TOwards National Guilds.

DRAMA.

MORE LETTERS

THIS SUPER-NEUTRALITY.

IN Defence

dropped from the Budget and now the tax upon possessions in kind or in scrip was

NOTES

Gilders of the Chains

breath of criticism shows that they were not well
cattle to disguise their operations we cannot

technical terms invented by moneylenders and such

As we

spending from loan instead of from income, no person

the same rules apply, the same principles underlie both

upon the operations of the one as upon the operations

of

by borrowing and not paying back, no person saves by

of

for, and no person can fail to become poorer when he

is better off for ordering more goods than he can pay

Somebody or other.

A considerable amount of elementary ignorance. Why,

However, people allow themselves to be bamboozled by the

mass of misconception is here!

income to speak of, and he is taxed only or mainly upon

Fixed capital, he said—by which he meant possessions

in general—could not be taxed because it could not be

taxed because they cannot be realised is not only

That possessions in the form of land, etc., cannot be

We submit that it is not.

Sir Edward Clarke suggested recently in the "Times"

that a tax upon possessions in kind or in scrip was

quite a feasible means of raising national money. He

was at once taken to task by pettifogging lawyers and

fine-art dealers, who contended, in the first instance,

that such a tax would be unjust, and, in the second

instance, that it would be impossible to collect. We

might dismiss them as Ephesian silversmiths if their

protests stood alone; but, unfortunately, they have been

supported by Mr. Montagu of the Treasury, who, in

turn, based himself upon Mr. McKenna. Mr.

McKenna, it may be remembered, excused himself in

his Budget speech from taxing the rich more heavily on

the ground that their incomes could not support it. And

now Mr. Montagu has elaborated the fallacy for us.

Fixed capital, he said—by which he meant possessions

in general—could not be taxed because it could not be

realised, and, moreover, it was not land and pictures

we wanted, but munitions. But what an extraordinary

mass of misconception is here! So far from being a

less desirable or just object of taxation, possessions in

general are much more than income both a proper and

an economic object of a tax in kind. Income represents

current wealth, and gives some guarantee that the

proprietor is, at least, performing

capital represents, on the other hand, wealth past

or out of use. To tax the former and to let the latter

off is thus precisely similar to taxing the honey as it

is brought in by the bees to the hive while leaving un-
touched the store in the cells. The absurdity is evident

if we take a case already cited in these Notes—that of

Lord Cowdray. This wealthy man owns, as we said,

a considerable part of the county of Surrey, which he

has converted into a deer-forest. It brings him in no

income to speak of, and he is taxed only or mainly upon

his income from oil. At the end

of the war, his fixed

capital or possessions will thus be practically un-
touched; and all he will have sacrificed will be a pro-

portion of the means of adding to his stored wealth.

Now is that common sense from any point of view?

We submit that it is not.

That possessions in the form of land, etc., cannot be

taxed because they cannot be realised is not only a

fallacy, but it is simply untrue. These are a score of

ways by which the ownership of a par of private wealth
could be transferred to the State even without what Mr. Montagu implied by "realising" it. And, again, it is absurd, in the face of the existing condition of the estate market, to pretend that possessions cannot be sold as easily by the State as by private persons. Look any day in the Press at the Sales columns and you will see the lie given to Mr. Montagu's statement that "fixed capital" cannot be realised. There appears, on the other hand, to be plenty of money about and plenty of willing purchasers of estates as they come into the market. Does anybody suppose that Lord Cowdray himself, if he wished to raise a considerable sum of money, could not "realise" part of his Surrey deer-forest by sale of it among his neighbours? And if he, could not the State do the same? The fact is that the conscription (let us call it the taxation) of capital is easier than the taxation of income. But, on the other hand, it is infinitely less tolerable to the wealthy classes. Their current income they are prepared to sacrifice in part, since they may hope, when the pinch is over, to resume the whole of it as before. But their goods, their acres, their houses, and their objets d'art, they have no intention of parting with. All the same, it may be necessary, if not during the war then afterwards. They may tie over the war and still keep all the machinery of their luxurious expenditure intact; but they cannot expect to employ that machinery as fully after the war as before it. Instead of half a dozen houses, ten thousand acres, a score of motor-cars and a hundred servants, they must be satisfied with, let us say, half of these. In other words, fixed capital must be reduced. To say with Mr. Montagu that it cannot be taxed is to invite us to reply that, if it cannot be taken in part, it must be taken in whole. Capital must be taxed.

* * *

In place of the taxation of capital Mr. Montagu recommended that people should set aside half their income for the purpose either of taxation or of State loans. We are altogether in favour of economic spending (the only form of saving that is not stupid), and we would recommend the practice in peace as well as in time of war. Moreover, it is an undoubted fact that saving in this sense is less now than ever before; in other words, Mr. Montagu's advice is timely. But as compared with the taxation of capital as a means of raising State revenue it has several disadvantages. To begin with, fixed incomes themselves have been already reduced to half their purchasing power by the rise of prices, so that, in effect, Mr. Montagu is asking a good deal of the people, whom Mr. Montagu should confine his appeal; but not only this. For this leakage of wealth are not only the people to whom Mr. Montagu appeals, but the creditors who they may borrow from. The West End of London is still running rivers of extravagance; Park Lane is still intact; and there has not been to our knowledge a complete register of foreign investments held in this country; and the State should be prepared, if necessary, to commandeer the lot. Nothing is, in fact, more obvious. It cannot be pretended that England profits by the foreign investments of a few of her private citizens; any more than it can be said that a poor village is better off for having a rich man living in it. What is more, every penny of exported capital tends to raise the interest of capital left in this country, to the relative disadvantage of our own commerce. And, again, it stands to reason that "our" foreign investments are the peculiar source of the direction, and must needs be the peculiar care, of our national foreign policy. It follows, therefore, that they are peculiarly appropriate to bearing the major part of the cost of it. Not to does not only mean that Montagu's question relevant to finance, it is less relevant to foreign politics. Who, we should like to know, are the actual personal holders of the four thousand millions "we" are supposed to have invested abroad? What are their names, and what sort of individuals are they? Secret diplomacy is certainly secret finance at the same time; and it is impossible to control the one without the other. If even we take Mr. McKenna's advice and think twice before we endorse by compulsion "our" foreign investments, a list of the holders would do no harm. We hope Sir Richard Cooper will this time persist in his questions.

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The American reporter whose eulogy of Dr. Rathenau's war-organisation of Germany was utilised by the "Times" as another stick with which to beat the voluntary dog, was almost as ignorant as our own Press of finance. Germany, he observed, would be better off than England after the war because Germany was borrowing of Germans, whereas we are borrowing abroad. From the standpoint of the creditor (in this instance the German State representing the German taxpayers) it does not matter a straw whether the debt is contracted with a German neighbour or an alien enemy. So long as the law of recovery is current; in other words, so long as public loans cannot be repudiated; just so long will a debt be a debt, repayable in principal and in interest. The mere existence of wealthy individuals in a community does not, we repeat, make the community wealthier. A starving crowd cannot be said to be well fed because half a dozen of its number have just gorged themselves! Germany, on the contrary, will be as a nation poorer than England by the greater proportion of war-expenditure she has raised in loans instead of by taxation. Capital in private hands is not patriotic and does not forgo its interest for being lent to the State of its origin rather than to the State of its own bettering. It insists, in short, upon its pound of flesh, be the creditors who they may. The disposers of one of Dr. Rathenau's boasts, if, indeed, he made it to an American reporter at all; and the rest are at least susceptible of reduction. Admitted that the war-organisation of Germany is superior to our own, as the one-eyed man is king among the blind, it by no means follows that it is either the best or beyond our own bettering. It is, in the first place, a State and not a national organisation, and thus is no stronger than the combined strength of the small governing class. Exhaust these and it will fall to pieces because its cement is not popular. Again, eighty per cent. of the production of Germany is, we are told, devoted to expenditure is at all times an extravagance which has merely become visible in war-time, and we must ruin them or be ruined by them. But to tax them, Mr. Montagu, is to tax their capital, not their income. We come once more to the old conclusion.

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Sir Richard Cooper took up in the House of Commons last week the suggestion made by Mr. Worthington Evans a fortnight ago: to the effect that the Government should cast its eyes upon 'our' foreign investments. We should have have compiled, he said, a complete register of foreign investments held in this country; and the State should be prepared, if necessary, to commandeer the lot. Nothing is, in fact, more obvious. It cannot be pretended that England profits by the foreign investments of a few of her private citizens; any more than it can be said that a poor village is better off for having a rich man living in it. What is more, every penny of exported capital tends to raise the interest of capital left in this country, to the relative disadvantage of our own commerce. And, again, it stands to reason that "our" foreign investments are the peculiar source of the direction, and must needs be the peculiar care, of our national foreign policy. It follows, therefore, that they are peculiarly appropriate to bearing the major part of the cost of it. Not to does not only mean that Montagu's question relevant to finance, it is less relevant to foreign politics. Who, we should like to know, are the actual personal holders of the four thousand millions "we" are supposed to have invested abroad? What are their names, and what sort of individuals are they? Secret diplomacy is certainly secret finance at the same time; and it is impossible to control the one without the other. If even we take Mr. McKenna's advice and think twice before we endorse by compulsion "our" foreign investments, a list of the holders would do no harm. We hope Sir Richard Cooper will this time persist in his questions.
the war. But for how long can a nation of ninety millions live upon munitions? Finally, we distrust entirely the reports of Germany that reach us, eulogistic or otherwise. That there have been strikes there is certain; and that flesh and blood cannot stand it for ever is a mere fact of experience. Our business is to ensure no such state of affairs, and the Chancellor of Germany as if its triumph were certain, but to better it in the certainty that its collapse is inevitable. Against State organisation with its roots in the air we must have national organisation with its roots in the Trade Unions.

We cannot allow, however, to pass Lord Selborne’s comparison of our Budget with that of Germany. Germany, he said, had thrown the main burden of the war upon its poor, while we were throwing it upon our rich. There is, on the contrary, scarcely a pin to choose between the methods of both countries. It is true that Germany has raised the cost of the war by loan almost entirely; but it is also true that the taxation levied in this country falls mainly upon the poor also. The former balance between direct and indirect taxation it may be true to say that the present Budget is untouched; but it does so by making direct what was previously indirect—in other words, by “promoting” the poor to be income-tax payers as well as the subjects of indirect taxation. But since of all indirect taxes it is calculated that the poor pay four-fifths, it follows that the poor are now paying four-fifths of the increased tax and, in addition, a proportion of the direct taxation; with the total consequence that a much larger share of the increased taxes is really being paid by them than by the wealthy classes. The account is one of simple calculation, and it will not do for Lord Selborne to juggle another conclusion than his. It may be noted; since we understand that he is a con

service, too! But capital for nothing is quite another story.

Nothing need be said at present of the nominations made by Lord Northcliffe for a Cabinet of Seven to supersede the existing Cabinet of twenty. It is impossible, except to remark that of the number the we would rather trust the counsels of Asquith drunk than of them sober. One of the septet is, however, Mr. Churchill, who has lately become a conscientious and a water-colour dauber. A word or two may be wasted upon him. It is necessary to say, in the first place, that a man who has failed in a job to which he appointed himself is not exactly the type of man to command universal respect. And he may be reminded, in the second place, that hitherto, with singular regularity, every one of his judgments has been falsified by events. It was he who proposed to dig the German fleet like rats out of their hole. It was he who instituted the policy of differentiating the treatment of prisoners of war. It was he who talked of baby-killers. It was he who planned the Antwerp fiasco. It was he who promised us an early and a resounding victory in the Dardanelles. It was he who foretold the immediately arriving economic exhaustion of Germany. It was he who announced the provision of swarms of hornets against Zeppelin raids. We leave our readers to conclude whether on any of these occasions Mr. Churchill has been a prophet or a statesman. Yet this is the man with whom, in the words of Mr. George (another but a more adroit journalist), would now lay conscription upon the country against the counsel of men like Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Kitchener. Conscription may be right and it may be necessary, but Mr. Churchill alone makes it wrong and impolitic. It is impossible that he should be right upon anything if a single mind that commands respect disagrees with him. As we have said before, the country is more happily damned with Mr. Asquith than saved with men like Mr. Churchill. We would not owe him even safety.

The same Press that has been discouraging and unjust to voluntary military service has been advocating voluntary funds for various national purposes. But this is precisely the wrong application of the voluntary principle, which applies to men only, but not to things! Against the conscription of men we have only just begun to develop our arguments. As it approaches realisation bigger guns must be brought to bear against it. For the conscription of things (including money) there is everything to be said. The indiscriminate, unreflecting collection of funds for this purpose and for that purpose is reflected, as we hear on all sides, in their indiscriminate unreflecting expenditure. Millions, and even tens of millions of pounds, drawn by appeals to the inexhaustible sentiment of our people, have been little better than poured away in a devastating stream of depressing extravagance. How much various private persons have made out of various charities we have no means of knowing; but our private observations establish that it is an enormous sum. The country is infested with land-sharks of a voracity like leviathan. No doubt, the offering of so much service is a testimony to the good heart of the nation; but it is a sad reflection upon its head. Far better, we say, that individuals wishing to help the nation to win the war should conduct themselves soberly and assist their immediate neighbours, and in the meanwhile see that the Government be enabled and compelled to make provision for the sufferers on a wide scale. There is scarcely a private fund in existence that would not have been better for having never existed. On the other hand, everybody knows of personal cases needing help and never getting it. Responsibility for giving does not cease with giving. Giving is no virtue in itself. Like every other act, it is by its rightness that giving must be judged. Let as give by all means, but let us first give rightly.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

In writing on foreign affairs in recent weeks I have deemed it my duty as a responsible writer to criticise with some severity the machinations of the conscriptionists in this country. I did not do so merely because I think conscription dangerous, useless, and unnecessary for England, but because, apart from moral considerations, any attempt at conscription or national service inevitably meant a further weakening of our already weak economic position. It was for this reason that, as I knew, the London representatives of more than one of our Allies disapproved of the conscriptionist agitation, though their position here—an extremely delicate one—prevent them from giving open expression to their views. There was another reason why I believed that the conscription campaign ought to stop. It caused a division of opinion in our own counsels; it led to the public's paying too much attention to men like Captain Guest, Colonel Arthur Lee, and Mr. Chamberlain, simply because the newspapers, playing Lord Northcliffe's game and were consequently advertised by his papers. But the division of opinion which such people caused here produced, as I have often said, a very bad effect abroad, among neutral countries as well as among our Allies. It does not matter a straw to me or to anybody concerned what effect the conscriptionists meant to produce. The effect they did actually succeed in producing was this: they led foreign nations—the enemy, our Allies, and neutrals—to believe that there was some possibility of English politicians splitting the country in twain and declaring for a separate peace. The result is that for the last eight or ten weeks our negotiations even with our Allies have been hampered, and that even our own Foreign Office has hardly yet realised why.

At this stage there is no reason whatever why a certain amount of light should not be cast on the events of the last two months or so. In the first place, all the depreciatory criticisms of the efforts made by this country which appeared in papers like the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Morning Post," the "Express," and so on ad lib., were circulated with their writers' signatures and claims part of the hinterland as well. It was suggested to a few officials to last a paper like the "Times," and the British Army, simply because these men were playing Lord Northcliffe's game and were consequently advertised by his papers. But the division of opinion which such people caused here produced, as I have often said, a very bad effect abroad, among neutral countries as well as among our Allies. It does not matter a straw to me or to anybody concerned what effect the conscriptionists meant to produce. The effect they did actually succeed in producing was this: they led foreign nations—the enemy, our Allies, and neutrals—to believe that there was some possibility of English politicians splitting the country in twain and declaring for a separate peace. The result is that for the last eight or ten weeks our negotiations even with our Allies have been hampered, and that even our own Foreign Office has hardly yet realised why.

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In the second place, it was hardly to be expected that this steady current of depreciation could continue to flow without eventually damaging us even in the eyes of our friends. When the Germans formed their plans and arranged for a joint invasion of Serbia by Austro-German forces at the north and Bulgarians from the east, the Allies had to decide at very short notice how the new move ought to be met. From a military point of view there was only one way of meeting it. Nothing could cause a greater loss of prestige to the Alliance at the present moment than the arrival of German armies at Constantinople, just in time to replace the Turkish armies with munitions and food. It was necessary to send the strongest available force to Salonika, especially as M. Venizelos had invited their presence there; and, if advisable, to leave only a containing force at the Dardanelles. Indeed, if the Dardanelles campaign was given so big a role as the communiqués indicated, here was an excellent opportunity for giving it up altogether and making for Constantinople via Dedeagatch.

Mark the sequel. Thanks to the conscriptionist agitation here, a large body of opinion had arisen in France which felt, and said, that the first thing to be done was to drive the invader from the north-eastern provinces as England would do, and for a reason which such people caused here produced, as I have often said, a very bad effect abroad, among neutral countries as well as among our Allies. It does not matter a straw to me or to anybody concerned what effect the conscriptionists meant to produce. The effect they did actually succeed in producing was this: they led foreign nations—the enemy, our Allies, and neutrals—to believe that there was some possibility of English politicians splitting the country in twain and declaring for a separate peace. The result is that for the last eight or ten weeks our negotiations even with our Allies have been hampered, and that even our own Foreign Office has hardly yet realised why.

As I write, urgent steps are being taken to smooth over the difficulties which have arisen. Every minute is precious to us now, for the German armies in Serbia will not delay. But, unfortunately, the steps we took necessarily involved the resignation of M. Delcassé, in spite of his eminent abilities. It begins to look as if the Italian Foreign Minister, in his own words, so, England and Italy, were trusted to go on with the war, France had better look after herself and get rid of the enemy while she was still strong enough to do so. A pleasant position, truly, into which Lord Northcliffe and his ignorant and irresponsible staff have led us! For the most prominent statesman in France, M. Delcassé, was the leader of this body of opinion to which I have made reference. M. Delcassé stoutly opposed the proposed Salonika expedition for the reasons I have given; and when his attitude became known, neither Greece nor Italy would budge. The fact that M. Delcassé was out of step with his colleagues naturally led foreign statesmen to assume that the partners in the Alliance would themselves soon be out of step. This is the main reason for the non-interference, up to the time of writing, of Greece and Italy, though it is true that there is a subsidiary reason. Greece, taking advantage of the temporary confusion in the Allies' camp, refuses to help the Entente Powers unless and until Italy leaves Yavanna, where she has taken up a position on the coast and claims part of the hinterland as well. Italy, on the other hand, also taking advantage of the confusion, refuses to withdraw a single man from her campaign on the Austrian frontier. It was suggested to a few politicians in Serbia that now was the time, if ever, to make a separate peace with the Germanic Powers. Such are the first results of the newspaper strategy of the Blatfoerbs, the Austin Harrisons, the Blumefelds, the Garvins, and all the other misinformed and pretentious journalists who have brought us to this pass.

The Balkan States, therefore, began to lose faith, and not, it must be confessed, without some reason. You may turn over the files of the conscriptionist Press in this country for the last two months, and but for a few casual references you will hardly be able to discover that England has assisted her partners generously with money and by giving them the command of the sea through the use of the British Navy. Still less will you be able to realise that even if England had not put a single soldier into the field, if she had done nothing but assist her Allies with munitions, and the Navy, she would still have been doing more than her share of the work of bringing about victory. Yet such is the fact, and no one will admit it more readily than more responsible Ministers in the Governments of our Allies. 

In the second place, it was hardly to be expected that this steady current of depreciation could continue to flow without eventually damaging us even in the eyes of our friends. When the Germans formed their plans and arranged for a joint invasion of Serbia by Austro-German forces at the north and Bulgarians...
Towards National Guilds.

Mr. Oliver Smith in a review of “National Guilds” in the Huddersfield “Worker” (May 15) complains that the writers do not prove some of their affirmations, among them being our contention that economic power precedes political power; that State Socialism would not abolish the wage-system; and that political action by itself is useless. We are afraid we must give up in sheer fatigue the attempt to demonstrate the first proposition. If the current control of the Government during a national crisis by the handful of profiteers is not demonstration enough, what can words do? What have seen how a couple of millionaire whisky-distillers defied the whole of the House of Commons; how coal-owners, shippers, bankers and farmers have successively employed the Government to safeguard their profits. That is, in proportion to their economic power. And what follows, surely, that the political power of the Labour movement, unless it is supported by an equivalent of the economic power of the other classes, is empty. Hence our criticism, which Mr. Oliver Smith so much resents, of the political adventures of the Labour Party. We do not say that political power will not one day be necessary and desirable. What we say is that the accumulation of economic power must come first to make political power effective. And what the economic power is that the Labour Party must accumulate we think we have pretty well indicated. It is not Capital, for Labour, subsisting upon wages, can never hope to equal the savings of Rent, Interest and Profit. It is the monopoly of Labour itself. Once oppose to the monopoly of Capital a monopoly of Labour, and the two forces are at last somewhere about equal. To save itself from the struggle of both, or, more formidable still, from their coalition against the State, Labour must intervene. We look eventually to a partnership between the State and Labour, with Capital in the servile place that Labour now occupies. But would that not be State Socialism and hence perpetuate wagy or asks Mr. Smith. Wagy is conditioned by the payment of Rent, Interest and Profit. If these are eliminated, as they would be under a Guild system, wagy is ipso facto abolished with them. But without the partnership of Labour with the State, Labour remains subordinate to State Capitalism, which would then draw Rent, Interest and Profit for its bondholders, leaving only the wages for the workers.

We have referred to “Delphian” of the “Liverpool Post” before. He appears to be an honest thinker, with, however, more honesty than thought. He has recently been chiding THE NEW AGE for denouncing profiteering, his point being that masters as well as men must live and are entitled to the reward of their brain-power. Well and good, we never denied it. But profits are something over and above the wages of management, good Old “Delphian.” By not a penny would we stint the pay of brain-work, since we know very well that it is more precious than manual-work. But when every worker, manual and brain, has been paid under the modern system, there is usually a surplus distributed to non-workers in the forms of Rent, Interest and Profit. It is these we would restore to the actual workers.

Last May the Council of the Assistant Masters’ Association instructed the Executive to formulate an Educational Policy for the Association. This is now being done, and we hope that readers of THE NEW AGE who are members will take their share in it. The “A.M.A.,” the official organ, considers, we note, that one of the conditions of the policy is “an unquenching conviction that the teachers are the right and proper persons to have control of education.” Joint control with the State would be more accurate.

Mr. John Briton in the “Sunday Chronicle” of September 12 reviews Professor Lipson’s “Economic History of England,” and incidentally discusses the modern Guild movement, without, however, naming THE NEW AGE. One sentence is worth quoting here. “What divides Capital and Labour is the division of their production; what unites them is the production itself.” Here in a phrase is the fons et origo of the class-war which, as we have always maintained, is not a war of social classes, but of economic classes. It is the war of Rent upon Interest, of Interest upon Profit, and of all three upon Wages. A purely economic history of England would confine itself to the successive struggle of these economic factors, ignoring the individuals represented by them.

It is important not to go too far in our desire to abolish profiteering. The method of its abolition is, after all, a question to be considered; for the Servile State would also abolish profiteering in at least the personal sense. When, therefore, Mr. Wells recently urged in the “Times” that “there would be little or no difficulty in getting rid of Trade Union limitation and every sort of restriction upon output in mines or factories that were public,” and omitted to add that co-management of the Unions was equally essential, he was properly corrected by Sir Frederick Banbury, who remarked that the last strike was that of the London Municipal Tramworkers. Not the public ownership alone of any industry will solve the difficulty of Trade Union restrictions, etc., but co-management by the Unions must accompany public ownership.

An editorial in a recent issue of the “Colliery Guardian” refers to the “mythical fortunes the coal-owners are alleged to be making.” Overleaf happen to be printed the prices current as compared with those of a year ago. Analysis shows that the average increase is over 50 per cent.

“Ballot,” writing in “The Railway Review” in defence of political action, summarises his conception of the position in the following sequence of propositions:

Organisation secures economic power.

Economic power makes a political force.

Political force makes laws.

Laws are enforced by administrative agents.

Administrative agents are influenced by economic power.

Economic power is derived from industrial organisation.

Railway work is an industry.

This industry is controlled by Government.

Railway workers’ problems are the political problems.

Economic power precedes political power.

“Organisation secures economic power.” We have referred to this point before. Let us give the whole of the passage. “These assertions,” he continues, “describe a circle from which there is no escape, and to which the achievement of power for railway workers.” They would if they were indisputable, but at the ninth proposition the reasoning takes a wrong turning. The power that enables the Government to control the railway industry is, indeed, the economic power of organisation; but of the organisation of Capital. Hence the problem for railway workers (No. 9) is not political, but economic; being the organisation of Labour. Economic power against economic power, with politics as a secondary weapon.
In Defence of British Diplomacy.

I have not yet had the advantage of reading the latest work of Sir E. Pears, but, to judge from the reviews and leading articles upon it which I have come across, the author seems to have missed the effect for the cause, as, if it is true that he has been doing in his comments on events in Turkey ever since he discovered "the Bulgarian Atrocities" in the year 1876. According to the "Daily Mail," the burden of his charge against the Foreign Office (if he ever brought one) is this: that Mr. Fitzmaurice has never been recalled from the British Embassy at Constantinople some time before the outbreak of the European War, there was no one in that Embassy who knew Turkish, or had any real experience of Turkish business at the time when the maintenance of Turkish neutrality became for Great Britain a matter of the first importance; and that this is why our Government "lost Turkey," as the papers put it. Well, I think otherwise. Mr. Fitzmaurice is an excellent Turkish scholar, and has had long experience in Turkish diplomatic business; his talents are acknowledged even by his enemies; but he had made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the Young Turk party by intriguing (as they believed) against them. Upon the other hand, Sir Louis Malet and his staff had made, upon the whole, a good impression at the Porte. From my personal knowledge of the sentiments of certain members of the Turkish Cabinet, I should say that the return of Mr. Fitzmaurice to the British Embassy at so critical a juncture would have been regarded as no less than a hostile act. Had the reactionary Turkish party been in power, then Mr. Fitzmaurice should have been Ambassador, for no man living would have had such influence with a Turkish Government of that colour.

But one may confidently assert that it was not the absence from, or presence in, Constantinople of any diplomatic agent which lost Turkey for us; but our adherence to an anti-Turkish policy—a policy to which Sir Edwin Pears has all his life contributed and which the section of the Press at present attacking the Foreign Office upon a minor issue has for the last three years deliberately condoned.

The Turkish Government had been warned by the Germans of our intention to throw off the suzerainty in Egypt and, which was worse, of our designs upon the Caliphate. To secure Turkish friendship for England in such circumstances, no mere diplomatic assurances but some definitely friendly action was required; and the opportunity for such action was given to us, as I pointed out in The New Age and elsewhere at the time, when the Turks denounced the Capitations. Had we thereupon denounced the Capitations in Egypt, thus accepting the Imperial iradeh, and acknowledging the Turkish suzerainty in a public manner, we should have annihilated a distrust which proved but too well founded and have revived the old enthusiasm of the Turkish people for the British Empire, which the way in which we seized two Turkish battleships had damped considerably. But our Government, committed to an anti-Turkish policy, made protestations which were three parts threat, and which, being made in conjunction with France and Russia, sounded very hollow, and at once, on Turkey's entering the war, it set to work to justify the whole success of the Turkish Government and, incidentally, to anger the whole Muslim world. Diplomacy was helpless under such a policy, which we possessed no statesman great enough to alter or control.

A similar farce has been enacted in Bulgaria and is pretty sure to be enacted in Roumania also, for Germany has any measure of success in Servia. How people ever thought that those two countries were bound to come
in on the side of the Entente it is difficult to imagine. They are not Slav countries. The Bulgars are ethnologically more nearly akin to the Turks than to the Russians. The Roumanians are truly a Latin race. Only by religion, and in the case of the Bulgars by culture, are they bound to Russia; and nationality is militant in all those regions. The bulk of the Roumanians have pro-Turkish sympathies, and have always been Plenipotentiary. When Russia, their ally, took Bessarabia from them. The Bulgar soldiers learnt to love the Turks at the Chatalja lines, just as British troops are learning in Gallipoli; and I heard it said at the beginning of the Balkan War, when they experienced the tender mercies of their Christian brethren, that thenceforth they would always fight on Turkey's side.

But obviously it is a question not of sentiment, but interest; and I have been astonished and amused these last few months by statements in the English Press to the effect that the interest of those two countries was manifestly to join forces with the Triple Entente. "Manifestly" to our eyes, perhaps, at present blinded Roumanians have pro-Turkish sympathies, and have interest; and I have been astonished and amused these

The truth is that Greece and Bulgaria each would rather see Constantinople remain Turkish than in the hands of the other or of any greater Power; and that Roumania does not wish for any change of ownership. In all three countries England was before the war extremely popular; and in all three countries, if she stood alone, England would be just as popular to-day. But Russia, France, and England, as an indivisible Trinity, are far from popular. The only chance for the Entente in the case of Bulgaria, as in the case of Turkey, of securing a benevolent neutrality was for England to show some degree of independence of her Allies. For some time it was thought that Athens, Sofia, and Bucharest that, in spite of appearances, England was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles. And the statement of the British Ambassador in Russia, when defending England from the charge of lukewarmness, that we had undertaken the attack upon the Dardanelles at the request of Russia, taken in conjunction with the utterances of

some Russian nationalists, made a very unfavourable impression in Bulgaria and Roumania. In the words of M. P. H. Mishef, written long before he became Bulgarian Chargé d'Affaires in Great Britain, but published in the eleventh hour that under no circumstances will she leave Turkey to her fate. Her present effort to relieve the Dardanelles is worth more than all the work of German diplomacy in the Balkan States and Greece as well, since it shows that Germany takes care of her allies.

The vital question for Bulgaria and Roumania is: Who is to have control of the Straits—the Bosphorus and Dardanelles? A great Power which controlled the Straits would spread its tentacles over Bulgaria, and hold the commerce of Roumania absolutely at its mercy. It seems to have been believed by many English people that the nations of the Balkans would be glad to see Constantinople fall to any Christian Power, no matter which, and preferably to Russia. The truth is, however, that Bulgaria each would rather see Constantinople remain Turkish than in the hands of the other or of any greater Power; and that Roumania does not wish for any change of ownership. In all three countries England was before the war extremely popular; and in all three countries, if she stood alone, England would be just as popular to-day. But Russia, France, and England, as an indivisible Trinity, are far from popular. The only chance for the Entente in the case of Bulgaria, as in the case of Turkey, of securing a benevolent neutrality was for England to show some degree of independence of her Allies. For some time it was thought that Athens, Sofia, and Bucharest that, in spite of appearances, England would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to Russia; and so long as that belief survived there was no dislacke of the Entente. Greece hoped for Constantinople; she was offered territory in Asia Minor, which she would never give Constantinople and the Dardanelles to

That aberration is our own. We have adopted, it would seem, in its entirety the Russian solution of the Eastern Question which M. Mishef, in the work just quoted, has so fiercely criticised. And the Balkans turn to Germany and Austria just as M. Mishef said they would. If England could only, at this eleventh hour that under no circumstances will she consent to Russia's occupying Constantinople (no one now objects to her obtaining the fullest freedom of the Straits in times of peace), the declaration would considerably modify Bulgaria's attitude, and might determine the future attitude of Roumania. That, at any rate, is my belief. Many people seem to suppose that a pro-Turkish policy must of necessity be anti-Balkan, whereas the comparison is much nearer to the truth, when one is thinking of the Balkan States collectively. And many people seem to think that we pro-Turks are animated by sentimental love for Turkey and blind hatred of her ancient enemy. Our concern was always, first and foremost, for the British Empire in the East.

And for the welfare of that Empire there is another declaration which our rulers would do well to make immediately. An eminent political authority has pointed out, and justly, that our Eastern Empire is directly threatened by the Germans. But the eminent authority has not, so far as I know, told the public why our Empire should be threatened by this new German offensive more than by any of the others which have gone before. It is simply because we have gone out of our way to alienate and anger the Muhammadans. If our rulers had but stated at the outset of the war with Turkey that their purpose was to free the Muslim Caliphate (religious headship of Islam) from German toils they would have retained the sympathies of a majority of Muslims. But they at once indulged in a series of acts which produced throughout the Muslim world the most unfortunate impression that our aim was not only the complete destruction of the Ottoman Empire, but also the destruction of the Caliphate. Anyone who would estimate the force of that impression should read the temperate and learned article upon the subject of the Caliphate by the Sayyid Ameer Ali in the "Contemporary Review." I may claim to be in closer touch with Muhammadan feeling than the majority of Englishmen, and I say: God help the British Empire if the Germans force their way through Servia. And even if they fail in that attempt, they will have taken from us something of great future value—our prestige in the Islamic world—which will make it clear at once that we are not assailants of the Caliphate.

Marmaduke Pickthall

* "La Mer Noire et les Détroits de Constantinople (Essai d'histoire diplomatique."") Par P. H. Mishef. (Arthur Rousseau, Paris.) P. 662.
VI.—MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY AND MR. AUSTIN HARRISON.

In these days when we hear so much of the Allies' Great Offensives it would be unfair, it would indeed be impossible, to pass over in silence so not able a couple. Who has not seen their neck and neck race for fame in the "Sunday Pictorial" or witnessed their furious galloping, the one in his yellow and black and the other in his blue and black, for the City and Suburban stakes of Fleet Street? Who has not read Austin on "The New Spirit among Women" or Horatio on "The Beauty of Sacrifice"? Who has not shed a tear over the centre pages of Baron Northcliffe's latest? Not many, I think, for Alfred the patriot knows what pays, and his hired men must touch the proletarian hearts and pence.

Journalism, being modern civilisation's substitute for literature, must necessarily play a very large part in polishing the shackles and lightening the gloom of industrial slavery. Reading is a cheap form of diversion, cheaper than the music-hall and cheaper even than the cinema. And since so many people have to spend an hour or two a day in travelling through suburbs or under the earth cramped in stuffy and crowded carriages, there is great demand for something easily manipulated and easily understood, something, above all, cheap. Luncheon hours, too, demand a condiment to add to tea and scones. Consider, too, the veneer of education that pays, and his hired men must touch the proletarian hearts and pence.

It is typical of both these men that they have associated themselves with Northcliffe, and so thrown in their lot with the most cunning and the most despotic press that the world has ever known. When Harmsworth, with Hulton panting in the dusty rear, founded the "Sunday Pictorial" and thus opened up a new avenue of newspaper enterprise, he adopted Bottomley and Harrison as his leading hacks. He knew his market and he chose wisely. Nothing can be more representative of chain-gilding for the wage-slave than the "Sunday Illustrateds." They contain little news and much headline. They are packed with topical snapshots of unimportant but notorious persons. They are utterly snobbish, and contain whole columns of chat picked up, one would imagine, from the waiters at night clubs and the gossips of the Bodega. They have sentimental serials and plenty of tone. They have central articles by men of the moment. When Northcliffe brought up... One big gun, Bottomley and Harrison, Hulton replied with Belloc and the rattle of "intellectual" machine-guns, St. John Ervine, Rebecca West, and W. L. George. It was a nice little duel.

And so let us leave this comedy pair in their new Sunday surroundings of frivol and fashions, Society and snapshots. Their master understands utterly the taste of that vast lower middle class for which the "Sunday Pictorial" caters to the amount, we are told, of one and a half millions a week. He knows what they want and so he gets Harrison to write Scandals. As a paper it must cost little to write, and its competitions are on the popular level. Wherever there is a sex-mystery or a possibility of alluring crime, there is the Special Commissioner to be found. Namor comes thronging back from the morning peaks. The days, Starchfield and Smith Piggott. "John Bull" is as essentially the paper of the "third smoker" as the "Spectator" is of the vicarage and the "Mirror" of the seaside promenade. And there are plenty of "third smokers" in the land. Mr. Bottomley knows what he is about.

What Mr. Bottomley has done for the commercial traveller, Mr. Harrison has done for the undergraduate and the advanced young lady. Under the patronage of Sir Macenas Mond he conducted a review that frothed over with sexual discourse; Masefield was let loose with the new verse and Frank Harris with the oldest subject in the world. It would be foolish to deny that meritorious contributions found their way into Mr. Harrison's pages, but as the review grew staler it grew more sex-centred and trickled out into erotic correspondence. Who that read could ever forget the surpassing vulgarity of that wonderful article: "Why We Came Down to a Shilling"? It revealed the man. The Austrian theory of letters was made known. The shining edition of "The Abode of Love," the "Spectator"... What Mr. Bottomley has done for the commercial traveller, Mr. Harrison has done for the undergraduate and the advanced young lady. Under the patronage of Sir Macenas Mond he conducted a review that frothed over with sexual discourse; Masefield was let loose with the new verse and Frank Harris with the oldest subject in the world. It would be foolish to deny that meritorious contributions found their way into Mr. Harrison's pages, but as the review grew staler it grew more sex-centred and trickled out into erotic correspondence. Who that read could ever forget the surpassing vulgarity of that wonderful article: "Why We Came Down to a Shilling"? It revealed the man. The Austrian theory of letters was made known. The shining edition of "The Abode of Love," the "Spectator"...
More Letters to My Nephew.

II.—CONCERNING POLITICS (continued).

My Dear George,—When I awoke next morning, cirrus clouds dreamily floated across a pale blue sky, whilst a gentle breeze rustled through trees and over shrubs. A day to invite repose. Still fatigued after my journey, I took coffee in bed, slowly masticing courage to face a shower bath. Finally, impelled by shame at my new micturition, I performed a sacred ritual and then strolled down a path that led to the stables. Surrounded by lush pasture lands, I found housed here about a hundred horses and Texan mules. I expect you will think us uncivilised when I tell you that a good mule fetches a higher price than a horse. Two of my mules having recently died from snake-bites, the demon of the horse-dealer possessed me and I pondered whether I could get the best of it with Rafael. I did! For at that psychological moment he joined me with jolly morning greetings: "Do you trade in these?" I asked with feigned indifference. "Rather!" said he, "got quite a decent name amongst the buyers. Don't know why. I cheat, like everybody else." "So do I," I laughed. "That grey chap is worth buying," answered Rafael. "He's only thirteen two," said I, "we want 'em fourteen." Rafael leaned against a post and chortled. "So you would do a trade, would you?" I asked, "I might," I answered, "if I could see anything that wasn't knock-kneed and spavined." "You have the root of the matter in you, Tony; but, my dear chap, it takes two to make a bargain. I am returning with you and I'll take a couple extra and leave 'em." After breakfast, we sat out on the verandah, smoking excellent Mexican cigars. We were both silent, both thinking of this strange encounter. "Journeys end in old friends meeting," said I "to come to the point, I decided to grow coffee and cocoa. I cabled infinite regrets. The decision once made, I was happy as a sandboy. I'm sure, I said to myself, said I. Nor have I ever cast one longing eye back." "Why did you change your name?" "I didn't; it changed itself. It was my uncle's name. This was Rafael's plantation. The people in the house we watched an Indian girl churning butter which looked like Devonshire cream. "It makes me feel peckish," said Rafael, "let's go in and eat something.""After breakfast, we sat out on the verandah, smoking excellent Mexican cigars. We were both silent, both thinking of this strange encounter. "Journeys end in old friends meeting," said I sententiously. "You would be less than human if you were not curious about me," Rafael remarked. "I should have asked you if you hadn't volunteered it." "There is really very little to tell you. My mother was Spanish; her brother owned this place. When he died it came to me." "How did your uncle hold it through the various revolutions?" "Nothing simpler. He became an American citizen. When the revolution was over he moved here for the United States Consulate. I'm British, of course. Well, just when I had decided upon a political life, I found it necessary to come here to straighten things out. One month lengthened itself into a year. I grew fascinated. Here I felt a sense of immense usefulness. On the mountain side my coffee-trees flourished; down in the valley grew cacao." "I grow mine on undulations." "You needn't, you know, so long as you drain." "Yes, but draining on the flat is the devil." "Anyhow, I always liked animals—you haven't seen my pigs yet—and horses and mules need careful tending. A cable arrived one morning announcing an impending dissolution. I felt like an unwilling bridegroom called to marry an ugly bride. I invoked my soul. Here, thought I to myself, are animals and food-stuffs—good, honest food at that. If I go back it is only to fill people's bellies with political east wind. It is curious when you are in the thick of politics you do not realise the meaning of certain sinister aspects of it. You are in a swirl; there are all kinds of excitments—mainly personal when you look back on it; each day brings its petty crisis. There is literally no time to think seriously. The only thinking you have is of swotting platform arguments for your own side. In the autumn you are visiting, or shooting, or hunting. It's tragically futile. Think of it, Tony—no time to think. You do not hear the still small voice: 'Be still and know that I am God.' The buzzing in your ear is too loud."

"What are the sinister things you mentioned?"

"Put bluntly, the money power. It permeates politics. You start as candidate. One of your rich supporters is Jones. He owns a big factory. Your agent, who is probably paid by Jones, impresses you with the immense importance of conciliating Jones. 'Damn Jones!' you say to yourself; but you want to win, so you yield little bits of your creed on industrial legislation to procure his goodwill. Along comes Smith. Smith is a big retailer and influential amongst the Wesleyans or Baptists. Your agent warns you not to antagonise Smith. When it comes to shop hours and fines and living-in, Smith believes in the voluntary principle. Off goes another chip of your creed. And so it goes on. The more you politically bulge, the more your soul shrinks. In the early stages, it is as crude and blatant as that. Higher up, it is much more subtle. The big commercial magnates can make rings round the political leaders. The small leaders, the politicians, are almost invariably better informed, less scrupulous and are personally and financially much more interested than the politicians. In this respect, our whole political life suffers from chronic humilation."

"I suppose the young commercial generation goes to Oxford and Cambridge so that as gentlemen they can more powerfully support their order." "To come to the point, I decided to grow coffee and cocoa. I cabled infinite regrets. The decision once made, I was happy as a sandboy. I'm sure, I said to myself, said I. Nor have I ever cast one longing eye back." "Why did you change your name?" "I didn't; it changed itself. It was my uncle's name. This was Rafael's plantation. The people interested in it. I rather like it, don't you?"

"Fits you like a glove, and goodly is your heritage." "It was natural that at first there should be some self-consciousness in our conversation, a suspicion of untruthfulness slightly hectic. By now this had been completely dissipated and silence became possible. We smoked together, verbally incommunicado, in spirit en rapport. "Your view of politics interests me immensely. I have been writing to my nephew very much in the same vein," I finally remarked. "Mind you, I don't condemn economic power," said Rafael, "on the contrary I welcome it. I strive after it myself. There's a lot of money to be made, I say to myself, said I. Nor have I ever cast one longing eye back."

"But the criminal thing is when it controls you when you ought to control it. As things are it is a usurpation, an attack on the national majesty. Suppose that you decide to go on a long journey. Your resources are equal to the strain. You go to your banker and tell him your requirements. The banker hum's and ha's. 'I fear I cannot permit it,' he finally says. 'Damn your impudence, the money is mine,' you reply. 'No doubt,' says he, 'but I control it.' This is really the national position. Parliament thinks a certain course desirable. It costs money. Very good; we are a rich nation and can afford it. Does Parliament drive ahead on its great adventure? It passes a by-law to favour Jones, but does not vote the money. 'The moment is not propitious,' say the political leaders, 'we must wait until the money market is more favourable.' When our statesmen are reduced to that posture it is time for a revolution."

"Yes; the war stopped it. The prospect of such a revolution was doubtless a factor in the decision for war."

"You talk like a Social Democrat."

"There's a lot of work to be done for Social Democracy. The trouble is that the Socialists don't know their business.
They suffer from political illusion. A Parliamentary majority! Fish! Do you think I care what the politicians do or say? I never even read about them. I know every big planter from here to the Pacific. We understand each other. But where should I be if my labourers came to me in a body and declined to work on the old terms? Suppose the movement were universal.

"You would make terms, of course."

"What else could I do? My only chance would be to get the question referred to Parliament. It would fizzle out; we would see to that. Out here we are quite unorganised. Think what the money power can do when organised as it is organised in England. Apart from the political illusion, the Socialists make another mistake: they think capital must either command or succumb. There are only two alternatives, they assert. There are fifty, and, when threatened, you may be sure capital will take the least expected—the alternative most embarrassing to its enemies. Its Achilles' heel is the control of labour power. Pierce that and the whole capital will take the least expected—the alternative most embarrassing to its enemies. Its Achilles' heel is the control of labour power. Pierce that and the whole system—collapses. No Parliament in the world can do that. The idea is grotesque. To Parliament, politics; to industry, economics.

"You talk as though they are two different spheres."

"To-day they are one and indivisible. They must be divided. It is statesmanship's next great task. If one could discuss in Parliament really vital problems—the separation of the humanities from the technical in education, for example—without running up against puerile vulgarities, I might go home and have a shot at politics. But you can't do it, Tony. Let's go for a ride."

He tapped his pipe vigorously against his boot, stood up, stretched himself, and pulled out his watch. Every moment was quick, decided, virile. We mounted the stage Irishman (why do we tolerate it?) crusade. Political economy was respectable before Mill gave it eloquence and unction. It became a holy crusade. Liberty!

"He believed every word of it. Anyhow, I like to know that our political economy was in some measure evolved by men who knew the difference between an invoice and a bill of exchange.""It is worth remembering, too, that Vassau Senior, the veritable arch-priest of Manchesterism, was an Oxford professor." I remarked.

"And therefore a man of affairs, my dear Tony. For he could not have been a professor in those days unless he was a three-bottle man." At this point, Smith announced the arrival of Don José Ramiro d'Allejuela y Arroyan, General y Commandante. Rafael drew a wry face and told Smith to conduct him to his study.

Non sequitur, you ass!"

BATTLE ARDOUR.

Unto what heaven wends this wild ecstasy? Is the fired spirit light upon its wings, Self being outcast, as the diver flings His garment so that every limb be free? Not now it battles for the rights of kings. This ecstasy is all its own; to be sacrificed truth to kings. Modified them, Tony, not changed them. He very properly fused his experience into his ideas. That is the worst of you cynics. You sacrifice truth to cynicism.

"Germany is courageously fighting that cynicism shall have a place in the sun."

"Ricardo was a stockbroker; scooped two million in no time."

"The Jew will out even in economics."

"There you go again, Tony. Ricardo turned Christian, and Protestant at that. He became a Member of Parliament. It's curious and perhaps significant that two of our great economists, Ricardo and Marx, were Jews turned Christian." "Doubtless they combined the heresies of both religions."

"Bastiat was a merchant, a farmer and a Député. Proudhon was a master-printer. Robertus was a Prussian Land-lord-owner and member of the Diet or whatever they call their guttural talking-shop, Carey was a publisher. John Stuart Mill was a Member of Parliament."

"Like Sidney Webb, he also married a wife."

"What of it? I rather like that story of his Avignon hermitage."

"Perhaps. But I sometimes wonder whether his Victorian saintliness hadn't a good deal to do with his vogue. Political economy was respectable before Mill gave it eloquence and unctuion. It became a holy crusade. Liberty!"

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At this point, Smith announced the arrival of Don José Ramiro d'Allejuela y Arroyan, General y Commandante. Rafael drew a hry face and told Smith to conduct him to his study.

"Backsheesh!" he said to me, "I'm afraid it will be a slow and tortuous affair, Tony."

"Well, I shall go and write to my graceless scamp of a nephew. Don't let the grandee skin you." Your affectionate Uncle, ANTHONY FARLEY. A. E.
This Super-Neutrality.

MAN, "the spectator of the ages," is, at this moment, presented with a choice spectacle of neutralities. There is the neutrality of Roumania, the neutrality of Greece. There is a Southern Statesman, living up to the Bourbon tradition—that of supporting a throne contrary to the interest of his subjects and by the aid of Austria—and there is President Wilson.

Writing as a citizen of a country which has quite possibly disgraced itself, I am constantly in mind of the fact that a man can be so clever at selling a horse as to lose his best friend in the process. I say "a country which has quite possibly disgraced itself," because it is impossible at the present moment for any man not connected with the Foreign Office, or some official department of either the United States or England, to have any exact notion of the rôle which America has played, and is playing, in the present war.

Rumour says, "Oh, Wilson was ready to come in after the "Lusitania," absolutely, and Sir Edward Grey begged him, whatever he did, not to go to war," etc., etc.

I should think that this rumour was very likely nonsense. American news and discussion of American affairs in the English papers are at one moment silly and querulous, and at the next moment full of a futile indefinite optimism. For instance, the "Times," that august mouthpiece, heads its report of Mr. Wilson's speech to the D.A.R., as "America First, Rebuff to Pro-German Agents," yet there is nothing in their half-column to show that Dear Woodrow was not scolding at Col. Waterson and people like myself who believe that America's place is with the Allies; that he was not lumping us all in with Bernstorff and with men who have (so far as the public or the unofficial public (I can ascertain) fostered sabotage, attempted assassination and committed within America's borders acts hostile and prejudicial to her welfare.

The hysterical wail of "America First" is just as stupid and stavistic as "Deutschland über Alles," if it is to be interpreted as "America First, at the expense of the rest of humanity."

President Wilson, from this distance, appears to be a man incapable of receiving ideas. I think he has even confessed or boasted of this incapacity. It was, perhaps, a sincere confession. Still, the type which cannot receive ideas is a low type of human being, a type of low vitality. (It is, perhaps, a "safer" type, in ordinary circumstances, than the decadence of its opposite, i.e., the frothy type which receives too many ideas, and is bewildered and excited thereby.

However, Dr. Wilson is a professional student of American Constitutional law, or some such subject, and he was elected to his present magistrature because a reasonable number of people considered him honest. It is reasonable to suppose that he has access to many more facts about this war than I have. His responsibility for the welfare of the American people is much greater than that of any individual journalist.

Still, when he uses such phrases as, "Fellow-citizens born in other lands who have not entertained with sufficient intensity an affection for the American ideal," I, as a native-born American descended on all eight sides from families whose forebears went to that country at dates running from 1634 to 1708, feel that I have a right openly to consider the "American ideal," both in the theory, from the meagre facts at my disposal I am inclined to think that Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., has betrayed or distorted it.

It is open to anyone to know that the Republic was founded, largely by Washington and Hamilton, on the basis of a very few, very humanitarian aspirations, which were in the last quarter of the eighteenth century much more striking innovations than they would be in the present: "The asylum in the West," "is, and of a right ought to be, born free and equal," etc., etc.}

The United States were not at that date a strong nation, and they could not set up more than an "asylum." They could provide, and did provide, as England had done before them, a place of refuge for the oppressed. German "forty-eighters" were to come expressly with the others. The United States could not at that time pretend to put down tyrants partout. They did not merely engage in a scrimmage with Tripolitan pirates, and carried on a rather English tradition of maintaining the decency of the seas.

The second great phase in building up the American "ideal" or "tradition" was the phase of the Civil War. I will point out most emphatically that the South was technically right in her attitude. You may consider her position both in relation to the constitution, which she had not considered secession, and in regard to the "Articles of Confederation" which had preceded the constitution, and which may be fairly taken as a guide to the intentions of the parties contracting, i.e., the representatives of the thirteen covenanting States.

Simply, the Northern States had no technical right to wipe out the oppression of slavery in the Southern States, and they had no legal authority to insist on the Southern States remaining in a Union which forbade that oppression within its borders.

It was a very good thing to have slavery done away with. It was a finer interpretation of the principles agreed upon by the founders, even though it is unlikely that any majority of the founders ever thought of applying their ideals to the negro.

If tyranny is visible in our modern world it is visible in the militarism of Germany, in the rule of Ferdinand of Bulgaria and in the Armenian massacres. It is more insidiously present in "Kultur," i.e., German State-education, press campaigns, subsidised professors, etc., etc. I detest Armenians, I mistrust all accounts of Armenians, I believe them to have been invented by the late Mr. Gladstone, whose memory is, to me, most unimpressive. I am willing to concede to Herr Treitschke (or however he spells himself) that the immolation of Armenians is very good for the rest of the race. Personally, I could do without all the inhabitants of Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, the Balkans, and the Near East in general. I am firmly convinced that the slaughter of one or two dozen carefully selected inhabitants of this city would be of advantage to the race at large.

But the general principle that murder is not good for the race more than outweighs the theoretical or hypothetical advantage of the above-mentioned slaughter.

Civilisation would not be advanced by the maintenance of a martificr clerical institution of slavery.

The President of the United States is in a peculiar position, he is, if you like, a wilted cod-fish, a mouth-piece, a man employed to protect the interests of the American people, and bound to consider the interests of that people primarily. But the interest of that people is not solely one of immediate cash. Also after the safety of that people is within its own borders reasonably secure, there is the interest of humanity, concerning which Mr. Wilson has occasionally spoken.

Let us say that as soon as man has made sure of the subsistence of his family he has some duty toward the race, not much, but a little. The same is true of a nation, proportionately, and the accumulated duty or responsibility of a great nation amounts to a very great deal.

It is possible that America is doing her share. It is possible that the Central Powers of Europe are being slowly and certainly crushed, that they are hemmed in, surrounded, debilitated, beyond hope. One has no means of ascertaining the fact. But still, if this is the case, it is possible that America is not disgraced, and that her entry would have brought subside confusion, that her "bet of 500,000,000 dollars on the Allies," her last act of hyper-neutrality, is all that can be asked for the moment.

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Ezra Pound.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I really must address a remonstrance to the Kaiser. His interest in artistic matters is notorious, and his supervision of the taste and opinions of those who instruct the public is constant and comprehensive; but, beyond all controversy, the principle of the economy of means remains as a standard of artistic effort. A cause should be commensurate with the effect desired; the Jew, whose luncheon of liver and bacon was interrupted by a violent thunderstorm, quite rightly objected: “Good God! What a fuss to make about a little piece of bacon!” Let it be admitted that the Kaiser objects to “Romance,” now being played at the Duke of York’s Theatre; let it be admitted that he has reasons for attempting to dissuade me from seeing it; surely he could have found some means more in keeping with the end desired than a Zeppelin raid at the beginning of the second act! Señor de Maestu himself could not have been more drastic in his treatment of “Romance”; and I can only protest, in the words of Desdemona:

Those that do teach young babes, Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks.

The youth, discovering that the immoralities even of an opera-singer were well represented by Miss Gilda Varesi and Mr. Arthur de Robin, although they were recklessly inarticulate. Mr. Owen Naess and Miss Doris Keane were rather disappointing; they were both so good that they ought to have been much better. The scene in the third act, for instance, had the technique of genius, but lacked its personality; and Miss Keane might well show a little more mercy to the English language. She behaved with commendable courage during the bombardment, but she ought not to be so benevolently neutral in the Kaiser’s interest as her attacks on English pronunciation suggest that she is. English may be bent, but it must not be broken, even in the interests of romance.

Feeling suit in the romantic vein, I went to see “The Only Girl!” at the Apollo. Musical plays do not interest me; but there is no music, only a few songs, in “The Only Girl!” and the interruptions do not last long. Most plays that deal with the period preliminary to marriage ask us to believe either that marriage will continue indefinitely the joys of courtship or that it will compensate for the miseries of the nuptial period. “The Only Girl!” waits until the honeymoon is over before the three wives of the three good friends are introduced to each other and to the audience. In the first act we heard what each of the prospective bridegrooms thought of his prospective bride; in the second act we saw the three wives with their murdered men. The scene is really remarkable for the acting of Miss Ethel Baird, who presents a study of gaucherie of sterling merit. I know of nothing like it except Yvette Guilbert’s rendering of “I will give thee the keys of heaven.” It is a performance to be seen and remembered.

But the other man, the fourth member of the Quadruple Entente, whose objection to marriage was only confirmed by the sight of the “only girls!” that his friends had appropriated, and by his perception of the three happiest men alive in the enjoyment of their happiness—well, Benedick found his Nell again. Objecting on principle to working with women, because of the everlasting intrusion of sex into the relation, he is compelled to collaborate with a woman in the construction of a new musical play because he is unable to find another composer who can adequately render his technique of genius, but lacked its personality; and Miss Keane might well show a little more mercy to the English language. She behaved with commendable courage during the bombardment, but she ought not to be so benevolently neutral in the Kaiser’s interest as her attacks on English pronunciation suggest that she is. English may be bent, but it must not be broken, even in the interests of romance.

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Readers and Writers.

Messrs. Dent are to be congratulated on continuing the publication of "Everyman's Library" during the war. New books, as I have said before, are at a discount and must be for some years; but now is the time for cheap reprints of the English classics. In the confidence that Messrs. Dent have many still on their list for future publication I have refrained from compiling a catalogue of my recommendations; but I venture now to name one, a "Selection from the Essays of Sidney Smith," which I have just been re-reading. "Peter Plymley's" Letters. Next to the political letters from the clergyman. A more exalted correspondent is Sidney Smith, because I have just been re-reading his "Everyman's Library," and he chanced, too, upon a happy imaginative subject, with which he was by education and predilection quite familiar; and he chanced, too, upon a happy imaginative correspondent in the person of his pet aversion (no cliché intended!), "My Brother Abraham," an English clergyman. A more exalted correspondent Sidney Smith would have found beyond his level of education; but every now and again he could not resist a quip. It is a fatal style and again he could not resist a quip. It is a fatal style when Messrs. Dent produce it with other of the gravity of his matter or that he did not feel sincerely. These "Peter Plymley's" letters are full of manly sentiment and vigorous writing; but every now and again the reader may improve it. Smith's Essays.

In imitation and (I hope) in judicious emulation of the "Everyman's Library," Messrs. Fisher Unwin announce the appearance of an "Every Irishman's Library," but at half-a-crown per volume instead of at a shilling. The price is a mistake, I think, for few Irishmen are at once so literate and so patriotic as to prefer "Every Irishman" at half-a-crown to "Every Man" at a shilling. Messrs. Dent, in fact, would have been wise to include some of the articles in a commemorative edition; "Legends of Saints and Sinners" (Dr. Douglas Hyde); the inevitable "Humours of Irish Life" and "Irish Orators" by the inevitable Professor Kettle. It's a poorish list, is it not? But addition may improve it.

"A. E.'s" poetry, of which, by his courtesy, some short poems have appeared in these columns, is difficult to discuss. The writer is an accomplished prosodist—quite as accomplished as Mr. Robert Bridges, for example—and he has profound thought and real passion as well. But he is never to my mind actually passionate. A man must be a little passionate, dignified, intense; his verse is often all these—but take your breath away with beauty his verses never do. Read again, for example, his "Apocalyptic" that appeared in The New Age of September 9. Several readers have quite properly written to express admiration of it for it is indeed a noble piece of work. But mark that it is a piece of work—not a creation of nature, as it were, springing spontaneously from the mind like the lotus from the heart of Vishnu. Without very much alteration I could, in fact, re-write it to read like a splendid piece of post-hebraic prophetic oratory. Great poetry, however, is something more than this; it may be rhetoric in the simple sense, but there is added a quality that lifts it above all possible styles. All good poetry is style—compassible, that is, by wit and man's device—is at bottom a perfectioning of one or other mood of common speech, from conversation to rhetoric; but poetry is just not human speech—its lowest and highest forms are in the realm of the rational mind. "A. E." however, never in my judgment rises in his poetry beyond the highest levels of measured prose; he never takes wing. My readers are invited to contradict me.

Our "A. E. R." is one of those fierce creatures that defend themselves when they are attacked! His able apology for the use of a technical vocabulary leaves me with no option but to elaborate my case. I proceed to do it, since good taste ought not to be left without good reasons. My first line of defence (the tables having now been turned upon me!) is to invite my readers to distinguish between the public and the private usages of words. Why is it that men whose conversation with themselves is licentious, prickle with discomfort on hearing their personal vocabulary employed in public—even (even, I say) when the public consists of their own set entirely? The fact is the public is, and the reason is that wherever two or three are gathered together in public, the public is in the midst of them. The necessity to conform to a public vocabulary on public occasions is imperative; and everybody, I contend, feels it. Next, I invite my readers to distinguish between public journals of a daily, a weekly, a monthly, a quarterly and an annual character; and technical journals; and books. It will be found, I think, that each of these has its own propriety in the matter of subject, style and vocabulary. The expectation formed on taking up a daily paper, for example, is different from that with which we approach a weekly; and the latter, again, differs from the mood in which we open a monthly or a quarterly review. Editors of intelligence, of course, recognise this and select accordingly. In the dailies you seldom find articles that require to be read twice (scarcely once!), or words that call for a dictionary. Everything is for hasty consumption; and nothing must impede the day's business. A weekly may demand a little more attention, more thought. On the other hand, nothing trivial (in the etymological sense) may appear in it. As we continue into the monthly and the quarterly journals, so our expectations of the solidity of the articles rise and our exertions with them. We are prepared to encounter unfamiliar ideas and unfamiliar words; and we do not resent them but rather welcome them if they prove worth the trouble. At the same time, all of these are as public as a meeting. Besides ourselves, however isolated in our rooms we may be (and most readers of The New Age are isolated), there is always an invisible public that looks over our shoulder and reads with us. And it is for IT we are concerned when a word that offends us is used; we are doubtful how IT will take it. Once out of the region of journals that anybody may read, we are safe, however, from the presence of IT. In technical journals we may read a vocabulary without shaking an eyelash—that in a public journal would send us to the police for satisfaction. Strange but intelligible! Books, again, in a library beyond the reach of journals and the eyes of Mr. D. H. Laurence's latest novel in these pages would have ensured our suppression—rightly if for the right reasons. As a book I am content to let it die of neglect and abuse. "A. E. R.'s" article—to return—was misplaced good, as, perhaps, those who reviewed it, was not. His office was to discuss a book in a meekly speech. Why is it that men whose conversation among their personal vocabulary employed in public—ever (even, I say) when the public consists of their own set entirely? The fact is the fact is the public is, and the reason is that wherever two or three are gathered together in public, the public is in the midst of them. The necessity to conform to a public vocabulary on public occasions is imperative; and everybody, I contend, feels it. Next, I invite my readers to distinguish between public journals of a daily, a weekly, a monthly, a quarterly and an annual character; and technical journals; and books. 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R. H. C.
Of Love.

By Stendhal.

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

CHAPTER XXXI—(continued).

"In Madame —'s case," I remarked to him, "you forget your own maxims, you forget that one must not believe in greatness of soul save in the last resort."

"Do you think," he rejoined, "that there is in the whole world a heart that suits hers better? True, that phase of passion which made me see an irate Léonore in the outline of the rocks of Poligny is now being punished by the failure of all my enterprises in ordinary life—a failure that comes from want of patient industry and from a rashness due to the force of momentary impressions." Here one sees the usual touch of madness.

For Salviati, life was divided into stretches of a fortnight each, which took their colour from the last interview granted him by his beloved. I often noticed, however, that his depression at having been coldly received was far more intense than his exultation over a welcome that seemed to him rather warmer than usual.*

Madame sometimes showed a want of frankness in dealing with her adorer; this, and the point mentioned in the last sentence, were the only two objections that I never dared to raise. Apart from the more intimate phases of his grief, which he had enough delicacy never to mention even to his dearest and least envious friends, he saw in a cold reception by Léonore nothing but the triumph of prosaic and intriguing over frank and generous souls. At such times he would despair of virtue, and still more of glory. He forbore to discuss with his friends any ideas save those pessimistic ones with which his passion inspired him, and which, for all that, might have been of some interest to a philosopher. It fascinated me to peep into this strange soul. As a rule, passionate love is found among men who are a trifle soft-headed, after the German fashion.† Salviati's mind, on the other hand, was one of the most vigorous and penetrating that I have ever come across.

It seemed to me that after one of his less cordial receptions he could not calm down until he had found a satisfactory reason for Léonore's hard-heartedness. So long as he held that she might have been wrong in her action, he was unhappy. I should never have believed that love could be so entirely free from vanity.

He never tired of singing to us the praises of love. "If a supernatural power were to say to me: 'Break the glass of this watch and Léonore will be for you what she was three years ago—a friend for whom you have no spark of passion,' I verily believe that at no moment of my life should I have the courage to break it." His persistence in such lines of argument was so frenzied that I never had the hardihood to raise the objections above mentioned.

"Just as at the end of the Middle Ages," he would say, "the Lutheran Reformation revived and re-modelled society on a rational basis, so a noble spirit is renovated and strengthened by love.

"It is only then that such a spirit casts off all the childish vanities of life; without such a revolution, something of selfishness and the servility would still have clung to it. Not till I began to be in love did I learn to show any loftiness of character—so absurd is the education we get at the military schools.

"At Napoleon's court and in Moscow, although I behaved well, I was not happy. I did my duty, but I knew nothing of that heroic simplicity which arises from an unquestioning and whole-hearted sacrifice. It is only a year, for instance, since I have come to understand the simplicity of Livy's Romans. Before that I found something dull, as compared with our brilliant colonels. I feel now that I would do better, and be more useful, if I were for Rome. If I had the good fortune to perform any service for Léonore, my first wish would be to conceal it. The conduct of men like Regulus and the Decii was a pre-arranged thing, and had no occasion to cause surprise. Before I fell in love I was small, just because I had sometimes been tempted to think myself great. There was a certain effort, of which I was conscious, and on which I congratulated myself.

"From the emotional point of view, what do we not owe to love? After the hazards of early youth, our heart becomes hard against sympathies and the image of death or separation robs us of the companions of our childhood, we have to fall back upon cold-blooded associates, who, with a foot-rule in their hand, are always making calculations based on interest or vanity. Little by little, all the generous and affectionate side of the soul becomes barren for lack of cultivation, and before we are thirty it has acquired a stony soil, on which tender and gentle emotions cannot flourish. Suddenly, at the touch of love, there wells up amid this parched desert a fountain of sentiment ever fresh and more exquisite than that of early youth. Before this our hopes were vague, foolish and constantly shattered, we were never devoted to anything, we never had any stable or strong desires; our soul, always frivolous, thirsted for novelty, and what it was to-day it was not-day after day. The mind is nothing more concentrated, more mysterious, more incapable of changing its object, than the crystallisation of love. Formerly it was only agreeable things that had a 'right to please, and then only for a moment; now, all that has any relation to our beloved, even the most unimportant things, touches us very deeply. On arriving at a large town, a hundred miles from the one where Léonore lives, I found myself quite nervous and trembling: at every turning in the street, I dreaded the chance of meeting Alviza, Madame —'s bosom friend, with whom I was not acquainted. Everything assumed for me a hallowed and mysterious tinge. My heart beat wildly as I spoke to an old scholar. I could not help reddening when I heard the name of the gate near which Léonore's friend lives.

"Even the severities of our beloved have an infinite grace about them, which we do not find in the most flattering behaviour of other women. In the same way the great shadow-masses in the pictures of Correggio are far from being, as in other painters, features devoid of charm, but necessary for bringing out the values of the lights; they have in themselves a delicious grace, one that plunges us into a sweet day-dream.*

"'Yes, half of life—the better half—is hidden from the man who has not been passionately in love.'

Salviati needed all the force of his arguing powers to cope with the philosophic Schiassetti, who always said to him: 'If you want to be happy, be satisfied with a life free from troubles, and with a small modicum of happiness every day. Keep away from the lottery of grand passions.' "Then give me your interest in little things," retorted Salviati.

I fancy that there were many days on which he would have been glad to follow our philosophic colonel's work. He struggled a little, and thought he succeeded, but the contest was absolutely beyond his strength. And what strength there was in his soul!

If, in the street, he saw from a distance a white satin hat slightly resembling that of Madame —, his heart would stop and his eyes would fill with tears. I have seen him kneel against the wall. Even in his moments of greatest depression, the joy of meeting her always gave him some hours of delicious happiness, which no argument could cool, no

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* It has often seemed to me that lovers' grief in adversity is apt to be keener than their joy in good fortune.† Examples are Don Carlos, St. Preux, and Racine's Hippolyte and Bajazet.

* As I have named Correggio, I will mention the fact that in the sketch of an Angel's head in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence one finds the glance of happy love; and at Parma, in the Madonna crowned by Jesus, the lowered eyes of love.
sorrow interrupt.* Moreover, there is no doubt that by the time of his death, after two years of this lofty and limitless passion, his character had acquired several noble habits. In this respect at least he judged himself right: if he had lived, and circumstances had favoured him a little, he would have made a great name for himself. It may be, however, that by virtue of his simplicity his merits would have passed unrecognised in this world.

O lasso
Quanti dolci pensieri, quanto desio
Meno' costui al doloroso passo!
Biondo era, e bello, e di gentile aspetto;
Ma l'un de' culti un colpo avea diviso.†

CHAPTER XXXII.
Of Intimacy.
The greatest pleasure that love can give is the first clasp of the hand of one's belov'd. The joy of flirtation, on the other hand, is far more real, and far more of a target for jests. In passionate love, intimacy is no so much the supreme happiness as the last step before reaching it. But how shall we depict this happiness, if it leaves behind it no memories?

Mortimer came back all a-quiver from a long journey. He adored Jenny; she had not answered his letters. On reaching London he took horse and went to look for her at her country-house. When he got there, she was walking in the park. He ran up to her, his heart beating furiously; she shook hands with him, receiving him with some confusion; she saw that she loved him. While they were going along the avenues of the park, Jenny's dress got caught in a bush of thorny acacia. Afterwards, Mortimer was happy, but Jenny proved unfaithful. I maintained that Jenny had never loved him; he cited to me, as a proof of her love, the way in which she had welcomed him on his return from the Continent, but he has never been able to give me the slightest detail. He trembles visibly, however, whenever he sees an acacia bush; this is really the only distinct recollection which he still has of the happiest moment of his life.

The other evening, while our boat was buffeted by a violent storm in the Lago di Garda, a frank and tender-hearted old aristocrat of my acquaintance told me in confidence the story of his love-affairs. I will respect his pledge of secrecy, but I think I have a right to state the conclusion I draw from his story—that the moment of intimacy is like those glorious days of May, a critical time for the loveliest flowers, a period that may be fatal, and may wither in a moment the most sanguine hopes.

One cannot speak too highly of naturalness. This is the only coquetry that is allowable in so serious a matter as a love-affair in the Werther style, where we do not know how far we are going. At the same time, a lucky chance for virtue, it is the best tactics. A man who is really moved says delightful things without suspecting it, he speaks a language which he does not know.

To one who shows ever so little affectation! However shrewd he may be, however much in love, he will lose three-fourths of his advantages. If at any minute we give way to affectation, we immediately suffer by the time of his death, after two years a loss of warmth.

The whole art of love consists, I think, in saying exactly what our degree of intoxication at the moment allows, in other words, in listening to the voice of our soul. It must not be imagined that this is so easy. A man who is really in love has no strength to speak, when his mistress says things that make him happy.

In this way he missed the actions to which his words would have given rise. It is better to hold one's tongue than to speak in too endearing terms at the wrong time; what is quite suitable at one moment may be out of place and do great harm ten seconds later. Whenever I failed to observe this rule, and made a remark which had occurred to me five minutes before, and which had seemed to me happy, Léonore never omitted to give me a slap. Afterwards, as I went away, I used to say to myself: 'She is right; such things must give great offence to a fastidious woman; they show a lack of decent feeling. Such women, like tasteless rhetoricians, would rather allow a certain amount of feebleness and frigidity. Since they have nothing in the world to fear but the unfaithfulness of their lover, the slightest insincerity of detail, however innocent it may be, at once robs them of all happiness and makes them suspicious.'

Virtuous women have a dislike for all that is violent or unexpected, although these qualities are characteristic of passion. Their modesty is terrified by violence, and they defend themselves.

When some touch of jealousy or displeasure has cooled our blood, we can generally say things suitable for giving rise to the intoxication that favours love; and if, after the first two or three phrases, we do not miss the opportunity of bringing out our end, we shall at once have the courage to do this, we shall at once gain our reward by a sort of reconciliation.

It is this reward, as rapid as it is unconscious, for the pleasure we give our beloved, that places this passion so high above all others.

If there is perfect naturalness, the happiness of two individuals becomes identical. By reason of sympathy and of many other laws of our being, this is simply the greatest happiness that can exist.

It is anything but easy to determine the meaning of this word "natural," an essential condition of happiness in love.

We call natural all that does not deviate from our normal course of action. It goes without saying that not only must we never tell a lie to our beloved, but we must never even embroider the truth or mar the purity of its outlines. For if we embroider, our attention is absorbed in embroidering, and no longer responsive, carelessly, live a key of a piano, to the sentiment that is mirrored in our eyes. An indefinable chill soon passes over her and tells her what is happening, and she in her turn resorts to coquetry. Is not this the real reason why we cannot love a woman whose intelligence is too inferior to our own? Before her we can dissemble with impunity, and since habit makes it more convenient to dissemble, we come to lose all naturalness. From that moment love is no longer love, it degenerates into an ordinary business transaction: the only difference being that instead of money we get pleasure or a satisfaction of our vanity, or a mixture of both. It is difficult, however, not to feel a touch of contempt for a woman in whose company we can play a part with impunity, and to go on indefinitely without having to leave her in the lurch as soon as we find something better. Habit or promises may keep us to her side, but I am speaking of the real feelings of the heart, which naturally soars towards the highest pleasure.

This kind of timidity is a decisive proof of passionate love in a man of intelligence.

† "As, how many sweet thoughts, how much desire brought him to this dolorous plight! Fair-haired was he, and comely, and of a gentle aspect; but one of his eyebrows was cleft by a scar."
Views and Reviews.

Of Power Set Free.

Señor de Maeztu’s articles continue to puzzle me. “R. H. C.” seems to understand them, and promises to enlighten us some day concerning their meanings; but my unassisted reading of them results only in a gradual clouding of intelligence. At first, his meaning seems clear; he “means well—that a child may understand”; but by the time that we arrive at the end of the article, particularly if we remember his previous articles, he seems to have arrived at a precisely opposite meaning, and to insist on it with equally emphatic assurance. He began, as everybody will remember, “governed” by such “things” as beauty, truth, kindness, are things to which alone he will render allegiance; and such concrete things as are just, and kind, and true, and beautiful, are, he asserts, the things to which “we must submit,” the alternative being submission to a tyrant. It would seem to follow from this assertion that we could not have too much of these absolute “goods”; but Señor de Maeztu has banished beauty, for example, from articles of utility, and has thus suggested a limitation to the validity of one of his absolutes. But if beauty is not everywhere and always desirable, why should we suppose that justice, and kindness, and truth are without limits to their utility? Can any man be just? “Unjust?” said Shaw once at a debate. “Of course I’m unjust. I’m not God Almighty.” Only those who have ever tried to tell the truth know how impossible it is, and how destructive of social life is the attempt; and has Señor de Maeztu never heard of “killing people by kindness”?

But when Señor de Maeztu speaks of our being “governed” by such “things” as beauty, truth, kindness, and justice, he seems to mean in paralinguistic with the English language. These things cannot be “governed”; we do not believe in them as we believe “in fire that will burn us, or rain that will drench us,” to quote Bishop Blougram’s posing of the same problem. Natural “laws are laws, that can express themselves”; but if truth is so mighty that it must prevail, well, why does it not do so? Why should it also be true that “a good lie never dies,” as the Americans say? Is it not the truth to be sought in the facts that Power is the source of all things, that those things are true which are perpetually enforced, that “Cratology,” as Señor de Maeztu calls it, is not a secondary but a primary doctrine? “I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things.” That is not the assertion of the Absolute; it is the statement of the prophet Isaiah, and I quote it for its implication that “good and evil are the creation of power. We are governed by Power, not by things; and only as we apply Power do things become real and imperative. Try Bishop Blougram again:

What think ye of Christ, friend, when all’s done and said?

You like this Christianity or not?

It may be false, but will you wish it true?

Has it your vote to be so if it can?

Behold how good and evil, truth and falsehood, are made! The “things” to which we submit are the creations of man. We speak of the Laws of Manu, of the Mosaic Code, of the Code Napoléon, and so on. Was Manu, Moses, or Napoléon a “thing,” or was he a tyrant? The tyrant, says Señor de Maeztu, is “power set free”; here was power harnessed to a purpose, and therefore not tyrannical according to Señor de Maeztu’s definition. But if it were not tyrannical, also according to Señor de Maeztu’s definition, it must have been free, which it certainly was not. Then, where are we? The “things” were the creations of tyrants, and they tyrannise over us although the tyrants are dead; and the truth surely is that tyranny is not power set free, but power expressed in things to which we must submit. Free power, in fact, is not power, as anyone will discover who breaks an electrical circuit.

But what is Power? Señor de Maeztu divides it into two kinds, personal and social power. Personal power is the gift of Nature, and social power is, of course, the gift of society. But can society give a man any power that he does not possess, or any more power than he possesses? If a man have not the gift of command, for example, can society give him the power of a commander-in-chief? The power of a commander is, in this quite simple statement, the power of command; and if the man cannot command then all the societies that have ever lived cannot give him the power. Then what can society give him? It can give him not power, but allegiance, obedience; but if history tells us anything at all, it tells us that those who are born with personal power naturally command obedience and allegiance. Then to suggest that society “gives” anything is really absurd; what it “gives” is really evoked by personal power. Unless Señor de Maeztu can put limits to the power which is the natural heritage of man, his division of power into personal and social is likely to result in the depression of man and the triumph of things.

He certainly cannot put limits to personal power; but he is hard at work trying to make it impossible for society to “grant” powers to men. He absolves us from gratitude to those who have rendered great services to us, calls it a “paradox that countries pay men for the services they have rendered by enabling them and their descendants to leave off serving us if it suits them to do so.” The strictly logical deduction from Señor de Maeztu’s principles would lead us to the practice of the Florentines, who put to death their successful generals. Why not, indeed, if our attachment is to things and not to men? The thing, in this case, was victory; once that was obtained, the functionary ceased to be of any importance. “Come, let us kill him,” said the Florentines; and if Señor de Maeztu does not go so far as that, it is probably because the enunciation of such a doctrine at this moment would not be expedient.

It is curious to reflect, also, that although Señor de Maeztu wishes to diminish the importance of the Ego, and to exalt the power of society, he is, both by his assertions and his eliminations, intensifying the importance of the Ego. Gratitude, for example, is a feeling that implies an object other than ourselves; it shifts the centre of observation and interest from ourselves to other people. It is a simple fact of psychology that neurasthenia arises from the undue importance of the Ego in consciousness, and that the simplest method of cure for it is the cultivation of all those feelings and sentiments that recognise the existence of other people. To be interested in man, to be grateful to him, to be romantic about him, this direction of our interest enhances our personal power, and prevents the morbid manifestations of nervous energy. But Señor de Maeztu, by limiting a man’s importance and his interest to his work, by denying him the meed of gratitude and all that would set free the social energies, powers, and graces, is really preparing the way for a world of neurasthenics, of whom the very definition is that they are egoists, persons without power.

A. E. R.
REVIEWS

Guy and Pauline. By Compton Mackenzie. (Martin Seeker. 6s.)

If only Guy and Pauline had been intrinsically interesting characters, this minute psychological study would not have bored us. But we get the "hang" of them and their circumstances so quickly that it is tedious to follow the development. These young University men who willfully adopt poetry as a profession are necessarily doomed to disappointment; and if their marriage depends on the financial success of their publications it must necessarily be postponed. The physical consequences which a long engagement entails on people in a state of emotional fervour are well known; and to trace the decline from the first pure passion to the furtive sexual approaches, to watch the vicious excitement and the no less vicious restraint produce the not pleasant symptoms of sexual hysteria, is not a really profitable occupation. If Guy had really been a poet, if he had really been in love, this meticulous record of his development would have revealed something worth knowing; but he was only a versifier, and a bad one at that, and his sexual fidgets are of no interest. He finds his level at last on a committee in Macedonia; and Pauline, having been tortured until she attempts suicide, relinquishes him with the statement that she "cannot bear the strain of this long engagement any more." As Shakespeare said: "in delay there lies no plenty": and we knew that before we read Mr. Mackenzie's book.

Out of Her Depth. By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Paul. 6s.)

This is a novel full of incidents some of which are familiar. For instance, the life and death of Arnold Bennett remind us irresistibly of that of Lafayette, the illusionist who perished in a fire at a music-hall about five years ago. The activities of Luke Page seem to be founded on the exploits of certain criminals who have recently been exposed and punished; and throughout the book there is a constant reference to things familiar in fact or fiction. The heroine of this story who becomes possessed of a vast estate which includes a multiple shop company, calls up memories of Mr. Wells' "Lady Harman." What the authors contribute is a powerful belief in coincidence; for example, the story begins in a lawyer's office, where the female typist transcribes and dispatches a letter to a lady demanding, on behalf of a dressmaker, the payment of a bill. She is herself the lady, ruined by and separated from her husband, who has taken over the dressmaking business, and by becoming the client of her employer is introduced to the story. The heroine is submerged throughout the story by the activities of the authors, who make her discover relatives in the most unlikely places, and possessions all over the world. However, no one can pretend that the authors have treated the heroine ungenerously; for at the end they give her a fortune of some millions of pounds, they kill her conjurer father whom she had seen only twice and disliked as a charlatan, they kill her suondrel of a husband, and marry her to the nice lawyer with whom she began this excursion into fiction. Her cup runneth over.

Poems and Fragments of Sappho. Translated by Edward Storer. (ad. net.)

This is the second volume in the "Poets' Translation Series," of which "all the pamphlets will be twelve or sixteen pages long." The Sappho is twelve, including one page of introduction and two of advertisement; so evidently the wrapper is weighted with this particular pound of tea.

The version cannot be called a success, even in conception. To turn Sappho's precise forms into Imagist vers libres shows little metrical tact, even if the result were rhythmically beautiful, which to our ears it is not. One of the pieces is printed as prose; is this a happy idea of the composer? If so, he might have chosen some of the others also for his agreeable experiment, especially (p. 8):

"So you hate me now, Althis, and turn towards Andromeda,

or (p. 4): "I am pale as the sun-scorched Grass," where "sun-scorched" is a gift from Mr. Storer. Sappho, being a dark-complexioned Lesbian, says quite simply "I am greener than grass." The euphemism may be traditional, but Mr. Storer is hardly living up to the announcement that "the translators will endeavour to give the words of these authors as simply and as clearly as may be." In fact, his metre is apparently so easy to manage that there is little excuse for sophisticating Sappho's words at all.

Why, for example, is Aphrodite's chariot "shimmering like the dawn"? (p. 2). Sappho gives no epithet, and none is needed. Again, the wings of Aphrodite's sparrow "luminous still with the glory of heaven have fossed radiance over earth." In Sappho the sparrows are not of this gigantic breed; they merely "fluttered their many wings as they passed from heaven through the middle air."

The wonderful poem where Sappho gosps out her love for Anactoria and her jealousy of the man who sits near her whirs Mr. Storer away in a transport of metaphorisation. "The man who sits near you seems equal to the gods" (i.e., in happiness) is turned into a pretty compliment—"He seems like a god to me the man who is near you." Again, a few lines later, Sappho's "I am far from death becomes "In my fury I seem like a dead woman"—which is sheer nonsense. The poem ends "But I would dare ..." Tae rest is lost, but we fear that Mr. Storer's dots (which occur in no other fragment) are meant, by a happy inspiration, to hint at inutterable infinities—and this is Sappho, the most direct and concrete poet in the world's literature!

Mr. Storer has a pathetic picture of the aging Sappho before her mirror: "My youth, my youth, who has you now?" Unfortunately the word translated "youth" means "virginsty," and the poem is probably part of a marriage-song written for one of Sappho's young friends, who cries "Maidenhood, maidenhood, whither hast thou gone from me?" We leave the "poets" for whom the series is intended to guess the meaning of "who has you now?" It is beyond our metaphysic.

Indeed, instead of such mutilated fragments as "Divine shell, your song" (where injurious time has robbed us of the verb), the translator might well have included some more of the marriage-poems. We make him a present of one for the next edition:—

"Happy bridegroom, fullfilled is the marriage thou didst long For, and thine is the maiden thou didst long For."

When Mr. Storer is successful, it is in spite of himself. The charm of the following is partly due to the unconscious rhyme and the (perhaps unintentional) symmetry of rhythm:—

The moon has set and the Pleiades Have gone.
It is midnight; the hours pass; and I Sleep alone.

The same is true of

"Death is evil, because If it were good, the gods Also would die," where the effect is heightened by the unconscious assonance.

Further (for we would not be unjust to Mr. Storer), we heartily agree with at least one sentence of the introduction: 'In English Dr. Wharton's 'Sappho' is the best modern work.' It still remains so.
The first smile of spring.

While man works breathless at what task
The unkind fates to him may bring,
Laughing beneath his rainy mask
March fashions all the joys of spring.

Ere the world from slumber wakes
Secretly in workshop cold,
The daisy's snow-white ruff he makes,
Hammers out its brooch of gold.

Like a valet of the town—
Orchard fair and vineyard crossed—
With a puff of soft swan's down
Powder the almond tree with frost.

While the garden rests serene,
Through the sleeping beds he goes
And in vest of velvet green
Clothes the young bards of the rose.

While a merry tune he sings
Softly to the thrush's ear,
Snowdrops in the field he flings,
While a merry tune he sings.

So you may pick them, low in leaves
He hides the strawberries, pink and sweet
For you a dainty hat he weaves,
To guard you from the summer's heat.

Then when all his task is done
And brighter skies the swift days bring,
On April's threshold, ere he's gone
He hides the strawberries, pink and sweet.

No more we'll to the woodland go
Oft times thou stoop'st, tired with thy morning's play,
And, where through all the countryside's green ways,
The silver birches' slender grace is thine.

On a coal black steed rides a cavalier.
On a coal black steed rides a cavalier.
And then, like Dian, through the glade thou stray'st,
And then, like Dian, through the glade thou stray'st.

A child amazed, I wandered through the land
I saw thee, Youth,
Divine, amazing, brighter than the dawn
Divine, amazing, brighter than the dawn.

And till time's swift feet wet with all the dews of morn,
The dawn's bright mate, like wedded maiden borne
To her lord's couch, faint with the violet's sound,
To her lord's couch, faint with the violet's sound.

The kiss of April wakens thee to life
With lightfoot dancing and with beauty rife,
And in vest of velvet green
Clothes the young bards of the rose.

She would have loved had never pride
Like to that cold and flickering light
The candles shed a corpse beside,
Guarded her heart by day and night.

She, who from crowded life nought took
Save empty mockery, lies dead;
And now at last life's golden book
Slips slowly from her hands unread.

—After Alfred de Musset.

O wide-eyed Youth, with golden tresses crowned,
Thy swift feet wet with all the dews of morn,
The daisy's bright mate, like wedded maiden borne
To her lord's couch, faint with the violet's sound.

Thy arms all bare, thy tresses flowing free,
Then laugh'st through shadows and the windy night,
Thou hast for crown the young sun rising bright,
A shining gown the showers embroider thee.

So felt she not heaven's gentle rain
With lightfoot dancing and with beauty rife,
And in vest of velvet green
Clothes the young bards of the rose.

The heavens
Put thy arms within the chapel where
Thy body's pure as lilies set along
Thine the sweet measures of a distant song.

The kiss of April wakens thee to life
With lightfoot dancing and with beauty rife,
And in vest of velvet green
Clothes the young bards of the rose.

Sage
A child amazed, I wandered through the land
I saw thee, Youth, a rosebud in thy hand.

—After Gabriel Vicaire.

The Elves

Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
Gay dance the elves in the meadows fair.

Through wooded ways in the tracks of deer,
On a coal black steed rides a cavalier.

His golden spur gleams through the night
And riding into the clear moonlight
A silver helm with varied sheen,
Shines from his head the leaves between.

Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
Gay dance the elves in the meadows fair.

The sportive crowd swarm round him there
And lightsome dance in the quiet air.

"O where," asks the queen, "by this night so clear
So late dost thou ride, thou brave cavalier?"

For evil sprites in the woods abound.

Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
Gay dance the elves in the meadows fair.

"I keep my bright-eyed maid from her bed,
To-morrow morn we shall be wed.
O elves of the meadow, now let us pass
While you tread your rings on the dewy grass.
And keep me not from my love away,
E'en now I can see the birth of day."

Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
Gay dance the elves in the meadows fair.
"Stay knight so bold, to thee I'll bring
The magic stone, the gilded ring,
And far more precious than fame or gold
My robe all woven of moonbeams cold."

"Nay, by my troth!" says he, "Then "Depart."
And with linger white she touches his heart.

Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
Gay dance the elves in the meadows fair.
The spur strikes sharp, the charger's away,
He gallops, he bounds and for nothing will stay,
But the trembling knight bends forward in fear
To see on his path a white phantom appear,
Soundless its step, its wide arms invite,
Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
And with finger white she touches his heart.

Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
To see on his path a white phantom appear,
"O hinder me not," cries the galloping knight.
Gay dance the elves in the meadows fair.
Wild thyme wreathed in their wind-tossed hair,
And of woe fell dead in the selfsame place.
I

My head, yet hot with memories of thy love,
In one at least let

Who do not or its joys drink deep.
Nor e'er thy bright eyes cause its misery.

If once more you'd have me love

"Mr. Wells has some hard, and, I think, unjust things to say about art, but he cannot cease to be an artist."
—Gerald Gould in the "New Statesman."

There will be ample time for the working man to settle his accounts with his employers when we have succeeded in defeating the Huns."
—"Everyman."

"Half your coal free!"
—"Daily Mail."

"Miss Katharine Tyman has a new novel, 'Since First I Saw Your Face,' coming out, in which a coal-miner rises to become a lord, an unusual but by no means impossible social upheaval."
—The "Literary World."

"The new military curve. Without this Essential New Feature, all corsets—this Season's—are Passe and stamp the Gown worn over them as Passe."
—"Tatler."

"'B.D.V., the Silk Picture Cigarette. 10 for 40. A Penny more to keep the old flag flying. Who grudges that?'—Messrs. Godfrey Philips and Co.

"Going. Yellow Journalism."
—"New Days."

"I can't think of many places I haven't been to since the war began."
—WILL CROOKS.

"Warning to workers."
—"Daily Express."

"The pity of it."
When memory of Russian foulness fails,
One thing will keep its fame
Of cruelty and shame.

The strike in Wales.

"For the trustiest men are not the broad of breast or shoulder-blade, but the well-judging everywhere prevail."
—(Sophocles).

This old truth, old in the days of the ancients, is fresh to-day. Honesty and good judgment must prevail, and the people know the value of a voice which is ever at their service when Arrogance takes the reins of office. Ask the Tommy or the Tar, ask Labour or Capital, what voice in Britain is readiest to plead for justice or—when justice falters—for mercy. Ask any woman in this land to whom she can best turn for guidance or protection, be she down-trodden wage-slave, wronged wife, or erring Magdalen. Ask the children of the poor."

The roar of millions of voices will proclaim 'John Bull,' the one power in Britain which has force enough and will enough to champion their cause. Net sale of over a million a week."
—"John Bull."

"Super Novels: The following list is a splendid one. . . The Life Everlasting," by Marie Corelli. . . .—METHUEN AND CO., LTD.

"T.P.'s Weekly is a pocket university."
—HOLBROOK JACKSON.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Sir,—In your “Notes of the Week” you seem to write with much less than your usual acumen on the subject of the Harmsworth Press and conscription. Your diagnosis of Lord Northcliffe’s case involves three antecedent suppositions: (1) that no other people than this; (2) that his persistence arises from his political consistency; and (3) that foreign observers depend upon his extravagances for evidence of this country’s strength or weakness.

Against these assumptions it may be pointed out (1) that there is a strong convictionist element in the Cabinet; (2) that no one political party has been startlingly obvious in the past; and (3) that foreign statesmen have not in the least studied the nature of Lord Northcliffe’s influence. The great newspaperman has not arisen from his political consistency; and (3) that foreign observers do not regard his political manifestations as evidence of this country’s strength or weakness.

The significant fact to Continental diplomats is that conscription has become a sufficiently practical political question to cause a division in the Cabinet. Lord Northcliffe’s pessimism and A. G. Gardiner’s optimism move them not a bit, but when they observe these doubts pro-tagonists fighting in the public square for there to be a row between their aristocratic and plutocratic masters.

When you call the weapon of our prestige has not been thrown away by journalists of any breed; it has rather been picked up by them and shown round for a half-pennyworth of the public attention. ‘What have we ourselves at the commencement of hostilities by underestimating the requirements of the task they chose to set themselves. Our prospects of success were of the rosiest; but in their sordid attempts to gain small advantage to the country, all forms of wealth can be defined in the term wealth. All forms of wealth belong by exclusive right to God as sole producer—a religious, which is necessarily moral, power of the people of this land. Knowing, as you do, that in invasion which our friends have to suffer—all these are products of wealth.

Of course, Selfridge’s would close at once—is it not to serve the people? Why, indeed, fight on for the sake of class privileges if they must shed them in order to fight? Conscript men; yes; that is, of course, workers in unnecessary industries. But the feasibility of this resides in the question of the relative power of the economic interests bound up in those industries. If economic power varied in the same ratio as its applied national utility to the country; but who is going to guarantee that useless enterprises cannot protect themselves? Of course, Selfridge’s would close at once—is it not to serve the public? The brewers! And, worse than ever, the Irish distillers! Verdad was misled into stating last October that all the immense resources, but we depend in a large measure upon neutral nations for their realisation, whereas our special responsibilities which do not apply to the Germanic Powers. And again, in talking as though Great Britain would go on to the bitter end whether her Allies did so or not (this was Mr. Churchill’s boast), you overlooked the fact that of the two conflicting combinations, we do not occupy, as a national unit, the commanding position in the political kaleidoscope, and the ironic gods keep it in continuous revolution. Even the present Verdad was misled into stating last October that all the big battles of the war were then over.

You expect England to win the “last battle” because of her resources and character. It is true that we have immense resources, but we depend in a large measure upon neutral nations for their realisation, whereas our enemies are self-supporting. As bankers and munition makers for the Alliance we are incurring a mass of special responsibilities which do not apply to the Germanic Powers. And again, in talking as though Great Britain would go on to the bitter end whether her Allies did or not (this was Mr. Churchill’s boast), you overlooked the fact that of the two conflicting combinations, we do not occupy, as a national unit, the commanding position in the political kaleidoscope, and the ironic gods keep it in continuous revolution. Even the present Verdad was misled into stating last October that all the big battles of the war were then over.

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bankrupt and discredited. The Munitions Act is a scandalous measure that must break down completely when the workers definitely make up their minds to disregard its penal clauses. Already, in a vain effort to conceal its true meaning, the Act is being stoned. The Press Bureau has issued notices stating that reports of cases before the Munitions Tribunals must be submitted to the Bureau. If true, this further example of the fact that the Press Bureau’s function is to prevent information reaching Englishmen of the situation in their own country in the moral and financial scandals in which Mr. Lloyd George has been and is now involved do not improve this dreadful record of ministerial incompetence.

Then there is the recent Budget. The story how that was framed is an amusing comedy. In a certain fortnight the Treasury officials were asked to prepare the new scheme of taxation. They did so, and another week was spent in dovetailing in their proposals which Mr. McKenna read to the House of Commons in the form of a speech. That is how this most wonderful Budget was drafted. Unfortunately, the gentleman who had the idea about currants did not apparently know that currants came from Greece, and that there were certain treaties regulating the import duties! The gentleman who did the hat trick unhappily could not estimate how much he could get out of a top hat, a bowler hat, or a Parisian creation! The gentleman who did the tightened abatement of the income-tax has been due to the fact that the permanent official who must have handled this subject is unable to calculate percentages accurately, or do addition sums. The halfpenny post abolition was arrived at on this basis: “If we make people pay a penny for what is now costing a halfpenny, there will be a great deal of money in the pockets of the public.” These sums will be used in dovetailing in their proposals which Mr. McKenna read to the House of Commons in the form of a speech.

Then there is the grave question of the relations between the British Government and the firm of Pierpoint Morgan and Co., the latest development of which is the American Loan. The developments in the Balkans focus attention once again on the relations of Great Britain for ten years, has been extended throughout the British diplomatic service. The developments in the Balkans focus attention once again on the relations of Great Britain and France; and the grave news of the arrests of many members of the French Chamber of Deputies is rousing the situation in their own country. The moral and financial scandals in which Mr. Lloyd George has been and is now involved do not improve this dreadful record of ministerial incompetence.

Another point arises on the dealings between this country and France; and the grave news of the arrests of many members of the French Chamber of Deputies is rousing the situation in their own country. Do Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. Sarolea, M. Flandrin, M. Ribot, M. Lebrun, M. Dreyfus, Gustav Hervé, Marcel Sembat, Jean Grave, and Anatole France. Were they wanted with the same fate as Jaurès, and thought that they would prefer to be live “patriots” than to being dead revolutionaries?

One last word of warning. I urge the House of Commons to take its own advice. It has been inculcated into the workers in this country and France; and the grave news of the arrests of many members of the French Chamber of Deputies is rousing the situation in their own country. Do Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. Sarolea, M. Flandrin, M. Ribot, M. Lebrun, M. Dreyfus, Gustav Hervé, Marcel Sembat, Jean Grave, and Anatole France. Were they wanted with the same fate as Jaurès, and thought that they would prefer to be live “patriots” than to being dead revolutionaries?

Nobody can deny that the terrible consequences of the war on the manifold of the nation would be mitigated had the British people any ground for thinking that the Government recognised its responsibilities towards those who are being sent to their deaths by the thousand. Yet, how can one be impressed with the seriousness of the Government when at Ciro’s, the night club, on the night of Thursday, October 7, there could be witnessed the presence of a very hilarious party consisting of the following gentlemen: Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Reading, Sir F. E. Smith, and Captain Guest? Is it right that members of the Cabinet should visit such a place at such a time?

The developments in the Balkans focus attention once again on the relations of the Foreign Office. Sir E. Grey, who has had uncontrolled direction of the foreign affairs of Great Britain, has been most successful in marshalling against Britain a host of enemies. Sir E. Grey is the only Foreign Minister in Europe who knows no languages—but his own—and if the composition of his dispatches is under his own supervision. He does not speak French, which is the language of diplomacy. This tradition of ignorance has been extended throughout the British diplomatic service. I believe it to be correct to state that at Constantinople, at Athens, at Sofia, at Bucharest, at St. Petersburg, at Madrid, at Stockholm, at the Hague, at Pekin, at Tokio, and at Teheran, the British representatives in 1914 were unacquainted with the languages of which they were accredited! Sir E. Grey’s attitude towards his colleagues in the Cabinet was well summarised by Mr. Winston Churchill in his famous letter of the “Candid Quarterly Review” in the sentence in which Mr. Bowles wonders what happened in the Cabinet when “this was made” to the seventeen members who had been consulted from them the obligations entered into by Sir E. Grey. That is the sort of person who is now carrying the country into further calamitous military adventures in the Balkan Peninsula.
Smith ever consider that the interests of the British people should be paramount to those of the French, at any rate, to men enjoying the hospitality of this country? C. STANHOPE.

**"REFORM" AND "CLEMENCY" IN RUSSIA.**

Sir,—Will you allow me, as one who has for some years past attended points of contact with the Russian Labour Movement, and who for the last four or five months has been working in connection with the "Russian Political Prisoners' and Exiles' Relief Committee in London," to bring to your notice a few facts to which the English Press has given little or no publicity? (At the same time honourable exception must be made in the case of such Trade Union journals as the "Railway Review," the "Lancashire Cotton Factory Times," the "Yorkshire Cotton Factory Times," and the A.S.E. journal.) These papers have allowed members of the above committee to publish in their columns frank, uncompromising statements (based on actual fact) of the terrible sufferings endured in Russian hard labour prisons and in exile in Siberia by those who have dared to advocate the principles of political and industrial organisation. Those statements have shown that since the war began those sufferings have increased rather than lessened.

Your readers will, I think, agree that it is not satisfactory that news of the political situation in a country with which Britain is so closely allied should reach the public only after being—as the "Daily Chronicle" states—"heavily censored." That, following the defeats in Galicia, the wanton birth of prolonged governmental crisis in Russia is known, and in the middle of September the Duma was arbitrarily prorogued. Strikes followed, and the Commander of the Petrograd military district, General Delphi, in the course of September 18 an order, saying that in those establishments in which objects necessary for the defence of the Empire are being manufactured, strikers were to be referred to courts martial (field military courts). Under the martial law, he increased the punishment for strikers to six years' detention, while for those who invited others to strike and who used violence the sentence was penal servitude for life.

Much has been made in the British Press about the "imminent triumph of liberalism in Russia." It is true that the Liberals in the Duma have formed a so-called progressive "bloc" with the half-Liberals and the Nationalists, the last-named being the less extreme Conservatives. But whether the Tsar should nominate some of them to ministerial positions, in which case they have ready a programme, which in the event of the Liberals coming into power promises amnesty. But it must not be forgotten that this amnesty does not include all those political prisoners whose offences are complicated with criminal acts, and therefore does not include those who have paid for their violent struggles, armed attacks, and the more serious cases of those who took part in the revolution of 1905, the greater number of whom are undergoing long periods of penal servitude.

The resolutions of the Town Councils, of the Provincial Assemblies, which in the mouths of British Liberal correspondents take the shape of democratic actions, merely attack the rotten bureaucracy, but turn humbly to the "Liberals" towards subject nationalities was shown by the reestablishment of its constitution—merely a "conciliatory government" with which Britain is so closely allied should reach the public at the same time, it must be borne in mind that there is little or no chance of even so meagre a "Liberal" programme being carried into effect.

In Russia, opposition to the continued prorogation of the Duma—to mid-November—has been strong, and about two weeks ago it was announced in the English Press in big headlines, with accompanying leading articles, that on October 8 the Duma would meet. On Saturday morning, actually believing, I looked eagerly at the newspapers expecting to see in large type some such headlines as the following:

Historic Meeting of the Duma—Moving Scenes. The Tsar in Tears.

Return of the Social Democratic Members from Prison and Exile.

Congratulations from the British Government.

No more Hard Labour Prisons and Exile for Trade Unionists and Socialists.

Great Rejoicings Throughout Russia.

Alas! There has been no meeting of the Duma, and all the indications go to show that reaction still reigns supreme. The new Minister of the Interior, M. Kliwostoff, is leader of the Extreme Conservative Party, and is too reactionary to become a member even of the Progressive "bloc."

But, strange to say, this new chief minister in a government of a country where Trade Unions have been ruthlessly suppressed, says that those members are still in their thousands enduring the horrors of the Katorga (hard labour prisons) and of exile in Siberia, this Minister has formed a determination to "develop Trade Unionism." Trade Unions in the British Empire would be well advised to watch developments in this Russian "new unionism." Will such unions be police-created, police-controlled, and will they consist largely of spies and of provocators? However, Mr. W. Appleton, the general secretary of the Federation of Trade Unions, is evidently fully satisfied. He has long conversation with the Russian Minister of Finance during the latter's recent business visit to London, and as a result he (Mr. Appleton) is "convinced that there are a large number of influential men in the Russian Government to-day who are looking at things in a new light, and that they are understanding that democracy may be a source of strength to a nation, and not a source of weakness."

Personally, I could have wished that Mr. Appleton had told us who precisely are the large number of influential men in question, and why their numerical strength and influence combined have not yet secured a small thing as a meeting of the Duma, at which all the Social Democratic members would be present.

Truly these are strange times. I am beginning to wonder whether I shall live to see the Russian Tsar receive as a paternal delegate by the British Trade Union Congress. I am also wondering who will be the first trade union official to occupy a post at the Foreign Office. Such an appointment would just now be eminently useful to the members of the Cabinet, who, whatever other differences may exist between them, are, no doubt, all anxious to maintain at least the appearance of standing well with organised labour. On the strength of such an appointment, it would no doubt be claimed that the Foreign Office had been duly "democratised"; and who would dare to whisper "secret diplomacy" if it were through a carefully chosen official trade unionists? The beneficent attitude towards the benevolent attitude towards Labour of a "large number of influential men in the Russian Government" were sent forth to those British trade unionists who are learning something of the terrible sufferings which tens of thousands of their fellow-workers in Russia are enduring at the hands of the Government of the Tsar, because they have dared to advocate the principles of political and industrial organisation?

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel House Working Women's College.

**TURKEY AND THE ARΜEНИANS.**

Sir,—The accounts of the recent atrocities, reported to have been committed in the Provinces of Turkish Armenia, are certainly appalling. But I think in the interests of justice that the British public should be warned

October 21, 1915

THE NEW AGE
that the Turk has never in his history pleaded his own cause nor attempted to refute charges brought against him, even when these have been unfounded: whereas the case of the Christians of the Turkish Empire has always been extremely ably stated. It being impossible at this moment for us fully to investigate these present charges, it would, therefore, be only fair to an enemy who had fought us honourably and treated our wounded and prisoners with the greatest kindness to reserve judgment until it is possible to tell the truth. C. F. DIXON-JOHNSON.

THE MATERIALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY.

SIR,—Mr. R. B. Kerr finds in "my views regarding the materialist conception of history" the maturity of "fatherly observations." But lest such open flattery should prove to my irreparable harm, I beseech to class me amongst Fabian clerks, Baptist Labour leaders, and the sincere believers in the superior learning of the late Prof. J. A. Cramb, from whom Mr. Kerr "expects nothing." It pains me to find Mr. Kerr entertaining such unjust suspicions. If it may help him to retain his previous flattering estimate, let me add that I am none of these outrageous things.

Mr. Kerr asks "how could anyone suppose that Buckle was a forerunner of Marx," since Buckle was "never heard of till he first published in 1857," and Marx first published in 1845. But to deal with the special view of English thought, for the purpose of showing that here, where Buckle did preceed Marx, he was in no sense its precursor, but only a certain theoretical position was made for which Mr. Kerr shows no sign of recognizing the need, there is the possibility that these two quite distinct points of view may be identified, to the confusion of Marxism.

But, like Mr. Kerr, I have my regrets. "I regret" I cannot follow him in his identification of "English people in the early days of the S.D.P." with readers and writers of "Justice" and the "Commonwealth." There were others who thought even then. My point was, of course, that the popular atmosphere of enthusiasm for natural science above all things, in which such theories as Buckle's came to flourish, no longer obtains, and that Marxism without this doubtful historical support would have to be established and largely reconstructed on a much more critical basis. The outline of this I thought could be found in the position of The New Age—my article was not a statement of Marx's views, though it sought to preserve their essence.

But Mr. Kerr, in his anxiety to counteract the evil effects in this country of my thus failing to do what I never set out to do, will procure its effect even in darkest England. He disdains to discuss the suggestion of any possible distinction between a version of Marxism as originally stated is a single unambiguous doctrine; self-interpreting, too, it can give rise to no confusion of Marxism. W. ANDERSON.

CONSUMERS' DEFENCE LEAGUE.

SIR,—Since the war began the commercial exploiter has had a happy time. In the supply of munitions and war material, as well as that of food, fuel, clothing, and the other commodities by which a people live, his harvest has been great. Coal owners, shipping rings, trading trusts, etc., have enriched themselves by tens, if not by thousands, of millions in extra profits during the first year of conflict, and little evidence exists to indicate that their anti-social activities are likely to be checked by any present law or at least a hopeful sign on the part of Marxists would be the appearance of some discrimination of their "logic"—the materialist conception of history, or better, the historical conception of matter—from their "With little knowledge of the real damage they are doing, their operations being, in the main, inspired by a fanatical commercial ethic, and their eyes blinded to the results by the wealth which they are acquiring." Nevertheless, their operations have seriously increased the cost of both destroying and supporting life, by reason of the advances made in prices of munitions, food, fuel, etc., and as we may expect some terribly lean years as a result of the orgy of destruction in which the greater part of Europe is now involved, it becomes necessary for the public, in their capacity of consumers, to organise themselves into an effective body, firstly to expose glaring examples of the profiteering now going on, and so to check its most manifest operations, and ultimately, by the development and extension of the Co-operative principle in trade and industry, to learn how to manage the business of producing and distributing necessary commodities at the mere cost of the actual services rendered, and thus avoid the tribute levied on the material needs of life by these commercial buccaneers.

GEO. FRANCIS, Hon. Sec.

Consumers' Defence League.

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Press Cuttings.

"We do not often find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Asquith, but his statement that there is no representative of Commons is very timely indeed. It is worthy of note that, so far, no one has suggested that men should come home from the Navy to do what their women do in the North Sea without compensation. Our friend Josiah Wedgwood sits in Parliament as the representative of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and Captain F. Guest for the Wimborne division of Hampshire. They can only speak as such. The men in the Army and Navy can only make their voices heard in the old-fashioned constitutional manner through the Members for the constituencies in which they live, and all of us must jealously support the Prime Minister in his determination not to recognise any right of the Army, as such, to be heard on any political subject. Men in the Service should be given every facility for writing home to their Members of Parliament on any subject they please. This is a very different proposition to sending home groups of officers to speak for the Army. As we say, the Navy has made no such claim, and even were it made would not be admitted. Lord Northcliffe and his friends are doing their best to divide the nation into Army versus civilians; it will be well if all of us understand that at this moment we are all dependent one upon the other. The supposed Army could not exist for a day without the help of the army of civilians who toil incessantly to supply their needs, and while the war lasts the civilians are dependent for protection on the Army. So all decent people should preach unity instead of disunity."—*Herald.*

"A good deal of public discussion has taken place with respect to women taking the place of men during the war. This has been particularly acute in the grocery trade, where the men have enlisted in very large numbers. It is well known that an experiment has been made by the London Co-operative Wholesale grocers of employing women as grocers' assistants. One important part of the discussion was whether women were physically strong enough to stand the strain. It was explicitly assumed by many people that this was always possible so far as shop assistants were concerned. A case, however, has just come to hand in respect to the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks, which shows that the fear expressed by some that the strain of the grocery trade would be too great for many girls is only too correct. A young woman who had previously been engaged in the distributive trades, decided to try the grocery, being attracted by the comparatively good wages being offered. She entered the service of one of the large multiple dairy companies. After working for several weeks she began to feel a pain in her side, which gradually became so acute that she had to go to see a doctor who told her she was incapacitated from work. It seems that the constant lifting, cutting, weighing, and bending into shape of the butter, has gradually strained the muscles of her side, and the doctor certifies that she is suffering from sprained side, and that it appears that it may be a long period before she finally recovers. As this has been brought about by a gradual process, and no specific accident can be proved, no claim can be made under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and the company can escape all responsibility by giving her the necessary legal notice to leave the employment. The Union is paying out sick benefit to this member, and it certainly proves that the fear expressed that unless the young women were physically strong, there was a grave danger when taking the place of men in the grocery trade, was only too well founded."—National Union of Shop Assistants' Report.

"If employers had a place in Trade Unions, or if Trade Unions had a place in the employers' associations, we should then approximate to the mediæval system. Wages and prices, hours and conditions would then be fixed by the common consent of the whole trade, and not by the competition and constant struggle between employers and employees. If these suggestions seem visionary, I can only reply that the system now being made impossible by events. England has no longer that easy position of industrial supremacy which made industrial disputes possible. The competition between one employer and another, and the struggle between employers and workmen must be replaced by some more stable and less wasteful system if England is going to survive in the fierce struggle which is coming. Employers and workmen must think less of their separate interests, and more of the interests of their trade as a whole; if what might be called the common conscience of a whole trade were developed, strikes, lock-outs, and the like would all be discouraged by the general sentiment in the general interest, regulations would take the place of conflict, and discord would give way to harmony."—John Burnham in the "Sunday Chronicle."

The Amalgamated Union of Co-operative Employees has formulated rules for the employment of women in substitution for men in Co-operative Societies. They are as follows:

1. That the substitution be by joint agreement between the Union and the employing societies.
2. That one month's probation on Union female scales of wages be allowed in respect of female assistants without experience engaged to meet any deficiency in male labour, but after such probationary period the wages and conditions of such substitute female labour shall be individually the same as those sanctioned by the Union for males.
3. That all women so substituted, unless they are already Trade Unionists, shall be required immediately to become so, and that membership of a Trade Union organisation shall be the condition of their employment for temporary service.
4. That the temporary nature of the service be intimated by the employing societies to the female engaged, and that at the end of six months the males whose labour is replaced shall be reinstated in their situations as soon as they are able to resume work.
5. That steps be taken to secure the due observance of labour and public health laws by the co-operative societies employing such substituted labour.

"Mr. Dalley, the new assistant secretary of the Railway Clerks' Association, has great faith in the possibilities of Trade Unionism, and he would doubtless endorse the dictum of the Guildsmen who have stated in *The New Age* that the Trade Unions are the hope of the world. Although he does not claim to have thoroughly grasped the principles of National Guilds so long promulgated in that paper, he is greatly interested in them, and is of the opinion that the idea is the most pregnant of those launched during the last twenty-five years."—"The Railway Clerk."

"Objections to Collectivism have been put forward during the past seven or eight years by a group of writers in *The New Age*, probably the most brilliant, and certainly the most aggressive independent journal in London. These writers, known as National Guildsmen, or Guild Socialists, have always claimed to be Socialists, and to have remained true to the fundamental ideals of Socialism which have been departed from by the Collectivists. Collectivism, or State Socialism, in its anxiety to be practical and business-like, has concentrated almost exclusively on national efficiency and the interests of the community considered as a body of consumers of labour and services, to the neglect of its concerns in the equally important aspects of production. To the Co-operative Societies and to the International Socialist Review."

"From time to time we have made mention of the National Guilds League. As our readers know, it is an organisation formed for the purpose of carrying out the idea of Trade Union responsibility and 'producers' control, both now and for the future. Next month a pamphlet called 'National Guilds' will be published by the League, and during the winter a considerable amount of lecturing will be done. If any of our readers in Liverpool or Manchester are interested in National Guilds we would suggest that they attend the meetings of the local branches. The Liverpool group meets at the Clarion Cafe."—*Herald.*