NOTES OF THE WEEK.

That the superlative greed of British profiteers is no invention of ours Mr. Lloyd George has been good enough to prove. Referring in his recent Munitions speeches to the difficulties this country had to encounter in the manufacture of shells and other armaments, he enumerated as the chief the "wholly unwarranted" extent to which the price of metals in private hands was raised against the Government. "Under the system of competition in the open market," he implied, the cost of metal rose so rapidly that in a very little while the State might have been made bankrupt. There was, as he discovered, only one remedy. It was not, You will observe, the fixing of maximum prices, for this, as we have often pointed out, is of no avail. But it was the abolition of competition within the metal industry by the virtual nationalisation of the whole of the metal supply. This nationalisation, it will be seen, however admirable in itself, was rendered necessary by the cupidity of our metal monopolists. Had they been content with a normal profit, or even with an abnormal profit, made by taking a mean advantage of the situation, it never occurred to him to get cause and effect in their reproaches. Save for comments here and in a few other journals, our business men would have escaped all criticism and censure, and passed as an exemplary class of patriots. Search the speeches of the "leading" men and newspapers of the last eighteen months—where will you find denunciation of profiteers to match their denunciation of wage-earners? Nowhere. And the reason is not hard to discover. It lies in these two facts, that the governing classes are themselves profiteering classes, and do not, therefore, hold profiteering, even during a national crisis, as a crime; and, for the same reason, that they are utterly ignorant of the point of view of the wage-earning classes. It follows, on the one hand, that even at this moment profiteering is rampant with the connivance of the Government; and, on the other hand, that the Government is still under the impression that our working classes are somehow to blame. Look at the recent speech of Mr. McKenna to the effect that Labour should lower its wages in order to bring down prices. The men must have known that, in the case of the metal industry, which was a type of every industry having a monopoly, prices rose long before wages, and "unwarrantably" in advance of any excuse in wages when wages finally rose. Such, however, was his habit of condoning the offences of the capitalist classes that it never occurred to him to get cause and effect in their proper order, but he must needs attribute the cause to the consequence.

Yet it is to the wage-earners that Mr. Lloyd George and the rest of the Ministers have publicly addressed their reproaches. Save for comments here and in a few other journals, our business men would have escaped all criticism and censure, and passed as an exemplary class of patriots. Search the speeches of the "leading" men and newspapers of the last eighteen months—where will you find denunciation of profiteers to match their denunciation of wage-earners? Nowhere. And the reason is not hard to discover. It lies in these two facts, that the governing classes are themselves profiteering classes, and do not, therefore, hold profiteering, even during a national crisis, as a crime; and, for the same reason, that they are utterly ignorant of the point of view of the wage-earning classes. It follows, on the one hand, that even at this moment profiteering is rampant with the connivance of the Government; and, on the other hand, that the Government is still under the impression that our working classes are somehow to blame. Look at the recent speech of Mr. McKenna to the effect that Labour should lower its wages in order to bring down prices.

From the point of view of the governing classes, we can only conclude that the wage-earners are to them a strange species of animal, unaccountably wild on some occasions and unaccountably tame on others. So great has the gulf between the rich and the poor become that the two classes are alien to each other's modes of thought and modes of speech, as if they were, indeed, alien peoples. And nothing less, we fear, than the bankruptcy of the wealthy classes will put an end to
this division. Nor is it the case that the go-betweens of the two classes are now any longer able to act as interpreters. If ever there was a man who fancied himself as a demagogue—one, that is, who proceeded the poor for their own sake—it is Mr. Lloyd George, whose boast it is that if he wanted to bribe the people he would know how to do it. Yet even Mr. Lloyd George has failed, is failing, and will continue to fail, unmistakably in every one of his attempts to conciliate Labour opinion. No more striking instance of his failure can be conceived than his experiences last week in the North. The object of his embassy was to induce the engineering Unions to consent to the dilution (as it is called) of skilled labour by unskilled labour in the munitions factories. And, as far as newspaper reports go, he succeeded. But what are the facts? Everywhere after his meeting the men assembled with two impressions in their mind: first, that he did not know what he was talking about; and second, that his advice, even if taken, would be fatal to the very object he had in view. It appears that, as on so many other occasions, Mr. Lloyd George on this occasion took no trouble to verify his facts and to secure a proper diagnosis of the disease before setting out on a pilgrimage of remedy. It was enough for his hasty mind that certain employers, themselves the worst in the trade, had indicated the resistance of skilled men to unskilled assistants as the cause of the deficiency of shells; and any investigation was superfluous. As if the skilled men had any other ground for objecting to the dilution of their ranks with unskilled but the inefficiency that would result! Is it not plain that Mr. Lloyd George had taken Trade Unionism at its Press value, and concluded that its restrictions were necessarily hostile to maximum and qualitative production? Whereas, in fact, it is certainly the case that a good proportion of the regulations of Trade Unionism—and most of those the bad employers wish to get rid of—are designed for production and for production alone. Conversation with the men would surely have proved this to him as it has proved it to us. Their complaint is not that there are not enough unskilled men, or any real shortage of labour, but a bad organisation of the skilled men actually employed. And the remedy for this, they say, is not more men, but better employers! It is an indication, however, of the folly of Mr. Lloyd George’s wild-cat mission that these remarks should be left to be made; they are significant, too, of the results to be expected from it.

But it must not be supposed that we acquit the men entirely. If, as we believe, it is the case that every successive emissary of Government, from Mr. Lloyd George downwards, literally makes a fool of himself when advising working men what to do, it is also the case that, in refraining from inviting such advice, the Trade Unions are making equal, if not worse, fools of themselves. One by one Government officials appeal to them; and one by one the Unions declare that the suggested remedies are worse than the disease, and that they (the Unions) know a better way. But seldom does the public hear what the better way is; and never does a Union undertake on its own responsibility to apply it. The situation must be one of the most exasperating the Government has to face. Theoretically, it is a matter of indifference to the Government, and certainly to the public (that has no theories), whether the remedy is this, that, or the other, or who applies it. If the Trade Unions, having, as they allege, the panacea in their hands, will neither use it themselves nor permit without criticism the alleged nostrums of the governing classes to be tried, they are in the position of a patient able but unwilling to cure himself, yet scornful of every remedy offered by his doctor. No wonder, we say, that the doctors in the case are disposed at times to try desperate remedies. We should feel so disposed ourselves. At the same time, we should reflect that this weakness of will is itself a part of the disease, and needs to be sympathetically treated. Unfortunately, it is upon this point that the governing classes cause us, in good faith, to call them to the wage-earners. For the remedy for weakness of will is responsibility in increasing doses; and responsibility in industry means a progressive share in management. Under no Act or by-law, under no regulation or sub-section, in all the Labour legislation of the war, has there appeared one word advising employers to share management with the Unions. This is not an accident; it is deliberate. Yet, short of a share in management, there is no remedy for Labour troubles. And it is a pity the Trade Unions do not affirm it as explicitly as the Government implicitly denies it.

We have seen what had to be done to maintain metals within the purchasing power of the State; and it is an easy wonder that the same course has not yet been taken with shipping. The same conditions apply, and it is to be presumed that the same remedy would apply also. “Under the system of competition in the open market” (we are repeating Mr. Lloyd George) “the freightage-rates of shipping have been rising to an extent wholly unwarranted by the situation. Owing to the requisitioning of merchant vessels by the Government the monopoly-value of the remainder has been raised artificially as well as naturally so that at this moment every vessel still in private service is a veritable ship of gold. The effect upon prices we know very well, since the public pays them; and the effect upon profits we have the ‘Times’ word to guarantee. ‘The profits of British cargo steamship companies,’ said the ‘Times’ on Thursday, ‘are now on an enormous scale.’ This is one more of the thousand instances that are accumulating of the unpatriotic incapacity of our possessing classes. No! does it stop at that? As if the depletion of ‘our’ merchant service by the needs of the Government were not itself enough to ensure high prices for the public and high profits for shipowners, the latter must needs sell to neutral countries at enhanced rates a considerable amount of tonnage, whose neutral competition with British vessels must raise prices still further. Even we, whom no decencies of language are reputed to daunt, can find no words to express the disgust all proper men must feel at actions so brazenly, so criminally meretricious. If a German vessel were left upon the high seas to carry on trade, even between neutral countries, our Press and so-called public men would be calling for the Admiralty’s heads upon the gullible; but our own shipowners, under the protection of our own Navy having first exploited us to the height of their ability, may then sell, to their own profit, the very vessels upon which we depend for food, to be employed in our greater exploitation by neutral capitalists. It is, moreover, impossible for the Government to pretend either that the demand is too small or that the remedy is not available. Both statements would be and are untrue. Replying to Mr. Grant last week, Mr. Runciman admitted that the Government were cognizant of the transfers and had power to refuse to sanction them. In many cases, he said, transfers were refused. But if this power exists, and has in some instances been used, why, we should like to ask, has it not been used sooner and completely? Is it because, being in the business, Mr. Runciman has a tenderness for shipping profits?
Again, in the matter of wheat (upon which the public can form some opinion) the Government has known very well how to proceed. Wheat, it is well known, despite its rise, has not risen in price with the rapidity of other commodities; and for the reason that the Government has taken steps to eliminate the competition which otherwise would have forced up the price of wheat "unnecessarily." "Among the more thoughtful shipowners," now says the "Times," "there has never been the slightest doubt that the Government, could, if it had its heart on the task, and prevented all the advances in the other trades as well." This, it should be remarked, is not our unsupported statement, but the affirmation of the "Times." So gaping, in fact, has the monstrosity of the situation become that the "Times" has been forced to recommend the measure we have often suggested in these columns: the nationalisation, if only for the period of the war, of the whole of the merchant service. That the railways should be nationalised at the outset of the war was taken by everybody as a matter of course, though it is obvious that lines could not be sold to neutral competitors, or closed to home traffic except at ruinous rates. But the shipping, equally indispensable, with means of its own for assisting the enemy by blockading us and neutrals by enabling them to exploit us, was left under profiteering control, and remains so to this day. What is the name of Reason, is the sense of it? On a host of petty points, each of about the importance of a flea-bit, our whole Press and public-spirited numskulls have been chasing the Ministry from pillar to post, while all the time they have allowed them to charter the private merchantmen to besiege us with high freights. While the public has been pursuing gnats, the Government has made off with the camels!

We can understand, without sympathising with it, the attitude of Cabinet Ministers towards the agitation for the reduction of their salaries in the interests of national economy. What, they might say, we are to bear the burden of administration on half salaries while thousands of our fellows—thanks to our exertions—are making profits hand over fist, as they have never made them before! The weakness of this argument, which we have heard repeated, lies in the fact that the Cabinet has the power not only to reduce its salaries by a half, but to abolish private profit out of the war altogether. To make an excuse of a black willfully left black, to add another black to it, does not result in a white. On the other hand, it must be confessed that the spectacle of profiteers dipping into the public till (though by a roundabout means) must be very provocative, and not less so when the threat to expose them raises in them threats of counter-exposure, and, as a last resort, expulsion from the Government. For in this case, the public must never be forgotten that every Cabinet Minister, we care not whom, depends ultimately for his seat upon the good-will of the wealthy classes. Under these circumstances, it would appear that the public is on the horns of a dilemma. Between the Government that might but cannot, and the wealthy who can but will not, no real national economy, still less the conception of capital, will be possible so long as the interest on loans is secured. For this reason, and, at the risk of attracting attention to ourselves, we deliberately offer our opinion that as a means to saving the loans of the wealthy, the high Income Tax and the Excess Profit Tax must be nationalised at the outset of the war to London business men, chiefly bankers, to enable them to meet the debts now being incurred on its account. The secret assurances now creeping into the name of charity, except to remark that other classes of the community were still more in need, and might in the sequel have displayed a little more good-will. For how, in fact, have these beggars of moneylenders, newly set up on their horses, conducted themselves towards the State that assisted them into the saddle? They have utilised their position to demand such interest on the loans they have made to the Government as would not ensure adequate war-taxation during three sessions. And what is more, if the secret assurances now creeping about the city are to be credited, no great increase of taxation need be expected by the wealthy during the remainder of the war. At the same time, however, the public is to be urged to save—for what purpose? To pay the interest on the loans! Saving, we agree, is incumbent upon the poorest patriot among us. But is it not also incumbent upon the wealthy to spare the poor, as much as possible, the urgency of saving, or, at least, to see that the poor have the means to save? To urge saving in others while raising prices to make saving impossible; and, again, to urge the saving by the poor as a means to saving the loans of the wealthy, are examples of current cant that our column elsewhere does not know the names of. Yet, they are to be found in the Open Letter addressed by a gang of millionaire moneylenders to the British public and circulated by the Press last week. The sight ought to gladden Germany as much as it depresses us. 

The "New Statesman" recently mentioned the case of certain native-born British capitalists, not entirely unconnected with politics, who control a very large merchant business, yielding an annual income that runs into six figures, and who have sold up their houses and other property in England, abandoned their British domicile, transferred their head-office to New York, reduced their London representation to a mere agency making no profits, and fled in person to avoid paying war-taxes, the high Income Tax and the Excess Profit Tax. To prevent such persons, amongst whom we can understand, without sympathising with it, the attitude of Cabinet Ministers towards the agitation for the reduction of their salaries in the interests of national economy, what is the name of it? If doctors know it, the reference is superfluous. If they do not, it is insufficient. The foregoing items, collected by chance in a week's casual reading, well suffice to show the still prevailing timid reticence of our public men and journals when the names in question belong to people who are to be feared. In none of the instances, to the best of our belief, would a libel action follow the publication of the names; yet so powerful are the secret influences at work that in three of them, at any rate, worse consequences than libel proceedings might be expected. Fortunately we are beyond the reach of the longest arm of lawlessness. Having nothing to lose we have nothing to risk. But then—we do not know the names!
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdæ.

It has often been remarked in these columns, and it was emphasised long before the war began, that most English critics of foreign affairs hardly know the essentials of the subject. In very few cases indeed do the writers concerned know the essential lines of the political and social development in foreign countries; and those who did, such as Mr. Austin Harrison and Mr. Maxse, often displayed a peculiar bias and narrow-mindedness which prevented the public from paying adequate attention to warnings of theirs which happened to be justified. Mr. Maxse was often right in what he said in the columns of the "National Review"; but who could, or can, be expected to pay any attention to what is said by the "National Review," or by its regular contributors? Nobody. As we cannot believe a liar even when he speaks the truth, so also is it too much to expect that we shall heed our incompetents even when they tell the truth by accident.

Our jingoistic critics appear to have taken as their motto the adaptation of an old legal maxim: when in doubt, abuse the Foreign Office. If the files of The New Age for the last five years are consulted, with special reference to the article headed "Foreign Affairs," it will be found that the Foreign Office has frequently been criticised in these pages; and on that score the writer of these lines has nothing to reproach himself with. The British Foreign Office has often blundered; its blunders have been pointed out in The New Age from time to time; and it has blundered since as well as before the war. It happens that the real mistakes made by the Foreign Office never come before the public; they are almost invariably settled in time; and they never, I am glad to say, come within miles of Sir A. Markham, Sir Henry Dalziel, and the little bunch of hitherto obscure Liberals and Radicals who, dispossessed of office and of titles, seek to acquire a cheap notoriety by pretending to be patriots. The Foreign Office, as I said last week when writing on the Danish Agreement, has hardly ever been criticised for the right reasons; and the right reasons will not be revealed by the few who know them until the war is well over and won.

As I have myself been a severe critic of our Foreign Office, it may be taken that these remarks are made with some little authority—more authority, certainly, than that possessed by the self-advertising baronets of the House of Commons. I except the member for Walsall from what is deliberately meant to be a provoking reference, and one that is well deserved.

Some papers have referred to a polite duel which is being waged between the Admiralty and the Foreign Office. The Admiralty—so, at any rate, such papers as the "Morning Post" would give us to understand—is anxious to use the full force of the Navy with the object of ending the war quickly. Ships are to be stopped and taken into port; coasts are to be blockaded; cargoes are to be ruthlessly examined—oh, we are to be terrible fellows! It happens that the "full force" of the Navy has been used for months, with the cordial assent of the Foreign Office, in cases where it could be so used to our advantage and to the advantage of our Allies; and the full force was never used by the Foreign Office desire, in cases where such a use would have been gravely to our disadvantage. Consider for a moment the most recent case we have, that of Sweden. Ships—not, and not necessarily, Swedish—with cargoes were taken into Kirwall. Their cargoes were examined with as much thoroughness as would be applied by Mr. Maxse or Mr. Blumenfeld. Rubber which was being sent by parcels post to Germany via Sweden was confiscated, and the remainder of the cargo was allowed to proceed. The result has been a protest by the Swedish Government, to which, let it be recalled, we had to apologise at an earlier stage of the war for an almost identical similar offence. The "Daily Mail" and the "Morning Post"—need it be said?—would not heed these protests. Our business is to win the war, etc., and be damned to the neutrals. Such is the common attitude. Let us see how it works out in practice.

The immediate result of the friction with Sweden, of which we—what is to say, the public—have just beginning to be aware by means of signed language, has been an interruption of supplies going to Russia via Sweden; a complete suspension of telegrams and mails coming to this country from Russia through Sweden; and a state of tension between Sweden and the Entente Powers to which the German agents in Sweden are ready to take full advantage. It may be urged that there should be English agents, too, to show the Swedes what a German victory would mean to them. That is not a point with which the Foreign Office is directly concerned; it is a point rather for Mr. Masterman and Mr. Macfie. The Foreign Office is concerned with the facts; and the essential fact is that Sweden is angry; that when she was angry before with us we climbed down, and that it may be to our advantage to climb down again. The Admiralty is not to blame; for the Navy was simply carrying out the instructions in the Order in Council of March 11—a good enough order when it is properly applied. Now, what, in such a case, would the panic-stricken House of Commons give us do? Blockade Sweden, naturally; cut off her supplies; show her the meaning of sea-power. And we could do all these things—at the cost of throwing the Swedes as a united nation into the arms of Germany, of adding her to the number of our open enemies, of irreparably damaging the excellent military prospects of our Allies; the above considerations are considerations of some moment which the jingoists in this country are too narrow-minded to appreciate. They cannot see, in their cursed insularity, beyond the coast-lines of the British Isles.

It need not be said that the amount of material reaching Germany through Sweden has become infinitesimal since our submarines went to the Baltic and blockaded Germany from an unexpected side—as they are doing, by the way, long before the public began to be aware of it. During the period of the Napoleonic wars our sea-power could have been, and was, applied on a vast scale. It is still the mainstay of the Allies; let there be no mistake on that point. But it is no longer possible to blockade half Europe in the name of the few dom of the seas. It is no longer possible to treat neutrals as if they were non-existent. It is incorrect to speak of disputes, or of differences of opinion, between the Admiralty and the Foreign Office. Both departments are parts of a whole, and act accordingly in obedience to instructions. They represent, also, without realising it, entirely different ideals; and the ideal of the Foreign Office is precisely the ideal which the Allied group of Powers has sworn to protect. If the Foreign Office could have had its way, the ghastly conflict which threatens to leave all Europe bankrupt and enfeebled would have been fought to a finish in the law-courts instead of in the field. It is the Foreign Office ideal now—and an ideal which is at least expected—to risk no new disputes with neutral countries. This is not saying that it is written in the constitution of the British constitution. It is much more right than wrong; but his followers, or, rather, the careless journalists who gather their ideas from his closely thought-out pages, must realise that the inarticulate ideals of the Navy must be sought with discretion. Last week I endeavoured to justify the Foreign Office in the matter of the Danish Agreement. If Lord Robert Cecil can be permitted to tell the country the truth about this Swedish affair he will have established his principles, and the principles of the Foreign Office, on an unshakable foundation.
Most of us who read both pacifist and warlike literature experience a strange vacillation. When we read the pacifists we begin to understand the reactionaries, and when we read the reactionaries extolation of the heroic virtues, we begin to look for the first time with sympathy on the flat rationalism which takes individual comfort to be the principal aim of existence. After examining pacifist democracy at close quarters we begin to play with the notion that the anti-democratic theory of the State may be true, but further acquaintance with this again drives us back to the flattest individualism.

In the end, however, the war puts an end to this vacillation. In a way, which I shall roughly describe below, war brings precision and definiteness to our political ideas, and so does us some slight service. While nothing but disgust can be felt at the undisguised satisfaction of certain writers, who believe that the war has put an end to ideas they dislike, I see no reason why we should not draw this small consolation from the tragedy. It is a consolation, since the war has put an end to ideas they dislike, I see no reason why we should not draw this small consolation from the tragedy. It is a consolation, since the war has put an end to this vacillation.

In our natural state, most of us tend to have a very confused idea of the relations between the abstract conceptions which underlie our political views. We get rid of this confusion, only so far as is necessary, to enable us to pursue certain practical ends. We are models of precision in those parts of political theory which enable us to outline clear boundaries separating us from the people to whom we are opposed. When this object once has been attained, the residual of the theory is left confused; for the mind is economical of its energy, and only clears up and analyses in as far as they are necessary for action.

This can be made clearer by the use of symbols. Suppose that I realise very clearly that the doctrine (D) is false, and object very strongly to the people who hold it as true. Let A. O. R. T., etc., be opinions, each of which if I am satisfied with it, I consider (D) as false. We shall clear up the confusion of our ideas to this extent: that we shall clearly separate (D) from A. O. R. T., etc... But that is the extent of the confusion we shall clear up, for that is the extent to which action requires an analysis. It is only when we object to certain views that the necessity for clearness arises. We wish to differentiate ourselves from these things. But when this has once been accomplished, the mind has no further stimulus, and tends to evade the effort necessary to introduce further precision in our thought. It is sufficient then to have rejected (D); and as the mind only analyses where the desire to differentiate exists, we may have (A. O. R. T.) left confused and undifferentiated. We know that each is a reason for rejecting (D), and we tend to think that in some way they are all one reason. The state of the mind then will be

(D) .................................. (A. O. R. T., etc.).

As long as we only talk about these things, the confusion is not likely to be discovered.

Two things may lead to further analysis. In the first place, the effort to explain in writing why you reject D. Unaccountable difficulties will arise in settling the right order for the exposition. What you will write will come out indifferently as O.A.O.T.R., A.O.R.A.T.A.R., etc. You gradually realise that your confusion in writing springs from a confusion in thought, and that you reject (D) not for one, but for several distinct reasons.

There is another more potent method, in which the confusion may be further cleared up. The opinion (O) may be embodied in a movement which you dislike and consider wrong. Another desire for differentiation then springs up, that between (O) and (A. O. R. T.).

You then begin to analyse (A. O. R. T.) in order to get rid of the (O). So that consequently, the cynic might observe that if you only disliked enough people, your ideas would in the end be quite clear. But I say this without any touch of scepticism. Your desire to differentiate yourself from some movement, does not create the new analysis in your ideas, it only provides you with the energy necessary to discover the hidden but real differences.

What do the symbols represent in this case? (D) is liberal, hedonist, pacifist democracy; (A) is the absolute conception of ethics; (O) is the "organic" view of the State. I dislike (D). I approve, therefore, of the attack on relativist, utilitarian ethics to be found in Prefrons and among the reactionaries. I tend also to believe in the "organic" theory of the State, since that also is diametrically opposed to (D). And there the matter rests, and I confuse O and A together, tending to think they are somehow one or necessarily connected. I prefer the legitimate rejection of authoritarian democracy. I might incline towards an anti-democratic position. I certainly have been interested in the theses of this kind to be found in Taine, Barrés, and in Maurras. It so happens, however, that the (O) is the characteristic theory of the German political theory of the State. When circumstances force me to consider very attentively the consequences of this "organic" theory, I may then realise that its connection with (A), the absolute view of ethics, is no necessary one: and consequently the desire to realise that the right theory of society is to be found in Proudhon, and not in the reactionaries. In this way I believe that this war has greatly, to their own surprise, converted many men to democracy.

If an instance, perhaps a wrong one, of the working of this tendency, may be pointed out in France. Charles Maurras, who has endeavoured for years in "L'Action Francaise," to combat German romanticism and to create an ideology which should be truly national and French, has lately been accused of introducing, in the endeavour to combat anarchic individualism, the German conception of the organic State.

I shall attempt to give a clearer notion of what this German conception is, by giving an account of two representative German books on the war. I ought to say more definitely in what sense I use the word representative here. There are two kinds of war apologists. While we claim that wars are justified for liberty, "democratic" ideas, etc., there are a number of Germans who claim that they also are fighting for the same ideas. But they are certainly in a minority, and the prevailing type of apology pursues an entirely different method. When we say that we are fighting for democracy, for "Western ideas," it replies: "Yes, and that is exactly what we Germans are fighting against." This type of apology is the one it is best to consider; for not only does it correspond most closely with the facts, but it also leads to a form of discussion which is much more to the point. Our greatest objection to the Germans is not so much to the fact that they are brutally aggressive without justification, but just precisely to the things which they do consider justify them.

As examples of this type of apologists, I take Werner Sombart and Max Scheler. Of Max Scheler, who is by far the more important of the two, I will say nothing at present, as the detailed consideration I shall give later to the German political theory will consist of a careful examination of his book on the State. In the short space left me in these notes, I intend to deal only with the more cosmic presentation of the similar ideas in Sombart's "Helden und Handler."

It should be noted that I have picked out two men who are, in different ways, important. It would serve no purpose to pick out any of the innumerable books on the war, written by asses, who are of course as numerous in Germany as in this country. To give a very approximate idea of their position, I might compare
one of them to the philosopher G. E. Moore, and the other to Professor Pigou. But no comparison of this type is of much use, as it is difficult to convince the ordinary Englishman of the influence exerted by the professors in Germany. That, of course, was one of the difficulties I experienced in warning this country of the danger before the war. It was no use translating such books. The instinctive reply would be: "What does it matter what a professor says?" I agree, but a certain number of Germans in Germany, sometimes surprised at the blind admiration so often expressed in scholastic circles here for German work. The reason is quite simple. Schoolmasters instinctively feel that a land in which the schoolmaster enjoys such respect, and such a high status, must indeed be a wonderful country.

It should be noticed that both are what would be described as liberal-minded men. Werner Sombart is perhaps best known here by his history of Socialism. While he himself could not be described as a Socialist, he is certainly no reactionary. He is a professor of economics, and while he may not be the profoundest, he is certainly one of the most entertaining writers on that subject. He supports original views on the origins of capitalism with an astonishing knowledge of out-of-the-way facts. I believe that his last book of this type, a history of the development of the "bourgeois," has just been translated into English. I heard him lecture some years ago in Berlin.

The thesis of Sombart's book is, of course, that this war is a war between two conflicting ideals. He evidently regards the conflict with us as the most important part of the struggle, and speaks always of the contrasting ideals of "German" and "English." "Western European ideals," he writes, "are to be termed "English" ideals." What are these two contrasted ideals? I will condense what he says of the English spirit as much as possible; you may find it platitudinous. The essence of the English character is pure commercialism; everything follows from this. By quoting a letter from a stray Venetian merchant, he demonstrates that this has always been so, even in the fifteenth century, and a testimony from a Venetian on this subject is decisive. The result of this is that we have produced nothing in art, literature or philosophy of any importance. We have a purely commercial view of the State as an artificial mechanism designed to further the interests of the individual. That English philosophy is merely the carrying of commercial categories into the subject, is proved from old Herbert Spencer. "Spencer, whom I cite most frequently as representing the most characteristic English mind," he writes. "William Smollett, as an English writer shows any signs of profundity he is always an Irishman . . . e.g., Ruskin, Oscar Wilde . . . and Bernhard Shaw." (One may note here as the most obvious sign of the poverty of mind of the modern Germans, that it was they alone who have created a reputation as a serious poet for a shallow journalist like Wilde, who enjoyed a reputation as a wit amongst extremely stupid people.) I have met them. "As for poets, only a couple of Irishmen," you wait with curiosity for their names. You may be surprised; they are "Lord Byron and Shelley." This, you see, is the thorough, the gründlich German professor.

"In Art, nothing but the sugariness of Gainsborough and Reynolds." This is surprising. No German professor can be expected to have a personal appreciation of art, but in as far as they refrain from illustrating theories of aesthetics by the inevitable Raphael, and are modern, they are different. And there Sombart might have found Constable hailed as the "father of all modern art." Obviously in the plastic arts, we have nothing that can be compared with the production of the French. But in Germany, since Dürrer there has been almost nothing of any importance.

We are in a bad way generally; commercialism has had such influence on us "that every class in England stands far below the corresponding class in Germany. As typical of this we have only to notice the profound difference between the mentality of a man like Grey and that of Bethmann-Hollweg." My reply to this, is that the mentality of both these people is so exceedingly commonplace that it hardly seems possible to point out any difference at all.

The truth is, of course, that commercialism is nothing specifically English, but is a general phenomena, not destined, we may hope, to last for ever. If at the time when I wrote my book those people are at its height, the most able writers were English, rather than German, that is nothing very much to be ashamed of. The same spirit in Germany manifested itself in an imitation of the English.

We turn now to the German spirit. "The essence of this is duty, and the spirit of heroism. Naturally, therefore, there can be no resemblance between German patriotism and the natural pride of the Englishman, which is only that of the commercial man in being a partner in the largest business in the world. The difference is seen when it comes to sacrifices. . . There is a great drum-beating for recruits in England now. But no one answers the call from a spirit of sacrifice. Those who do not answer the call from a spirit of heroism think they are doing good business for themselves." * * *

What concerns me here, however, is what he says about the German theory of the State. "The richness of the German spirit is shown by the fact that it is this, until recent times almost State-less people had promulgated a conception of the State of a profundity that has never been equalled since the time of Plato. . . Even in the people like Wolt and Kant, who seem to have adopted the mechanical English theory, a profound difference can be noted. What he says about the German conception of the State is that that of the objective-organic view of the State. . . The State is a living organism, but a meta-biological, spiritual organism . . . in which the individual forms a part." As contrasted with the classical conception of the State in Greece, in which the individual disappeared, . . . it is the characteristic of the German conception of the State that it has known how to reconcile German individualism with the omnipotence of the State. This leads to the German idealism about war. "War will always appear senseless to the business man, who can think of nothing higher than the happiness of the individual." (Yes, we might think God isn't the State.) "But we know that there is a higher life, the life of the State. . . the single life is destined to be sacrificed itself to this higher . . . War is holy," etc.

"With the exception of Kant in his old age, you will find no pacifist writing in any representative German. . . ."

As to militarism: "It is stupid for foreigners to represent our militarism as the product of a war-loving officer class . . . as a decay from the tradition of our poets and thinkers. Potsdam and Weimar are one on this point. . . Everything that foreigners have said about our militarism is further proof of the impossibility of a foreigner ever attaining to an understanding of a German. . . . They all wish to free us from militarism. . . . But militarism is not merely an institution . . . it is the German spirit itself. . . . Potsdam and Weimar in highest union. . . Faust and Zarathustra and Beethoven in a rifle-pit. . . Everything, including industry, is rightly subordinated to it. The high valuation of military virtues in Germany, courage and obedience . . . these are the true virtues of the free man. . . . Discipline . . . within and without." As to war. "It follows from this conception of the State that it must continually measure itself with other States. . . . It has always a tendency towards growth. . . . This levendiger Wachstum of the organic State is quite different from anything that is dead, purely commercially grounded tendency to expansion, which dominates mechanical States like England. . . So war is an unavoidable accompaniment of all State life that is really
living... The justification of war lies in the natural conditions of all living things."

And so on.

One of the greatest benefits of our "commercial" spirit is that only an Englishman would at once feel this conception of the State and its consequences to be rubbish. Amid many foolish recruiting appeals, I do not remember one which asked us to die "for the State." I never met a soldier who ever thought of this war as anything but a stupidity. In a necessary stupidity, but still a stupidity... (So much so that he even recoiled to the necessary stupidity of generals.) And this I think is the greatest justification of our attitude that I know.

There are subjects in which Realism is perhaps the true doctrine, but the greatest gift the Heavens ever allotted to this country was our endowment of an all-prevailing Nominalism. It will always save us from belief in the bastard phenomena of the "organic" State. We have never taken kindly to Bosanquet's. There are some absolute things above the individual, but the State is not one of them.

It is better, I think, to leave detailed discussion of this to the time when I can examine the more serious work of Scheler. It may not be inappropriate, however, at this festive season, to conclude with a few more extracts from Sombar's book on general subjects.

* * *

"The commercial people cannot understand war. The most disgusting example of this is the praise given to the Captain of the 'Emden,' for sportsmanlike conduct. On another occasion, some imprisoned Englishmen offered to shake hands with our soldiers like footballers after a match, and when they got what they deserved, kicks on a certain part of the body."

"We must get rid of this poison of sport in our midst. We must cultivate only those gardens which prepare us for war... women must be broad-hipped that they may bear healthy soldiers... Away with Tennis, Football, and Krikett!!"

"The war may kill international relationship in science, but that does not matter. We Germans, in spiritual culture need no one... No people on earth can give us anything of value in Science, Technology, Art or Literature, that we could not do without... Reflect on the inexhaustible richness of the German essence that includes everything in itself... We understand all foreign peoples, but none can understand us... We recognise as far below us all 'Western European ideas.'... We may nevertheless occasionally take pleasure in the production of other cultures, always excepting the English, who produce no cultured values at all, and among the Latin, Scandinavians, Celts, and Slavs, have nothing to give us."

"So must we Germans (like the Greeks) go through the world to-day with proud, elevated heads, in the certain conviction that we are God's people. As the German bids the Eagle speak, hears above all other animals, so must the German feel to all the other peoples whom he sees at infinite depths below him."

In this breathless silence one can almost hear the rustling of the "vösa" as it drops from the princely heavens on our energetic authors.

"But do not be afraid... we do not want to bite pieces out of you... Quite rightly we shall always be bad colonists... We have no desire to accumulate possessions. We leave that to the English. But when it is necessary to extend our land possession to find room for our increasing population, we shall take what is necessary for this purpose. We shall set our Foot on places which strategically are necessary for the preservation of our unshakable strength... We shall take as bases for our Fleet, Malta, Suez, and Dresen..."

"We do not want to expand. We have 'something more to do. We have to keep the German soul pure... for Germany is the last dam against the hitherto stream of commercialism.'"

Now was any of us ever as this man is?

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**Holland and the World War.**

By W. de Veer.

(Author of "Battle Royal," "An Emperor in the Dock," etc.)

III.

London, October 25, 1914.

Dear A.,—The old recipe for a fit of bad temper—give it full vent till it exhausts itself—had the desired effect. I can hardly expect that my last letter will alter your frame of mind, but it has done me a lot of good; the uninterrupted outpour of my astonishment, indignation, anger, that you, my oldest friend, should not feel as shocked by this world war, as intensely against its instigators as I am, enables me to approach you to-day in a spirit of relative serenity. "Set fair" is not the right reading of my mental barometer, but the atmospheric balance is restored. For though I won't go so far as to admit that I lost my self-control, still in a debate like this (for I expect your answer soon and with some trepidation) we should avoid all personalities, misrepresentations and innuendoes, as these can never provide a basis for a better mutual understanding. Difficult as it may prove to be, I shall do my best to look upon what you write as the honest expression of a well-founded opinion, which I shall try to bring round to what seems to me the only point of view.

Speaking of anger that exhausts itself, is it not curious how the rule illustrated in this recent personal experience also applies to the gigantic struggle being fought over our heads, so to say (as if we had taken refuge in the deepest cellar of some mammoth building and were unable to get out, because above the tenants are killing each other in the most murderous quarrel ever started)? Will not every disturbance, however world submerging, if only allowed to run its course, end in a dead calm or something like it? To me the idea seems worth considering, for applied to the Hohenzollern onslaught, this would mean that if we all sat tight and let the wild beast have its fling, it would some day become as harmless as it is dangerous now. Humanity, however, is not so disposed as to await the possible future of this race of slaves and tyrants, as about the damage it has done and will go on doing, unless it is destroyed. To the owner of a china-shop the knowledge that the bull raging among his valuable majolica and cloisonnes, his old Crown Derby and his Sevres are being smashed to fragments. For every kick and plunge means extra loss to him; besides, however determined the bull may be to make himself at home (by turning the place into a stable), this is proverbially not his proper place. So, calling in the aid of friends and neighbours, our proprietor attacks the beast with anything that comes to hand and finally ejects him, though not without great additional damage to his wares. This cannot be helped, however; and once the intruder is chased out, the owner's attention is concentrated not so much on what is broken, as on what perchance is left intact.

Here my parable ends. It is not a very new one, but it is, I think, applicable to the existing situation. Perhaps, in the course of time, when History draws up her final record of this great conflict she will quietly smile at our present fear that never again shall we slip back into our normal course or regain our normal equanimity, and with her face as impassive as "justice," she will briefly sum up her verdict in words like these: "Prussia set the world in flames and forced mankind to fight for sheer existence. But after years of destruction and endless misery the moment came when passions relaxed, and the combatants, with no wind left, nodded acquiescence to the announcement that the War was over."
"Exactly!" I hear you exclaim. "That is why we, peace-lovers, try to convince you all . . ."

Excuse me! is my retort. What you good people would like is a differencemaker, a man of the people, who tells his friends from clearing the bull out of his shop. You hold that it is better to let the brute exhaust its forces normally, that is, after running everything within its reach!

To come back to our own affairs—to those personal and rather nasty things you said! Though quite unshaken in my conviction that Holland has comprimised herself for ever by not protesting when the Germans entered Belgium,* I am sorry I went so far as to suggest that no decent man could hold a different view to me. Let me repair that mistake and do penalty for the offence it must have given you by admitting the much better position you are in to judge the peculiar circumstances in which Holland finds herself than I am. But, on the other hand, I am certainly better acquainted with the English side of the question than you can ever be, though this familiarity, I assure you, has nothing to do with my heartfelt condemnation of the Germans. That brings me at once to your baseless and ungenerous statement that I am, of course, pro-British, and, therefore, anti-German, and that safely ensconced as I am behind the shelter of the English Channel, it is easy for me to exhort my native country to participate in the appalling slaughter.

Obviously, in this question, as in many others, I am heart and soul pro-British. But unless by "of course" you mean nothing more than "logically," by "the natural course of circumstances," or something of the kind (which I very much doubt if you do), let me inform you that I have not acquired these sentiments by reason of any undue bias on my part, nor that the pressure or influence exercised upon me by my entourage. Joyce is, I know, an Englishwoman (don't, I strongly advise you, ever tell her she is Dutch, though that is the legal position!), and, after twenty happy years of the closest comradship her feelings, naturally, mean a great deal to me. Equally true it is that having now lived here for eight years, during which time I have made a few intimate and many casual English acquaintances, I have shed many of the old Dutch preferences, and if I, who only came to London when I was over forty, should aspire to our power of identifying ourselves with another; to our right of identifying ourselves fully with another; in reality, not even two Britshers think absolutely the same. My opinion of those around me is determined by exactly the same laws as would be had I passed the last eight years not in England but in Holland; fools remain fools independently of the flag that to some extent covers them, but this can be as correctly said of good and wise and fine people. Unless my powers of perception play me very false—and a mere change of residence is hardly likely to have weakened them—

* Note to English readers: see Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, expressed a year later in an American paper, as to what the neutrals should have done. Mr. Roosevelt, in a letter declining to join a public meeting to protest against the Armenian massacres, writes: "A nation too timid to protect its own men, women, and children from murder and outrage, too timid to speak out on behalf of Belgium will not carry much weight by a 'protest' or 'insistence' on behalf of suffering Jews and Armenians. All the terrible iniquities of the past year and a half, including the crowning iniquity of the wholesale slaughter of Armenians, can be traced directly to the initial wrong committed by the Germans on Belgium, and the criminal and immoral responsibility of Germany must be shared by the neutrals, headed by the United States, in view of their failure to protest when the initial wrong was committed."

believe me, in the British air there is no mysterious element that alters the inner nature of the individual exposed to it. If there is a difference between the Dutch and English atmosphere, it only lies, I should say, in the relative density—whenever I was recently in Holland I seemed to be surrounded by something slow and heavy that made me feel a tiny bit oppressed. But you were referring to the moral influence. Well, to be frank, there seems nothing much the matter with the air we are inhaling in these Islands. Folks here have been at times too easy-going—but that was only on the surface. The War has made it pretty clear, not only to the English-speaking peoples but to surrounding neutrals, that the soul of the British Nation is, to use the stereotyped term, "all right." The energy, the strength of mind—"Ah! There you are!" I hear you say, whereby meaning to infer that I, too, cannot have remained untouched by these far-reaching factors which have inspired a whole community. Agreed, but what of that? Does it necessarily prove that because I share in the general outburst, the happy elation that even outsiders should feel proud to witness, my feathers must be burned, my feelings burned for the occasion? Is it so entirely out of the question that the great British enthusiasm and my small private eagerness should coincide? But cheer up, old man. It was not the national upliedness that made me one with a big people in their unity, but the international current which has secured my prompt adhesion, the element of good will towards all mankind—these appealed to me, a non-Britisher, yet a member of a bigger family than even the British Empire can ever be. There is a new note in this element which follows, but I will put aside the dawn of the day, I should not wonder if you expressed surprise, and even doubt, on being told that a freer, wider, finer view than that hitherto conceived of fellowship between the human races has reached these shores and has received a cordial welcome.

This—the realm of cosmopolitan camaraderie—is the field in which we Dutch, belonging to a country that will never play again an important role in European affairs, is but lately to be isolated and ignored, or even to sink to the level of dependence on some big neighbour, can meet outsiders on an equal footing. Should we not then be grateful to Great Britain when, at the same time that she serves her special ends, she acts as one of the principal champions of small nations, by opposing Prussian militarism and German intolerance, and by opposing the international current which has secured my prompt adhesion, the element of good will towards all mankind—these appealed to me, a non-Britisher, yet a member of a bigger family than even the British Empire can ever be. There is a new note in this element which follows, but I will put aside the dawn of the day, I should not wonder if you expressed surprise, and even doubt, on being told that a freer, wider, finer view than that hitherto conceived of fellowship between the human races has reached these shores and has received a cordial welcome.

But there is balm in gilead!—although the vote may pass me by and I shall never enter St. Stephen's as a Member. During the first portion of my sojourn here my report would almost certainly have been less friendly to-day, I am well aware there are many places where I might have found myself less at my ease. The moral advantage. Nor would it take you long to collect the testimony of any ten or twenty foreigners of position and refinement, and hear them say that life in London is enjoyable and that it grows on you. Though, mind, at the same time, a half-baked nationality who feels that he misses something dear to his heart that London cannot give him—under which heading I might place "Dutch" vegetables, "Dutch" breakfast cake, "Dutch" cafés, "Dutch" cosiness, and the "Dutch" native sense of humour! But, spite of these petty
grievances, which might be compared to the complaints we sometimes make of the peculiarities of our dear ones, we all like London, may, we love it. Why? Because England, and London in particular—the great throbbing heart of the Empire—has an atmosphere it is pleasant to breathe in, free as the sea that surrounds the coasts, by the nation's will to have it so; free, not only as in the old days—for Ci-devant Marquises or Carbonari, Nihilists, and such like dangerous fellows, but for peaceful, harmless persons like myself as well, who could, if they wish to remain in their own country. Not in a year or two was this accomplished; it took centuries to clear away the fog and poisonous matter, leaving a purity in which to raise a race of men. Democracy, the English have always found, when properly applied and faithfully practised, is the one remedy for brutality of the mind and enslavement of the soul—the true democratic principle that could in the end forgive America for breaking away from the motherland, and, a century later, disarm an enormous amount of racial ill-feeling in South Africa by recognising the right of existence in a former enemy of his national pride and love of independence.

Better, perhaps, than you, I could enumerate a number of cases where foreigners not only fail to see the point in the Briton's predilections and attachments, but call them downright silly. Though, I assure you, the more intimately you come to know the man the more you come to realise that what you so contemptuously laughed at are trivial, harmless characteristics, and, in many cases, perfectly natural after all; they never affect the root of the matter, and seldom make it difficult for you to like their owner. The average Englishman never attempts, by either force or subterfuge, to win you over to his side; if he wishes you to share his views, it is to your common sense that his appeal is made. In England the universal love of sport has promoted and cultured public spirit to a remarkable degree, the consequence being that, hand in hand with a passion for freedom, that it seems to me only sea-faring nations can fully comprehend, a strong, indistructible sense of justice pervades the realm from East to West, and from top to bottom. It is a great privilege to live in such a sphere, and though I am but repeating what scores of visitors to these shores have each in their turn discovered for themselves, you will, I hope, forgive me when I say it is as unique as it is priceless. These are the only things in which you will be equal to the nation's will to have it so; free, not made to its hallowed soil impossible. Perhaps by then the autocratic States will have been weeded out, by the same mysterious law that makes a healthy body at last reject the dangerous substance that for years has made it suffer. Secret treaties between autocratic rulers; underhand dealings with their peoples; purely dynastic interests dominating millions and driving them into fury and crime against races other than their own, will perhaps by then be stamped out for good. Before all this has been achieved, humanity will thrive and prosper; and will you say should I you say is fighting for these ends—England or the Le Roy de Prusse? which is nearer to these ideals—Germany or France? I cannot think of the land that Sterne loved and criticised with such imperishable charm, without feeling proud that I, too, loved it long before I learnt to know it personally; and what "sentimental journeys" have I not made to its hallowed soil since it has again been violated by the inhuman Boches! From it what untold bliss has sprung for mankind at large, including us neutrals (may God forgive us our national pride in such a cause as this)!

Will the fierce hatred of the Germans for the country of Rabelais and Villon, of Stendhal and Anatole France not open the eyes of those who scorn the idea—so plain to others—that this war is once more an attempt of autocracy to browbeat and muzzle the vox populi within its frontiers and beyond?

Believe me, even if during this lengthy stay within their midst I had received at the hands of English people ten times the number of good things they have bestowed on me, this would have made no difference whatever in my feelings for the Hun. Long before I thought of coming here I watched the heavy shadow of Prussia spreading farther and farther over our beloved Holland, darkening the horizon, threatening our wealth, our Colonies, our independence. Shortly before this War broke out, the question was openly discussed in Germany whether the Dutch Army would be of any use to them as an auxiliary force. So convinced were they that the work of the gradual absorption of Holland was practically accomplished, that they did not even take into account the possibility that the Dutch national spirit might still burn fiercely enough to scorn the notion of becoming German. After providing us with a princelet to keep the Orange tree alive, and securing the adherence of the big Rotterdam shipping interests by showering on them all the blessings an enormous transit-traffic brings, there seemed every reason from the Prussian point of view to look upon us as "friendly," that is, as ready to do what we were told.

And we, instead of administering a healthy, well-deserved shock, have allowed them to go on hugging that illusion, so pleasant for them and so insulting to ourselves! The "neutralism" of Holland only helps to confirm Germany in her opinion that "small nations do not count," that to us peace and money mean everything, and that we are, above all things, anxious to keep on good terms with her in spite of Belgium and of the approaching "Finis" to be written on our own national history.

Having thus given you my reasons for liking the English to the extent that I do, I hope you will allow me, in my next letter, to give you a thumbnail sketch of the Teuton as he appears to me. "Next time!" will, I hope, be soon.—Yours,

W.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGUE" IN LONDON.

Hans Breitmann went to Prince of York's, Dey vos "Bioso激烈as Keel"; Und dein zu understand dis bloy, De programme he did read. Mit Pierroket vos fall in love, He vos so sad, dey gife him vine, Und he deok money-pox.

He room away de Miss, but soon Leg vos on odder pox! He sheated cards mit great success, But come home down at foot. He vos a leedle only pox, Vare learn he vot he do? De Boches poys in Sherman, Day vat a year or two.

Vy come he home a peggar-poy? He might have prought him back his gold, Or pought himself a shirt. Vy vos on good Poys, He vos de Leedle poys, verr y heave got. De moral, dough, vos fine; It vos: "DON'T GIFE DE LEEDLE POYS No LEEDELE COFS OF VINE!"
Egypt and the Canal.

II.

Some weeks before Turkey came into the war I wrote in The New Age that I should regard a Turkish attack on Egypt as a great disaster to the British Empire, to be avoided at all costs; and that, if such an attack were actually made, I, if I could have my way, should not defend the country, but receive the Turkish army in friendship. A joke of that description would have pleased the East, and would, I think, have put an end to anti-British agitation in the Turkish Empire; since the cause of that agitation was the rumour that we intended to throw off the Turkish suzerainty and annex Egypt. Had the army of the suzerain been allowed free entry and joint occupation with the British army for the period of the war, a heavy blow would have been struck at German influence in Turkey, and the Egyptian people would have had their minds relieved. That was possible a year ago. It is no longer possible. In the interval, we have thrown off the Turkish suzerainty; not only that, we have set up a rival Sultan in Egypt and published our intention to set up a rival Caliph there or at Bagdad. A Turkish army has received the orders of the Caliph to proceed to Egypt and to hang the impious usurper—the unfortunate, deluded Prince Huseyn Kamil. Now, as I have repeatedly remarked in these columns, the Turkish suzerainty is extremely popular in Egypt, while the Khedival throne is not, and it is a curious instance of the unconcealed power of Englishmen that she has been able, by merely dethroning an unpopular Khedive, to make of him the best-loved man in Egypt. Had the Sultan of Turkey deposed Abbas II and enthroned his uncle in his place, the Egyptians would have had every reason to regard the present "impious usurper" as beloved when in a private station. Now sober, law-abiding persons wish to kill him, and it is not likely he will die a natural death. The Sheykh ul Islam of Constantinople outlawed him in January, 1915, and on February 12 the Sultan Mehmed V, Successor of the Prophet and Leader of the world in prayer, addressed an open letter to the Egyptians of which the following is the translation:

"To my dear Egyptians,—

You know how England has assumed the direction of your country. It has been a constant grief to me to see you suffer under English tyranny, and I awaited a favourable moment to put an end to that state of things. I thank the Almighty for having given me the fortunate occasion to send one of my Imperial armies to deliver your country, which is a Muslim heritage. I am certain that with God's assistance we will succeed in delivering you from the influence of the enemy and his interference in your affairs, and in restoring your autonomy and liberties. I am sure that the love of their country will prompt my Egyptian children to take part in this war of liberation with all the zeal of which they are capable."

MEHMED V.

This seems to English readers a presumptuous and boastful missive; but I am assured that it has been a constant grief to me to see you suffer under English tyranny, and I awaited a favourable moment to put an end to that state of things. I thank the Almighty for having given me the fortunate occasion to send one of my Imperial armies to deliver your country, which is a Muslim heritage. I am certain that with God's assistance we will succeed in delivering you from the influence of the enemy and his interference in your affairs, and in restoring your autonomy and liberties. I am sure that the love of their country will prompt my Egyptian children to take part in this war of liberation with all the zeal of which they are capable.

MARMADUKE PICTFALL.
Conscription and Economics.

By J. M. Kennedy.

In the "Globe" of December 14 appeared a long and well-considered article on conscription by Major C. W. Redway. It is an excellent example of a critic’s coming to at least one right conclusion, but for the wrong reasons. The gist of Major Redway’s contribution is that it is useless to compare this country, the army of this country, with the armies of the Continent. The first conclusion I have quoted is supplemented by another, namely, that this country cannot afford conscription because the average family abroad does not necessarily suffer from the absence of the breadwinner as the average family in this country might. The family of a soldier on the Continent may not be called upon, perhaps, to pay rent all while the head of the house is serving. The family of a British soldier has to be protected (after eighteen months of warfare) by an Act expressly prohibiting landlords from raising rent—and even this measure applies only to houses of the cheaper class!

When Major Redway, then, laments our expensive Army organisation, and implies his regret that the pay of the soldiers cannot be cut down to the Continental level, he is beginning at the wrong end. He should regret, not that the pay of the British Army cannot at all be compared with that of Continental armies, but that social and industrial conditions in England render different terms of payment and enlistment necessary. Look at the "petits rentiers" of France and the owners of the few thousand francs in the funds. Even the German insurance Consolidation Act (1911) contains more than one lesson for us. Where is the English equivalent of any of these things?

For this reason I venture to suggest to Major Redway that there are other factors involved with even compulsory service to which he might have drawn attention. The comparison, or rather the contrast, is not so much with France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Denmark, or Holland, as with the Northern States at the time of the Civil War. We should like to be reminded that even in war time the patriotic Northern conscript could evade service by paying into the Treasury the sum of sixty pounds; that even while compulsion was in progress bounties amounting to as much as a thousand dollars a head were paid to volunteers to induce enlistments, and that the sums paid in pensions to even remote dependents of Civil War veterans has been stupendous. That is one of the answers to Major Redway’s arguments, which are unsound, despite the correctness of one of his conclusions. In matters of military organisation this country must be compared with the United States; not with Continental countries. The reason is clear enough. Military organisation depends primarily upon social organisation in its turn upon industrial conditions; or rather upon the economic condition of the bulk of the people. A land of small holders, such as France, Russia, Denmark, or Serbia, cannot be compared with an industrial country like ours; and a loosely organised industrial country like England cannot be compared with a minutely organised country like Germany. But we can compare ourselves with the Americans, for similar industrial conditions are common to both; and the comparison will not be unfavourable to us.

The majority of the Serbians, like the majority of the French, Bulgarian, and Russian agriculturists, own their own land; and soldiers in such countries, unless their homesteads are occupied by the enemy, can rely upon their own dependents being independent so far as the State is concerned. Add to this the moratorium and the automatic suspension of contracts, and it will then be easy to understand why the average family abroad does not necessarily suffer from the absence of the breadwinner as the average family in this country might. The family of a soldier on the Continent may not be called upon, perhaps, to pay rent all while the head of the house is serving. The family of a British soldier has to be protected (after eighteen months of warfare) by an Act expressly prohibiting landlords from raising rent—and even this measure applies only to houses of the cheaper class!
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

By the publication of this second series of Tchekoff's plays,* Messrs. Duckworth have completed their edition of his dramatic works in translation. It may be recalled that the first series, translated by Miss Marian Fell, and published in 1912, contained four plays: "Uncle Vanya," "Ivanoff," "The Sea-Gull" (since published by Mr. Henderson at sevenpence), and "The Swan Song." The second series, translated by Mr. Julius West, contains a "discovery" of last year, what is probably the earliest of Tchekoff's plays, "On the High Road"; and, in addition, "The Proposal," "The Wedding," "The Bear" (sometimes called "The Boor"), "A Tragedian in Spite of Himself," "The Anniversary," "The Three Sisters," and "The Cherry Orchard." If Mr. Granville Barker still wants "to do Tchekoff," or Mr. Bernard Shaw still wants to throw his own plays into the fire when he reads one of Tchekoff's plays, it is now possible for both of them to satisfy their desires. Here is Tchekoff complete, in all the glory of a uniform edition in two volumes; and whosoever will may sacrifice himself on the altar of Russian drama.

Let me say at once that here is no new dramatic influence: Tchekoff, although apparently strongly influenced by some of Shakespeare's work, is on a much lower level of culture, and learned nothing of Shakespeare's skill in dramatic writing. Take, for example, his "Hamlet," which may in some respects be compared with "Hamlet," and which suffers from a mysterious inhibition which puzzles him; he, too, has "lost all his tongue. For although the tragedy issues from his apprehension, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so." It may be true that never man spoke like this man; but drama is an art, and not a branch of natural history, and a dramatic character presents his case. But Ivanoff describes it as he describes it always, in terms that have no universal significance and no dramatic quality; and when at last he shoots himself, we are still ignorant of the cause of his melancholy.

The defect is a defect of method. Tchekoff was a doctor, and his characters do not manifest symptoms, they state and describe them. Their legs go to sleep, their heads swim, sparks flash before their eyes, as they tell us; all, I suppose, perfectly accurate descriptions of their states. But the dramatist does not, if he deals with these matters, describe them, he exhibits them; look, for instance, at the first scene of the fourth act of "Othello," wherein Othello has an unexplicable fit. Othello does not complain of the tightness of the temples, or of the swimming red in front of his eyes, or of vertigo; his speech becomes broken, he cannot think but stupidly repeats words, his utterance becomes choked with passion, and at last he says, "I know not" and his state is revealed by action, not by description; he is a dramatic character.

But Tchekoff is supposed to be the "dramatist of inaction"; in other words, he is not a dramatist. It is doubtful if he is an artist, for his purpose, like that of all the so-called "naturalist" writers, is not an artistic, but a scientific, purpose. People may be as Tchekoff here shows them; they may wander round asking, "What is the meaning of Life?" and so on; but an artist would not state the question in this way, and would answer it by a work. The meaning of Life is, of course, Life; but "song's our art; whereas you please to speak these naked thoughts instead of draping them in sights and sounds. Tchekoff's people argue about life, but do not live it; they inquire the meaning of life, and find no answer to the inquiry but suicide, or drink, or resignation; and Tchekoff observes them and records his observations. No one, I suppose, will impugn the accuracy of his observations; his readers do really have, and there are plenty of them; everybody explains, explains, explains, and everything is said and nothing is told. Why 'The Three Sisters' did not go to Moscow, I do not know; but "The Cherry Orchard" was sold to pay debts which could have been paid if it had previously been sold for building purposes; the author in "The Sea-Gull" commits suicide, to my great relief—his idea of drama may be suitable to the next world. Ivanoff shoots himself because "my youth is awake in me again"; so long as he had "submit to old age," he was content to make his own life and that of everybody else miserable by his discontent, but "youth" put a bullet through his brain.

The humour of Tchekoff, as revealed in these translations, is of the most elementary kind; it is the humour of alteration that we had relegated to the cross-talk comedians of the music-halls until "Potash and Perlmutter" re-introduced it to the stage from America. We who have the Elizabethan and Caroline comedians have nothing to learn from Tchekoff in this respect; but, indeed, that is true of all Tchekoff's work. Byron's dramas were bad enough, but they did express an imaginative conception; it is something to be really absurd; but Tchekoff's graces, if he has any, are untranslatable, and his people are abominable. They are not even sports of the intellect like Iago, nor a dramatist's exercise in low-mindedness like Falstaff; it is Tchekoff's "art, peculiar to himself, and pestilent concentration of vaptures. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so."
Short Cuts to Literary Success.

Introduction.

Each day brings fresh indications that this age will mark a significant epoch in the history of our national literature. In spite of the cynical pessimism of a certain group of critics, who persistently seek to besmirch the escutcheons of our most recently accredited writers with petty and undignified carping, it is obvious that the practice of literary composition is becoming daily—nay, hourly, almost—more widespread, more appreciated, more finely developed. To-day there is a general interest in literature, which even ten years ago was unheard of. To those whose insight is schooled to interpret the seemingly most trivial tokens, the appearance of poetical quotations in prominent places on our underground railways is, in itself, a symptom of this national ferment, this artistic upheaval emanating from the inner life of the British people, this creative impulse which bids fair to bring forth wonderful and undying fruit in its due season.

The fact is that precisely the man who has not squandered precious hours in such aimless pseudo-studies is best fitted. It will not be surprising if, at first, the beginner is bewildered by the array of varied activities that beckon to him with the attraction of limitless prospects and possibilities.

Shall I become a poet, and shake the deepest emotions of my fellow-men, rousing them to loftier conceptions of human existence?

Shall I become a novelist and see a whole nation hanging upon my lips as I conjure up regiments of living characters, whose final destinies lie within my sole jurisdiction?

Shall I pen dramas, and thrill crowded assemblies into anguished silence as they view the grim interplay of passions, devised by me, take vivid shape before them?

Shall I weave quaint and delicate fancies in quiet cadences of prose, which men may repel ponder over in the shadowed seclusion of an old-world garden? And so on.

These are some of the most obvious questions that will present themselves to the eager learner. By following the indications and suggestions in these pages, he will be enabled, with the expenditure of his mental forces, to select and proceed upon the literary career which is most appropriate to his own personal temperament.

In order the more fully and clearly to exemplify the principles in question, copious but judicious excerpts will be inserted from the most characteristic products representative of the various literary divisions which will come within the range of this guide. These examples alone will form a valuable and fascinating anthology of the newest British literature.

Section I.—Poetry or Verse.

This is a branch of literature which, other things being equal, the novice will be well advised to avoid. In the first place, it is a matter of little general interest, and publishers are, rightly enough, chary of venturing upon so precarious an enterprise. Moreover, it will be found that the composition of verse has been needlessly confused and complicated, the beginner by what is known as prosody, a subject which in reality has no connection with poetry, as such, at all. Prosody is an extremely dry, unattractive and unprofitable affair, which abounds in such cumbrous technical terms as rhythm (curiously enough, quite distinct from rhyme), iamb, spondee, pentameter, amphibrach, and the like. It is clearly not worth the beginner's while to engage upon a study which is most unlikely to lead to any tangible or satisfactory results. Should it be held, for some special reason, desirable or urgent to undertake the production of poetry, there is satisfaction in noting that the young author is not obliged to lose time with such preliminary trilling as prosody. An ingenious American gentleman has devised and perfected a type of verse which, while entitling its author fully to the designation of poet, depends upon principles so simple and attractive that half an hour's preparation, at the most, is necessary to become efficient. This type of verse is known by various names, and although these are, in themselves, of no importance, yet in case he should bear them in mind and fail to identify them, the beginner should commit to memory the two most familiar of these terms—free rhythm (not rhyme) and imagism (not imaginations). The differences between these two varieties are so slight that they may safely be neglected.

It is only fair to warn the beginner that this form of verse has been very widely practised in recent times, with the result that, except in special cases, the demand for it is not high, and if the manuscript is not beforehand before expert advice has been secured. Perhaps the safest variety for the inexperienced is the mystical and cosmic (not to be confused with comic) style. In this medium, the writer endeavours to be as obscure as possible, and with a little practice, it will be found quite easy to write lines which contain little or no meaning. It is essential to refer with some familiarity to space, time, chaos, infinity, the cosmos, the soul, etc. The perusal of an elementary text-book of astronomy will considerably facilitate the earlier stages of
this species of composition, which, when carefully performed, is often extremely effective. As a model example which the learner should aim at imitating (not too slavishly, of course) the following lines from Eli Peck's "Visions and Ecstasies" (p. 22) will be found of service. Exulting at the ferment of the dawn, the voices of the dawn whispered a mute farewell in my ears. Then knew I that yesterday was not today, and the morrow will be of other mould than the work which is gone...

Cosmic Hymn.

At midnight my spirit conversed with the polar star in Singalese.

As I ascended the slope of a hieroglyph Curved with the secrecy wherein planets are fashioned, I heartened to a butterfly which spake thus to a hedgehog:

"Beware the crooning of the equator, for in the garden a cactus has sprouted."

I pondered the whispered wisdom of avoos, exulting at the ferment of perished comets. From the chaotic depths of eternity the voices of the dawn whispered a mute farewell in my ears. Then knew I that yesterday was not to-day, and the morrow will be of other mould than the work which is gone...

At midnight my spirit conversed with the polar star in Singalese.

The beginner should further take note that peculiarities of punctuation, the use or omission of capital letters, the employment of unexpected dots and spaces, are of more importance in this form of verse than might casually be realised.

For shorter poems, an oriental garb, combined with disjointed affusions, will be found of the utmost assistance. A dainty example is appended with special permission of the author, Clarence Frpp ("Ex Oriente Lux," p. 73).

ETCHING (from the Tibetan).

Six bamboo-stems swaying in the east wind

And a pumpkin moulting in the moonlight.

The young lama OO-ER

Weeps by the fluted columns of the pagoda

Because the locusts have left the shores of the islands,

Amid the chanting of the oars-men, and the rice-crop is scanty.

The gates of the sacred city are closed for ever.

Here it should be observed that the designation "from the Tibetan" is added merely for the sake of effect, the poem being actually an entirely original piece of work. No deception is intended by this device, whose purpose is to make literary works of the shortest poems, an oriental garb, combined with disjointed affusions, will be found of the utmost assistance. A dainty example is appended with special permission of the author, Clarence Frpp ("Ex Oriente Lux," p. 73).

Section II.—Fiction (i.e., Novels.)

For a variety of reasons, fiction is the branch of literature which can best be taken by the novice with the greatest readiness and the most favourable chances of success. Poetry is perhaps easier, but it is by no means so remunerative; drama involves less labour, but, as will be seen hereafter, it is more precarious; criticism, etc., needs no intellectual thought and mental exertion, but it is not so widely appreciated. Undoubtedly, then, it is to fiction that nine beginners out of ten will find it most advisable to direct their activities.

The study of models is a course which is often recommended to those who wish to make headway in the art of writing novels. It would be idle to deny that much can be gained by this method, but the greatest caution should be exercised in the selection of an author for pattern. An unwise choice at this stage may ruin, and indeed often has ruined, an otherwise excellent prospect of success. It should be borne in mind that modern fiction, by which is meant those brilliant books that have appeared since the year 1912, differs in certain essential particulars from the works of the obsolete novelists who paid too much attention to incident, and took too little pains in the reproduction of characters and detail. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and their imitators should be sedulously shunned. It is certain that the most capable novelists of to-day would never have written the work with which their names are inextricably associated if they had dimmed the clarity of their vision and the delicate texture of their style by reading the works of the so-called standard novelists. The bewildering succession of characters and scenes with which their books are crammed cannot be expected to appeal to the modern reader whose more refined taste can be satisfied only with simplicity and straightforwardness. Few characters, less incident, much detail—these should be our modern novelist's guiding principles.

A few remarks may here be introduced on the subject of the short story. This is a branch of fiction which, owing to the phenomenal growth of high-class literary periodicals, has in recent years enjoyed a great vogue among many young writers, who have been apt to over-estimate its intrinsic value. The fact is that the short story, admirable as it often is in individual cases, is, generally speaking, far too concentrated, and thus it does not make for economic application of materials. At present there is a movement with desire for detail and paucity of incident has gained such an impetus that it is now possible to expand the matter of a normal short story into a long novel— with skillful treatment, indeed, it may be worked up into a trilogy. A trilogy, it should be mentioned, is the name given to a novel which the publisher can safely issue in three volumes, provided that they appear at intervals of about seven or eight months— in extreme cases, a year. The advantage of this system is obvious. It trebles the receipts of the censors and maintains public interest in the story; and it leads to the work a fine literary flavour which an ordinary novel on a small scale can seldom attain. It will be seen, then, that though the short story results in a greater number of finished products yet it is not a factor whose importance the young author will not be slow to realise. For each short story, which may be written in an hour or two, and perhaps covers no more than half a dozen pages, demands a fresh idea— a slender one, often enough, but still an idea; while that single idea, slender though it be, can with trifling effort be made the basis of a long novel, or, better still, of a trilogy, running sometimes into a thousand pages and a dozen volumes.

The question of subject-matter in fiction is nowadays greatly simplified by the demand for autobiography that has sprung up in the last few years. Novelists and journalists have reversed their functions: the former write truth, and the latter fiction. The beginner will also find himself allowed considerable latitude in the kind of incident he introduces, and the manner in which he deals with it. At the same time, although the standards of the chaste have proved to be the dawn of many modern writers, who have been apt to over-estimate its intrinsic value. The fact is that the short story, admirable as it often is in individual cases, is, generally speaking, far too concentrated, and thus it does not make for economic application of materials. At present there is a movement with desire for detail and paucity of incident has gained such an impetus that it is now possible to expand the matter of a normal short story into a long novel— with skillful treatment, indeed, it may be worked up into a trilogy. A trilogy, it should be mentioned, is the name given to a novel which the publisher can safely issue in three volumes, provided that they appear at intervals of about seven or eight months— in extreme cases, a year. The advantage of this system is obvious. It trebles the receipts of the censors and maintains public interest in the story; and it leads to the work a fine literary flavour which an ordinary novel on a small scale can seldom attain. It will be seen, then, that though the short story results in a greater number of finished products yet it is not a factor whose importance the young author will not be slow to realise. For each short story, which may be written in an hour or two, and perhaps covers no more than half a dozen pages, demands a fresh idea— a slender one, often enough, but still an idea; while that single idea, slender though it be, can with trifling effort be made the basis of a long novel, or, better still, of a trilogy, running sometimes into a thousand pages and a dozen volumes.

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Chekhov's "Jubilee.

(Scene: The managing director's study at a bank, furnished with affected summptuousness. Velvet-covered furniture, flowers, statues, rugs, telephone. Mid-day. Hirin, the old bookkeeper, is alone.)

Hirin (shouts at the door): Go to the chemist's and get three half-penny worth of Valerian root; tell them to bring some fresh water to the director's study. I've got to tell you a hundred times! (Goes to table.) I'm tired out. I've been writing for four days without closing my eyes; from morning to evening I am writing here, and from evening to morning, at home. (Coughs.) My whole body's inflamed. Shivering, fever, coughing; I've got rheumatism in my legs, things keep coming in front of my eyes. (Sits down.) Our old joker, this brute, this managing director, is going to read the report to-day at the general meeting: "Our bank at the present moment and in the time to come"—you'd think he was some Gambetta. (Writes) Two, one, six, nought, seven, add six, nought, one, six. He wants to throw dust in their eyes; so I've got to sit here and work for him like a nigger. He puts the poetry into the report, and nothing else; but I must tap away on the counting machine all day long. Hell take him. (Taps it) One to carry, three, seven, two, one, nought. He promised to repay me for my trouble. If everything goes well to-day and he succeeds in taking in the public he's promised me a gold pendant and three hundred roubles reward. We'll see! (Writing) [Off, noise and applause. Shipuchin's voice, "Thank you! Thank you! I am touched!" Enter Ship., not old, in a frock-coat and white tie, with a monocle. He carries an album which has just been presented to him. All the while he is on the stage, employees bring him papers to sign.)

Ship. (standing at the door): This gift of yours, dear colleagues, I shall preserve to my death, as a remembrance of the happiest days of my life! Yes, my dear, dear sirs! Once again I thank you. (Throws them a kiss, and goes up to Hirin.) My dear fellow, my esteemed Hirin! Hirin (rising): I have the honour to congratulate you, Mr. Shipuchin! You have already fifty-five years at the head of the bank and I hope that—

Ship. (squeezing his hand): Thank you, my dear fellow! Thank you! This notable day, this jubilee—Very, very glad! Thank you for your services, for everything; I am everything I thank you. If, while I have had the honour to be managing director of this bank, if anything useful has been done, then I am indebted for it before all else to my colleagues. (Sighs.) Yes, my dear fellow, fifteen years! Fifteen years, or I'm not Shipuchin! (Briskly.) Well, what about my report? Is it coming along?

Hirin: Yes. There are about five pages left.

Ship: Excellent. That means it will be ready at three.

Hirin: If nobody disturbs me, it'll be finished. There's just rubbish left. Ship: Magnificent. Magnificent, or I'm not Shipuchin! The general meeting will be at four. Please, my dear old chap; give me leave, and I'll study it. Please, give it me back. (Takes the report.) I base gigantic hopes on this report. It's my "profession de foi," or, to put it better, my firework—my firework, or I'm not Shipuchin! (Sits down and reads the report to himself.) But I'm devilish tired. Last night I had an attack of gout, all the morning I've been busy with little affairs and running about, then these commotions and ovations and agitations—I'm tired.

Hirin: Two, nought, nought, three, nine, two, nought

December 30, 1915

P. Skliver.
—It's all green before my eyes with figures. Three, one, six, four, one, five. (Taps the machine.)

SHIP.: And my wife's brother—This morning your wife called on me and complained about you again. She said, last night you ran after her and your sister-in-law with a knife. What does that look like, Hirin? Come, come!

HIRIN (roughly): I take the liberty, Mr. Shipuchin, on the occasion of the jubilee, to make a request to you. I beg you, if only out of consideration for my working like a nigger, not to interfere with my family life. I beg you not to do it.

SHIP. (sighs): You've got an impossible character, Hirin. You're an excellent fellow and respectable, but when it comes to women you behave like some Jack the Ripper. Really, I can't understand why you dislike them so!

HIRIN: And what I can't understand is, why you like them so. (Pause.)

SHIP.: The employees have just presented me with an album and the managers, so I hear, want to present me with an address and a silver bowl. (Plays with his monocle.) Good, or I'm not Shipuchin! That's not without its use. For the reputation of the bank, some pomp is necessary, damn it all. You're a good fellow; after all, you know all about it. I wrote the address myself and bought the silver bowl as well. The binding for the address cost 45 roubles, but it couldn't do without it. By themselves they wouldn't have been good for anything. (Looks round.) What an establishment! What an establishment! They may say I am trivial, because I want the silver bowl as well. The binding for the address cost 45 roubles, but it couldn't do without it. By themselves they wouldn't have been good for anything.

SHIP.: (breathlessly): Lonely? Quite well? I haven't been home yet—came straight here from the station. I must tell you, lots and lots—I can't keep it—I won't take off my waterproof—I shall only be a minute. (To Hirin.) Good morning, Mr. Hirin. (To Shipuchin.) Everything all right at home?

SHIP.: Everything. Why, you're grown stouter in the last week and prettier. Well, how did it go off?

TAT.: (sighs): Oh, poor Kate, poor Kate! I'm so sorry, so sorry for her!

SHIP.: Darling, we have a jubilee to-day, and at any moment a deputation may come from the managers and you'll see me turn as white as Hirin. My dear fellow, at any moment the deputation of the managers may arrive, and you're in felt slippers, in that scarf, in that violent-coloured jacket; you might have put on a frock-coat, well, anyhow, a black coat.

HIRIN: My health is more to me than your bank-managers. My whole body's inflamed.

SHIP. (disturbed): But agree with me that it's untidy! You spoil the ensemble.

HIRIN: When the deputation comes, I can hide—that's not a great misfortune. (Writes.) Seven, one, seven, two, one, five, nought. I don't like untidiness. Seven, two, nine. (Taps the machine.) I can't bear untidiness! You've done well today not to invite ladies to the jubilee dinner.

SHIP.: What nonsense!

HIRIN: I know you are letting them in to-day as so to be elegant. But, you see, they'll spoil everything for you. From them comes all harm and untidiness.

SHIP.: On the contrary, women's society elevates!

HIRIN: Yes! Now, your wife is an educated woman; and last Monday she said a thing that made me gasp for a couple of days. Suddenly she asked me before strangers, "Is it true that at our bank my husband bought shares in the Drage-Prage bank which have dropped on the Exchange? Oh, my husband is so uneasy!" And that before strangers!

SHIP.: All right, enough, enough. This is all too gloomy for a jubilee. But you do well to remind me. (Looks at his watch.) My wife should be here immediately. In the ordinary way I should have driven to the station to meet the poor girl, but there's not time and—and I'm tired. To tell the truth, I'm not glad she's coming. That is, I'm glad, but it would have been better for me if she had stayed just another two days with her mother. She wants me to spend the whole evening with her to-day, and all the time there's a little excursion arranged for after dinner. (Shudders.) A nervous shivering's starting already. My nerves are so strained that I think the slightest little thing would start me crying. No, I must be strong; or I'm not Shipuchin! (Enter Tatiana Shipuchin, twenty-five years old, in a waterproof, carrying an expensive bag.)

SHIP.: Bah! Talk of the devil!

TATIANA: Darling! (Runs to her husband. A long kiss.)

SHIP.: Why, we were just talking about you. (Looks at his watch.)

TAT.: (breathlessly): Lonely? Quite well? I haven't been home yet—came straight here from the station. I must tell you, lots and lots—I can't keep it—I won't take off my waterproof—I shall only be a minute. (To Hirin.) Good morning, Mr. Hirin. (To Shipuchin.) Everything all right at home?

SHIP.: Everything. Why, you're grown stouter in the last week and prettier. Well, how did it go off?

TAT.: Excellently. Mama and Kate send you their love. Basil sends you a kiss. (Kisses him.) Aunt sends you a pot of jam, and they're all angry that you don't write. Zena sends you a kiss. (Kisses him.) Oh, if you only knew what happened! What do you think? It's all strange to me, even to tell it. What do you think happened?—But I can see from your eyes that you're not glad to see me.

SHIP.: Just the contrary, darling! (Kisses her. Hirin coughs angrily.)

TAT.: (sighs): Oh, poor Kate, poor Kate! I'm so sorry, so sorry for her!

SHIP.: Darling, we have a jubilee to-day, and at any moment a deputation may come from the managers and you'll see me turn as white as Hirin. My dear fellow, at any moment the deputation of the managers may arrive, and you're in felt slippers, in that scarf, in that violent-coloured jacket; you might have put on a frock-coat, well, anyhow, a black coat.

TAT.: Really, a jubilee! I congratulate you, gentlemen, I wish you—then there'll be a meeting to-day and a dinner. I love that! Do you remember that fine address you wrote so long ago for the managers? Will they read it to you to-day? (Hirin coughs angrily)

SHIP.: (confused): Darling, one doesn't speak of that—Really, you're going home, eh?

TAT.: Immediately, immediately. In one minute I can tell you, and go. I'll tell you all about it, right from the beginning. Well, when you saw me off, I was sitting, you remember, side by side with that big woman. I began to read; I don't like conversations in a railway-carriage. For three stations I read and didn't speak to her or anybody. Well, evening came on and such gloomy thoughts, you know, always disappear. Opposite me sat a young man, nothing particular to look at, not ugly, dark—Well, we commenced to talk. Then a sailor arrived and some student or other. (Smiles.) I told them I wasn't married. How they looked after me! We chatted right up to midnight, the dark young man told awfully funny stories and the sailor sang all the time. My sides ached with laughing. And when the sailor—oh! those sailors!
—when the sailor found out by accident that my name was Tatiana, what do you think he sang? (Sings base.) "Oeqin, conceal it I cannot, how madly I love fair Tatiana!" (Giggles. Hirin coughs angrily.)

SHIP.: But, Tanyusha, we’re disturbing Mr. Hirin. Go home, darling, and afterwards—

TAT.: Never mind, never mind, let him listen too. It’s very interesting! I’m just finishing. At the station, Sereja came to meet me. She had brought some young nuns, an inspector of taxes apparently, nothing particular to look at, very nice, especially the eyes—Sereja introduced him and we all went off together. The weather was wonderful—

[Voices off: “You mustn’t! You mustn’t! What do you want?” Enter Mrs. Merchutkin, old, in a cloak.]

MER. (at the door, fanning herself): What are you stopping me for? I must go myself! (Enters; to Hirin.) Allow me to introduce myself, your excellency, I am the wife of the secretary Merchutkin.

SHIP.: What can I do for you?

MER.: Please listen, your excellency, my husband was ill for five months and while he was lying at home getting better, they dismissed him without any reason, you understand, and when he went for his salary, please listen, they had taken twenty-four roubles thirty-six kopecks off his money. "Why?" I asked them. "He borrowed from the common fund," they told me, "and other people guaranteed it." How can that be? He can’t take anything without my consent! They mustn’t do it, your excellency! I’m a poor woman, and live by lodgers. I’m a weak, defenceless woman—everybody insults me, and I never hear a kind word from anybody.

SHIP.: Permit me. (Takes her application and reads it, standing.)

TAT. (to Hirin): But I must begin at the beginning. Suddenly last week I got a letter from Mama. She wrote that some Grendelevski had proposed to her, and TAT.’s voice, "Andrevo, may I come in?"

HIRIN (approaches her roughly): I ask you, madam, what have you got on your shoulders, a head, or what? Oh, Hell! (Sighs; aside.) I know what’ll stop her, or I’m not Shipuchin! (To TAT.) They didn’t pay you, but what have we got to do with it?

MER.: Your excellency, take pity on me, an orphan. I am a weak, defenceless woman. I’m worried to death. What with law-cases with the lodgers and trouble on account of my husband and running about with the housework, and then my son-in-law still without a position.

SHIP.: Mrs. Merchutkin, I—no, excuse me, I can’t talk to you! My head’s quite dizzy. You’re disturbing us, and wasting our time for nothing. (Sighs; aside.) I know what’ll stop her, or I’m not Shipuchin! (To Hirin.) Please explain to Mrs. Merchutkin. (Waves his hand, and goes out.)

HIRIN (approaches her roughly): What can I do for you?

MER.: I am a weak, defenceless woman. Perhaps I look strong, but if you come to examine me I’ve not got a single healthy vein in me! I can hardly stand on my legs, and my appetite’s quite gone.

Hirin (angrily; shouting): Get out of it! That won’t do! That won’t do! Do that to your own wife! You don’t do that to me!

HIRIN: Get me out of it! (To MER.) One can’t explain it to you, you see. Now please understand that to come to us with an application like this is as strange as to apply for a divorce, say, at a chemist’s or an ass-affray-office. (A knock at the door, and TAT.’s voice, ‘Andreo, may I come in?’)

SHIP. (calls out): Wait a second, darling; immediately! (To ME.) They didn’t pay you, but what have we got to do with it?

MER.: Your excellency, take pity on me, an orphan. I am a weak, defenceless woman. I’m worried to death. What with law-cases with the lodgers and trouble on account of my husband and running about with the housework, and then my son-in-law still without a position.

SHIP.: Mrs. Merchutkin, I—no, excuse me, I can’t talk to you! My head’s quite dizzy. You’re disturbing us, and wasting our time for nothing. (Sighs; aside.) I know what’ll stop her, or I’m not Shipuchin! (To Hirin.) Please explain to Mrs. Merchutkin. (Waves his hand, and goes out.)

HIRIN: In love? Ah! He’s blushed!

SHIP. (to his wife): Tanyusha darling, just go into the office for half an hour. I’ll come immediately.

TAT.: Very well, dear. (Exit.)

SHIP.: I don’t understand. You’ve evidently made a mistake, Madame. Your application does not concern us at all in the first instance. Just give yourself the trouble to apply to the department in which your husband worked.

MER.: Kind sir, I have been there already for five months, and they won’t even take in the application. I was nearly going out of my mind, but luckily my son-in-law Boris advised me to come to you. "Mama," he said, "apply to Mr. Shipuchin; he’s an influential man and can do anything.”

SHIP.: We can’t help you, your excellency. I have a doctor’s certificate about my husband’s illness. Here it is, please look at it.

SHIP. (irritably): Certainty! I believe you; but, once again, this does not concern us. (OFF, TAT.’s laugh, followed by male laughter.)

SHIP. (looking through the door): She’s disturbing the clerks out there. (To MER.) It’s curious; it’s quite ridiculous. Does your husband really not know where you should show it?

MER.: Your excellency, I must tell you, he knows nothing! He keeps on saying, “It’s not your business; go away!” That’s all!

SHIP.: Once again, Madame—Your husband served in the Army Medical department, and this is a bank, a private commercial establishment.

MER.: Oh, yes, yes, yes, I understand, kind sir. In that case, your excellency, tell them to give me just fifteen roubles. I’m quite willing not to take it all at once. The weather was wonderful—

SHIP. (signs): Ugh!

HIRIN: Mr. Shipuchin, I shall never finish the report like this.
SHIP: I can’t stand it! I can’t stand it! (To MER.) What do you want now?
MER: Your excellency, couldn’t my husband take up his old post again?
TAT: (weeps): He had shot himself right by the heart—just there—Kate fainted, poor girl, and he himself was terribly frightened. He lay there and—asked us to send for a doctor. The doctor soon came and—and saved the unlucky fellow.
Mer: Your excellency, couldn’t my husband take up his old post again?
SHIP: No, I can’t stand it. (Weeps.) I can’t stand it. (Stamps his feet.) Go away!
TAT: What? What’s the matter with you? Have you gone mad?
SHIP: This is awful! I’m a miserable man! Drive her out! Drive her out!
TAT: (chased by HIRIN) How dare you! You impudent man! Andrevo! Help! Andrevo! (Begins to scream.)
SHIP: (running after them): Stop! Please! Be quiet! Have mercy on me!
HIRIN: (chasing Mar.) Get out of it! Catch her! Hit her! Cut her up!
SHIP: (to Mar.): Stop! Please! I beg you!
HIRIN: (chasing Mar.) Catch her! Hit her! Cut her up!
MER: Oh, oh, dear lady! It’s all going dark. Oh! (Falls senseless in Ship’s arms. A knock at the door, and a voice, off, “The Deputation.”)
SHIP: Deputation—reputation—occupation—
HIRIN: (stamping his feet): Out of it! Oh, Hell! (Tucking up his sleeves.) Give me her! I can commit a crime. (Enter deputation of five persons, all in frock-coats. One carries a velvet-bound address and another the cup. The rest of the staff stands at the door of the office. Tat. on the sofa, and Mer. in Ship’s arms, both groan softly.)
A MANAGER (reads loudly): Esteemed and beloved Mr. Shipuchin, casting a retrospective regard upon the past of our financial establishment and turning an abstract glance upon the history of its gradual development, we receive in the highest degree a pleasurable sensation. It is true that in the earliest period of its existence—the small dimensions of its original capital, the absence of any important operations and the general indefiniteness of its position furnished a cause for Hamlet’s question, “To be or not to be,” and at one moment there were even voices which advocated the advantage of the entire closure of the bank. Then you were placed at the head of the establishment! Your knowledge, energy and innate tact have been the cause of its extraordinary success and its present remarkably flourishing condition. The reputation of the bank—
MER. (groans): Oh! Oh!
TAT.: Water, water!
MANAGER (continues): The reputation (Coughs.), the reputation of the bank has been brought by you to such a height that our establishment may to-day well rival the very best foreign establishments—
SHIP.: Deputation—reputation—occupation—“Two friends walked in the evening-time, and wisely spoke the twain”—“Say not that thy youth was spoilt, that my jealousy tortured thee”—
MANAGER (continues in confusion): Casting then an objective glance upon the present, we, esteemed and beloved Mr. Shipuchin—Perhaps afterwards—Better afterwards—(Exit, with staff.)
Concerning Leisure and Labour

By *Ivor Brown*

II.

To assert that Work is either pleasant or not pleasant is like calling the world small or large without relating it to anything else. Leisure I have defined barrenly as Not-Work, and Work as the getting and making of things with a view to livelihood. This getting and making, whether we use our own hands or the aid of machinery, will be sometimes agreeable and sometimes not. To apply to it finally and irrevocably such adjectives as pleasant or unpleasant is frankly ridiculous. But it is not ridiculous to assert that the pleasure of getting and making things may depend largely upon the conditions, material and spiritual, under which those things are got and made.

It is just here that the idealism of National Guilds seems to me to be the idealism of Common Sense. For if it is a philosophy of work, it is not a philosophy of work run mad. One party declares that all work is joyous and beautiful, and that we need pay no heed to leisure: the other retorts that work is a necessary evil and must be hurried over for the sake of joyous and beautiful leisure. The way of National Guilds is the middle way and the way of common sense. It is senseless to blame machinery for the vices of capitalism and to blind one’s eyes to drudgery of hand and brain. But it is sensible to point out that, whatever pleasure or pain various processes of work may bring to various individuals, these processes must be carried on if man is to live, and, therefore, we must consider, in our quest for greater pleasure, the possibility of better conditions for carrying on those processes. By this, of course, it is not meant that National Guildsmen are reformers who wish only to shorten hours, increase the supply of State spares, and create the usual nuisances which Liberals love to call “better conditions.” Far from it. They wish to alter the whole national outlook upon labour, to abolish “the commodity theory” utterly and finally, and to substitute for our present commercial values a new idealism of national service by self-governing Guilds. I, for my part, would admit that much of man’s work is, of necessity, tedious and barren of pleasure, much of it is the result of self-evolution. But it is not for that this work would be far less unpleasant if it was differently regarded. Alteration of material conditions is, of course, essential. So far, the Collectivist is right. But he is wrong in stopping there. Merely Collectivising the wage-system and easing the harness of bondage is not enough. Industrial self-government and responsibility must also be the worker’s privilege, if he is to feel himself a genuine human being, and no longer a bought thing. For instability and the threat of “sack” substitute security and status, for labour-selling, at the market price substitute payment for service in National Guilds, for State charity and doles substitute Guild responsibility, for bureaucrats and governing classes substitute industrial democracy, and you will not, I admit, make the dull thing vivid and the hard thing light, but you will very certainly make the dull thing and the hard thing more tolerable to mankind.

Human nature being what it is and the world being what it is, all work cannot be pleasant, nor can all labour contain its own bright side. But that is no reason why we should not take every step to remove extraneous and superaneous unpleasantness. Men are not “born equal,” and no politician can manufacture equality. So, too, with work. The statesman cannot make work pleasant; but he can obviously create conditions capable of pleasure.

So much for the philosophy of work. Leisure, I have defined as Not-Work, the residuum of time left over from the necessary getting and making of things. Is it possible to have a philosophy of Leisure? Certainly, if anarchy is a philosophy. For in the use of spare time, I can see no theme for dogmatism or episcopal dictation. It is not only true that there are many men and many opinions; it is also true that one man may have many tastes and opinions at the same time. The same man may like to devote an hour or two to the dissection of motor bicycles and an hour or two to Henry James, an evening to Mozart, and an evening to Mozart (George), a week of his holiday to reading the “London Mail” on Brighton beach, amid the Beautiful Bathing Belles and the distant tinkling of the pierrots, and yet another week amid the sting and challenge of mountain winds on heather slopes and granite crags. I would have no man’s work prescribed for him except in so far as social necessity may demand the apportionment of unpleasant labour. But social necessity can never demand the apportionment of leisure, except in cases where one man’s rest is another man’s torture.

As in the case of the man with a flat and a gramophone. But, with the exception of such notorious enemies of the people, the theory of Leisure is anarchy, and if to be completely idle is to be completely happy, then let idleness be the cry. Let each man go to his beer or his books, his betting or his writing, his girl or his geraniums. Compulsion and preaching are as futile as they are unpleasant, and, in the words of Miss Marie Lloyd, it’s no use bottling things up. It’s a little of what you fancy does you good.

But, it may be protested, do you solemnly and seriously propose to leave so sacred a thing as Art to the spare time of your machine-minding artisans? Are you going to leave the finest and most highly creative activities of man to the chance outlet of anarchic Leisure? Are we only to paint and write when we are tired of coal-heaving or typing? I say no such thing.

If the community is prepared to support artists, either by the direct purchase of works of art, or else by subsidising associations of producers in the various spheres of creation, then, surely, the problem is solved. Art is no longer a spare time entertainment, but acknowledged and welcomed as a profession. But should the community refuse to extend such subsidies and to recognise the value of the work done, then it cannot but happen that the artist sinks back into the state he occupies today: he must live by his wits, and his art will only be “whole-time work” if his wits can make enough. It may be useful to produce; but it is not a profession of which society must live before it can live well. Personally, I do not think that a society emancipated from the wage-system would ever be so short-sighted as to refuse recognition and subsidies to associations of producers, such as we are contemplating. Art, after all, is not a thing apart from the getting and making of ordinary things. Very often it is the getting and making of them strongly and well. Here, obviously, Art is the adjunct of Labour and not of Leisure. But when we come to those things which are, comparatively speaking, luxuries, the position is not so simple. A man does not need pictures or statues for his house, but he may greatly want them. The artist is the man who makes these things. If society wants them sufficiently strongly, then the making of these things also will be the fruit of work and not of Leisure. But should society be careless—as I believe it will not—then, I deny, as a democrat, the right of a few superior people to foist themselves upon the shoulders of others, saying, “Keep us and we shall write you books you cannot read, and make your statues you do not want.” This is the state of affairs, then these superior people must be prepared to do their share of normal work, and reserve their art for their leisure hours. It may be unpleasant, but I can see no escape without abandoning democracy. And I abhor that. But, while I am a democrat I am also an optimist, and I do not believe that society, freed from capitalism, would ever behave in so ignorant and so brutish a way.
Views and Reviews.

Psychology and Politics.  

Although Mr. Abdul Majid adds little to our knowledge of collective psychology except some new examples, his presentation of his matter and his application of it to political theory justify the publication of this essay.* Most political speculation, from the consideration of a party programme to the projection of a new theory of government, is really, at bottom, a psychological investigation; the party managers, by considering what “the constituencies will stand,” are really estimating the degree of suggestion that they can successfully employ, the projector of a new theory of government is really calculating that Man will respond to his suggestion. The ideas may be right or wrong, just or unjust, good or otherwise; but their political validity is determined by the power to enforce them, to impress them on the minds of the men who constitute the nation. “Constitutions can be built, even constitutions à la Sieyes, but the frightful difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them.” That power to enforce, to impress, ideas, that will to make them true, is the chief characteristic of leadership; and that leadership has no necessary connection with any of the “things” that Señor de Maestu says do govern us, may be shown by the story of the politician who was asked by the party managers to debate with an Irish member who was becoming troublesome. He declined: “I should have no difficulty in refuting his arguments,” he said, “but I am afraid of his inventing facts; and although a willing, I am not a ready, liar.” I must add that Mr. Abdul Majid does not advocate immoral leadership of the kind suggested by this anecdote; but he does point to the political danger of masses of people being subjected to such suggestion.

For the two main characteristics of crowds are suggestibility and imitation; and the word “crowd” does not describe only a public meeting. “Material conduct of individuals is not always necessary; it is only the psychical unity, the uniformity in the active influences, that constitutes a psychological crowd. Common history, common faith, common education, common sentiments and beliefs may predispose individuals, that live at long distance, and have never heard of one another, to participate of a crowd mentality as soon as a strong stimulus presents itself abruptly.” Indeed, as the policeman said, one is a crowd if I say so; and I hope that the policeman will only say so in the right case. The real meaning of this definition, though, is not a juggle with the numerical value of the word “crowd,” but a description of its psychological state. Wherever voluntary movement is restricted, suggestibility is increased; and it matters not whether it is a patient being treated by Dr. Hollander, or a public meeting being treated by Mr. Lloyd George, or country parsons being treated by the “Spectator,” the state of mind is the same. The voluntary movements are restricted, the intensity of self-consciousness is lessened; and the person or persons exhibit the characteristics of the crowd mentality. Let the process of suggestion be continued long enough, and a radical alteration of character ensues; Byron’s “Prisoner of Chillon,” for example, “regained his freedom with a sigh.” M. Thiers, in his memoirs says: “For all these men to become real soldiers, one, two, three years’ service is not enough. Not in so short a period can we obtain passive obedience from them, and inspire them with the religion of the flag and the contempt of death—indeed

* “The Psychology of Leadership.” By Abdul Majid. (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)
Current Cant.

"Among the many revolutions brought about by the 'Sunday Pictorial,' says an R.A., 'is that of having turned every Sunday into a picture Sunday.' "—'Sunday Pictorial.'

"It may be a little late for mincemeat, but the following receipt has been recommended by a good cook."—'F. P.'s Weekly.'

"I am told that in some of the munition areas it is not unusual to find workmen who are running their own motor-cars."—'The Editor.'

"Employers who in days of peace, which now seem so remote, never troubled to think about the personal convenience of their workpeople are now providing dining-rooms and rest-rooms. . . . If we look at industry as a whole, the broad fact which impresses itself is the small extent to which human beings have adapted their lives to the call of the machine. . . . The longer the machine can be worked the greater margin is there to be divided between the owners of the machine and the factory hands who tend it."—'Spectator.'

"Unlike the Germans, our people are enjoying high wages and abundant provisions at prices which, though increased since the beginning of the war, are still well covered by increased earnings."—'The Westminster Gazette.'

"One of the reasons why we are now at war is to prevent the philosophy of Nietzsche from becoming one of the main principles which will serve to guide the future course of progress and civilisation."—Lord Cromer in the 'Spectator.'

"When I write, 'Next Wednesday at five o'clock,' what rendezvous shall I select? Where will my plans of Christianity, which lays down the dogma of the second coming of Christ."—Arthur Lovek in the 'Saturday Review.'

"I don't much like talking about German affairs, because in Germany they always listen to what I say and profit by it. . . . In 1850 two remarkable things happened. One was my birth."—G. B. Shaw.

"Now and then a worker leaving a factory in the evening, in working overalls, calls through a public telephone for spending a few delightful hours meet with the most comfortable, but certainly servile, State. The alternative is the organisation of an industrial democracy on guild principles. The former State will come without an effort on our part, the latter can only be formed, we say, if there is a limited reservo to draw upon. After all, there is some limit to the demand for products. Manufacturers do reach a pitch when further production is useless and unprofitable. Thus there is not work for every human being in industry. To a man his work is almost his life. To a woman—no matter what the increasing number of Miss Smiths—industry is not life. The commodity labour is a fairly fixed quantity; we can hope to form a monopoly of it. This cannot be the case in a factory. Keen as if a howling, beautiful sound from which to construct National Guilds or National Industry.
anything else! Also, if I dare mention such a despised and out-of-date institution, what to the worker, what is the children, what is the race? Then look how beautifully the mentality of women will have been developed! Look how emancipated they all are. If it not once Mr. Smith’s ideal were achieved, women would be driven “back to the home”? There would be no other way out of the problem. To which she will probably reply, “Why should not men wash dishes and scrub floors?” Of course! Some men do; I have known them. But there are still a few women lying foolishly for declaring that a healthy social and national life would be impossible under such conditions.

And now for the real point of our differences. I have stated that I am a Socialist. Axioms to do something towards the formation of National Guilds, I can see no means of achieving anything big, so long as employers can counter our every blow by diluting the labour forces with cheaper female labour. I say that the facts indicate that labour, in the course of its organization, must keep out women from competitive industry. My whole case against women is based upon my belief in the necessity for Guilds. If I were merely a State Socialist, I should probably not be concerned to discuss the question. But to Mr. Smith this is all nonsense. The Guild idea is to her, I believe, a fad. She is not concerned with it except as an amusement. What she is concerned about is the soothing of the bed of industry upon which she hopes to see married women lie. She is, in short, in favour of wagery and industrial reforms. She says, “If women are to have a chance of freedom and development with the man, then they must have an equal share in the ownership of the means of life.” When women were prevented by law from working underground in coal-mines, are we to take it that their real position as human beings? But coal-mines are owned, be it noted, by capitalists. Guildsman declare that the State should own the means of life. Are we to understand that under State ownership the “share” of men and women are or will be unequal? But we might go on for ever with such questions. Obviously we must come to some agreement as to the end in view. To what end are Miss Smith’s efforts directed?

WAR NOTES

Sir,—Should everybody in this country object, as Mr. Dalby apparently does, to be compelled to take human life against his own convictions, even in self-defence, it is extremely probable that the Germans would in that case overwhelm us. Great Britain would thus lose its collective freedom. Then of that Mr. Smith would suffer a curtailment of his individual freedom. If I understand him rightly, Mr. Dalby is perfectly willing to have his right to his own convictions maintained by the State, and he is in favour of Mr. Smith’s Basle “Standard”. In so far as the workers who are not making the necessary payment, that is by risking their lives, should be compelled to make it. I do not suppose there is any alternative. What I do say is that if Mr. Smith would be willing to keep up his civil rights and place himself in the position in which he would probably be none of us willing to overcome our convictions against taking human life. This attitude, although it might appear fantastic, is at least honourable and understandable. Mr. Dalby and his non-conscription friends, however, place themselves in the position of mean little merchants who want nothing for nothing. Such is the power of words that these men go by the name of idealists, whilst Mr. Dalby calls the just war a business in which may be necessary to preserve what we imagine to be our ideals, “an element of Prussianism.” Mr. Dalby refers to the liberty won by Trade Unions. That also, like the liberty for which we as a State are fighting against Germany, is a collective liberty from which individual liberty may or may not spring, but which in any case is a prerequisite of individual liberty to use force. Mr. Smith’s case against individualistic non-unionists is also “Prussianism.” If this inference from Mr. Dalby’s letter is correct, and if “Prussianism,” as defined by him, is what we are really fighting against, then it is for the benefit of the individual and the capitalist state that we are fighting.

F. S. M.
in the form of contracts which are not legal because they are not nationalised by authority. The question is: there would only be regeneration, not degeneration. Mr. de Maeztu is only of such life as expresses itself in extension of boundaries—that is, physical force. In regard to the war, he says that it is necessary to be said for the idea that the boundaries and the government of each State should be decided by a plebiscite of the people. The wishes of the people would be complied with and not the distorted desires of unscrupulous forces. In the article I read the following sentence: “If the actions do agree to submit their disputes to arbitration there is no doubt that wars will be avoided.” Surely there is ample proof of the willingness of the people to do so, only they are prevented because of inability to express themselves and because the real issues are perverted and distorted. Apart from the Hague Conferences, instance (between nations) the Berlin Act of 1884, the Congo Conference, the International Congress of Labour in Berlin consequent on the dockers’ strike in 1892, and no less than 33 Treaties of Arbitration since.

The fundamental principle on which co-operation does depend is the application of the open door policy, for under such circumstances it is true that there would be no desire for possession of territories and colonies—and countries—only wars arise out of excess of commercial jealousies. The desire to live and consequently to obtain means of life must always be predominant, and if the ideas as to obtaining same have been distorted; and to show the peoples that it is more possible to live by co-operation they must be enlightened and consequently our facilities for education be improved. By these two methods I think that the American commonwealth “may arise Phoenix-like from the ashes” of a worn-out constitution. Geo. H. M. Findlay.

THE CURSE OF THE AVERAGE MAN.

Sir,—When a very young man I could never understand how many people were永远不会 understand how many people were never able to understand the brickbat’s at the pedestal with the object of bringing about the undignified collapse of the hero. Even now, when I have heard the hero-worship and basies himself by covering the average man with a cloak of praise in order that he might place him upon a pedestal, I cannot resist the temptation to throw stones at the grinning image. Hero-worship rightly understood is intoxication. Carlyle becomes intoxicated with his Great Man; I vor Brown becomes intoxicated with the pedestal. But Carlyle may rightly be described as a transparent fraud in all his works. Few are we ignorant of the fact that he has played to the world. I do not suppose that Lloyd George and all his diabolical works possible. Lord how some of us hated the smile of smiling Welshman when he started bringing the Trade Unions into sheer helplessness—yet what fools were these average men in the Trade Unions who took the drug quite quietly and obediently before the very word “leaders” told them that it was their duty to do so. The poor fools—they deserve the Munitions Act!

Even now, when a handful of men kick against the Act, these men who kick are above the average. The very fact that only a few munition workers kick when the spur of the Munitions Act pierces their flesh is a condemnation of the average worker who does not kick. The average worker will swear about the Munitions Act; but it is the men above the average who kick against the policy of the war. Work in a factory where thousands are employed, where conditions of labour are bad, and you will notice the damnable horror of their death. Life would still be broken by “life.” Now this definition of the man who is above the average. They fear him. They mark him down and hunt him out of the factory. He is the man who is not made by the trade union. Ah! dearly, dearly do these employers love the average man! He is so solid, so amiable, so reliable, and rarely—if ever—kicks. What a calamity for employers if large numbers of their slaves suddenly developed personality and rose above the average. A terrible day, indeed, for you, my masters; fear not—the average man will save you from sudden death.

Watch him wallowing in the torrent of sentimental drivel that comes from Horatio Bottomley or from Harold Begbie, then weep or curse the average man. The worst thing that can be said about the average man is that he is machine-made. He gets his ideas ready and is acted upon by them. Even now, when a handful of men kick against the Act, these men who kick are above the average. He is so solid, so amiable, so reliable, and rarely—if ever—kicks. What a calamity for employers if large numbers of their slaves suddenly developed personality and rose above the average. A terrible day, indeed, for you, my masters; fear not—the average man will save you from sudden death.

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Press Cuttings.

"The soldier is working under his officers for the sole purpose of winning the war. The million-man is working under his manager for two purposes: to help win the war and to make profits for his employers. That is why the symptoms which are being constantly watched. Not too soon the Government has decided to introduce at once a Bill to amend the Munitions Act. Certain provisions of this Act have the great advantage of making the management of a factory responsible for the output it produces. For example, a man is not allowed to shift from one factory to another without a certificate from his first employer. In the best cases this provision has not worked well. Where wages are not uniform, where some managements are more tyrannical than others, for a man to be pinned to one factory introduces an unpalatable element of forced labour not likely to react well on production. . . . There is a growing demand on the part of workmen, backed by a large number of patriotic employers, that workmen should be directly represented in the management of the several factories. Workmen have surrendered almost all their safeguards in order that production may be untrammelled. They are told they will get back their safeguards when the war is over. They doubt it. Let them have a share in the management and they will be content. They will then be assured that the withdrawal of trade union safeguards is not easy, but to make production swift. They will be in a position at the end of the war to say, 'We ought to keep our share in the management. Until the 1914 trade union conditions are restored.'" —Daily Sketch.

"The war is often compared metaphorically to a 'fiery crucible' which is producing better resolutions. There has now been formed a league for the spreading and diffusing of the theory of 'National Guilds.' The name of the organisation is the 'National Guilds League,' and its object is defined in the rules as follows:—'The abolition of the wage system and the establishment of self-government in industry through a system of National Guilds, working in conjunction with the State.' The methods of the League are defined in a subsequent rule as follows:—'(a) Propaganda of the National Guilds system by means of meetings, lectures, and publications; (b) inquiry into subjects connected with National Guilds.' At this crisis the Government has embraced many Socialistic ideas which, prior to the war, appeared to them unworkable and intolerable. They have decided to introduce at once a system of National Guilds, by which the great industries may be controlled by a large number of patriotic employers, that workmen may be assured that the withdrawing of trade union safeguards is not to make profitmongering the only aim of business. Workmen will then be assured that the withdrawing of trade union safeguards is not easy, but to make production swift. They will be in a position at the end of the war to say, 'We ought to keep our share in the management. Until the 1914 trade union conditions are restored.'" —Observer.

But the culminating point in this story of capitalist patriotism is reached when we learn that the Government is now quite exercised in its mind about the situation of certain native-born British capitalists, not entirely unconnected with politics, who control a very large merchant business yielding an annual income that runs into six figures, and who have sold up their homes and other property in England, abandoned their English domicile, transferred their head office to New York, reduced their London representation to a mere agency, and are now making no profits, and, casting off from their feet the dust of the land which has made them wealthy, fled in person (only provided with Foreign Office passports) by one of the great passenger liners that left Liverpool a fortnight ago. They go to avoid paying war taxes, the high Income Tax and the Excess Profits Tax . . . How many others are harbouring similar designs we cannot tell. There may be some significant relevance in the hint just given by the Government to the 'Times' to the effect that capitalists may be assured that further taxation is in contemplation." —The Economist.

"The time has come when a new classification of the reasons for paying income must be formulated. This classification will be based on function rather than on tradition. It will be made personal and concrete rather than impersonal and abstract. The distinction between property income and service income measures the relation of the income earner as an individual to the productive process. The capitalist is the landlord who receives for the ownership of property; he therefore receive property income. The labourer receives returns for the use of his labour, and nothing more. He is going on in Salonic. . . ." —Observer.

"We must in the conviction that the classes can only come together by some form of cooperative effort which will override the present war of two antagonistic interests. Every report from the front speaks almost rapturously of the growing together of officers and men. There has been no end of the relations of good fellowship. Under the conditions in which they live at the front, social walls break down and conventions disappear. Here it matters not who they are. There is extraordinary ignorance among critics of the working men as to what it meant for them to suspend their trade union standards, and many of the middle class feel that the exemption from military service which has become clear that national service will not be rendered to anybody but the nation, and that national service must therefore be the war. After the war, the supreme condition, without which nothing can be even attempted, is that the classes shall know each other's minds better. So long as things remain as they are, the world will live in different countries and alien worlds. There is a gulf to be got over, and it must be recognised. Industrial co-operation must be extended. There is much to say for the establishment of National Guilds, by which the great industries may become self-sufficient corporations undertaking national responsibility." —Canon Scott Holland in the "Observer."