There is no doubt, we suppose, that England is the wealthiest country in the world. On occasion there is no harm in saying so, though perhaps the week of the Budget is not the best occasion. Except when sacrifices are in demand, our wealthy classes themselves take pride in their wealth; and love to point an imaginary finger at Envy gnawing its bones in foreign countries. Richer than Babylon, richer than Rome, the plunder of the plutocracy. Not even themselves can count how rich they are. Statistics of enormous dimensions, beyond anybody's power to realise, still pant miles behind the facts. Our wealthy classes look at them as at the figures of other men's wealth, modestly calculating that the savings of our men of money amount to sixteen thousand millions; and it is certainly short by some hundreds of millions at least. Four thousand millions, in addition, are invested abroad, more than half in the two Americas where no great war comes. This at a round five per cent. (a liberal under-estimate) brings in two hundred million a year. Add two-thirds of our total national production of twenty-four hundred millions, and it will be seen that when they boast most our wealthy classes do not by any means comprehend the nation for nothing. Almost every penny of the cost is to be repaid them with interest when the war has been won for them.

But after three years, even if the cost were borne by savings alone, our wealthy classes would still have two-thirds of their pile intact. And what a war to finance! A war for the maintenance of national power, chiefly in the interests of the plutocracy itself—a war to secure our wealthy classes in their possessions against the competition of German plutocrats; a war, moreover, so popular for better reasons that millions of poor men offer to lay down their lives in it—ten per cent. of the plutocracy's mere savings, even twenty or thirty per cent., would not be imagined too high a price to pay when "honour" such as this is at stake. But how different in fact has been the spectacle we have seen. A year of war has cost nearly a thousand millions, of which sum nearly the whole has been raised on loan at an interest. Far from giving the sums required to carry on their war, our plutocracy has not even lent them to our wealthy classes respectively. Taxation instead of loans, was naturally in our minds that the class that could raise the loans was likewise the class that could provide the taxes. If the lending ability of one-fifth of our population is to the lending ability of four-fifths as fifteen hundred is to nothing, it surely follows that the taxable margin of the two classes is in the same proportion. What can be borrowed can be given or taken. An analysis of the present Budget shows, however, that rather than pay the cost of the war, our wealthy classes are prepared to employ the Chancellor of the Exchequer to extract blood from a stone. One-fifteenth of the cost of the war is now to be raised by taxation; but of this fifteenth a good half is to be paid by the working classes. What notion of

This fundamental niggardliness of our wealthy classes Mr. McKenna's Budget does nothing to shame, still less to change. On the contrary, and in spite of the congratulations that appear to have reached him, his Budget actually aggravates the disproportion of the contributions made by our poor and wealthy classes respectively. Taxation instead of loans, we have, it is true, advocated since the war began. But it was naturally in our minds that the class that could raise the loans was likewise the class that could provide the taxes. If the lending ability of one-fifth of our population is to the lending ability of four-fifths as fifteen hundred is to nothing, it surely follows that the taxable margin of the two classes is in the same proportion. What can be borrowed can be given or taken; but where there is nothing to borrow there is nothing to be given or taken. An analysis of the present Budget shows, however, that rather than pay the cost of the war, our wealthy classes are prepared to employ the Chancellor of the Exchequer to extract blood from a stone. One-fifteenth of the cost of the war is now to be raised by taxation; but of this fifteenth a good half is to be paid by the working classes. What notion of
equity can our plutocracy entertain to find it possible in full daylight to rob the poor in their fashion? For the fraud is barefaced and must be obvious to the most intelligent Labour Member of Parliament. Fifteen hundred millions lent to the nation at interest and so secured; with half the taxation shouldered upon the poor—our wealthy classes have done very well with their motto of Business as Usual! * * *

The plea has been made that, since it is a national war, every class in the nation should bear its share of the cost. But this is a perversion of justice in view of the circumstances. For, in the first place, as we know, the distribution of wealth brought about by capitalist industry is such that no equalisation of burdens is either right or possible; and, in the second place, the sharing must needs be, and in fact is, most inequitable. The principle of sharing is indeed utterly out of place in the problem we are considering. Sharing is a proper principle to apply in a society of equals; but in a society of unequals it is a means of injustice. In such a society, on the other hand, the proper principle to apply is that of placing the burden upon the shoulders of those best able to bear it; and whose shoulders these are Sir Leo has already told us. It is characteristic, however, of our wealthy classes to employ ethereal phrases as best suits their purses. When plunder is in sight, to him that hath is the rule of distribution; but when sacrifice is in demand, from him that hath not is their look now at their burden of sharing! Being in possession between them of two-thirds of the annual income of the country (savings and investments quite apart), two-thirds of the taxation to be borne would manifestly appear to be the very minimum because even this assumes what cannot be allowed, namely, that the existing apportionment of the national income is fair. But are they prepared to pay their two-thirds tax for the two-thirds share of the total income? Not at all; but, as we have seen, as much as a half, at least, is thrown upon the class that enjoys (being in numbers four to one of the wealthy classes) only one-third of the national product. The fall of the injustice is, moreover, where it will produce the greatest damage: it is the only means of recovery. The new income-tax falls heaviest upon the two to three hundred a year man, a type that notoriously walks by itself and is without an organisation for collective resistance. This poor devil—the black-coated proletariat, as he has been called—is punished even more than he deserves for his isolation from his corduroy fellows. The forty per cent. increase in income-tax which Mr. McKenna has imposed upon him, coupled with the lowering of the abatement limit, raises his direct taxation not forty but over three hundred per cent. On an income of £300 before the war, our poor friend was paying five guineas income-tax annually. Mr. Lloyd George, in November last, doubled it. Mr. McKenna has raised it to eighteen guineas! From fifteen shillings on an income of £80, the tax has now been raised to six guineas. That, if you like, is bringing home the war to the people; and to the people who can least resist the imposition. The supertax upon incomes between three and eight thousand a year is, on the other hand, left untouched—that class being eminently public-spirited! * * *

Whatever might be said in a time of peace for lowering the income-tax level for national productive expenditure, it is certain that the present moment is the worst that could be chosen in the interests of the lower middle classes. To begin with, they are estopped by various reasons, sentimental as well as economic, from attempting to make up their taxes by increasing their income. As an employer I find this very well. And, again, the cost of living is now so much above the normal that the coincidence of a fresh tax with a decrease of real wages (or shall we say salary?) doubles their misfortune. If the forty per cent. rise in the cost of living were unavoidable in the nature of things, and the cost of the war could be more conveniently met by no other class, this class, like every other below the plutocracy, would brace itself to lift its own weight rather than impair the victorious issue of the war. But as it is, not only, Sir Leo, do we see that the wealthy classes could better afford to pay the very high cost of the war than the small salariat any part of it; but the galling fact is also known that out of the increased cost of living the already wealthy are becoming wealthier. Mr. Runciman may say what he pleases, but everybody can give him the lie when he asserts that the Government has done all that can be done to keep the cost of living down. Not only is there no reason, save profiteering, that prices should have risen forty per cent.; but there is no reason, save fear of the profiteers, why the Government should not bring them down by at least thirty per cent. That it has not done so, as we say, a reason for not taxing afresh the class that most suffers by the neglect. Yet it is just the class that has been already mulcted in the cost of living by the profiteers that is now singled out for mulcting by a taxation by the Government. * * *

Mr. McKenna’s apologia for the wealthy man with an income (think of it!) of a hundred thousand a year is one of the most irritating we have ever read. It is playing with matters of national life and death. “I am not sure,” he says, “that, having regard to the charges which many very rich people have assumed, to the large number of people dependent upon them, and to the responsibilities which they cannot avoid—I am not sure that the lot of a man in these circumstances £100,000 a year with a tax of £34,000, leaving £66,000 is a very happy one.” Very likely not. Nor is the lot of the retired burghlar a happy one when he is called upon to restore a part of his stolen property. But if in a national emergency we are called upon to restore a part of our money, and the sooner the tribe is cut off the better. Far from making the ruin of such victims of our social silliness an excuse for not taxing them, their ruin is precisely what should be sought in taxation. * * *

Much satisfaction has been expressed at the proposal of the Government to tax war-profits fifty per cent. But on the assumption, presumably accepted by everybody at last, that war-profits are a scandalous and antisocial source of income, a fifty per cent. tax may be said to be compounding a felony. Either the profits made in consequence of the war are legitimate, or unless they are the worst that could be chosen in the interests of the lower middle classes. To begin with, they are estopped by various reasons, sentimental as well as economic, from
country, six millions is not a great profit. It is not, in fact, anything like the sum we should estimate will be made. And one reason of the discrepancy has reached us in the form of a rumour that accountants have long been at work concealing profits beyond the probable discovery of the Government officials. The concealment will serve the double purpose of reassuring the public that big profits have not been made, and of assuring their sole enjoyment to the employers. With these temptations, one of which the Government itself must find attractive, the tax on war-profits, calculated to be small, may easily be smaller. To be brief, we do not as yet attach much importance to it.

The conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing comments is that in our opinion the poor should not be taxed at all, but that the rich should pay the cost of the war in full. That is exactly our contented compact. What is more, we venture to say that there is nobody who can dispute the justice of it. How can it be just that the poor should contribute from their necessities while the rich have not even dispensed more than a fraction of their luxuries? Common sense suggests that the latter should at least precede the former if the wealthy have a mind to be fair. But it is not only justice that is at stake; but the industrial future (let us say the future sans phrase) of England. We have discovered during the war that battles are now won or lost in the workshops; as the kingdom in the nursery rhyme was lost for a horseshoe-nail. The wealth of a nation, says even the "Morning Post," is in its workmen. Is it wise to risk the reduction of their efficiency by taxing merely to save the pockets of the wealthy classes? The wealthy classes, we see, are not much good in the war. They cannot even provide the money we need without charging us a rent for it. Yet Mr. McKenna excuses them their share of the cost and throws it upon the class upon whom peace and victory depend. There is only one name for it—madness! What if, indeed, for the period of the war the workmen are making comparatively high for the human efficiency we require of our workmen. Literally everything depends upon them. To employ a disagreeable phrase, they alone are pregnant of our national future. To tax them is to tax the future in a far more deadly fashion than even by the method of loans, payable by posterity. Instead of taxing them more, an economic far-seeing Chancellor of the Exchequer would relieve them of such taxes as they now pay, in the full confidence that the bread thus cast upon the waters would return after many days. We repeat that the taxation of the wage-earning classes is a mistake, and a vital mistake; and the nation will indeed pay in humiliation every penny of it.

Whence, however, is the money to come? The answer is easy: confiscate capital, financial capital! Of the stored capital of sixteen thousand millions, surely ten per cent. is not too great a sum for our wealthy classes to yield up at the demand of the greatest event in the political history of the modern world. The obsession that taxation must needs be in a small ratio to loans, and that it must be payable out of income and not out of property, is unworthy an elementary student of public economics. The taxable margin in current income of the wealthy classes may, indeed, as Mr. McKenna observed, be narrow; but the taxable margin of their property is almost as wide as property itself. Why is not capital as such taxed in kind? Let our plutocrats pay in land, in shares, in goods, if they cannot pay in money. There is, besides, a field for confiscation which nobody can pretend is not peculiarly suitable to nationalisation. We refer to foreign investments. Major Worthington Evans suggested in the House of Commons that the State requisition of a proportion of foreign investments would provide a considerable part of the cost of the war. It would do more; it would bring within the direct control of the State the main determinants of our foreign policy. Is it realised that our foreign investments are branch-shops of our centralised money-power, and that their distribution necessarily defines the direction of foreign policy? It is clear that this is the case. Where our investments are, there is our foreign policy also. But this suggests that, above all other forms of capital, foreign investments are particularly appropriate to confiscation for war purposes. Before taking a shift of the workman's living, we should ourselves drain our foreign investors dry. Let the galled jade wince, our widows should be unwrung.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

At the time of writing the situation in the Balkans is uncertain, though it may be taken for granted that neither Bulgaria nor Greece can afford to remain mobilised indefinitely. It is stated that 360,000 Greeks have been recalled to the colours, and that the number of Bulgarians now in the army is nearly 400,000. If each country had wished to remain in a state of armed neutrality, to use the expression which they have themselves adopted, it would not have been necessary, in either case, to summon more than a third of this number. It is right to assume, therefore, that Bulgaria in the first place and Greece in the second place mean to have some value for their money.

To do them justice, the Balkan States have never made much secret of their wishes in this respect. Bulgaria, in particular, has been emphasizing more recently a desire to reap the rewards expected for her share in the war—her share, whether she fought for or against either of them. Bulgaria expected to get the Struma Valley, Kavalla, and parts of Macedonia now under the control of the Greek and Serbian Governments. At no time have the Bulgarians talked of their services to humanity or of their passion for justice. These are matters which do not in any sense appeal to them. Bulgaria wants the territory I have referred to; and she will cheerfully join any side to get it. As for the Greeks, they are anxious not to be taken by surprise, as they were in 1913, and they are determined not to let Kavalla go quietly, despite the efforts of M. Venizelos. The Opposition newspapers at Athens, indeed, have been doing their best to bring about a Cabinet crisis; and this is an intrigue which may possibly succeed. It has, at all events, the support of the German clique at the Athens Court; and that is a detail not to be neglected. Further, Greece is not desirous of seeing Austria too firmly established in the Balkan Peninsula, as she would be if the war were won, or even partly won, by the Central Powers. This would in all likelihood mean the loss of Salonika by Greece to Austria, and perhaps her relinquishment of a portion of the Epirus.

In these circumstances it is a matter for regret that an insufficient appeal was made by the Entente Powers to the pro-German sympathies of the two monarchs concerned. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has very large estates in Austria, and most of his private fortune has been invested in Germany. His sympathies are naturally with our enemies, for he is a Coburg. Nevertheless, there is still some expectation that his country will not take the part of Austria and Germany, and there is still a possibility that the Bulgarian army, or part of it, will march on Constantinople. But this will not be the case until the pro-German elements in Bulgaria are dealt with. In the meantime, the greatest of all is the King himself. I have emphasised the fact that the honour of humanity does not enter into the question so far as the Balkans are concerned. No doubt the Allies' representatives believed that the King's private affairs did not concern them. As a matter of fact, King Ferdinand would probably have modified his whole attitude months ago if only he could have been assured that he would not suffer in pocket by doing so. The promise of a fine estate in Italy or Russia, for instance, and a suitable monetary compensation in the event of money and estates being seized in Germany and Austria—that would have been sufficient. As it was, no assurance of any kind was given to him from the side of the Entente, although diplomaticists in the Balkans were lavish with promises. Very much the same remarks apply to the King of Greece. M. Venizelos, as I may have said before, was in power for six months or so after the war broke out, and he was supported by his colleagues and by the Greek people, yet he helped the Allies. That is a result which we do not expect to see now, any more than we need look to Roumania to turn tail at the last moment. But there is one danger in all this Balkan mobilisation to which too little attention has been paid by the Entente Powers, and a great deal by the other side.

What that danger is may be seen from a consideration of a very few facts. The Allies, having recently come to regard Bulgaria as doubtful, despite the very frank statements regarding the Bulgarian claims, reckoned more than formerly on the assistance to be secured from Greece and Roumania. In the case of both countries that assistance would have been willingly rendered—by the Government and the people in the case of Roumania, and certainly by the people, if not by the Government, in Greece. If, however, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria and Greece are compelled to take the field again in defence of their own interests and aims in the Balkan Peninsula—a result which is not excluded in consequence of Bulgaria's mobilisation—then we may simply be confronted with yet another Balkan war, a war in which for the time being the belligerents will think of nothing but taking care of themselves, without regard to the greater war being waged at their own frontiers. It is true that, in such a case, if the Allies' interests were gravely threatened, Bulgaria would play her part, and Greece would be susceptible to attack from the sea; and a blockade of the Piauz would not be at all convenient for the Greeks, any more than a blockade of Varna and Burgas would be welcomed by the Bulgarians. But it is hoped that a new factor in the situation will render such measures unnecessary and will likewise have a decisive effect in enabling the Balkan States to realise by which side their interests can best be served.

When the Grand Duke Nicholas was withdrawn from the western front several weeks ago and appointed Vice-roy of the Caucasus many people imagined that both his civil and his military career had come to an end. His banishment to the Caucasus was compared in some places with banishment to Siberia, though not by writers who happened to be acquainted with the respective climates. I did not venture to point out what might reasonably have been deduced at the time. The Grand Duke's present position gives him complete control of the Russian troops in the Caucasus; and, although we have not heard much lately regarding the movements of the Russian forces there, we may be sure that the Grand Duke will lose as little time as possible in raising them to as high a pitch of efficiency as he can. Again what is the strength of this Caucasian army? Special pains appear to have been taken recently to keep the public deceived in this regard. I cannot undertake, therefore, to give the fairly definite information in my possession, but I may say that there are more Russian troops in the Caucasus now than there were when the heavy fighting was going on there last winter and spring. The number at that time was understood to be from 350,000 to 450,000 men.

An advance by the Grand Duke into Asia Minor, with the possibility of a landing in the Gulf of Samos or in Smyrna, must be considered in relation to the Balkan position. It is safe to assume that the Balkan Governments will not come to their decisions without a very careful consideration of all the factors, and the presence of the Grand Duke in the Caucasus is a factor which certainly cannot be neglected. No decision in the Balkans is final; but at present we stand to gain more from immediate decisions than the enemy. If Greece and Bulgaria declared themselves on the side of the Central Powers to-morrow I should still adhere to this opinion.
The Prospects of the Guild Idea.

By Maurice E. Reckitt.

IV.

"Fas est et ab hoste docere" is a valuable maxim for Guildsmen. While it is, of course, broadly true that Labour is the aggressor in its war against Capital, the capitalist is not so satisfied with his position as not to be ambitious to improve it, and is likely to develop strong counter-attacks whenever an occasion offers. It is important in considering the prospects of the Guild Idea that we expect the State to attempt efforts the profiteer will make to frustrate its success, and on what grounds he will appeal to the public as the justification for his continuance in power. For capitalism, as Mr. Belloc has demonstrated, is unstable, and nobody realises this better than the capitalist. He longs for a legally secured control over "his" workpeople, he is ready to accept the position of an industrial tenant-in-chief of the State. He had just begin to see that "Socialism," properly handled, could be twisted into giving him the very status he desired; now he finds himself confronted with Guild Socialism and he has got to stretch the dragon all over again with far less chance of success. The State could be cajoled even when it could not be controlled, it has its place in the scheme of "progress," and progress is a game the capitalist understands well enough, since he had a large share in inventing it. But the Guild is a different proposition; it proceeds not from the governing classes but from the worker and the workers organised in those very Trade Unions which so largely account for that instability of Capitalism, since they fortify that theory of personal freedom which consorts so ill with wage-slavery. And the capitalist, in nine cases out of ten, believes in the "free-will and self-expression" which American slavery once openly asserted, that "the true solution of the contest of all time between labour and capital is that capital should own the labourer, whether white or black.

This conviction, which, whether it be held consciously or unconsciously, is rapidly becoming general among the capitalist classes, does not necessarily arise from a love of tyranny for its own sake (though such an instinct may be strong enough in some cases), but from some sense of the part played by the profiteer in any society which is not based upon the wage-system. To him the only alternative to capitalism is chaos. "If this sort of things goes on I don't know what is going to be the end of it"—with such a remark will the golf club house and first-class carriage of England greet any sign on the part of the Trade Unions that they are awakening to the part they have played in the history of the world. Furthermore, the capitalist understands well enough, since he had a large share in inventing it, that instability of Capitalism, since they fortify that theory of personal freedom which consorts so ill with wage-slavery. And the capitalist, in nine cases out of ten, believes in the "free-will and self-expression" which American slavery once openly asserted, that "the true solution of the contest of all time between labour and capital is that capital should own the labourer, whether white or black.

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Gilders of the Chains.

By Ivor Brown.

III.—CHARLES GARVICE.

I have never read any books by Mr. Charles Garvice and I do not intend to do so. But I gather both from hearsay, from the visible evidence of the bookstall, and from the almost unanimous choice of young women who devote to literature the hour or so consumed in travel to and from their work that Mr. Garvice is a hero of the wage-slave and a bringer of great joy and comfort to the proletariat. Also, he publishes with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton: so do William le Queux, Marie Corelli, and Harold Begbie. Let that suffice. I have read some of the books. I have got so far as the titles, of which I can give you a selection. Mr. Garvice, then, has written "Just a Girl," "Her Heart's Desire," "In Cupid's Chains," "Where Love Leads," "Only One Love," "Once in a Life," "The Springtime of Love," "At Love's Cost," "Heart for Heart," "The Heart of a Maid," "With All Her Heart," and "The Woman In It," etc., etc.

So hearts are trumpets. In a world where diamonds are obviously and eternally trumps Mr. Garvice, who knows the public, will have none of them—at any rate in his writing. In other words work and wages, pades and diamonds, have become so bitter and carry with them such loose thoughts that the workers, especially those workers who are so typical of the newer capitalism and so partial to Mr. Garvice, the women, want only to forget. They cannot endure to read about reality because reality is so unpleasant. Realists, gloom-sodden with Gissing, have discovered their invincible jollity and sense of humour.

There is misery in the world, and the majority of men live in abominable conditions, but they themselves cannot be called definitely unhappy. They do not commit suicide, they do not foment revolutions, they merely work and marry and die with varying degrees of content. That is just where Gissing, despite his admiration for the common herd is misery the keynote of modern life. While But while Gissing flies to one extreme, Garvice flies to the other. For Gissing misery is the keynote, for Garvice happiness. For the former, nearly every marriage was a blunder and by no means a respectable one. "What we call love," he snarls, "is mere turmoil." For the latter love is the crown, and will set all things right. Gissing was a man of desperate honesty who made some desperate mistakes. I do not know enough about Garvice to pass judgment. Therefore let me say, of a school that there are writers who know that love is neither mere turmoil nor perfect bliss, that little grey homes may soon become little grey hells; that grey homes may soon become little grey hells; that a dullness and a humdrum have come over the common herd.

The meaningless idiocy of Charlie Chaplin can amuse the victim of industrialism's deadly purpose and concentration. The gush and glamour of a sentimental novel can thrill the debauched and battered sense of beauty which still lingers in the commodity-called man. So long as the vast mass of the people are systematically oppressed by long hours and bad food, so long as they are robbed of a smattering of education and a harlot press, so long will it be utterly impossible for art to exist save in the lives of a few. Capitalism banishes art from its realm, and art hates profits. Well, then, art may flourish in our leisure! But that reasoning postulates that men and women reach their leisure in a decent, human condition. They do not and cannot do so. In their leisure they are jaded and refuse anything save sleep or excitement to banish their inertia. The appreciation of art demands an effort, and this effort they cannot make. They have neither the strength to make it nor the money to turn it to fruitful sources. Coming to their leisure tired to the verge of paralysis by the intolerable routine of their hurried yet uneventful lives, they want not effort but relaxation. For the sensitive Gissing and every man who has given them just taste and capacity enough to enjoy the cant and catchwords that our semididarian Press so admirably purveys, they want neither to reflect upon capitalism nor to smash it, but only to forget about it. Here, then, is the supreme opportunity for soothing syrup. Here, then, stands Garvice with his patent medicine, his heartsease in paper covers, his poppied draughts at sixpence a flagon, his Great Illusion—Love. Is the office a bore? Do the typewriters click and clatter to distraction? Does the District Railway lose its pristine adventure? Are you fad and not com- tolerable? Yes, all of these. But there is an escape after all, Charlie the erratic in the pictures and Charles the erotic in print. And perhaps it all may happen to you and the clean-limbed, strapping man will come and snatch you up by you very tight and take you to your little grey home and... it will all be so beautiful. Of course this method of release and this entry into the garden of dreams may seem a little watery and weak for some of the fugitives. But literature is nicely graded. Should Garvice serve to please, then something a little warmer perhaps—for remember that Hodder and Stoughton publish for Nonconformity. Why not Elinor Glyn or Hubert Wales or Arthur Applin? And then, should all these be found wanting, there remains the real thing, Aristotle and Paul de Kock.

"Art," said George Gissing in "The Unclassed," "must nowadays be the mouthpiece of misery. For misery is the key-note of modern life." This criticism has a double meaning and contains but half the truth. There is misery in the world, and the majority of men live in abominable conditions, but they themselves cannot be called definitely unhappy. They do not commit suicide, they do not foment revolutions, they merely work and marry and die with varying degrees of content. That is just where Gissing, despite his admiration of Dickens, went completely astray. He had lived among the poor but never with them, and he never discovered their invincible jollity and sense of humour. In Flanders our soldiers, we are told, can laugh at Jack Johnsons: at home they can even laugh at the grim paraphernalia of capitalism, pawnshops and buildings. Only, the building is less expensive here, or Mr. Garvice is no more than the sentimental counterpart of Charlie Chaplin. For the average human being of the twentieth century in a civilised country, that is to say for a person normally underpaid, over-worked, hustled and bullied, there remains the real thing, Aristotle and Paul de Kock...
Mr. Lloyd George Again.

By J. M. Kennedy.

A FEW OF US—not very many—have kept on saying for years that Mr. Lloyd George is a sharper; a man not to be trusted. At first, like Midas' barrow, we might as well have whispered into a hole in the ground. But the reeds have grown with a vengeance. We now find Mr. Lloyd George bitterly suspected by the workpeople, cursed by Mr. Mazzini, thrown over by Mr. Arnold Bennett, reproached by Mr. G. A. Gardiner; severely criticised, with few exceptions, by the whole of the Liberal and Radical Press. The long bluff of this pseudo-Englishman has at last been 'called,' and today Mr. Lloyd George stands out prominently as that which we knew him to be from the beginning—the Welsh champion of Prussianism in an English Cabinet.

For nine years Mr. Lloyd George has worked steadily to apply in this country the essential feature of the Prussian system, that is to say, the enslavement of the working classes. And not only the working classes. From the moment of their rise to power in 1906, Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues—Mr. Masterman, for instance—have consistently acted on the principle that it is the duty of a good Government to ticket and classify its subjects. Something more than a mere Census was wanted; and we saw the preliminary results of the application of the principle in the Labour Exchanges, with their secret chambers of information regarding the applicants for work—information gathered, for the most part, from the transient and hasty impressions of a clerk looking at a man over the counter or through the inquiry window. Then we had the National Insurance Act. This carried the ticketing principle a stage further, and brought in many employees earning a hundred and fifty or so a year who never had occasion to go to a Labour Exchange. We can imagine with what exuberance Mr. Lloyd George supported the National Register scheme. It may perhaps be said that a Government was merely acting within its rights in seeking to know the capacities of the citizens for whom it was responsible; and certainly Mr. de Maetzu, on the basis of his recent articles, could show us good reasons why the State should have powers for compelling the nation to serve it. But, in practical politics in modern England, the motive cannot be lost sight of; and the average citizen, justly suspicious of any Cabinet that contains a goodly proportion of professional politicians, will be apt to look with disfavour upon any orders that may reach him. Consider, for instance, the keen criticism of the National Register scheme which was heard on all sides privately, and very often seen publicly in print; consider, too, the reception still given by the man earning less than £100 a year to his insurance card. A Government, in theory, can command anybody; but a Government which includes Mr. Lloyd George among its members need not be surprised if, in practice, it is obeyed by nobody. Any reader of this paper will be able to recall innumerable instances of men who would not hesitate to go through uncomfortable ceremonies and swear solemn oaths, as at a Masonic initiation, and who would turn their private lives inside out for the benefit of the secretary of their Trade Union or Friendly Society, but who have hesitated, despite their loyalty, to sign the Register. In the first case they act of their own free will; they realise that their motive is just. In the latter case they do not act freely—they are compelled to do something which they do not want to do; and they do not know, though the Government suspect and suspect, the motives of the ruling authorities.

Complete control over one's social and political actions, the absence of any form of compulsion: these were the characteristics of Englishmen before the Lloyd George régime. Now, under the proposals of the Government, the unquestioned acceptance of the motives of a bureaucracy: these have always been German characteristics; and on this foundation a German superstructure of brutality, inconsiderateness, and bad manners has been built up. All the power of the German mind can be traced to this spirit of compulsion and its resultant concentration of power in the hands of the "State," i.e., in the hands of the relatively few individuals who control the German Administration. We have seen the consequences of this system of government in the events of the last fourteen months; and we have generally agreed that, to express it mildly, a system of government which can lead to such results is decidedly not to be encouraged. I refer not merely to the conduct of German officers and soldiers in occupied territory, but to the excises and the explanations the German Government itself gives when complaints are made to it and it is accused of crimes against humanity. Look at the series of German Notes on submarine warfare, for example. Not without adequate reason, therefore, have the most influential men in the country been telling us for more than a year that this war is more than a war for trade and wealth, actual and potential: it is a war of ideas; a war in which the English principle of freedom is at issue with the German principle of subjection.

When we consider the emphasis our public men, including present and former colleagues of Mr. Lloyd George, have been laying on the evil features of German life and administration, we shall perhaps read his volume of speeches with the little more interest. "Through Terror to Triumph," suggests a third-rate cinema in Camden Town or Tooting Bec. It is clear enough from this volume that the highly strung politician who passed the proofs of it is desperately anxious to defeat the Germans, and at the same time to establish in this country the features of German administration to which the people of England most object. Even when we make every possible allowance for a hurry man, we shall have to admit that the most obvious impression produced by these speeches is that they are the utterances of a hysterical, unbalanced mind; the fruits of an exceedingly impatient disposition. It is not so difficult to find an explanation for this. Mr. Lloyd George was one of the men who, before the war, always professed to disbelieve in the possibility of war. In the middle of that fateful July he was talking airily to some newspaper reporter about the possibility of cutting down the Navy estimates. When war did come this hasty man was caught unprepared. He found himself confronted with duties which a person of more equable temper—Mr. Balfour, say—could have carried out without being a minute late for a meal or losing a wink of sleep. How Mr. Lloyd George fared may be traced in this volume. He fretted, he fumed, he lashed, he lost his head; and he ended by demanding compulsion for everybody—compulsion for the Army, compulsion for the trade unions, compulsion for the employers. In a moment of panic he abandoned the ideals he thought he had held all his life. If compulsion should ever become necessary for the Army, Lord Kitchener will tell us in good time; but no representative group or class of people in this country will be stamped into compulsion of any kind merely to keep pace with Mr. Lloyd George's emotionalism. And what emotionalism it is; how we rise and sink!

This country is absolutely free from the invader. Not only that, but our oversea trade is carried practically without any interruption. We have lost a certain amount of lucrative business on the Continent, but the markets of the world are open, not merely for the trade we used to carry on, but for the trade the enemy used to carry on before the war. (P. 25.)

That extract is taken from the War Budget speech delivered in the House of Commons on November 17, 1914. It is, on the whole, a reasoned speech, though when the speaker strays away from the notes which must have been carefully prepared for him by one of the permanent officials at the Treasury he shows how badly informed he is. It is clear from the extract that Mr. Lloyd George did not foresee, on November 17,
that all our resources in manufacture would not be sufficient to cope with the demand for munitions—he actually talked of making increase by the efficiency of our plants to be the way to get over the present difficulties. The observers knew better. Still, Mr. Lloyd George was keeping his head, which he was just beginning to lose when he spoke at Bangor on February 28, 1915:

This is an engineers' war, and it will be won or lost going to the armaments of engineers. We need men, but we need arms more than men, and delay in producing them is full of peril for this country. (P. 10.)

How Mr. Lloyd George meant to produce them was soon to be made known. Speaking at Manchester on June 3, 1915, he said:

I am here to appeal to the patriotism of Lancashire, an appeal that never was made in vain to your county. All the same, the Committees which you will appoint amongst yourselves will find the compulsory powers of the Defence of the Realm Act very helpful in enabling you to organize quickly and to get rid of unnecessary difficulties without loss of time. Persuasion is always best when you can afford it, but sometimes you can't. You cannot wait in a war until every unnecessary becomes reasonable, until every untractable person becomes tractable. Some people you can convince quickly, some take a long time to come to, and such of persuading. With the third class the best argument you will find will be the Defence of the Realm Act. (P. 100.)

“Military necessity,” I think. Could Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg have put it better? In this same speech Mr. Lloyd George sets forth a glaring travesty of history. “France saved the liberty she had won in the great Revolution from the fangs of tyrannical military empires purely by compulsory service.” Even Ministers of Munitions ought to know by this time that France did not establish compulsory service until after the Revolution was well over and settled. Compulsory service did not help the Revolution in France, for it was not in existence then; but it was essential for Napoleon's career of conquest. And, again in the same speech, Mr. Lloyd George points out the happier position of his French colleague, M. Albert Thomas.

He has one great advantage over me. All the labour in France is at the disposal of the State. That is due, of course, to their law with regard to National Service. Even Ministers of Munitions ought to know by this time that France could render. She could, course, maintain complete control to the end. That is the invaluable service which she is rendering to her Allies, and it is essential to the ultimate success of their arms, especially in the long war, because the longer the war the more does the command of the sea count. What is the second service Britain can render? The third service Britain can render? She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service Britain can render is the service which she rendered a part of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in these speeches of his, lay equal stress to the financial arrangements with our Allies in February 15, 1915; we have the speech delivered during the debate on the budget proposals (May 12, 1915); and once or twice finance is mentioned in the speeches.

That is the right view; and it is well to have it expressed in France is at the disposal of the State during the period of the war, as completely as their comrades in the trenches. (P. 107.)

This might be right or wrong, but it is precisely because the fact that this country sends to the time of peace as well as to time of war that the workpeople in this country will have nothing to do with any system which brings such suffering to men. We have to face the fact that this country has been suffering to men. We have to face the fact that this country has been suffering a great deal more than the rest of the world. The most important passage he ever spoke was on the point of view of Labour? Did he not always represent himself, before the war, to be the ideal of the people? The fact is, Mr. Lloyd George was never in sympathy with the real world of Labour. He has met Labour leaders anxious for a career, and he has silenced opposition here and there by judiciously distributing paid appointments under the Insurance Act; but as for knowing Labour or being able to attract its sympathy, that is beyond him. He never could do that, and he will never be able to do it now.

This is not the only omission we find in this volume. Mr. Lloyd George has given many of his speeches in extenso, and he has quoted from others, especially those dealing with finance. There is the speech delivered at the Treasury to a deputation on September 8 last year—the “silver bullet” speech; there is the War Budget speech of November 17; there is part of the speech where the third service Britain could render? She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service Britain can render is the service which she rendered a part of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in these speeches of his, lay equal stress to the financial arrangements with our Allies in February 15, 1915; we have the speech delivered during the debate on the budget proposals (May 12, 1915); and once or twice finance is mentioned in the speeches. This is not the only omission we find in this volume. Mr. Lloyd George has given many of his speeches in extenso, and he has quoted from others, especially those dealing with finance. There is the speech delivered at the Treasury to a deputation on September 8 last year—the “silver bullet” speech; there is the War Budget speech of November 17; there is part of the speech where the third service Britain could render? She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service Britain can render is the service which she rendered a part of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in these speeches of his, lay equal stress to the financial arrangements with our Allies in February 15, 1915; we have the speech delivered during the debate on the budget proposals (May 12, 1915); and once or twice finance is mentioned in the speeches. This is not the only omission we find in this volume. Mr. Lloyd George has given many of his speeches in extenso, and he has quoted from others, especially those dealing with finance. There is the speech delivered at the Treasury to a deputation on September 8 last year—the “silver bullet” speech; there is the War Budget speech of November 17; there is part of the speech where the third service Britain could render? She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service Britain can render is the service which she rendered a part of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in these speeches of his, lay equal stress to the financial arrangements with our Allies in February 15, 1915; we have the speech delivered during the debate on the budget proposals (May 12, 1915); and once or twice finance is mentioned in the speeches. This is not the only omission we find in this volume. Mr. Lloyd George has given many of his speeches in extenso, and he has quoted from others, especially those dealing with finance. There is the speech delivered at the Treasury to a deputation on September 8 last year—the “silver bullet” speech; there is the War Budget speech of November 17; there is part of the speech where the third service Britain could render? She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service Britain can render is the service which she rendered a part of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in these speeches of his, lay equal stress to the financial arrangements with our Allies in February 15, 1915; we have the speech delivered during the debate on the budget proposals (May 12, 1915); and once or twice finance is mentioned in the speeches. This is not the only omission we find in this volume. Mr. Lloyd George has given many of his speeches in extenso, and he has quoted from others, especially those dealing with finance. There is the speech delivered at the Treasury to a deputation on September 8 last year—the “silver bullet” speech; there is the War Budget speech of November 17; there is part of the speech where the third service Britain could render? She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service Britain can render is the service which she rendered a part of the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in these speeches of his, lay equal stress to the financial arrangements with our Allies in February 15, 1915; we have the speech delivered during the debate on the budget proposals (May 12, 1915); and once or twice finance is mentioned in the speeches.
The End of Romanticism.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

ROMANTICISM and the superman are dead; let us do our work quietly.

An objective conception of social life is gradually becoming the mind of men. This conception tells us that men do not associate immediately with one another, but that every human society—the family, the State, the workshop, the farm—is an association of them, things and the home, the native land, business, amusement, etc. The laws are rules which arise directly from the intermingling of men and things in society. As this intermingling is made necessary by the interdependence of men, and is therefore original and not accidental. As men are intertwined in man also, there are some laws to regulate the conduct of men with respect to these things. Some laws relate to necessary economic things; others to good or moral things. Societies are in a state of progress when the number of good things is increased and their quality improved; they are stationary or in retrogression when they cease to add to the number of their good things or no longer preserve them. The social value of every man depends upon his conduct with respect to the things which are necessary or good for society. His dignity depends upon his work. Objective ethics teaches us that.

We wish to found a society in which rights shall be based upon his conduct with respect to the things which are necessary or good for society. His dignity depends upon his work. Objective ethics teaches us that.

This spells the end of Romanticism.

The „Hero“ of Carlyle and the „Representative Man“ of Emerson maintain always a certain nexus with things: "Shakespeare's powerful merit," says Emerson, "may be conveyed in saying that he, of all men, best understands the English language and can say what he will." "Each man is by secret liking connected with some district of Nature, whose agent and interpreter he is; as Linnaeus, of plants; Hubert, of bees; Fries, of lichens; Von Monn, of pears; Danton, of atomic forms; Euclid, of lines; Newton, of fluxions."

One sentence of Emerson even formulates the ideal of an objective morality: "It is for man to tame the chaos." Had Emerson insisted upon this thought the American people would have been saved from many an error. But two lines earlier he writes: "Great men exist that there may be still greater men," and a few pages before: "Man can paint, or make, or think, nothing at all: from the simple fact of his being depend on Nothing."

The "Hero" and the "Representative Man" are still functionaries. They serve as an example to the many. But Renan had said that the aim of the world is to produce gods for whose maintenance the many must work; these "gods" need not fulfill any function; they will receive their food for nothing; at the utmost, they will contemplate the labours and the superstitions of the crowd. And so, too, the Superman of Nietzsche: "Now that all the gods are dead we will that Superman live." This Superman will serve only as an ornament: "I would be the sun, for when he spreads his last rays over the sea, even the humblest fishermen row with oars of gold." In this beautiful image we are not chiefly moved by the gilding of the fishermen's oars, for any day we may see them gilded by one of the new producers who try to make of the theatre a gorgeous banquet for the many, that is, to replace the little gods with our beloved ego expand until it reaches the farthest sun.

The history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the Great Men who have worked here. But let us reverse Carlyle's thesis, and say: "The history of Great Men is the history of what man has accomplished in this world." Carlyle tells us: "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him," let us read: "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great thing, without gaining something by it." To Carlyle, the thing out the clothes of his "Sartor Resartus." Underneath all his eyes discover the mind of man. "There is but one temple in the universe," he says with Norvalis, that romantic of romantics, "and that is the Body of Man." And he adds on his own account: "We are the miracle of miracles—the great incrustable mystery of God." Good; this "incrustable" mystery stands revealed in the rages of Carlyle's work "On Heroes." The "Great Mystery" is there to be seen. "The Great Man" is a mystery. Instead of analysing the Great Thing, Carlyle goes direct to the mystery. He does not speak to us of Shakespeare's dramas but of Shakespeare the man. By the same method the unscrupulous charlatanism of Frank Harris deduces "Hamlet" from the love statistics of Shakespeare which are necessary or good for society. His dignity depends upon his work. Objective ethics teaches us that.

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"Ego" and its own," said Max Stirner, the true forerunner of Nietzsche, and round my Ego-nothing. And where does it occur to you to suspect that the greatness which you attribute to some men is theirs solely in consequence of the greatness of the things they have made?

But the "Hero" of Carlyle and the "Representative Man" of Emerson maintain always a certain nexus with things: "Shakespeare's powerful merit," says Emerson, "may be conveyed in saying that he, of all men, best understands the English language and can say what he will." "Each man is by secret liking connected with some district of Nature, whose agent and interpreter he is; as Linnaeus, of plants; Hubert, of bees; Fries, of lichens; Von Monn, of pears; Danton, of atomic forms; Euclid, of lines; Newton, of fluxions."

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* Introduction to Sore's "Reflections upon Violence." (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.)
It may be said that this affects only the aristocratic variety of romanticism. But in romanticism there is no real aristocracy. The conception of aristocracy has a meaning only when its striving is moral in objective. The things he made and a shoe, the man who can best make them is the aristocrat—for he is the "best." If the thing is to go over the marches, the Warden of the Marches is a marquis in the same way that the leader of an army is a duke. Given something to be done, men divide themselves into aristocrats, and not-aristocrats according to their competence; and the aristocrat in shoe-making is not an aristocrat in military affairs, and vice versa. But as the romantic does not base upon things the superiority or inferiority of men, there is far more for democracy. The supermen are supermen for the same reason that contemporary dukes are dukes—by grace and not by merit.

The creator of Romanticism was Rousseau. He was a democrat. The first sentence of his "Contrat Sociale" says: "Man is born free and he finds himself everywhere in chains." This sentence made the French Revolution. The French Revolution was excellent in so far as it destroyed the subjective rights of the nobility and clergy. Classes that in general did not fulfill any useful social function had not the right to such rights. But the Revolution attempted to substitute for the subjective rights of the few the subjective rights of all, as if an error became a truth by multiplication. It founded them on the principle that "man is born free." But is it true that man is born free? The poor baby. Is not the enigma the Sphinx act? "Man is the animal that first walks on four legs, then on two, then on three? And will you tell me what "to be free" or "to be born free" means? For to be free from headaches means only not to have headaches. And there are many, many men who cannot find in the word freedom more than a negative meaning.

Kant, hallucinated by Rousseau, tried to find a positive one. To him to be free meant to fulfill the moral law; and he did not deduce this moral law from the property of goodness possessed by some things and some actions, but he drew it complete out of his own head, and he felt, as he found it there, the same trembling wonder produced in him by the contemplation of the starry heavens above him. "He often made us weep, he shook our hearts like an earthquake, he liberated us from the chains often of self-consciousness up to the pure freedom of the will," wrote his pupil Jackman as he recalled his student years. And it is easy to understand that one can weep with pride on imagining oneself the bearer within of the moral law, the absolute, autonomous, sovereign, absolute, without control, groaning, no more!"

I. Letters from Russia.

By C. E. Beckholser.

I.

I MAKE no excuse for reintroducing, sometimes introducing, Russian classical literature to English readers. How many have heard of Saltikoff? And yet Chekhov's wit is in the true line of descent from him. The number of translations of Russian classics into English is ludicrously small. "Obolomov" has only now been translated as a book, "Wit from Woe" was translated years ago, and the most extraordinary English, Von Wizin and Saltikoff are practically untranslated; excepting modern authors and remembering that many translations are now out of print and lost, there is, but for Pushkin, not a Russian writer reproductively translated into English. There is, however, an excellent English edition of almost the whole work of Garshin. Do you know how he died? Brandes, who was his contemporary, tells the tale. When that amazingly successful demon of the reactionaries, Katkof, died, every Russian newspaper and arts and letters shamelessly howled a chorus of praise over his grave. Garshin, always sensitive, was so overwrought by these syncopated panegyrics that he lost his self-control, groaning, "I could never have believed that our press was so despicable, so base-minded; I weep for Russia." For six months he existed thus, and then in utter despair threw himself from a high window and died. Now, Lord Northcliffe! Surely the harm's worth it? What is the blood of a Seddon or a Dickson to a Garshin? It roused up the man-devil, and at us! But quick, back to the classics.

There is a translation of Gogol's "Revisor" by Mr. Aston, but I doubt if a hundred Englishmen have read it. Be that as it may, I intend to retell the plot of the chef d'oeuvre of the Russian stage.

As hints for the actors Gogol prefixed notes about his characters. For example:

THE GOVERNOR: A man already grown old in service, and, in his own way, not at all a fool. Although corrupt, he behaves very properly; he has no wish to humble himself to some extent reasons things out; he speaks neither loudly nor quietly, neither much nor little. His every word has its significance. The lines of his face are coarse and hard, as of everybody that begins his hard service in a low rank. He passes from fear to joy, from humility to haughtiness quickly enough, like a man with roughly developed mental inclinations. He is dressed, as usual, in uniform.

HLESTAKOF: A young man about twenty-three years old, thin, slim; somewhat foolish, and, as the saying goes, without a master in his head—one of those people who in Government offices are called "inanities." Speaks and behaves without any consideration. He is not able to concentrate permanently upon an idea. His speech is abrupt and words fly out of his mouth quite unexpectedly. The more the actor shows candour and simplicity, the better he plays the part. He is dressed fashionably.

The first scene shows the governor sending a letter prevailingly him of the criticism of a reviewer to an audience of the chief local officials; their horror and mutual upbraiding. Enter two landowners, Peter Ivanovich Dobchinski and Peter Ivanovich Bobchinski, resembling
each other in everything and especially endowed with curiosity and loquacity.

BOX: I don't want to make any remarks!  

DOB: Unexpected news!  

ALL: What is it? What's the matter?  

DOB: Unexpected event—we went into the hotel—  

BOX: (interrupting): I'll tell you.  

DOB: Oh, so, excuse me, Peter Ivanovich, I'll tell it.  

BOX: I'll tell you, remember, my word, I remember. Don't interrupt, in God's name. I tell it; I interrupt! Gentlemen, be so kind, tell Peter Ivanovich not to interrupt.  

GOVERNOR: Tell us what's the matter, for Heaven's sake. My heart's all out of place. Sit down, gentlemen. Take a seat. Peter Ivanovich, here's a chair for you. Well, what is it?  

BOX: Excuse me, excuse me; I'll tell it all in order. I only had the pleasure to leave here after you were disturbed by getting that letter—  

The two Peter Ivanovics tell with much circumlocution and such interruptions as:  

BOX: No, so, I said, “Oho!”  

DOB: First you said it, and then I said it.  

how a strange young man, an official, is staying at the hotel, proposing to be on his way to a distant district. But he has been there a fortnight already; it is not an official.  

Inspector-general. The party breaks up in horror—  

My daughter finish their toilet just too late to stop him and the governor hurries off to the hotel. His wife and daughter finish their toilet just too late to stop him and send a servant off to the hotel to see if the revisor's eyes are all right.  

The second act begins with Hlestakof and his servant at the inn. The young man has lost all his money at cards in the last town and they are now penniless and hungry. The innkeeper sends them up a last and unappetising meal and then he tells the governor if they don't pay. Suddenly the governor enters the room, quivering with fear. Hlestakof is persuaded that he is to be taken to his house.

GOV.: I wish to say good morning—  

HLE.: How do you do?  

GOV.: Excuse me—  

HLE.: Not at all.  

GOV.: My duty as governor of this city, is to see that voyagers and gentlemen are not worried in any way—  

HLE.: (stammering): What's to be done? I'm not to blame—I'll pay, truly—I'll have it sent from the country.  

Ah, thank God, he takes money.

And by the governor and hands over a note written by the latter across the hotel bill, in lack of other paper. The wife reads, "I hasten to tell you, darling, that my chances were very poor, but, thanks to the mercy of God for two salt cucumbers extra and a portion of caviare, three shillings"—I don't understand anything.

Dochinski explains and hurries away.

WIFE: Now, darling, we've got to think about our toilettes. He's from Peterburg, thank Heaven if he doesn't laugh at us for something. You'd best of all wear your blue dress with the little flounces. The wife reads, "I hasten to tell you, darling, that my chances were very poor, but, thanks to the mercy of God for two salt cucumbers extra and a portion of caviare, three shillings"—I don't understand anything.

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with the court, the privy council fears him. At this point he may well address the floor, and the governor carries him away to sleep. The governor's wife and daughter quarrel as to whom he looked at.

DAM: Really, mama, he kept looking at me. And when he began to speak of literature, he looked at me, and afterwards, when he told me that he wanted a waltz with the ambassadors, he looked at me then, too.

Wife: Well, perhaps, once or twice, as much as to say, "Oh, well, let's have a look at her."

Hlestakov's servant is called into the room and assures the Governor and his wife that his master is best pleased with people that treat his servant well!

The fourth act begins with an assembly of the local officials next morning, wondering whether to present themselves to the revisor singly or all together. The judge is the first to meet Hlestakov alone.

JUDGE (aside): O Lord, O Lord, bring me through safely, my knees are shaking under me. (Aloud) I have the honour to introduce myself, the judge of this town, by name, Liapkin-Tiapkin.

HLE: Take a seat, please. So you're the judge here.

JUDGE: I was given the Vladimir, fourth class, with the praise of the Administration. (Aside): I've got the money in my hand, and my hand's all on fire.

HLE: I like the Vladimir. The third class Anna is not the same thing at all.

JUDGE: (holding out his hand): O, my God! I don't know where I'm sitting. It's like being on hot coals.

HLE: What's that in your hand?

JUDGE: (dropping the notes on the floor): Er—nothing.

HLE: Nothing? I see that some money has fallen down.

JUDGE: (trembling all over): No, no, it can't be. (Aside): O Lord! I shall be tried, they'll send me for the van.

HLE: Oh, picking up the money: Yes, it's money.

JUDGE: (aside): Well, it's all finished. I'm lost, lost.

HLE: D'you know what? Lend it to me.

JUDGE (angrily): Of course, of course, with the greatest pleasure. (Aside): Now, bolder, bolder. Bring me through, Holy Mother.

HLE: You know, I've been spending on the road. By the bye, I'll send it back to you at once from the country.

JUDGE: Now, please, how can you—it's such an honour, anyhow. Er, of course, with my weak powers, with my soul and body to the Administration, I endeavour to serve. (Stands up to attention): I don't dare to disturb you any longer with my presence. Are there any orders for the local law courts?

HLE: What orders?

JUDGE: I mean to say, have you no orders for the local law courts?

HLE: What for? You see, I've got no need of them at present; no, nothing. Thank you very much.

The judge goes out and, encouraged by his success, writes a letter to the Governor-general, how the governor is as foolish as a grey gelding, and the postmaster—the postmaster wishes to slur over a phrase but the judge—and he too stops. Another official takes the letter and reads that the judge is a pig in a black hat and he himself—he stops. So the letter goes round, from one to the other. When it is finished, they bewail their lost money, but the governor beats his head that never, in thirty years' service, has he been so baffled; the future father-in-law of the friend of ambassadors and, with his wife and daughter, patronises them and praises Hlestakov. Enter the postmaster.

POST: Remarkable thing, gentlemen! The official we took for the revisor, was not a revisor.

ALL: What, not a revisor?

POST: Not a revisor at all—I found it out from a letter.


POST: From his own letter. They brought me a letter for the post... I took it in and read it through.

GOV.: How did you dare?

POST: I don't know myself, an unnatural strength drove me on.

And the postmaster reads out Hlestakov's letter, how, thanks to his Petersburg manner and coat, he is being taken for a governor-general, how the governor is as foolish as a grey gelding, and the postmaster—the postmaster wishes to slur over a phrase but the judge and the general, and the judge—and he too stops. Another official takes the letter and reads that the judge is a pig in a black hat and he himself—he stops. So the letter goes round, from one to the other. When it is finished, they bewail their lost money, but the governor beats his head that never, in thirty years' service, has he been so baffled. The real revisor has come! Then follows a tableau which delights Russian audiences and leaves me cold. The governor is surrounded by the other characters, all in terrible despair. I imagine Gogol to have suffered from the disease of envy that afflicts all artists. A painter wishes he were a musician, a musician that he were a writer, and in this case perhaps, a writer that he were a painter, and thus we have the final picture.

The "Revisor" was produced in 1836. Nicholas I was present at the first performance and loudly laughed and applauded. He called the author to him after the play and said, "I never laughed before as I laughed this evening." "I aimed," replied Gogol sadly, "at another effect." And the motto at the head of the play is, "If the face is wry, don't blame the glass."

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Impressions of Paris.

The provocation of the Duma and the French campaign against alcoholism almost implore one to trace the world's present events instead of past books; and there are other subjects which even more than the Duma seem made for me to talk about, such as women and dreams of black cats. But then, books are never really past, whereas events, women, and dreams are. And, moreover, two facts there be which hinder me personally from taking the present world seriously. One is that at my highest pitch of spiritual feeling, whenever I think of God, or the dead, or my personal unworthiness to exist, I consider, then, Dumas and campaigns against alcoholism; for I know that the simple will always be the sport of knaves and that the French Government will never do the one thing needful—namely, to remove the duty from good liquors.

My femme de ménage comes from Cognac. She informs me that the duty alone on the wine from Cognac nearly doubles the price in Paris. While there are leaves of politicians to put a prohibitive tax on pure drink and fools to let them do it, we shall see the poisoning of Paris, no matter how virtuous a campaign may be hypocritically undertaken. Not that it is all hypocrisy! There are persons who profess to foresee that the end of this war, the day of peace, will inaugurate a period on earth such as perhaps the world may never have supported. But these persons have to encounter great spirits, men whose profit it is to make money by adulteration of drink, politicians whose profit it is to put a thumping tax on an article condemned by the unco' guild who are simply rotten, to buy.

No! Enfin—that is to say, it is not profitable to continue the discussion. But here is a pretty corrupt idea, is it not?—to put a tax on French products at the gates of Paris. No wonder that the various provinces consider themselves Bretons, Bourgognes, Gascons—anyone for his own. This is that: I have suffered more terrestrial inconvenience than I have ever been put to before. It is a sign of God's intended destruction of Paris and, very curiously, Paris, so favoured by Nature, maltreats itself. If you live even at Malakoff, one yard beyond the gate, you buy your lamp-oil without the duty. On the near side you pay the duty—this is to say, that almost without exception, you buy adulterated oil. A tax on any article of daily consumption ensures its adulteration for all but the rich, and in matters of drink even the rich only escape occasionally. I think that the Parisians en masse are very stupid. You have no idea what courage it needs to prevent me from taking the present world seriously.
Parisiens are very stupid." "The concierges, instructed by some Maurice Barres or other, would revolt volubly. The President won't come, and I shall be desolated. But they are... enfin!

I am so cross with the Duchesse de Choiseul! You remember the lady to whom Madame de Dandaff wrote so many letters and upon whom, I am going to say, she wasted so much affection. Everybody says that Madame de Choiseul is charming. I find her detestable. I should have ended by despising her if I had been one of those persons who write to you with great affection, saying that they would have come... only! She is too busy in her country retreat to write to you, yet she writes long grammarian's sentences above is the nearest I can find to any discernment of her friend's philosophical superiority; and, indeed, she exhibits scarcely discernment so much as the obscure but sure consciousness of the egoist. She profits by some word of Madame de Dandaff to jest on the cold-hearted of this world, finding the occasion to mention ever so many historical names. Perhaps she is injudiciously aware that her friend finds her cold-hearted; she is not indifferent, however, to being judged. She parades, disserting, in wig and gown—a learned judge will not likely be mistaken for a criminal! From the country, where she spends so much time at the feet of Barthelemy, she continues to exhort, offering herself as ever for a model. "I do not pretend to have reached the point of being able to put in practice all that I preach, but really, by force of much reflection and I, venture to say, of courage, I am very near to practice; with a warm heart and an imagination which have need of nourishment, I was more disposed to unhappiness than anyone in the world; nevertheless I am happy. Judge then, my dear child, that it is possible for you to be happy and be so I pray you. I have already told you that I have aged before my time...

We know with what wd. Madame de Dandaff used to describe her fits of world-weariness.

In reply to a letter in which Madame de Dandaff compliments her on being such a grand philosopher, and confesses with helpless and humorous simplicity to being timid of so many virtues; and in which she replies indignantly to a literary attack on Walpole—Madame de Choiseul writes: "I cannot endure that you should be afraid of me, my dear child. Why, good God? I am not a great commander [foureur de guerre] of any sort. You will be astonished when the truth is revealed, that you were ever afraid of its object." She explains, with comments, that "each has his little philosophys, and that the other herself only goes on like the rest of mankind, from day to day correcting her errors with difficulty. Being in this mood, she inclines to think that the attack on Walpole is not worth the disturbance of one's serenity. Such a work by such an author may be left to consummate its own ruin. Augustus said, and she writes down that Augustus said: "You see by this quotation that I am reading Roman history. ... You will admit that one is very happy when one reads such good things and lives in such good company. Adieu, my dear child."

Next day, she has a change of idea and writes to her husband to ask him to call Préron a daring author, "in a donjon in order to teach him how to write!" The day after, she explains—"I do not know whether Préron will be punished or no... In any case, not for anything must my name come out in this affair."

Madame de Choiseul must have had some personal charm in her youth for Madame de Dandaff, the which charm is not to be found in her letters. It seems to me that the elder lady had a great liking for her young relative and almost passionately wished to form her more agreeably. She says in her flattering way, "How charming is not to be found in her letters. It seems to me that the elder lady had a great liking for her young relative and almost passionately wished to form her more agreeably. She says in her flattering way, "How

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Readers and Writers.

Mr. Shorter's patriotism has at last met its Waterloo. The "Book of English Poetry" (Messrs. Jack, 3s. 6d. net), edited by Mr. George Douglas, contains a selection of over two thousand poems. It is an exceedingly bulky volume and a brute to hold in the hand. An anthology, I understand, is a choice selection, a nosegay from a garden; but this anthology is the garden itself. If I want more than a few poems of each author, I want a single volume, whole or in careful selection. To have a volume almost large enough to be a library in itself and collected into a volume may be well enough if we are going a-Poleining; but here, with cheap editions of the poets accessible, only a Hun would desire such a monstrous compendium. The publisher assures us that "the editor of the volume has a fine instinct for poetry." I deny it. No man with a fine instinct for poetry could produce a Noah's Ark of this kind. As a long poem, according to Edgar Allan Poe, is a contradiction in terms, a large anthology of poetry I am certain is.

Nothing that I can say or my readers can do appears to have a deterrent effect upon the production of new magazines. The latest to come to my knowledge is the "Signature," described as a small fortnightly journal, and published by subscription at half a crown for six issues. The "Signature" is to aim at the remarkable by means of "a series of six papers on social and personal freedom by D. H. Lawrence and J. M. Murry." What is the purpose in setting up a tub for these two writers alone? The cost to somebody or other will be considerable; an audience will be hard to find; and the net result of the venture will be as nearly as possible nil. If it were not easy for an independent mind to find publication in these days, there would be some excuse for precious privateering. But not only does it happen that both Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Murry have already an allotment of the national ear, but either of them, if he had anything to say on "social and personal freedom," could be sure of hospitality even. I imagine, in The New Age. But then it is known that our readers are unsentimental, not to say bland on such subjects. To impress them (as we cannot!) Messrs. Lawrence and Murry would need more ability than they are sure they possess. Hence, I presume, the need to be separated from the crowd and to make a silence for their small voices. It is an extravagance all the same.

How Russia impresses us is a discovery we are still only in the process of making. Not for years shall we arrive at more than tentative conclusions. But how England impresses Russia—critical Russia, that is—has been naturally settled long ago; for we are no longer a nation in the making. For better or for worse, our character is fixed and here it is as conceived by the signatories of the recent address of Russian men of letters to our own:

Your country, one of the oldest centres of European civilisation, your people, who have caught freedom to all the world, have always been and will continue to be the object of our study and admiration. We observe with joy the mystery of your unique and original national personality, which works at the service of all humanity, and all the secrets of your refined culture, which do not, however, alter the candid and majestic outlines of nature and the essential truth of the human heart. We feel a complete solidarity with you when we see you as a living and personal freedom by D. H. Lawrence and J. M. Murry. A unity and have homogeneity? The effect of Mr. Wells' theories is to be seen in contrast with the effects of Mr. James produces. In the latter the illusion of life is preserved, but of life in selected aspects designed to exhibit a single mood or a single character. But not only the former everything splintered like the items in a daily paper. String on a thin running motive the contents of any issue of the "Times," from "Births, Deaths and Marriages" to "Property Sales," and the result is one of Mr. Wells' recent novels. And twopence is less than six shillings!

The morbid interest, however, is not confined to the form, it includes the leading characters of Mr. Wells' latest novels. I could believe that he was metamorphosed in Russia and has become a Russian, so similar are now his heroes to the painfully crucified protagonists of Russian literature. The "harmony of will and deed" which we desire to establish, is in Mr. Wells' heroes a discord ever growing more depressing. They start off with dreams which only supermen could realise and find, after a chapter or two, that their author has equipped them with the character of moral imbeciles. What end is possible but suicide or subsidence into some corner of life? That such characters appeared to be common a year or two ago is an admission I make to Mr. Wells. There were, indeed, scores of young men in the pre-war days whose imagination stretched its neck miles beyond their forefeet. But it was an appearance only, as the war has proved. Mr. Wells has presumably taken an interest in the war and, professionally, in its reactions upon psychology. Where now, except in concealed literary circles, does he find his Benchams? And if there be any such, I doubt whether the stumbling-block is always sex. Sex, for Mr. Wells' later heroes, is the pons asinorum upon which they always come to grief. This is not the case with his Russian peers, who usually contrive a greater trial than physical sex. In this respect, therefore, Mr. Wells is worse than the Russians. However, it is all symptomatic, I call it the secret, and Mr. Wells is the infant of the passing age. These novels will pass with it.

Patriotism is a cloak for many offences in these days. Under cover of it, insular ignorance passes for the English tradition, and an inability to read German for a qualification to translate it. Even Mr. Clement Shorter, however, should know better than to translate "kürzlich" as "tersely." The reference to Mr. Shaw in the Chancellor's speech misled him. "Recently," which is the proper translation, would not have satisfied Mr. Shorter's patriotism!

R. H. C.
Of Love.

By Stendhal.

(Translated for The New Age by Paul V. Cohn.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—(continued.)

For a timid and sensitive woman there can be no worse torture than to have ventured, in the presence of a man, on some word or act for which she thinks she ought to blush. What would one who had any pride rather do than die a thousand deaths. A slight liberty taken with a man whom one loves, if it meets with his approval, gives for the moment a keen thrill of pleasure; but if he seems to be offended, it must leave behind a horrible doubt of his approval, gives for the moment a keen thrill of pleasure; but if he seems to be offended, it must leave behind a horrible doubt of his approval, it must leave behind a horrible doubt of his approval, it must leave behind a horrible doubt of his approval, it must leave behind a horrible doubt of his approval. 'Who will believe,' he would have said, 'that I am not here by your orders?'

On leaving Madame M., I went on to visit the woman who more worthy of being loved than any whom I know. Her extreme delicacy of feeling is, if possible, even more notable than her sympathetic beauty. I found her alone, and told her Madame M.'s story. "Now, you know," was her comment, "if the man who took this liberty had previously seemed attractive to your friend, she would have pardoned him, and afterwards have loved him." I confess that I was dumb-founded at receiving this unexpected light on the dark places of the human soul. After a silence, I answered her: "But when one loves, has one not the right to resort to the extremest forms of violence?"

There would be far less vagueness in this chapter if a woman had written it. All that relates to feminine dignity and pride, to the habit of modesty and its exaggerated form to certain delicacies (depending for the most part on associations of ideas) which cannot exist in men and are often not based upon Nature—all this must be accepted here as statements made on hearsay.

In a moment of philosophic frankness a woman once said to me: "If I ever surrendered my freedom, the man of my choice would appreciate my love all the more when he saw how chary I had always been of showing even the slightest preference." It is with an eye to that lover, whom perhaps she will never find, that an amiable woman of this sort shows herself distant towards the man to whom she is speaking at the moment. This is the first exaggeration of modesty, and is worthy of respect; the second comes from feminine pride; the third source of exaggeration is the pride of husbands.

The only fault I have to find with modesty is that it leads to a habit of lying. Herein consists the only advantage that frail women have over their more fastidious sisters. A frail woman will say to you: "My dear man, as soon as I take a fancy to you, I will tell you so—and I shall be more pleased than you, for I have a very high opinion of you."

Constance exclaimed, after her lover's triumph: "How glad I am that I have never had a lover in all my life, for I am not the type of woman who can be loved by a man of my choice would appreciate my love all the more when he saw how chary I had always been of showing even the slightest preference." It is with an eye to that lover, whom perhaps she will never find, that an amiable woman of this sort shows herself distant towards the man to whom she is speaking at the moment. This is the first exaggeration of modesty, and is worthy of respect; the second comes from feminine pride; the third source of exaggeration is the pride of husbands.

The fault is theirs—why are they so proud?* Aristocracy and the Bible take a cruel vengeance on those who think they owe them everything.

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one does not laugh even at the most amusing things. Hence it needs a great deal of intelligence to have just the right amount of modesty. This is why many women have not enough modesty at small gatherings of intimates—or, more properly speaking, do not expect the stories they hear to be very carefully toned down.

Is it an effect of modesty or of the deadly boredom it must cause to many women, that most of them appreciate nothing in a man so much as impudence? Or do they mistake impudence for character?

(a) Second law: “My lover will value me more highly.”

(b) The force of habit prevails even in the moments of most intense passion.

(c) Modesty is very flattering to the lover: it makes him realise what laws one is breaking for his sake.

(d) To women it gives most intoxicating pleasure. Since a powerful habit is overcome, the soul is more deeply stirred. The Comte de Valmont finds himself at midnight in a pretty woman’s bedroom. This happens to him every week, to her perhaps once in two years. Hence the rarity of such pleasures, as well as modesty, must make the joy of women on these occasions (far keener than that of men.)

(e) The convenience of modesty is that it forces women to be perpetually lying.

(f) Excess of modesty discourages love in the very souls that are made for feeling and inspiring its delights—timid and sensitive souls.

(g) In affectionate women who have not had many lovers, modesty is an impediment to ease of manner—a drawback which makes them let themselves be led somewhat by their less scrupulous sisters. They pay attention to each individual case, instead of blindly relying in such a matter as honour.

(h) Their extreme modesty invests their actions with a certain constraint; by dint of naturalness they acquire an air of lacking naturalness; but this clumsiness has in it something of divine grace.

(i) It sometimes their familiarity resembles love, it is because these angelic souls are coquetishes without knowing it. Lacking the energy to interrupt their reverie, and wishing to save themselves the trouble of talking, of saying something pleasant and polite—and no more than polite—to their friend, they lean tenderly on his arm.

(j) The reason why women who become authors so rarely attain to lofty heights, while their most trivial letters are full of grace, is that they never dare to be more than half sincere. They can no more be sincere than letters are full of grace, is that they never dare to be more than polite to their friend, they lean tenderly on his arm.

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Views and Reviews.

Work and Women

At a time when vital questions are being raised throughout the civilised world, such a symposium as this* presented by the Women's Co-operative Guild needs some consideration. Particularly may it be recommended to the attention of those National Guildsmen who are still dubious about the entrance of women into industry. No one can read these 160 letters from working women describing their experiences of maternity without pitying the subjects of such suffering. That much of the suffering was due to ignorance, more of it to congenital unfitness for motherhood, and most to fatigue, is true; but the dangers of suffering in childbirth are of such importance to the nation that the subject cannot be dismissed with this simple classification of the proximate causes. Prolonged labour in childbirth, for example, is not only dangerous and sometimes disastrous to the woman; it is a quite common cause of mental enfeeblement in the child. We pay for our adoration of love as a selective force, with its consequent mingling of types and races, by laborious parturition due to pelvic modification, a woman with an intermediate pelvis giving birth to long-headed or round-headed children. Mongrels suffer in maternity more than the purest of pure race, on whom a stricter principle of selection than love has been operative, or, at least, to whom a more restricted choice has been permitted.

But if we exclude racial questions, as being beyond practical politics, we shall find enough to occupy us in this collection. There is a general consensus of opinion among these women that their sufferings, or their freedom from suffering, may be primarily attributed to the fact that they did, or did not, work before or during their married life. The most cheerful case in the book is also the most instructive; and I quote it fully. "Although I have had eight children and one miscarriage, I am afraid that my experiences would not help you in the least, as I am supposed to be one of those women who can stand anything. During my pregnancy I have always been able to do my own work. With the boys, labour has only lasted twenty minutes, girls a little longer. I have never needed a doctor's help, and it has always been over before he came. I have never had an after-pain in my life, so the doctors don't know what I am made of. I always had to get up and do my own work at three weeks' end. I work all day long at housework until six or seven, and then take up all voluntary work I can for the sake of the Labour Cause. I am sorry and yet glad that my lot has not been so bad as others. My idea is that everything depends on how a woman lives, and how healthy she was born. No corsets and plenty of fruit, also a boy's healthy sports when young. I had the advantage of never having to work before I was married, and never have wanted for money, so when the struggle came I had a strong constitution to battle with it all." Her husband's usual wages were 3s. to 3s. 6d. before marriage, but he has had more than that amount.

This woman makes no complaints, nor does she, as so many of the others, call for instruction in the prevention of conception. She is a normal, healthy woman who has performed a normal, healthy function apparently without injury; although one is curious concerning the cause and consequence of that miscarriage. Her good constitution is a much more common endowment than she thinks; what is the remarkable feature is that she was able to maintain it unpimpaired. The "advantage of never having had to work" before marriage means that the normal processes of development were not checked by fatigue; and the strength of the abdominal muscles implied by the phrase "no corsets, healthy sports, work" helps to explain the quick labour. The insistence on "plenty of fruit" is remarkable; one wonders whether instinct or knowledge led her to this regimen. For the point about fruit is that it contains potassium in an easily assimilable form; and potassium exercises a biological antagonism to calcium, the chief use of which is the building up of bone. Administer potassium, and the body ejects calcium; the arteries become more flexible, the hair and skin renew their beauty, the bones shed their surplus of earthy salts and become more normal in their composition. Not only are the fatigue products more swiftly and completely eliminated from the body; but the bones both of mother and child have more elasticity, and the resulting accommodation ensures shorter and easier labour.

There is another fact, noticed by Dr. Abrahamowski, in connection with fruit diet during pregnancy; it is that babies are born more normal in size. He says, in his "Eating for Health": "I have had repeated opportunities to observe how, under this restricted diet, the difficulties seem to be to pass more easily; vomiting and constipation, nervous disturbances and kidney trouble are prevented and stopped; and how the quantity of water and the size of the child are kept within moderate limits. What this reduction in size and weight of a child at birth means in speed of delivery and freedom from pain even a man can understand to some extent; and the fact that the children, after birth, grow heavier from the first day is satisfactory proof that the child is not robbed of his heritage of vital power by the ease afforded to the mother.

But the most general complaints of these letters are complaints of ignorance, of fatigue, or of semi-starvation before and during pregnancy. Again and again, until the burden becomes wearisome, we get testimony to the evils brought to women by work not only in factories, but in the fields. In one case, the woman reports: "Through being left without a mother when a baby—father was a very large farmer, and girls were expected to do men's work—I, at the age of sixteen, lifted weights that deformed the pelvis bones, therefore making confinement a very difficult case. I have five fine healthy girls, but the boys have all had to have the skull-bones taken away to get them past the pelvis. Always a case for two or three doctors." In another case, sitting at dress-making is reported to have deformed the pelvis; while only twenty-five, she says, "seems to have suffered everything that was possible.

If these letters prove anything at all, it is that industry is the most disastrous preparation for maternity; and the women who tolerate the conditions of the wage-system because they hope for escape from it by marriage ought to be compelled to read this book to learn what they are preparing for themselves. Women cannot do the work of men without injury to themselves and to the race; and the sooner the simple, natural division between the sexes is recognised, the sooner will our vital history cease to disquiet us. Much, much may be done by the various methods proposed; ignorance may be enlightened, assistance may be given, food and rest and freedom from worry assured by the various agencies proposed or in existence. But the fact remains that no woman has a fair chance in motherhood who has been defiled by the wage-system. If women had sense enough to secure a period of rest during menstruation, the consequences in many cases would not be so disastrous; but they have the course of going to work and taking drugs, and die in their ignorance rather than acknowledge a difference between the sexes which is perfectly well known. The wage-system does not suit women, and they do not know how to adapt it to their peculiar requirements; and the only place in the wage-system for women is outside.

A. R. R.
Pastiche.

SCENE: LADIES' "FIRST AID" EXAMINATION.

DOCTOR: Name, madam?
FAIR CANDIDATE: Name? Name what? I'm sure I never expected.

DOCTOR: Your name, madam. I want your name and address.

FAIR CANDIDATE: Oh I see. My name. I'm so sorry. I didn't understand. My name is Mrs. Fred Prattle-Prattle. The doctor was sure to put Fred Mrs. Fred Prattle-Prattle—won't you, doctor? You see, before this dreadful, DREADFUL war I always called Fred—Fred's my husband, you know—always called Fred Fritz and the Laurels —oh, dear, whatever will you think of us—we called our house the LORELEIS! You see, we were unfortunate enough to go to that dreadful Germany for our—

DOCTOR (reading): Mrs. Fred Prattle-Prattle—The Laurels—where madam?

FAIR CANDIDATE: But where—are you the Laurels—Aberdeen or Asia? What place do you live in, madam?

DOCTOR: Oh, what place! Now I see. Why didn't you say what you wanted. We live in Richgate now; but, of course, we used to live at—

DOCTOR (projecting small boy between finger and thumb): Kindly arrest hemorrhage from the temple.

FAIR CANDIDATE: Hemorrhage? But he's not even hurt, doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, well, pretend he is, of course, madam.

FAIR CANDIDATE: But, doctor, I really couldn't bandage the poor child in COLD blood. . . . One wants to see things—don't you think so—and—and—THINGS. And, besides, I'm sure we never did temples—doctor—thighs and arms I do remember—but temples—

DOCTOR: Well, supposing the boy's femoral artery was bleeding, what would your treatment be?

FAIR CANDIDATE: Fe—Fem—For. Oh, I'm SURE, doctor, we were never taught—

DOCTOR: Come, come, madam. What about pressing the thumb on the wound? NOW, don't you remember?

FAIR CANDIDATE: Oh, of course, you just press your thumb on the wound. Why didn't you tell me before, doctor? I knew all the time.

DOCTOR: Very good. Now arrest hemorrhage from the boy's temple.

BOY: Ow—ow—that's m'm eye, m'm. OOO—OH-OOO—OH. Hiccup Hiccup. (Collapse of small boy).

FAIR CANDIDATE: Well, of all the horrid (smack) little (more smack) boys (smack, smack). If my little Percy DARED—


FAIR CANDIDATE: Treatment—TREATMENT—indeed! A good whipping, doctor, and no jam for—

DOCTOR: Really, madam, I'm afraid I must remind you that this is an examination—not a nursery. You haven't answered a question yet. We have only two minutes more. Now, madam, when patient is not answered a question yet. We have only two

FAIR CANDIDATE: Poisoning! Good gracious, I'm not a doctor!

DOCTOR (aside): Thanks be! (Aloud): No, no; of course not, any one could see that, madam. But what would you do?

FAIR CANDIDATE: Send for one. Send for a doctor, of course.

DOCTOR: But until he came!

FAIR CANDIDATE: Oh, well, I remember lost winter when the cough mixture nurse gave my little Percy—Percy is my darling, darling boy, you know—such rippling curls—quite golden. Let me see—what was I saying? Oh, when nurse gave my little Percy cough mixture that turned out to be VINEGAR—VINEGAR—did you ever hear such a thing? I gave her notice at once. So—

DOCTOR: I'm afraid our time is up, madam.

FAIR CANDIDATE: What? The exam. over already! And to think I nearly passed! Why I never did anything so easily in my life as to pass this exam. Have I passed really well, doctor?

DOCTOR: I fear, madam, I'm not at liberty to tell you. You will receive a notice in due time.

FAIR CANDIDATE: Oh, do tell me, doctor. You OUGHT! Frl—Fred ALWA—

DOCTOR: Next, please. Good evening, madam.

FAIR CANDIDATE: WELL! If that isn't perfectly horrid of you, doctor. Perfectly HORRID, I call it. I suppose you won't let me pass now. (Voice rises): But I—I'll tell you—I'll pass. Don't think I care about your silly old marks. Why, dear Dr. Curry Fecs told me he'd never seen such a nurse—that was when I sat holding Fred's hand for a whole hour,

DOCTOR: GOOD EVENING, MADAM!

FAIR CANDIDATE: Oh, good evening, is it? Well, it MAY surprise you to know I'm going out to the front in Lady Fluffyhead's car. TO THE FRONT, do you hear? Insulting ME, indeed. COWARD. I go risking my life at the FRONT, while you—you daren't go—with me. You know you daren't!

DOCTOR: I daren't!

MIRACLES.

"I desire the emancipation of the wage-worker, but at this time every sacrifice must be made by the Trade Unions."—Mr. Syrettian of O.

"The Premier's statement was extremely grave. The Government can do nothing less than ask the Trade Unions to forgo Trade Unions until the end of the War."

—Vide next month's press.

A poor Pope Leo, persecuted sore
'Mid civil brawl in merry days of yore,
Lost tongue and eyes; but to relieve his plight
A miracle renewed his speech and sight.

VINEGAR-did you every hear such a thing? I gave her notice at once.

The sceptic soul refusing antique lies
Asks did the Pope repair his tongue and eyes.

Explain, you modern fools, who see abused
Those living forms that Liberty has used.

And minus organs hope for action sense?
Explain as now combining slaves betrayed
Feel yoke to yoke upon their shoulders laid.

Come teach them how accumulated power,
Destroyed to-day, regathers in an hour;
And how your vague and insubstantial prayers
Can reinvent the energy of years.

Will a shrill service of discursive hymns
Perform the work of amputated limbs?
Will a confession of a change of heart
Give breath when hung from lung is torn apart?

Would England's masters domineer for long
Deprived of economic eyes and tongue?

In those old days who was from worry free?
Now, when Labour's strength is being heightened,
Twas pleasant once again to cross the sea,
I'll stay in bed and smiling write it down.

"A BALLADE OF CONTENTMENT."

A spade I knew a spade, and often dug
A trench, and named it "Rest and thankful be!"

A broom was besom; jorum was a jug,
And on the magic symbols S.R.F.

I heard that man at home could envy me;
And yet, oh! gentle reader, do not frown,
"Twas pleasant once again to cross the sea,
I'll stay in bed and smiling write it down.

And straw in its turn gave me company:
All winter single "I" was living "we.
At home the jester spoke of war renown,
This dull brain failed to grasp the wagery,
I'll stay in bed and smiling write it down.

Two sheets there are, a blanket, and a rug,
And baths and books and femininity.

"ENVOY."

Kaiser, to your words wander commonly,
And adjectives agreeing with the noun.
I doubt if Nothing knew of such joy.
I'll stay in bed and smiling write it down.

L.Cpl. JAMES ROBERTS.
Current Cant.

"Unpatriotic newspapers."—"Daily Mail."

"Selfridge's and the Dardanelles."—"Globe."

"One of the great merits of British statesmen is that they frankly admit their mistakes."—S. PICHON.

"I myself am against the Guild Socialists."—GRAHAM WALLAS.

"War and Democracy. Home Truths."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"Trade Unionism's greatest friend—compulsory service."—JAMES SHELLIKER.

"How God has spoken in the War."—Protestant Truth Society.

"The brains of the rich classes make the money which pays the masses."—DR. HAYDN BROWN.

"The human side of life is always the side which appeals to women."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"I do not sell my principles; as an advertising adviser I occupy in business the same position as the Barrister does in Law."—CHARLES F. HIGHAM.

"Unfettered by the artificial limitations of the stage, the motion picture was bound to attain heights of artistic merit to which the ordinary stage cannot hope to aspire."—"Full Mail Gazette."

"Instead of boldly insisting that all wage-earners should pay a small weekly tax upon their wages Mr. McKenna contents himself with lowering the limit of exemption."—"Daily Graphic."

"Has it not been a distress to all God-fearing folk to see France has politically blotted out God from her sphere of thought, and deliberately barred His name from her national life and considerations?"—HARRINGTON C. LEES.

"The presidential address of Professor Arthur Schuster to the British Association seemed, somehow, to miss fire."—HAROLD BEGBIE.

"The world without God. What it would mean to all of us."—ARTHUR MACHEN.

"Woman's war quality—mistrust of her own sex was a characteristic of the Peace woman. But the War woman trusts her sex."—"Daily Mail."

"This Superman ideal of Nietzsche's. This glorification of murder."—"New Days."

"I can never forget the monopolist spirit. the hereditary instincts, the intellectual rigidity, which destroyed the Guild Socialism of the medieval cities, and may some day destroy the great surviving guild of the lawyers."—GRAHAM WALLAS.

"Now after some twelve or thirteen years I find myself in a trying position. It is my business to write about the war; and I do my best. . . . I suppose I must be very stupid. . . . I feel that at any cost of money or inconvenience I must retain my sanity. . . . The infamous thing which Mr. Thomas has said is too shameful for me to swallow."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"The march of the human race is toward God."—HAROLD BROWN.

"Call on farmers; earn £6 to £14 a week."—"Daily Chronicle."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I cannot emulate the Batavian elegance of style so apparent in Mynheer Geyl's letter; but I accept his challenge, and, with your permission, now give the proofs he asks for—proofs which I believe are very evident of his presence the whole time. The Treaty from which I quote is that signed in London, April 19, 1839; it is in duplicate, one part with Holland and the other with Belgium; its terms are imposed by the Great Powers on those little States to put an end to their incessant quarrels which disturbed the peace of Europe; it consists of four articles; the detailed stipulations, by which it is to be made effective, are set out in an annexe of twenty-four articles; here follow literal extracts from the text of these articles which are material to my case:

Article VII: "La Belgique, dans les limites, indiquees aux Articles I, II, et IV formera un Etat independant et perpetuellement neutre. Elle sous-tend de consister ce modele neuvres dans tous les autres Etats."

Article IX, §2: "En ce qui concerne particulierement la navigation de l'Escaut et de ses embranures, il est convenu que le pilote et le baillicage, ainsi que la conservation des passes de l'Escaut en aval d'Anvers, seront sousmis a une surveillance commune et que cette surveillance commune sera exercée par des commissaires nommés par les deux Etats de part et d'autre. Des droits de pilote modérés seront fixés d'un commun accord, et ces droits seront les mêmes pour les navires de toutes les nations."

§ 3 (after fixing the scale of dues to be paid by all ships entering or leaving the Scheldt): "Les douanes francs appliquées aux marchandises entrant de la pleine mer pour se vendre a Anvers par l'Escaut occidental, et venant d'endroits suspects sous la surveillance sanitaire, auront la faculté de continuer leur route sans encausse ni retard, accompagnées d'une escorte de police et de se rendre ainsi au lieu de leur destination."

§ 8: "Si les événements naturels, ou des travaux d'art venant par la suite a rendre impraticables les voies de navigation indiquées au présent Article, le Gouvernement des Pays Bas assignera a la navigation Belgique d'autres voies moins étroites et moins propices a des accidents, et donnera instruction des dites voies de navigation devenues impraticables."

Sir, these quotations will suffice to show the stern determination of the Great Powers to secure for Belgium completely free and unrestricted passage to and from the sea. Holland, you will observe, is compelled to agree that even a ship suspected to be plague-stricken shall not be stopped by her, for quarantine; but shall pass to Antwerp, there to be dealt with as the Belgian authorities may decide: and further, in case earthquake, or any artificial disturbance, should close the channel of the Scheldt, in use by Holland, is bound to provide for the use of Belgium an equally good and convenient passage. With confidence, I leave you and your readers to see whether in face of the stringent stipulation of these Articles it can, with truth, be maintained that the fortification of Flushing was not a breach of the Treaty by Holland.

As to the distinction attempted to be drawn between commercial and belligerent rights; Holland by her separate Treaty with Belgium, signed on the same date and agreeing word for word, with the Treaty from which I have quoted, bound herself as strictly as did Great Britain and France to defend Belgium from attack—neither more nor less.

Let me also quote the text of Article XIV: "Le port d'Anvers, conformément aux stipulations de l'article XV du Traité de Paris du 30 Mai, 1814, continuera d'être uniquement un port de commerce."

From this we learn that the terms of the Treaty were broken by Belgium itself, when it fortified Antwerp. Probably it was the knowledge of this fact which prevented the Belgian and our own Governments from making effective protest against the reconstruction of the Flushing forts; both appear to have believed that Antwerp had been, or would be, made sufficiently strong to withstand any attack which could be made upon it; both Governments failed to foresee that a preparation by a country like Krupp would not have the time to supply the heavy cannon with which the additional forts of Antwerp were intended to be armed—one supposes he was too busy supplying these for Flushing and for his own Government.

The fact is this unfortunate Treaty of 1839 has been broken by practically all its signatories at one time or another; but Mynheer von Sturwe can still claim to have furnished evidence of its earliest breach—that by the Dutch—made, as he tells us, more than seventy years ago.

Those of your readers who are sufficiently interested
should read the Article, “Belgium,” in the Encyclopædia Britannica: there they will learn that for years the Great Powers were concerned to keep the peace between Holland and Belgium, and to enforce their treaties with these two little States. It is not necessary to say why; but the French and Austrian Governments did this with increasing difficulty. So lately as 1858 England and France compelled Holland, by force, to give up Antwerp, which had been allotted to Belgium; and in 1859 the Austrian Government had to be content with a treaty towards Belgium which claimed to hold Luxemburg, at that time the fet of the King of Holland.

And, as a matter of fact, the French and Austrian Governments will probably reach these conclusions:—That the petty jealousy and commercial rivalry of these two little States continued into the whole continent; that the French and Austrian Governments, including these two Dutch editors—were not worth the lives of a corporal’s guard of the 1st Middlesex Regiment: that they (your readers) cannot forgive the member of the Cabinet who made the concession, or promised the freedom of the Straits, whatever the Government may do at any rate, gain the freedom of the Straits, whatever happens.

The attitude of Provincial Society towards the repeated defeats was not unanimous; many felt a certain malicious joy. They hoped that the Government, after receiving the temporary punishment inflicted on them by the Allies, should understand the importance of self-respect, and that our men have grown to respect that soldier-gentleman, the Turk, too much for the place to be handed over to ignorants (while the situation unbriddle their jeers). The “Times” and “allied” daily publications, repeating the historical words of Lord Morley and of Mr. John Burns, let the British Empire take the lesson, and that they (your readers) cannot forgive the member of the Cabinet who made the concession, or promised the freedom of the Straits, whatever the Government may do at any rate, gain the freedom of the Straits, whatever happens.

The resignation of the late Minister of Justice and that of the late Minister of War, satiated, then it was thought not unlikely that the Government would move a little farther towards the left. These four points, and peace will follow. Leave them out—A victory or the honours of war, and the Government would move a little farther towards the left. The state of mind of the Government goes on a parallel line with the state of things at the Front. Was there victory—the Government made a concession, or promised reforms. When the Duma was put off for some time. More defeats followed; the Duma was called upon to work. England and France persuaded the Russian (and Allied) Ministers, through the Russian Premier, that the situation unbriddle their jeers. The “Times,” the alleged superiority of which over other newspapers is still credited in Russia.

In 1832 they found it necessary to take up a firm attitude towards Belgium which claimed to hold Luxembourg, at that time the fet of the King of Holland. And, as a matter of fact, the French and Austrian Governments will probably reach these conclusions:—That the petty jealousy and commercial rivalry of these two little States continued into the whole continent; that the French and Austrian Governments, including these two Dutch editors—were not worth the lives of a corporal’s guard of the 1st Middlesex Regiment: that they (your readers) cannot forgive the member of the Cabinet who made the concession, or promised the freedom of the Straits, whatever the Government may do at any rate, gain the freedom of the Straits, whatever happens.

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the reign of error, martial law, mass-arrests, etc. They are quite devoid of Chauvinistic enthusiasm, they deeply resent the oppression of the bureaucratic régime, but they do not go as far as to wish a disaster for Russia. It is impossible to believe that the anti-Government agitation is proceeding. The censorship is too strong, the caution is too necessary. General Ruský's threat to the strikers in the munition works shows there is no movement, but it is impossible to obtain information. And those who pretend to have information, either favourable or not to the Government, are true from one town to another it is almost impossible to obtain reliable information in Russia at the present time. Newspaper correspondents must not expect to read the true Russia, even in Moscow. Nor may they expect all the truth from casual meetings with landowners or journalists. Should they publish reliable information as to the state of affairs in Russia, the strikes, the famine, the trials for corruption or treachery, the wholesale exiles and imprisonment, the sources of their documentations would be promptly discovered and dried up. All we need know is that Russia, while carrying on the war, is also deep in the thrones of revolution, and that she will survive both—as is bound to happen in a land where artificial thinking is the one unforgivable sin.

**GEORGE RAFFAELOVICH.**

**YOUNG IRLAND.**

SIR—Nobody in Ireland will weep over the slaying of the "clever young Irishmen," of the type of Mr. St. John G. B., or Mr. Ervine. The Censor may be young in years and clever enough to dupe the clientele and cant in the best "Daily News" manner. "G. B. of the "clever young Irishmen," of the type of Mr. St. John G. B., or Mr. Ervine. The Censor may be young in years and clever enough to dupe the clientele and cant in the best "Daily News" manner. "G. B. of the "clever young Irishmen," of the type of Mr. St. John G. B., or Mr. Ervine. The Censor may be young in years and clever enough to dupe the clientele and cant in the best "Daily News" manner. "G. B. of the "clever young Irishmen," of the type of Mr. St. John G. B., or Mr. Ervine. The Censor may be young in years and clever enough to dupe the clientele and cant in the best "Daily News" manner.

I would again emphasise the point that the transition from present-day laissez-faire to National Guilds involves the scrapping of the automatic test of utility in commercial operations, and the assumption in its place of deliberate contrivance and forethought. This change will necessitate a great increase in commercial intelligence, for no criterion but that of profit is even dimly comprehended by our modern business men.

It is difficult to agree with National Guildsmen in their statement that a Guild "is so poorly armed as to be unable to do anything but pay itself out of the proceeds of its sales." Such a body would, it seems, be found only in a Civil Service Department—"a specially constituted bureau governed by a joint board representing both the Guild, Congress and organised consumers. Such a body would deal mainly with questions of quantity, leaving to the Guilds their prime concern of quality. The latter would certainly be actuated by more motives than merely economic ones, but it should always have economic considerations in mind as the basis of its action.

Let not "R. H. C." damn "New Ireland" altogether. It is as yet only in its first youth; its writers are young and its writing lacks firmness and strength. Never mind its atrocious literary judgments, but spare not its selection of quotations. Give it a chance until with helpful criticism it finds its feet. Mr. Ervine's grum should, of course, be sent to the place whence it came—the breeding house of budding Hulton geniuses. How much, then, does "New Ireland" owe to the "New Age," the "Irish Homestead," and "Labour in Irish History?" "

**LALOR MITCHELL.**

**THE GUILDS AND FOREIGN TRADE.**

SIR—I am obliged to National Guildsmen for their reply to my letter on this subject which appeared in "Towards National Guilds" on August 19. Several points in question have since occurred to me, to which I should like to draw their attention. It may be taken as generally admitted that division of labour, guilds within a nation, among nations, is essential to economic progress, and, indeed, to economic life. It is clearly of the first importance that the political parties should lay down by military and political considerations, specialise on those industries for which it is best suited.

Now, National Guildsmen, in their article mentioned above, express the view that "the Guilds ... would determine for itself whether foreign goods in competition with its own should or should not be imported." Such an arrangement, in my opinion, would lead to international division of labour, for the following reasons: The Guild would be a body of immense economic power, but it would be dominated, not merely by its own interests, but by its very nature, from economic questions from a broader aspect than that of its own advantage. A Guild would not be able by the automatic operation of economic laws to determine the production of a particular commodity is socially profitable or not. One of the few advantages of the existing economic system is that profitability a rough standard by which the quality of goods can be made more cheaply abroad than at home. It is in most cases desirable that the foreign brands should be used. No such restrictions for the guidance of a Guild, for the sufficient reason that profits would have been abolished.

In fact, the information necessary to determine the relative social gain of producing more or less quantities of various goods, and of producing at home or importing from abroad, would in no case be possessed by any individual Guild. A Guild would be a producing body, not a statistical bureau. Moreover, if the "gains" from its own industrial activities are to be retained by and divided amongst the Guild, the national interest would clearly dictate a policy of producing as many kinds of goods as possible.

It would seem that the body possessing the power of deciding these questions must possess two main qualifications. It must have at its command the fullest expert technical knowledge in regard to all questions of economic values, and it must have the power of economically controlling the different industries. Such a body would, I think, be found only in a Civil Service Department—a specially constituted bureau governed by a joint board representing both the Guild, Congress and organised consumers. Such a body would deal mainly with questions of quantity, leaving to the Guilds their prime concern of quality. The latter would certainly be actuated by more motives than merely economic ones, but it should always have economic considerations in mind as the basis of its action.

Sir,—There are two rules in British politics that should never be forgotten by the British democracy. (1) When the political parties are united in any particular political measure, it may be taken for granted that that measure is aimed at the true interests of the main body of poor people who compose the majority of the British
nation. The Insurance Act was a great example of this political truth; there will always be a great demand. The Insurance Act was a great example of this political truth; there will always be a great demand. The Insurance Act was a great example of this political truth; there will always be a great demand.
Press Cuttings.

"We are enjoying a very high degree of prosperity, because hundreds of millions of pounds, the money of our national resources, are being expended upon the war. But when the war is over that will stop. At this moment we are short of labour because men have enlisted by the million. When the war is over we shall come back to be employed in ordinary industry, and you will then have a great glut of labour. At the same time the whole world must necessarily continue to demand the loving care of capital—for from an economic point of view it is waste—all the countries of Europe. The effect can hardly fail to be acute, or after an interval, widespread depression, great unemployment, acute distress, and among the poorest widespread misery. Now is the time to make provision against those events which almost anyone can foresee."—HERBERT SAMUEL.

"If it had not been for unionism, nothing could have saved the working man. The latter has only his labour to sell, and the only way to protect himself is by uniting. There is nothing in the simple annals of the poor to compare with the daring sacrifices of the splendidly heroic leaders of British Unionism. They have the most tremendous admiration for the Trade Union. I believe in it with all my heart and soul, and I believe that the person who does not is the most ignorant person in politics and among the working class. They unconsciously represent. We do not deny our admiration for them as men of our own flesh and blood. They have died for the unrealisation of commodities are in reality, if not in law, public property..."—T. SHORE in the "Times."