least the average level of intelligence, besides possessing an influence the weight of which it would be folly for social students to ignore. "S. F.," write truly, says that the claim for equal payment which is being made by bodies of men, as well as by the Feminists, is the effort of the men to

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twelve daughters were using their energies and privileges—mothercraft-homes, baby clinics, and, at the same time, child welfare apostles, etc., on every side—creches and institutions against the invasion of the journeyman labour. That, then, is the first step. Decrease this competition for men. To do this we should need an army of official sanitary inspectors, interested parties on all sides would scream about the tyranny of the male, patient persistence would "score"—if we could only make use of that phrase which Mrs. Flora Annie Steele every week contributes, to the "New Age," which I advise Miss Hyett to read) be the wife of the bread-snatcher, a business, not a domestic, one. Of course, in the industrial world there would be restrictions with regard to the conditions of labour. These restrictions must be of a drastic prohibitive nature at first. Afterward public opinion would support these measures, and there would be no question with regard to them than there is now as to the conditions of the working classes. In the present state of society, the cheap labour of girls. Let the Trade Union leaders examine the situation rather more closely, I believe we shall find that it is by no means so certain that the man who is able to make more work, and better and more sustained work out of the same number of hours or days than the woman, is necessarily the more able person. I believe that women's energies are, to a considerable extent, wasted, and that, if we could only make use of them, we should be able to do better work than we are doing at present, and to increase the output of the whole country. The man's expenses automatically increase, and he is compelled to try and better his position if he cannot actually increase it.

In the first place, lessen the competition both for men and women in every branch of labour, from the highest to the lowest, a rigid regulation of hours with a husband of supporting her, whether the "bread-snatcher" would be as useful as a milliner, or a seamstress, or a dressmaker, or a grocer, or a butcher. The married woman should be rigidly excluded from the labour market. Of course, in the industrial world there would be no great difficulty about this; and though, no doubt, interested parties on all sides would scream about the iniquity of "artificial restrictions" and the Socialism of it, and the tyranny of the male, patient persistence must be exercised, and the goal steadily held in view, namely that a wife and mother shall not be taken from the home and compelled to work for hire, but that she shall have her service higher and higher, the chances are against this; on the contrary, knowing the frightful perils threatening the future world, the idea of &quot;bread-snatchers" must be laughed at. What have I led to my position? But though I believe that equal wages are grossly unfair to the man, I am not to be taken as unaware of the frightful perils threatening the future world through the multitudes of cheap female labour. I cannot conceive why it has not been met with the most careful thought and serious organisation in place of a few casual meetings here and there, and a few in- effectual resolutions. I fear this laissez faire indulgence will have the most far-reaching consequences. What, then, would be the remedy? Rather, on the contrary, will women themselves benefit. Let me give a concrete example. In a publication to which Mrs. Flora Annie Steele every week contributes, mention was made last week of the fact that in one place a butcher has taught a young girl to serve him "on the grade" of the butcher. An illustration is given of a young girl in short skirts, represented with a butcher's knife in her hand at a counter. The enormous number of such cases would at least have decreased the competition for adult men. The magnitude of this "industry," which has not one single redeeming feature as a means of earning a livelihood for an ill-educated girl, is directly due to the apathy, ignorance, and lack of interest in the nation's girlhood, as well as the professional "bread-snatchers." Of course, in the present state of society, the cheap labour of girls. Let the Trade Union leaders examine the situation rather more closely, I believe we shall find that it is by no means so certain that the man who is able to make more work, and better and more sustained work out of the same number of hours or days than the woman, is necessarily the more able person. I believe that women's energies are, to a considerable extent, wasted, and that, if we could only make use of them, we should be able to do better work than we are doing at present, and to increase the output of the whole country. The man's expenses automatically increase, and he is compelled to try and better his position if he cannot actually increase it.

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lower branches of clerk labour, which will be supplied by girls, the competition, if it exists at all, between the two sexes would be limited to boys. Indeed, probably as a minimum wage for girl clerks would be imposed, either tacitly or in reality, it is more than likely, for reasons that are obvious, that, on the whole, boys would be more useful to the employer and act in other capacities. As there is a whole class of clerical work which is just above that of the very cheap work which is just above that of the very cheap clerk-labour needing great skill, application, knowledge of languages, etc., would be assigned as a whole to women—rightly will not too sedulously prepare themselves for a destiny which they hope marriage will invert, and, consequently, there would be no serious competition among girls to train themselves as skilled mechanics train. And where they do threaten to compete for the reasons I have named above, a differentiation as a minimum wage for girl clerks would be imposed, as a whole to men.

But the young person permitted in various forms of industry for admission to the world should be allowed to cease his education It ought to be reserved what I have to say for my next paper.

**WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.**

**SIR.**—It is deplorable that your lady correspondent, so prolific in these pages on a fringe of conditional conjunctions, instead of one of more substance.

Her remarks on organisation of women are entirely be-

**THE TRANSLATION OF STENDHAL.**

SIR.—On at least two occasions recently you have published letters over the signature, "A Working Man," and we are entitled to a full explanation. Many of us have watched the development of this new phenomenon with feelings of horror; he has exposed us in the columns of almost every journal in the country, and shown him, he is invariably in the right of the matter, that we have to grind our teeth in listening to remarks like the following: "Does it all in his spare time. Can't think how these shops manage it? "We shall have to look out, directly."

But we have always felt safe with The New Age. Here is a man, we said, referring to you, SIR, who understands our position, and will not let us down. Evidently, however, you do not fully realise the awful secret concealed under that signature, and only you can the creature's letters. We meet him every day if we are lucky, twice if we are unlucky, and every time we run the risk of committing a serious breach of the sacred honour of the English language. For God's sake don't desert us now. Our vigils have been long and weary. Waiting for the Creator to endow "A Working Man" with a sense of humour. That subtle form of idiocy which was a distinguishing mark of some members of the old Socialist bodies, and the repulsive goodness of the Church, are easily surpassed by this instance of the New Age. Consentence. He is supported by several working men of more than average intelligence, who assure him that he is "right in thinking that the expression 'first' says nothing whatever about the character of the person referred to, and that I have falsified two worlds, and have much pleasure in telling "A Working Man" that before you venture any further into the profession of translator he should learn that some of us who love the English tongue would write: "This says nothing whatever about the character of the person to whom reference is made," and—"Why the devil didn't the translator of "De L'Amour" tell him?"

I'll tell you. Because all your training as a class leads you unconsciously to make allowances for any gaucho appearing over that signature, and the sooner you desist from that particular form of sentimentalism the better for all.

A. D. WOOD.

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Press Cuttings.

"The danger point is not so much the employers' desire to regulate their factories: for the Trade Union leaders, and the workmen generally, are, at this moment, usually, even patriotically, willing to give up, in the national cause, any rules which they are told is doing harm to the State. What causes trouble is the assumption on which employers (and, we fear, also the Munitions Department) proceed, that it is for the employers arbitrarily to impose new rules, and for the workmen simply to obey. What are we to think, for instance, of the following by-law, which we are assured, has just been promulgated by the Munitions Department?"

"The owners of any controlled establishment shall as soon as possible pass rules relating to order, discipline, timekeeping, and efficiency conspicuously in his establishment, so as to bring them to the knowledge of workmen employed therein."

"Here's 'Industrial Junkerdom' with a vengeance! Non-compliance with these rules becomes an offence against the Act. There is no suggestion that the rules are to be first considered and agreed to by the workmen who are to be subjected to them, and who are not to be allowed even to state their views or to do anything to dislike the new regime. There is not even a requirement that the rules are to be approved by the Munitions Department: though Section 5 of the Act puts upon that Department the duty of making the new regulations required by the altered circumstances. To call on employers all over the country to put up, as it were, their workpeople, the duty of making whatever new rules the employers themselves choose, in this purely arbitrary manner, to formulate, on whatever subject and in whatever terms, will inevitably provoke resentment."

"Lord Haldane is right in contending that the gravest problem before British democracy is the ending of this vision and no definite ideas. He whole tenor of the time is almost wholly preoccupied with the railways and the railwaymen, conscious that they have no clear direction. A and this can only be done by the Government taking the same steps with the railways as it took with the railways... The railway system of the country was unified and taken over for the Government. . . So it should be with the mines. . . But, it may be asked, how may we be assured that we shall be clear of Labour troubles even if the nation does assume responsibility for the coal industry? The reply is that the men would not strike, or threaten to strike, against the nation. The truth and the fact is now directed against the owners. The miners see that they have been called upon to make sacrifices in the name of patriotism: and the direct result of those sacrifices, plain before their eyes, is the increasing of the owners' profits. Every act of patriotism on their part is followed by an act of profiteering on the part of the owners. Once let the men see that the nation as a whole benefits by their increased efforts and loyal working, and agitation will cease. Before the war there was great unrest on the railways: the nation took control of the railways and the railwaysmen, conscious that they were not now working for the profit of individuals, sur- passed themselves in their industry and loyalty to the Service. Let the Government assume control of the railways. . . ."

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"From the first hint of a failure in the supply of munitions to the British front it has never seemed reasonable to think that, in a crisis, any government would deliberately have opposed the will of General French and the Military Staff; and however little the Government need for increasing the supply of armament and ammunition production, Lord Kitchener evidently knew so early as last autumn the supply did not equal the demand. Private correspondence told him that he had visited certain armament firms, and protested with characteristic vigour against the delay and failure of the private armament contractors to turn out the needed munitions. . . . How Britain came to suffer such a waste of time to continue so long, until it brought on a dangerous crisis, does not seem to have been explained to the nation and the Empire: but according to The New Age, an independent weekly review, the armament firms, acting in their corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corporate capacity or to rob the citizens as in its corpo..."