NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LORD HALDANE recently remarked, perhaps not altogether without a suspicion of mischief, that the nation was likely to prove as little prepared for peace as the Government had proved prepared for war. The excuses, if that should be the case, will, however, be fewer; for not only may the discussion of the conditions of peace be carried on in public, but we have ample leisure for it, and, what is more, the coming of peace is certain, whereas the coming of war might be looked upon as hypothetical. In a little while, a matter perhaps of months, peace will be upon us; and all our reproaches against the politicians who failed to prepare us for war will recoil upon ourselves with double effect if, when it comes, we find ourselves unprepared for peace. Now, therefore, is the time for us to justify ourselves and to prove that we had the right to reproach our statesmen. Their problem, as we have said, was rendered difficult by circumstances that do not obtain with ours. From several points of view, ours is indeed much the simpler of the two. All the more reason, then, that we should define it clearly before it falls upon us and prepare our solutions against it. * * *

It requires no very long head to foresee that the two main features of the situation which peace will produce are a shortage of capital and a surplus of labour. Other circumstances of a complicatory kind there will surely be also; but these two are not only the main in quantity, but they are certain to be the governing elements of the problem. And our preparations must therefore take account of them first and foremost. For a shortage of capital must entail a diminution in the amount we produce. In the third place, and as a means to the foregoing, a propaganda may be anticipated of a character most definitely hostile to Trade Unionism in its two vital features of restriction of output and monopoly of labour. Why, it will be asked, should output be restricted in view of our national need for a maximum production? And why, again, should the Trade Unions object to the addition of labour to industry, since industry can do with all, and more than all, that can be obtained? In short, we may look forward to an anti-Trade Union campaign. Lastly, for the present, every endeavour will be made to continue the policy that has been immensely stimulated in our factories during the war, of installing automatic and labour-saving machinery, and of economising labour by more efficient organisation. By these means, the ravages made by the war may be repaired, it is hoped, so far, at any rate, as capital is concerned. * * *

But let us now turn to the other element of the problem—the surplus of labour likely to follow upon peace. About this there can be even less doubt than about the

We may say at once that, as to the first of the conditions following upon peace—namely the shortage of capital—both the Government and business men generally seem to us to be preparing against it with something like efficiency. Nothing, indeed, is more natural to a class that lives by owning the tools of wealth than a due regard to their maintenance and multiplication. In the first place, therefore, the Government is conspiring with private capitalists to put at the disposal of the latter every Government Service that can conceivably be of use to them: credit, grants in aid, fiscal machinery, the consular service, international agreements and the like, so that if business could be made to prosper by an exclusive attention to business men, business would flourish under these provisions alone. In the second place, all our paid economists of high and low degree are now engaged in reviving their propaganda of what is called the maximum net output, by which is meant the total national production clear of the cost of imported raw materials. Hundreds of articles we may expect to see written upon this subject; and in them all the single conclusion will be enforced that the only thing that matters is the total amount we produce. In the third place, and as a means to the foregoing, a propaganda may be anticipated of a character most definitely hostile to Trade Unionism in its two vital features of restriction of output and monopoly of labour. Why, it will be asked, should output be restricted in view of our national need for a maximum production? And why, again, should the Trade Unions object to the addition of labour to industry, since industry can do with all, and more than all, that can be obtained? In short, we may look forward to an anti-Trade Union campaign. Lastly, for the present, every endeavour will be made to continue the policy that has been immensely stimulated in our factories during the war, of installing automatic and labour-saving machinery, and of economising labour by more efficient organisation. By these means the ravages made by the war may be repaired, it is hoped, so far, at any rate, as capital is concerned. * * *

But let us now turn to the other element of the problem—the surplus of labour likely to follow upon peace. About this there can be even less doubt than about the
prospective shortage of capital. Indeed, we should say that for every person capable for any reason of seeing clearly the coming shortage of capital, at least ten, without any more aid than their native intelligence, can foresee the certainty of the coming plethora of labour. To begin with, there will be the millions of returning troops. And, next, they will find, many more of their places filled by women, girls, boys and old men, all of whom have been added to the labour supply in the course of the war. Next, the employers, we shall find, will have made two discoveries during the stress of the war: one, that there was a good deal of remediable slackening on the part of workmen before the war; and, two, that labour-saving machinery has scarcely yet been begun to be developed. But the net effect upon labour of these two practical discoveries in the use of organisation and machinery, must needs be unameliorated with human labour, so that, as well as having increased the supply of human labour, we shall, at the same time, have reduced the demand for it. Now what, we ask, will be the effect upon human labour of the facts just recorded? Labour is a commodity of exactly the same economic status as any other commodity. Its price or wages is determined by the supply and demand of and for its use in industry. Is it not, therefore, inevitable, absolutely inevitable, that after the war wages will come down with a run? * * *

Foreseeing this, the few Trade Unions who are not snoring for three years or the duration of the war, have begun to examine their defences with a view to putting them into repair if possible. They rely, on the one hand, upon the promise of the Government to restore the pre-war conditions of the Trade Unions regulations; and, on the other hand, upon what they call the new spirit of community engendered in the war. Over and above these two defences, they look to the bellicose spirit of their returning members. Need we say that upon the one, as well as the other, we apprehend to appear to any intelligent observer to be vain? The pre-war conditions of Trade Unions can no more be restored than the pre-war conditions of any other form of social institution. For better or for worse, years of war will have flowed over them and not the will of the Government to make them what they were can undo the work of war and time. As for the spirit of community engendered in the war, we do not deny its existence; it is, indeed, a fact of observation in certain quarters; but, regarding it as once harnessed to an organisation and put to work, any returning officer can tell. In the trenches there is nothing he would not do and could not do for and with his men. Back in this country, for a week or two, perhaps, the spirit remains. And, then, for want of exercise, it fades into the light of common day. This is the experience that will be multiplied and generalised at the conclusion of peace; and it suggests a doubt, at any rate, of the value of the spirit of community. Finally, we would beg our home-staying Trade Unionists to get it out of their heads that the troops will return with a disposition to strengthen the Unions, and to make of them militant organisations. If the home-stayers themselves, in circumstances of unparalleled advantage, have allowed the Unions to fall into a state of the meanest kind while their members were making wages hand over fist, let us be sure that the returning members, with a falling market and a surplus of labour to face, will be too concerned with their individual economic safety to make the sacrifices necessary to a strong Trade Union. Oh no, there is no salvation for the time-servers from the return of their members from the trenches. If, indeed, the returning troops were to come back into industry the men who have betrayed the Unions in their absence, we should feel that poetic justice had been done. * * *

We may take it, then, that not all the efforts of the Trade Unions on their present lines will be able to counteract the tendency of wages to slump after the war. But we must beware of yielding to the temptation to let them and to say that it serves the Unions right. For as necessary as the restoration of capital (we do not say capitalists) is to the repair of national industry, so and more necessary is the maintenance of the standard of living of the working classes. Like the tools of industry, they must be attended to even when they neglect themselves; and good must be done them with or without their co-operation. By what means, then, are we to ensure that wages shall not fall and that unemployment shall not prevail on the conclusion of peace? This is the only problem now worth considering. Everything turns upon it. For what will it have profited us that the war shall have been fought, not because employers were frightened, but if, when peace comes, misery comes with it, and with misery a decline in our national efficiency? From this point of view alone, it would be well worth our while as a nation to pay the whole of the working classes, whether in employment or out of it, at a living rate so as to ensure a reserve of health and strength and good-will for our industry, and, perhaps, war, to call upon. Otherwise—well, we talk of the needs of war and the needs of industry—has it ever occurred to anybody to note that the demand of the two are contradictory? Modern warfare requires numbers, modern industry seeks to dispense with numbers. Can an industrial nation remain competitive and be military at the same time? A query for soldiers. * * *

The "New Statesman" and the "Round Table" offer as a solution the parliamentary maintenance of the standard rates. Both journals, it is to be observed, contemplate the coincidence of the distress of the Unions and of the employers and of the working classes. Like the tools of industry, they must be attended to even when they neglect themselves; and good must be done them with or without their co-operation. By what means, then, are we to ensure that wages shall not fall and that unemployment shall not prevail on the conclusion of peace? This is the only problem now worth considering. Everything turns upon it. For what will it have profited us that the war shall have been fought, not because employers were frightened, but if, when peace comes, misery comes with it, and with misery a decline in our national efficiency? From this point of view alone, it would be well worth our while as a nation to pay the whole of the working classes, whether in employment or out of it, at a living rate so as to ensure a reserve of health and strength and good-will for our industry, and, perhaps, war, to call upon. Otherwise—well, we talk of the needs of war and the needs of industry—has it ever occurred to anybody to note that the demand of the two are contradictory? Modern warfare requires numbers, modern industry seeks to dispense with numbers. Can an industrial nation remain competitive and be military at the same time? A query for soldiers. * * *

Mr. Asquith informed a startled House of Commons on Thursday last, apropos of the economic conference in Paris, that he was still a believer in the voluntary principle. His defence of the Compulsion measure,
The Army was making good progress in consequence of the voluntary system, and men offered their services to their country (for should we say their superiors' country?); under what is now known as the system of direct enlistment. But even then there were what we now know as reserved trades. So many of the essential workers had joined the forces that further recruiting from strong, skilled trades was discouraged. Especially was this the case with miners, railwaymen, and munition workers. As the maintenance of our productive capacity has always been indispensable for the success of the Allied cause, this was just and proper, though certain minor hardships resulted.

Badged men were badgered by restive ladies and gentleman—the latter over military age—who demanded to know why eligible-looking men were not in the ranks; and the trades which had not been provided with badges remained to be dealt with later on. Of particular insistence is that "reserved" men should be provided with badges. This man was Lord Derby; and, the Government having yielded to his urgency, official badges for specified trades were provided.

It was stated at first that the authorities were adverse to the system of badges; but, as doubt, expediency in the form of Lord Derby prevailed over principle. Then came the Derby scheme of enlistment, whereby men who could not enter the Army at once were placed in groups. Under this system of attestation even badged and starred men were directed to enter their names at the recruiting office; and official notices issued from the War Office strongly urged munition workers and similar skilled men to attest. Furthermore, married men were told that their claims for exemption would have a better prospect of success if they attested. When the Military Service (No. 2) Act was finally passed—to the everlasting dishonour of the believers in expediency—further official notices instructed starred men to attest in the period of grace allowed before the Act became effective, i.e., between February 10 and March 2.

Several of the more disgraceful features of the Derby scheme remained to be dealt with later on. It was deliberate trickery to wheedle married men into joining on the understanding that a vague number of single men would be "taken" first, if need were, and to urge those married men who refused to join, to state that they would do so if an understanding were given that single men would be conscripted. One hardly knows which to blame more; the Government that tricked married men into joining on these terms, or the married men who sought to save their own skins at the expense of their unmarried fellows. More and yet more trickery was to follow. As everybody knew—as even the Government and Lord Derby ought to have known—the only single men left unattested, generally speaking, were those who had offered themselves at least once before and had been rejected on medical grounds, and the conscientious objectors. As, however, Lord Derby had committed himself, and, incidentally, the Government, to the statement that there were 651,000 odd single men left unaccounted for, it became necessary to "do something" to save a few reputations, including Lord Northcliffe's. The consequence was that the blind and the deaf, the cork-legged and the consumptive, were brought under a scandalous measure which seems likely to reinforce the Army with what might well be termed the hospital corps.

Even this has not accounted for the 651,000. A raid has consequently been made on the essential industries of the country, without which no Army, no Navy, will save us. The "eligible" is starred and reserved trades to be "combed out," to use the elegant expression of the semi-official authorities, with the result that even within the last few weeks many national industries of the highest consequence, which were previously suffering from dearth of skilled and unskilled labour, are in a situation which is grave and even dangerous. The latest figures we have seen indicated that 250,000 miners and 120,000 railway workers had enlisted. The consequence of this is that our supply of coal has been woefully cut down, and that, too, at a time when we must send unsampled quantities of coal to our Allies and to our Navy. The chairman of the Woolcombers, at meeting last week at Bradford, drew attention to this point. "The stocks had been so reduced in most cases that one day's non-delivery would mean stoppage. The Board of Trade had appointed a Commission in connection with the matter, and they had appointed local committees; but on such committees neither consumers nor dealers had representatives, only manufacturers; and they were all being sacrificed to "expediency," to the everlasting dishonour of the believers in expediency.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

No mistake should be made with regard to the seriousness of the period through which we are now passing. It is one of the most critical in our history, and by far the most critical in the history of the present war so far. Thanks to a defence of almost unexampled stubbornness by the French troops, the approaches to Verdun are still intact, and the main fortresses have not passed into the enemy’s hands. I am still of the opinion that the stronghold will not fall, and I know that this view has been fully accepted by the French General Staff. Exception must always be made, nevertheless, for the hazard of war; and not one of us who are vitally interested will feel quite secure until the Germans have been defeated at this particular point beyond hope of recovery. Up to the present their losses have been conservatively estimated at a hundred thousand men, of whom one-fourth are dead. But it must not be assumed that our Allies have suffered lightly; for their casualties, too, have been heavy.

The significance of Verdun may be realised when the coincidence of this attack with a renewed and most energetic German propaganda in neutral countries has been fully explained. It would require a trained staff to track down and correlate the various indications and rumours which have lately become manifest. One or two have come under my own notice and may be mentioned here. The question of the purchase of the ships of German origin now interned in neutral harbours was mooted in the “Vossische Zeitung” and other, though less important, newspapers in Germany a full two weeks before the first attack on Verdun began. It was vaguely stated that negotiations were proceeding with Spain for the sale of the German ships in Spanish harbours to a Spanish company; but, while this matter has been casually alluded to once or twice since, no recent reference has been made to the German vessels in Portuguese harbours. On the contrary, almost coincidentally with the seizure of these ships by the Portuguese Government, articles on the international legal points relating to the action began to appear in such papers as the “Tägliche Rundschau,” the “Berliner Tageblatt,” and the notorious “Deutsche Tageszeitung.” At the same time—it may be recalled that the “Daily News” and the “Times” had recent articles on this subject—German propaganda began to assume suggestive proportions in Spain. There had been such propaganda all along, of course; but two or three weeks ago it became rather more persistent. Determined attempts were likewise made to influence the Spanish Court. What the German Government, it is now clear, was aiming at was that a declaration of war on Portugal by Germany should be followed by an invasion of Portugal by a few divisions of the Spanish Army. Result: capture of Portugal by Germany’s new ally; the inability of the Entente Powers to protect their friends proved once again.

But the capture of Verdun was to coincide with more than this. Ever since the beginning of the year German agents have been particularly active in Scandinavia, Italy, and Russia; and the very utmost endeavours have been made to impose upon the Swedish public the conviction that Finland, a solution which would satisfy both Sweden and Germany. The significance of this campaign, naturally enough, was recognised by the “Frankfurter Zeitung,” March 7, and the “Tag,” and other papers of March 6 and 7, and conveyed to Finland in the hope that some uneasiness would be caused thereby to the Russian authorities. Further, the propaganda was carried into Norway, and the Norwegian ex-Minister of State, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, was induced to state to a representative of the “Frankfurter” that it now behoved the Scandinavian countries to stick together and hold themselves in readiness to defend themselves against either belligerent.

Again, Signor Salandra’s little difficulty in the Chamber at Rome is not altogether unconnected with the campaign now being carried on against the Italian Government by German agents. It is true that Signor Salandra got his vote of confidence by 268 to 40; but the political situation in Italy is none too good for all that. The official Socialists are still pledged against the war; the extreme Right is Germanophile; and the extreme Left are allies with the Germans. The Italian Government by German agents. It is true that Signor Salandra got his vote of confidence by 268 to 40; but the political situation in Italy is none too good for all that. The official Socialists are still pledged against the war; the extreme Right is Germanophile; and the extreme Left are allies with the Germans. The agitation in Italy is not confined to the Chamber, but rages in the papers, and is spread in other ways as well. It must not be taken for granted that the Germans are carrying on all this supplementary propaganda—for Roumania was their real objective for months—because they are being defeated on the field. Such a conjecture would be unfounded, but incomparable. In fact, the Germans have believed that Verdun could be taken, especially by General Beseler and his famous night attacks. Hence the need for a strong propaganda to coincide with its fall, so that Spain, Sweden, and Roumania might be brought on to the Teutonic side, while enough distraction might be produced in Italy to lead to a demand for peace. What we have to remember is that crises like these may become common—and with the invariable possibility of one of them resulting unfavourably to us—now that the campaign is nearing its final stages. Nor, again, ought it to be believed that Germany is not seeking to influence other neutrals also. She most decidedly is, and with good reason. Only by a miracle can she win the war. The next best thing is to secure easy terms of peace which will leave her and her partners very much in the same position as before the war. It is certainly assumed in Germany that when the peace proposals are under discussion the British Government will be open to pressure by the people who will urge that no ground for enmity should be left, that Germany should not be humiliated, etc. As we know, command money, influence, and hearing in this country, can have their feelings worked upon by pseudo-neutral suggestions. A paragraph in the “Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung” of the 7th inst. even indicates that approaches have been made in Japan. Neither at home nor abroad, in the field or in the newspaper office, can we off guard.
Unedited Opinions.

The Case Against Germany.

You put last week the case for Germany—and very well, if I may say so—and you promised to reply to it.

I did; and I will begin at once, if you please: but with this understanding, that each of the belligerents may state it differently. At present, I shall confine myself to our English view.

Very good—though I hope you will examine the matter from every point of view in course of time.

Thanks. Well, to begin with Germany's chief article—her alleged need of room for expansion—does need constitute right, do you think? I may have need for my neighbour's five-pound note, but the need gives me no right to take it.

I agree, but does not your need, provided it is real, place on your neighbour, when he has heard your case, the moral obligation of helping you?

It does; and I would not deny that a moral obligation was upon the rest of the Powers to examine Germany's case, and to help her out of it as far as they could. Believe me, I am not prepared to absolve England, France, and Russia from the charge of moral obliquity. At the same time, their failure to sympathise with this understanding, that each of the belligerents well, if I may say so—and you promised to reply to it.

Is it, then, as a matter of fact, possible for the reason that the employment of military force, and not to be satisfied with a mere excuse for it. Of such ground ordinarily stupid men might act. Of such ground would offer what resistance it could, and in the order in which she might attempt to absorb them. Thus, a vista of wars was opened to which there could be no end while a small nation remained to be absorbed. And, in the second place, it might have been guessed by any German that, since the peaceful expansion of Germany had hitherto been opposed, her attempted forcible expansion would be seen more obstinately opposed as endangering in a double degree the Balance of Power in Europe. On both these grounds Germany might have foreseen that not only would her war, if it were successful, not end war; but it would in the nature of things inaugurate an era of wars with every small nation as the minor belligerent, and with England in every case as the major belligerent against her.

Then your contention is that Germany had nothing to gain even by successful war?

By successful war she had nothing to gain but perpetual war; and by defeat she had everything to lose.

Forgive me for reminding you of what you said last week. But had Germany any choice in the matter? Was not her situation desperate, in any case—as desperate from peace as it certainly might have appeared from war?

I never said that her situation was as desperate in peace as in war. I do not, in fact, believe it was. On the contrary, from the same exertion applied to peace as Germany applied to war, peace, I believe, would have ensured Germany her solid objects, as war will not. Even, however, if the chances from both were even, peace should still have been preferred to war for the reasons I have given.

You say that Germany should have foreseen that war would bring her in the long run no profit, and now you say that peace might have done. By what means?

Well, I tried to put myself last week in Germany's place in order to appreciate her reasons for going to war—let me now try to understand what reasons she might have discovered for remaining at peace, and by what means she might have profited by peace.

Yes, that should give us some interesting results.

To begin with, then, I think I should have concluded, as a German, that war, as well as being obsolete among the Elder Powers, was likely to bring me no solid advantage. Hence, I should have been a pioneer of Pacifism in the world.

The Prussian may be; but the German is essentially a man of peace. Not only, as we have seen, was war not to the advantage of Germany, but war is not the trade at which she excels. In the contrary, from the same exertion applied to peace as Germany applied to war, I believe, would have ensured Germany her solid objects, as war will not.

The Prussian as a Pacifist is a new picture! The Prussian may be; but the German is essentially a man of peace. Not only, as we have seen, was war not to the advantage of Germany, but war is not the trade at which she excels. In the contrary, from the same exertion applied to peace as Germany applied to war, I believe, would have ensured Germany her solid objects, as war will not.

Aristotle has said, the nature of a thing is known by the conditions under which it flourishes, the nature of Germany is pacific since it is in peace that Germany flourishes. Since 1870, as we know, Germany has not been at war. But since 1870 Germany has established her commerce everywhere, and has become the second wealthiest people in the world. Say Germany anywhere and at once the image rises of skilled industrialists, practical scientists, indefatigable workers—characters,
that is, of peace above everything. Is it not obvious that peace had only to be continued to extend the commercial power of Germany in every land of the globe? And from economic power many other forms of power would have proceeded in due course. I conclude that Germany had everything to gain by peace.

But I think you said that it was just her peaceful expansion that might have stimulated England in particular—England had everything to gain by peace. Why, it is common knowledge that England was disinclined even to oppose belligerency to belligerency. How much less inclination to make war on her own account she would have shown had Germany been an apostle of peace!

Perhaps you are right, but what about the trade war by means of tariffs? Suppose England and the rest of the nations composing the Imperial Commonwealth had adopted Protection, and then out-and-out Exclusion—how would Germany then have fared?

You are assuming that this course was not only threatened, but certain to be taken. Again, you are assuming that it would necessarily lead to German commerce. Neither assumption is indisputable; and, in fact, I should dispute them both. I assure you that the prospect would have appeared to me, as a German, not worth a war to avert. At the same time, for the sake of the nations composing the Imperial Commonwealth, I should attempt to meet it by another way than war.

What other way?

Well, as a leading Pacifist Power (for, of course, I am assuming Germany to have forsaken war for the time being), I, Germany, should have devoted my energies to the establishment of the Hague Conference, not only as the peace tribunal of the world, but as the trade tribunal as well. And I should have made Universal Free Trade as vital an object as Universal Peace of the Hague Conference, and, in fact, an indispensable concomitant of it.

Suppose England had not agreed?

Reflect. By her exertions in a direction contrary to the drift of the civilised world Germany has nevertheless succeeded in securing the neutrality of many nations even in a war of her own device, and in pursuit of purely German objects. How many friends would she not have had against an aggressive England had she pioneered universal pacifism and universal free trade? I think England would have found herself with scarcely an ally in the world.

You certainly make the prospect very inviting for Germany.

And not for Germany alone. After all, the Hague Tribunal, had it become the instrument of International agreement we have described, would not be German in particular. Every nation might be expected and might expect to profit by it. The Germans, who are competent organisers, might, it is true, have sketched the plan of the world-organisation of trade, but each nation would have shared in the labour and the reward.

Of what plan are you thinking?

Why, the plan to which in the end the world will come, but to which Germany might have led us all in far less time—Universal Free Trade as an instrument of universal pacifism and universal free trade? I think England would have found herself with scarcely an ally in the world.

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ignominious collapse of the early plan of profitable non-intervention. Some scapegoat had to be found in order to explain the failure of hyphenated neutrality, and by mere weight of numbers the guilt was fastened upon the minority. It is they who have been denounced by the Press and the minor orators, until at last official sanction is given their accusations by the unhesitating innuendoes of the President's Message. Ingenious or ingenuous commentators tried to conclude that the Government had decided to proceed equally against all who too forcibly expressed their partisanship, whether pro-Ally or pro-German. But these doctrinaire minds belonged obviously to the class of ironists, or malcontents, who like to insist upon the terms of the President's appeal for neutrality. Nobody takes them seriously who is acquainted with the political manners and intentions of the Republic.

While the actions of the United States Government have long since conformed to events, there has been no disposition to make the theory do likewise. On the contrary, the more untenable the latter has become, the more seriously it has been reiterated. No matter what privileges the Allies enjoy at the hands of officials, Press and people, the sacred formula are supposed to cover them. Whereas there is not a gesture on the part of German-America which can escape being construed as a sneering of those Governmental or journalistic guardians of American integrity. The rupture created by this method of discrimination, added to the unavoidably strained relations arising out of the differences of racial opinion, has been widened irreparably by the recent action of the President. Under normal conditions, the presence of opposite political views regarding the war would not be of any deeper significance than is implied by the opposition of two political parties. But now, when the Government has put upon official record its conviction that pro-Germanism is incompatible with good American citizenship, a definite turning point has been reached in the evolution of the United States.

Henceforward, it will be impossible to ignore the fact that in dealing with America we are confronted by two nations, apart altogether from minor subdivisions of hyphenation. German-America has been excommunicated from the body politic of a country to whose development she has contributed a considerable part. Through the mere accident of race, a proportion of the population of America has set apart from none of the reasons heretofore valid in American politics. This fact in itself has become distorted, in the customary manner, by being involved in the verbiage of democracy. Those who feel ostracised indignantly declare that the discrimination against them is something new in the history of the United States. Their critics fervently deny the fact by repeating the falsehood, that no attempt at differentiation is contemplated, that all they demand is loyal citizens of the American republic. Obviously, this is not the first and only time when the fiction of equality of treatment for all races has been abandoned. It is, however, the first time that a race previously admitted to all social and political privileges finds itself threatened with impositions upon its liberty. An analogous situation has already arisen, and been met by civil war. How much more serious is the present clash will be evident when it is remembered that the opposition of North and South was not intensified by the element of race. But to-day this microcosm of Europe contains precisely those factors which give their significance to the European struggle. That struggle between two conceptions of society is taking place in America, and it is evident that one or other must dominate. The world has been forced to make a choice in this matter, and the hyphenated States cannot escape the destiny of the century. With ignoble ingenuity they have tried to shirk the issue which the war has presented to all civilised nations. But the happy slipshod days of theoretical unity and hyphenated reality are gone. A decision is being forced upon the unwilling participants in a crisis which promised at first to be a profitable spectacle.

Just, however, as the theory of neutrality proved manifestly inadequate, and insincere as circumstances developed, so, too, the act of decision has been characterised by ambiguity and hesitancy. As Europe knows, America has been torn between her ascendancy by the unhesitating innuendoes of the President's Message. Ingenious or ingenuous commentators tried to conclude that the Government had decided to proceed equally against all who too forcibly expressed their partisanship, whether pro-Ally or pro-German. But these doctrinaire minds belonged obviously to the class of ironists, or malcontents, who like to insist upon the terms of the President's appeal for neutrality. Nobody takes them seriously who is acquainted with the political manners and intentions of the Republic.

While the actions of the United States Government have long since conformed to events, there has been no disposition to make the theory do likewise. On the contrary, the more untenable the latter has become, the more seriously it has been reiterated. No matter what privileges the Allies enjoy at the hands of officials, Press and people, the sacred formula are supposed to cover them. Whereas there is not a gesture on the part of German-America which can escape being construed as a sneering of those Governmental or journalistic guardians of American integrity. The rupture created by this method of discrimination, added to the unavoidably strained relations arising out of the differences of racial opinion, has been widened irreparably by the recent action of the President. Under normal conditions, the presence of opposite political views regarding the war would not be of any deeper significance than is implied by the opposition of two political parties. But now, when the Government has put upon official record its conviction that pro-Germanism is incompatible with good American citizenship, a definite turning point has been reached in the evolution of the United States.

Henceforward, it will be impossible to ignore the fact that in dealing with America we are confronted by two nations, apart altogether from minor subdivisions of hyphenation. German-America has been excommunicated from the body politic of a country to whose development she has contributed a considerable part. Through the mere accident of race, a proportion of the population of America has set apart from none of the reasons heretofore valid in American politics. This fact in itself has become distorted, in the customary manner, by being involved in the verbiage of democracy. Those who feel ostracised indignantly declare that the discrimination against them is something new in the history of the United States. Their critics fervently deny the fact by repeating the falsehood, that no attempt at differentiation is contemplated, that all they demand is loyal citizens of the American republic. Obviously, this is not the first and only time when the fiction of equality of treatment for all races has been abandoned. It is, however, the first time that a race previously admitted to all social and political privileges finds itself threatened with impositions upon its liberty. An analogous situation has already arisen, and been met by civil war. How much more serious is the present clash will be evident when it is remembered that the opposition of North and South was not intensified by the element of race. But to-day this microcosm of Europe contains precisely those factors which give their significance to the European struggle. That struggle between two conceptions of society is taking place in America, and it is evident that one or other must dominate. The world has been forced to make a choice in this matter, and the hyphenated States cannot escape the destiny of the century. With ignoble ingenuity they have tried to shirk the issue which the war has presented to all civilised nations. But the happy slipshod days of theoretical unity and hyphenated reality are gone. A decision is being forced upon the
tolerance between the two. Both feel that such a stand is unworthy and untenable, a futile attempt to escape inevitable realities. Nevertheless, the innumerable apostles of anti-Germanism, who have surpassed the worst gutter-snip journalism of England, in their ignorant hatred of all things German, believe they are "good" neutral Americans. It is difficult for any intelligent person to share this. If one quarter of what these people say is true, if they believe a tithe of what they profess, they should be in the trenches in Flanders, but at no time has the application of this test of veracity been imminent. The noise of the loudest journalism in the world has brought many foreigners to this conclusion.

There is nothing, short of an actual declaration of hostilities, which could force the Hyphenated States to give us deeds instead of words.

Outside opinion by assuming, or appearing to assume, the haughty majority, who are allowed to parade, as it were, the simulacra of nationality. Europe has accepted the wordy homage which the vice of hyphenism pays to the virtue of nationalism. We affect to believe that American "nationalism" is set in a given way under given circumstances, whereas the absence of a national impulse precludes action. The minority know this only too well, hence their resistance to the usurpation of national authority by those who have no more substantial title to it than is lent by the credulity of other nations. If the majority had the courage of their vituperation their critics would be silenced. As it is, the latter are disposed to insist upon their right to join in the war of words. When this outlet was obstructed by coercive measures, when the postulates of Mr. Wilson's primordial neutrality were violated, then misjudgment engendered misdeeds. Had it been at once made clear that America, having failed to produce a nation, could not profess to adopt a national standpoint, there would have been less froth in the seething pot of hyphenation.

Assisted by the current international fiction, German-America had come to believe in the national existence of the United States. For many years she had been listening to the quarrels of England and America, where nothing indicated a close identity of spirit and interests. Most German-Americans do not know the English, and are not in a position to appreciate how far their new country is a shadow of England's Liberalism. They may be pardoned, therefore, a certain inability, or even reluctance, to admit what has been effectively demonstrated, namely, that North America is an English colony. Not an independent nation, but a formless conglomerate in a country which separates two communities more fortunate in that respect. Canada and Mexico are alternative instances of what the Hyphenated States ought to be, either frankly a colonial dependency, or a homogeneous nation, created out of the amalgamation of various elements.

The comfortable swaddling clothes, woven out of the shreds of eighteenth century platitudes, have not been enough to protect the infant democracy, which was suddenly exposed to the full blast of twentieth century realities. As the wrappings have fallen away there has been exposed, not a healthy, vigorous, young nation, but a misshapen monster, unlike any other member of the family of nations. Kind friends, who had seen the newcomer from a distance, credited him with all the faculties of his species, but he cannot live up to their account of him. Called upon to act in a great trial of national manhood he has proved unequal to the test. Nationality has been thrust upon him too soon, and he cannot bear the burden. Consequently, he must submit to be carried along by the strongest current, trusting that he can conceal his weakness until such time as he may be able to act for himself. Meanwhile, he is being carried Helplessly in a direction in which it will lead him back to that very conflict whose dire conflict he avoids.

E. A. B.
known of a civilised state most efficiently organised for centuries on a system, I will admit, of State Autocratic Socialism—not the Democratic Socialism you advocate—for Military and National Service of every description, namely, that of Peru, fell like a house of cards before the onslaught of Pizarro and a few hundred Spanish volunteer adventurers?

Stuff! There has never been an efficiently organised, civilised State yet. If you mean States which have effectively stereotyped their rottenness, I admit—and even claim—that they have fallen to pieces at the first kick of their more ruffianly neighbours. What I advocate is not a system like Democratic Socialism, which may mean half a dozen different political constitutions, but absolute equality of income, which was not a Peruvian institution, was it?

"Also, do you consider that the victories of the French Armies in the earlier Wars of the Revolution were due largely to the fact that they were composed of volunteer patriots, animated by the desire of spreading 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity' throughout Europe, and, incidentally, of reaping the material reward of obtaining about eight acres of the confiscated lands of the nobility? And is it not the opposition of the Austrian, German and Italian troops, who usually opposed them half-heartedly?

Utter nonsense! If the Republican troops had been commanded by the Imperial generals, and the Imperial troops by the French generals, with Carnot at Vienna instead of in Paris, Louis XVI would have been restored. Nevertheless, the victory of the French was the victory of the Republican system, because under the Imperial system Carnot would have been a tax collector, and Napoleon a capitaine, at which they were respectively Minister of War and Generalissimo in the Republic. The career was opened to the talents in France, and closed in Austria, where the occurrence of an able administrator or general was a pure accident, like the accident of Wellington in the British Army. But as to the common soldier, the ordeal of battle is quite untrustworthy as a test of the worth of his political opinions or enthusiasms. Wellington's troops were, to say the least, not more irresistible than those of Frederick the Great; and many British victories have been won with hired German soldiers who were bought and sold.

"Do you think that the system of Conscription which Napoleon perfected had the effect of filling his Army with men animated with sullenness rather than military ardour, and its downfall?"

No. Men sulk about trifles: they don't sulk in the face of artillery and cavalry attacks. A conscript values his life as much as a volunteer: once get him under fire, and you need not trouble about his political views. That is why, when democracy becomes troublesome, autocrats extinguish it by leading it to war. But, of course, Napoleon's monstrous demands for men made the people at home very sullen, and, finally, drove them to prefer peace under the Bourbons to war under Napoleon. The present war will collapse in the same way if the belligerent Governments do not make the generals understand that they must cut their coat according to their cloth in the matter of recruiting.

Again, do you think that the extraordinary outbreak of patriotism on the part of the German people, not their Kings and Princes, which was inspired by the poet Korner, and the League of the Tugenbund after Napoleon's campaign of 1812, was the real cause of the downfall of Napoleonism?"

"And, in your opinion, was the actual cause of Wellington's success in Spain at the same period due to the persistent, although barbarous, warfare of the Spanish volunteer bands of guerrillas?"

Of Napoleonism, yes. Of Napoleon himself, no. It was Napoleonism that broke him in France, because it cost the French more than it was worth. But there were several real causes which I cannot give you for want of time, even if I knew them.

As to the fact that the victories were due to Wellington, who had what Napoleon lacked as a soldier—originality. The guerrillas could have done nothing without Wellington.

"Do you think that if Conscription or Compulsory Service is adopted in Great Britain, the masses will believe that it is 'part of a servile scheme that reaches far beyond the War'—that it is an attempt of the capitalist class to smash Trade Unionism and Democracy by placing all under a worse system than Prussian Militarism, because, in their opinion, it will have the hypocrisy of patriotism and national sacrifice behind it?"

"And you are of opinion that the people will think that—"To use Mr. G. K. Chesterton's words—'it is not a way of conquering the English'?"

I don't know what the masses will believe; but they would find all that you say a fairly good working hypothesis. Capitalist class is, however, whether in an expression. It includes our country-house class, which the Germans call the Junker class. It includes the vagabond idle rich. It includes the financiers, the employers, and to some extent the professional class. Of these the country-house class is the most generally unsocial; for it alone imagines that Trade Unions are mere crude rebellious conspiracies, and Democracy mob rule. The financiers and professionals may share these ridiculous delusions to the extent to which they share the social ignorance of the country houses; which means to the extent to which they are the younger sons of the offshoots of the country houses; but there is a wedge of the capitalist class which knows better. In the big industries it is easier and cheaper to deal with organised than with unorganised labour; and in any case compulsory service would clearly make for organisation and discipline among the workers instead of against it. For example, the German working class is enormously better organised politically, syndically, and co-operatively than the British working class. Obviously, if you are afraid of a class, and want to keep it helpless and unorganised, the very last thing you will give it is military training. Consequently the capitalists know the world best, and don't want to change it, are against compulsory service and in favour of Democracy, which opens all doors to the adroit political adventurer and closes them to the mere noodles from the chateaux and the Eaux Bonnes.

"Also, in this event, are you of opinion that strikes, riots, and, ultimately, a violent revolution will be the result if military despotism, under any pretext, is imposed upon our people?"

I think that if we go on as we have been going on hitherto all these calamities will be the result, whether or no.

"Finally, do you think that Great Britain is strong enough to win this War without Conscription and National Service?"

Yes, if she is strong enough to win it with them. And she is so strong in material resources and in strategic position that if she loses it will serve her right.

I will go so far as to say that an unlimited supply of soldiers to either side might conceivably lead to its defeat. In America, during the nineteenth century, the scarcity of labour led to a tremendous development
of invention and business faculty, on the reputation of which the American hustlers are still living. Our manufacturers would not invent and would not think, because they could always fall back on multitudinous cheap labour. In just the same way military general staffs will not invent or think as long as they can snow their enemies with piles of corpses. Cut off the supply of labour. In just the same way military general staffs will have cause to be thankful for being outnumbered. The Germans and do waste them, the Germans may exceptionally imaginative appetites could appreciate a adventure. And if we can afford to waste more men than the Germans, and do waste them, the Germans may have cause to be thankful for being outnumbered.

A ROUNDelay.

From the Spanish of Baltazar de Alcazar (1530-1606).

A slave of love I am,
Three passions on me seize;
The lovely Agnes, ham
And eggs with toasted cheese. *

Know, lovers, I enchained
By Agnes used to pine,
And everything discarded
That was not Agnes mine.

I strayed a wayless lamb
A year in love's disease,
Until I dined on ham
And eggs with toasted cheese.

Sweet Agnes was the first
To play the victor's part,
But do not think the worst,
That she has all my heart.

With tastes it were a flam
To set them in degrees:
I, Agnes, love—and ham
And eggs with toasted cheese.

O Agnes is right fair
The ham is from the west,
The eggs and cheese, I swear,
Are of the very best.

So none out-weighs a gem
To spoil my mental ease,
Among my charming loves
Prevents much fret and pine,
For Agnes cheaper proves.

Although a slave I am,
She yet must often please;
To rival stores of ham
And eggs with toasted cheese.

TRIBOULET.

APROPOS OF W. MEARS' APPRECIATION OF
"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES."

BY A REPRESENTATIVE THERIOJ.

He took his pen to write of Womankind,
A subject that might baffle any scribe,
But bitter prejudice obsessed his mind,
And so he merely penned—A Diatribe!

What can have caused ill-feeling so intense
In one so young? (His Youth would patent seem.)
Men, mellowed by matured Experience—
Write with some knowledge of their chosen theme!

O Saddened Aspirant to New Age fame,
What halting word has hopped your soul to vex,
"Cherchez la femme" we're tempted to exclaim—
"Who caused this fierce indictment of her sex?"

O Woman! Woman! whose'er you be,
To you are due the walls, the sofas and tears
Of crushed and squirming Femininity
Writing beneath the cutting lash of—Mears!

A. Peaty.

* In his native Spanish the lover doves on the fruit of the egg-plant (a sort of love-apple), sliced and fried in oil with cheese. The Spanish of Baltazar de Alcazar was, however, exceptional in its imaginative fancy. The translator ventured to celebrate another dish.

Disconnected Connections.

We have already pointed out the juridical formula of a society constituted according to the principles of justice. A society will be just in which social power—economic, military, and political—is distributed according to the potentialities of the individuals, in which the functions are proportioned to capacities, and in which capacities have an opportunity of developing according to the potentialities of the individuals. This is the ideal of the Socialist parties. But before the Socialist parties decide to fight for justice they must revise their tables of values. The present ideology of labour parties is the same as that prevailing among the middle classes. According to this ideology, men can be happy if only their hours of work are shortened, if they can work at what they like, and if the reward for their efforts is increased. Almost all modern books in which Socialist Utopias are described do nothing more than present visions of abundance to the eyes of the needy. Thus, the supreme ideal is that of welfare: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number." And that is not right. These Utopias may please the masses, since the masses are needy; but they cannot inspire them. A man who does not feel an ideal higher than that of welfare will never risk his life for an idea of justice, for the simple reason that the good which he expresses—his own life—will always be higher than that which he proposes to win—welfare. But if men do not decide to risk their lives, they will never succeed in abolishing the privileges which perpetuate social injustices. Thus, hedonism and utilitarianism, which the Labour parties, and especially their leaders, have learnt from the principles of the Liberal parties, from the life of the middle classes, and from the ideals of modern art, have turned themselves into instruments that bind the workmen to their present position. A few men may be able to satisfy their utilitarian ideal even under an unjust social regime. But the masses will never be able to satisfy it except under a regime of justice. Justice will not triumph by itself alone; in order to triumph it must have soldiers to fight for it. But the ideal of utility cannot make good soldiers. And, therefore, the soldiers of justice will have to be men who may be fond of every kind of comfort, but who must have overcome the utilitarian morality.

As culture and thought penetrate the popular classes, the number of individuals increases who are aware not only of what they think and will, but of being themselves the agents of thought and will. This consciousness of ourselves is self-consciousness. And when we add to this feeling of self-consciousness a judgment of positive valuation, the self-consciousness becomes personality; and we appreciate in personality a unique irreplaceable good, which ought not to be destroyed or endangered. The consciousness of personality is the apple that Adam and Eve ate in the Garden of Eden. This consciousness of personality is the original sin. Why is it a sin? Because the more powerful in us the feeling of personality becomes, the more difficult it is to induce men to risk their personality to defend their country, and the more difficult, also, is it to induce women to run the risks involved in the bearing and bringing up of children. This difficulty will increase with the progress of education to such a degree that the hour is approaching in which civilized societies will not be able to ensure their existence if they do not supplement compulsory military service for men by compulsory maternity for women.

This problem of compulsion must be faced courageously by all democrats. In a war in which England is fighting immediately for the balance of power in Europe, but meditatively for her very existence, compulsory military service has been introduced. But it has been
introduced for the purely military reason that England must make up with her own contingents the numerical deficiency of France, due to the hedonistic ideology which has prevailed there for more than half a century. But, before its expendiency, the justice or injustice of compulsion should have been discussed. In other countries compulsion has been maintained by the democratic parties and attacked by the defenders of privilege. But the question is this: Is it just for the most patriotic to sacrifice themselves to defend the interests of those who remain in their homes? And to a question set forth in these terms the answer must be in the negative. It is not just that the good should be sacrificed to the bad. On the contrary, what is just is that the bad should be sacrificed first.

How can men be cured of the excessive value which they grant to their personality? The reactionaries and obscurantists say that by suppressing popular education the number of men who possess self-consciousness will disappear or diminish, and it will, therefore, be possible to make them live a life of obedience and faith. Perhaps the reactionaries are right; but it is also possible to care with more culture the evil increased by culture. Why should it not be possible to sharpen our culture up to such a point that we may come to see ourselves with the same eyes as we see the others? When we judge the others we do it in the same way as they grant to themselves. We know quite well that the proudest of men may lack any value. The positive value of a man is measured by what he produces, and his negative value by what he consumes; and there is no other objective measure of value. It won't do for me to believe myself to be the first of men. If what I produce is worth less than what I consume, my value is negative; by which I mean that the world would gain if I ceased to exist.

If we take our stand on the supposition that the horrors of the present war and the refutation of the German theory of the State must urge European societies to constitute themselves into some kind of syndicalist or guild organisation, based on function as the only source of right, what obstacle is likely to be placed in the way of the triumph of this idea? In my opinion, the most serious obstacle is that of the Liberal ideology which accompanies the present syndicalist movement. Liberalism is individualistic by nature. Its ideal is not the balance of power, or, what is the same thing, justice; but the indefinite expansion of the individual. But this expansion of the individual is, by definition, incompatible with all social discipline. And, if it lack discipline, syndicalism cannot triumph. Wanted: purification of its ideology.

There is a simple reason why one should not speak of the primacy of military or economic or political power. It is that arms, wealth, and political position are only different manifestations of power. Power is one, its forms are many. The same thing happens with natural energy; although it is one, it appears to us in different forms as gravitation, electricity, magnetism, colour, light, or chemical affinities. And the proof that social power is one and the same thing is seen in the fact that its different manifestations may be transformed into one another. The history of modern Prussia is that of the transformation of a military into an economic power; in present-day England the economic power has been transformed into the political power. The antithesis established by Herbert Spencer between an industrial and a warlike State is superfluous. Where there is industry there is a possible army; where there is an army there is potential industry. In both cases there is power. But it is also necessary that power should exist: the important thing is for it to be distributed according to the principles of justice, and for it to constitute the machinery of which society may avail itself for the production of cultural values. Hence the necessity of clearly studying the relation between the concepts of power, right, and culture.

The ultimate reason why natural economic laws do not exist—not even those which man could derive from his status as an animal—that is to say, from biology—is that in biology the animal that tries to satisfy its needs with the minimum of effort is given by Nature herself, while in economics the factor man is variable, because it is, in a certain measure, voluntary. A German, Friedrich Naumann, who has recently been much talked of in connection with the establishment of agrarian Europe, has tried to make population the basis of his economics in his book, “New German Political Economy.” According to Naumann, the primus movens, the chief cause of modern economic life, is the increase of population. That was written in April, 1911. Two years later, when he studied the figures of the German birth-rate, he had to confess in his weekly paper, “Die Hilfe,” that they revealed the fact that the mass of the German nation was beginning deliberately to refuse to perpetuate itself. This variability in the factor man is what cancels also the “agrarian” economics of Henry George, who attributes all evils to the steady increase in land values. This increase is an historical or accidental phenomenon, and not a general law. The selling value of land in France, for instance, does not exceed 60,000,000,000. The cause of this decrease must be sought in the lessening of the birth-rate. But no doubt it was accompanied by other concurrent and very complex causes.

Thought is not only a social function, but one of the most important. If it is a function, like that of railway services, it ought to be acknowledged and organised. A democracy which does not recognise the value of thought will be as democratically bad as an oligarchy or autocracy, which does not acknowledge it.

The fact that consciousness of personality is dangerous for societies, in so far as it isolates individuals, has induced some young Frenchmen to invent the “unanimist” ideal. Miss Harrison has published an apologia of “unanimism” in England. Its credo consists in submerging the individual consciousness in the “blood” of the association or collectivity. But individual consciousness is, if not as an end, as an instrument, one of the highest values. It is not possible to suppress it without making all human culture disappear with it. To wish to suppress it is to wish to turn back to savagery. What is good and positive in “unanimism” is the acknowledgment that reason is not enough to make us heroic, and that heroism is necessary to maintain civilised societies. In societies that have lost the joy of battle for the sake of the battle, and have learnt to enjoy love while being afraid of the burdens of the family, the supreme functions of maternity and of the defence of the country must be based on heroism. We are no longer sufficiently primitive, as Miss Harrison would like, to trust to the instinct of the species; and reason will never find arguments convincing enough to persuade a soldier that he ought to die in a trench, or a selfish woman that she ought to bear a child. When we deal with these things reason must bow. Their perplexities can only be solved by heroism, and heroism must be founded on faith.

In the struggle between societies or sections of society, heroic and religious, with societies so rationalistic and calculating that their members cannot decide effects of influence on them with arms of perpetuate them by maternity, there is no doubt that the latter must succumb. Some rationalists try to meet this danger by proposing measures which may induce calculating societies to perpetuate themselves. Mr. Bertrand
Russell has recently devoted a lecture to this question. It is obvious that the intervention of society in these problems is just, because it is not right that good women should suffer the burdens and risks of maternity while the selfish women enjoy the privileges which their voluntary sterility grants them. That is why I am favourable to compulsory maternity, which naturally implies maternity grants. But this measure of justice does not relieve us of the need of a heroic morality. A State or a Guild of a thousand members which pays every year the cost of forty new children will have to sacrifice itself much more than another which only pays for ten more children every year. What happens here is that we have transferred to the corporation the cost that now falls upon the individual. This measure will be just because in consequence of it the bad individuals will also pay for the raising of future generations, while at present only the good do so. But the need of heroism and faith will always be the same.

More Letters to My Nephew.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

My Dear George—You remember the Horatian peasant who waited for the river to flow past:—

Rustless expectat, dum defunt amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis œvum.

Perchance, he had before seen only a mountain stream that runs in a straight line and has haste. But if life flows like water, its supply at the source is not "in omne volubilis œvum." Sooner or later, the ominous fact strikes at the heart that the source of our life is no longer replenished; that it flows steadily, but in decreasing volume, to be finally merged in the open sea. I have had, for some months, a suspicion that I, too, was bound on this last voyage across the bar. So, on the spur of the moment, I decided to return home, to find Nurse at her old corner near the kitchen fire, babbling of her boy suddenly called to Servia on stern duty.

They tell me that psychology plays a big part nowadays in medicine, and I can very well believe it. On this hypothesis, I concluded that only an Irish physician would understand the psychology of an Irishman. Therefore, I dare say the Irishman is a little foible; but I wanted to visit my old village playmate, Michael Barry, now a knight, the dean of his faculty and Dublin's leading consultant. Accordingly, I went over and was soon in Mickey's private room.

"It's glad I am to see ye, Tony. Now have ye come because of me beautiful eyes?" he said.

"I wanted sore to see you again, Mick, but I came because of my sinful heart."

"Bad cess to ye, didn't I warn ye against smokin' those strong cigars? Now strip—coat, waistcoat, shirt, vest."

"Cigars, do ye say? Ye'll find a box in the top-right drawer. An' Paddy, in case ye forget, ye'll have to take hoult."


"What do ye say? No notes. What's your verdict, Micky?"

"If ye think it, ye can pay me fare."

"And a good job, too. Speaking of life and death, what's your verdict, Micky?"

"Paddy, darlint, I'm called away suddint. I want ye to take hoult."

"What do ye say? What do ye think? I have a bit of business to do in London meself."

"I have a bit of business to do in London meself."

"The more one enjoys life, the less one wants to leave it. By the way, what shall we do to-night?"

"The Kingstown boat for me. Home and solitude for the stricken."

"I have a bit of business to do in London meself."

"Ye're a fraud; ye're afraid to let me travel alone."

"If I pay the piper, I call the route."

"If I pay the piper, I call the route."

"What would ye be at, anyway?"

"What would ye be at, anyway?"

"I thought, mibebe, we might take a look at the old place."

"All right," said Mickey, "there's a train at three-thirty. I'll just ring up Pat Fleming to look after things."

He got Fleming on the telephone. Followed the inevitable Irish blague.

"Paddy, darlins, I'm called away suddint. I want ye to take hoult..."

"What do ye say? On the razzle. Me! Respect grey hairs, ye divil's spawn..."

"Goin' fishin'! God save the man! An' me with the dhrink habit. . . ."

"What do ye say? No notes. What's your verdict, Micky?"

"If I pay the piper, I call the route."
At the corner of the square still stood "McCormick's Emporium," long since passed into strangers' hands. Remained, too, Tom Lisburn's bakery, with cakes and sweets in the window. We went in to inquire. Yes, Tom was still alive. Could we see him? He was very old and feeble; but, perhaps, if we would kindly mention our names, in a minute, we stood before the old man, in his shabby gentlet parlour. "It's little Tony. An' Mick Barry, Micky, and your's was Papists, and mebbe I treated you uncharitably. An' now ye're a great man in Dublin. An' you, Master Tony. I thought your Father and Mother this minute. I mind them many a time in the Quakers. He was a good man, fearin' the Lord and walkin' in his ways. Whin I died of my hard work, me oile eyes were salt wid tears. Ye've been in far countrisies. But ye're no prodigal.

If ye swore it, I wouldn't believe it. It's a swee lady ye're Mother was. I'm an old man, just ditherin' and totherin' me into grave. An' ye must be gone'. God bless ye both for callin' on me.' We went out into the square, silent, each with a catch in the throat. We turned down towards the mill, passing the school-house, where your grandfather mingled business authority with Christian admonition, the culprits hearing his sermons more than his solemn threats. Even though the place had changed, grown older, like Tom Lisburn; even though the old granite quarry, in the Roman cemetery. But ye're no prodigal.

Tony. I mind your Father and Mother this minute. I'seard you in the Quaker grave-yard, with flat stones over them, rest'd uncles and cousins and distant relatives, whilst Micky's parents lay untierd under a great cross, with its "Respice in pace", over beyond the granite quarry, in the Roman cemetery.

"Come," said to Micky, "let's go away. It's our home, yet here we have no abiding habitation."

I'm glad I came, if only for Old Tom's blessing. It's queer how things stick in the memory. I once stole a cake off his counter. He seemed to forgive me, and without any telling."

I suppose you confessed at the time, did a penance and got absolution."

"Divil a ha'porth! Father Murray would have trained me straight to Tom, and I'd have got a lambast-in'."

Do you know, Micky, that in my heart of hearts, I was doubtful whether I ought to play with you. Papists are dangerous, and the Scarlet Lady might have got me."

"Ye arrogant little heretic! But, man dear, I liked bein' with ye; it gave me a great sense of respectability. I think me father was the only Catholic in the district with more than sixteen shillings a week.""

"Arrogant is the word. It always seemed to me that it was part of your religion to be poor and shabby. My parents took me over to a little seaside place in England. There were twenty shop windows bigger than McCormick's. It was entrancing. Then some shabby little urchins collected round me. I thought they must be Catholics. They talked to me but couldn't understand my brogue. I was deeply offended, so, drawing myself up to my full three feet six, I said: 'Look here, young fellows, me lads, I'll have ye to know that I'm a Protestant Ulsterman!' They shrieked with laughter. I think that was my first lesson in democracy."

"There's more democracy in Ireland than in England, but more petty swindling," said Micky.

"How so?" I asked.

"In big business, cheatin' is futile and out of place. The industrial system may be wrong—I don't like it—but ye must play fair. One can't afford the time to cheat. Look at the big stock and merchandise exchange. Nearly everything done by word of mouth and hardly a dispute. We're over-run by a petit bourgeois, which niggles at farthings and cheats in ha'pennies. The worst thing I can see in Ireland this day is a village trader hagglin' with a peasant over bacon and eggs. Each knows the other is lying and cheating. I'm a Home Ruler, every self-respectin' Irishman is, but we'll have to clear away a mass of moral rubbish out of our hearts and shops as well as ascendency out of Dublin Castle."

"They like hagglin'."

"That's the worst of it. Why should they like playin' with lies and meanness? The same spirit colours Church life and politics and marriage."

"What's your cure?"

"It's like the big heart of the great industry without its bad health."

"Its bad health! What do you mean?"

"Would ye rather live a hundred years with a low vitality or fifty as a strong man on the race?"

"Better fifty years of business than a cycle of low health."

"We're hearin' all the time of the reduction of the death-rate. It's true enough. But it takes no account of life intensity. Industrial England doesn't know the meanin' of the term. Ginger's no longer hot in its mouth."

"We left our birthplace, never to return. For a brief space we had been simple-minded, emotional Irish lads, unconscious of the great world, where men struggle with realities and bogeys, where new ideas shake communities, changing their idols, amidst clamour and tumult. Behind us were the Lisburns, secure in the old faiths, as unchanged as Mount Camlagh, that rose sheer out of the lake, linking up with Slieve Gullion, upon whose summit Finn McCool fought with Cuhailas, dealin' him a deathly blow with that great boulder that stands there, a lasting monument to his prowess and giant strength. We entered again the great world, of which we were citizens, yet conscious of its cold indifference. If human affection be the supreme end, how unwise to leave this little place, where men and women, undistracted by 'problems,' have time to minister to each other, with a vivid sense that they are members of one family. The lights of Greencore faded out of sight. Micky made me turn into my bunk. I slept uneasily, oppressed with a feeling that I was a deserter and had gained precious little by it. . . . The drone of the train released my thoughts, which, in the solitude of the noise, travelled to far horizons, envisaging that unknown future, which may be no future, where time is not.

Thus, by a momentary whim, I had come back to my beginning, and in memory travelled the full circle of my wayward life, now fast speeding to his ghostly terminus.

I have never pretended to understand life and its purpose—if it have a purpose—least of all now, as it fades into the chill shades, like the lights of Greencore a few short hours ago. But I have seen enough to warrant the belief that you may mount high as the eagle and your soul nest among the stars. So bend your efforts that . . . .

THE LATE ANTHONY FARLEY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Some of the friends of my uncle, the late Mr. Anthony Farley, have urged me to collect his papers and letters in book form for private circulation, or possibly a wider circle.

If I may judge by my own experience, he was a voluminous correspondent, with wide interests. I would be grateful to those who possess any letters written by him if they would let me have them. I will take great care of them, and, after copying, return them.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE FARLEY.
Readers and Writers.

VOLUME ONE of Bagehot's Works contains an essay on “Shakespeare the Man,” in which occurs this sentence: “Of no person is there a clearer picture in the popular fancy; you seem to have known Shakespeare—to have seen Shakespeare—to have been friends with Shakespeare.” I do not know what picture of Shakespeare the popular fancy has formed; but I do know that, the familiar statue and bust aside, I can form no picture of Shakespeare whatever. Bagehot’s insinuations are altogether untrue of me, for I can neither imagine myself to have known, to have seen or, still less, to have been friends with Shakespeare. And, what is more, when I come to attempt a portrait of his mind I am even more at a loss still. Bacon, Milton, Chaucer, the eighteenth century writers—of these I can at least persuade myself that I can form a coherent mental impression. They appear to me to be whole men, and all their respective qualities, various as they are, yet, complement without cancelling each other. But Shakespeare—what possible frame of the second can contain all the qualities inferred in him from his works? Bagehot himself enumerates these: a love of solitude and a love of society; a fastidious taste and a universal taste; a tremendous capacity for experience and a shy, retiring delight in such experiences as others would avoid and a permanent melancholy. And to these may be added scores from the commentators of similarly incongruous pairs. Wonderful, wonderful, I say, and again wonderful! There is no end to the miracle of man. But is it really a proportion of the mind required to bring all these contraries to co-exist in the same mind? Would not a more reasonable hypothesis, if the facts kindly allowed it, be better suited to our sceptical minds?

Of the marvels of collaboration in literary work the world, it seems to me, has not been curious enough. We all know, for instance, that the Homeric poems may have been written by perhaps a score of poetical authors. Is it possible that at least the Indian epics are certainly not the work of one man. Yet both display unity enough; and the world speaks of Homer and Vyasa as their single authors. In Shakespeare’s own time, again, collaboration was a common practice. The inspiration of the English language was the work of eleven obscure men. Bacon is known to have employed a good many young men in writing his works. Coming to later times, Alexandre Dumas, I believe, kept a pen of young authors constantly writing his stories; and at least one English author, now dead, wrote with his own hand few more than half of his seventy or eighty works. Still more to the point and the date, I know (and so do you) a weekly journal of some reputation for smart writing in the country, of which all the articles received and accepted for publication undergo an editorship the effect of which is to make them indistinguishable from one another in style. Nay, I have seen one such article before and after the collaboration had been practised upon it; and, upon my life, you could not tell the second from the first. With these examples in mind, I ask myself whether the writer of Shakespeare’s plays may not have been a consummate editor, translating the current manuscript plays that came into his hands (and Shakespeare, be it remembered, was an actor-manager) into his own style. How much, if the hypothesis contains any truth, would be explained by it! Shakespeare’s apparently universal knowledge in the face of the known facts of his petty life; his travels, his acquaintance with every class, his immense reading contrasted again with what we know of the life of the man—all this would be explicable if Shakespeare (or another) were merely the editor of the works of a score of men. Again, how many anachronisms in the plays would dissolve. For example, Shakespeare, the most original playwriter in the world, had no capacity for originating dramatic plots—why need he have had?

And about his history, too. To think that the writer of the marble monuments sonnet—and such a good business man to boot—did not publish his plays during his own life-time; nay, more, that so careless was he of his fame that he left it in doubt whether all the plays attributed to him were really written by him! Why, as I think of the matter, the solution I have suggested of the mystery forces a Eureka from my pen. It must be so; “R. H. C.” thou guessest well. Shakespeare was the name of his day collecting plays for probably an impecunious poet to translate into that amazing English, the blank verse of Shakespeare.

By chance the other day I picked up a complete edition of the prose works of Milton (why are they not in Dent’s “Everyman Series”? and read for the first time his “Apology for Smectymnuus.” I expected to be shocked by the violence of his polemic, for which, as we know, everybody seems to owe an apology but Milton. I was, however, shocked not by the violence of his language, but by the wantonness of his reasoning. Bishop Hale must indeed have had a triumph! Milton, I must be remembered, was on trial, as it were, for both his own reputation and for the reputation of the cause espoused by the two men that initiated the word Smectymnuus. He had, therefore, every reason to be on his most persuasive and forcible behaviour. Yet, we find him dragging into his treatise long and tedious accounts of himself, of his early education, of his diapason, if I may call it, his character, and in the least degree about the truth of these things. Hall’s innuendoes Milton took seriously, being, as he was, entirely devoid of humour. But there is something worse than a lack of humour in Milton’s Apologia: there is a total inability to realise the state of mind of his judge and jury. Read, if you will, Demostenes’ Oration on the Crown in which he defended himself for his life. Remark that, like Milton, he had to give a personal as well as a public account of himself. But see how persuasively he does it, as if every word he spoke were in danger of procuring his ostracism (as, indeed, it was!). You may not—as I do—admire the cunning of the orator as he felt his way into the minds of his hearers and finally established himself there to the discomfiture of Aeschines. But you must admit that, for what it was, an Apologia and a justification of himself, nothing could be conceived more exquisitely adapted to its end. Milton, on the other hand, seems, as I have said, to have had no sympathetic understanding, even for a cunning purpose, of the mind of either of his antagonist or of his readers. The former he most certainly did not convince; and I much doubt whether a single reader, contemporary or subsequent, has been moved to agree with him. In this self-wrapped egotism he resembles Burke, who imitated him. Burke, too, would never, I think, have convinced any audience in the world. Most audiences, in fact, declined even to listen to him. Well, that is not oratory nor is it argument. And as controversy it is still less worth the name.

But this is not to say that Milton’s “Apology,” like Burke’s speeches, is not worth the reading, yes, and the re-reading and the close study. I rose from it with a poor opinion, it is true, of Milton’s debating powers; but with a renewed sense of his immense energy. [Energy, energy—that reminds me that I have something to say one day of Stendhal’s worship of energy, in which he mocked Nietzsche.] Milton’s energy is still less worth the name. It is the electric lamp on contact with a dynamo. It is not what he says that matters in the least, but it is the style in which he says it. The sense is nothing, but the supersense is everything. I can well believe now what I have heard someone say, that for energy, ignorant of English, hearing Milton read, derive therefrom a conception of England more nearly the truth than any number of travellers’ tales.

R. H. C.
Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

Monday.—The underground is also underbred. It is the exception to escape from a tube unscathed from a volley of stares. Why do people stare, I wonder? Is one reason that they lack the art of taking in a situation at a glance? Probably. But of many things good manners demand only a glance and that the swiftest. Lightning flash. He knows that he must not look—impression! But whatever the reason—and people take, for example, the case of a cripple. The quick-witted, gentle-minded person sums up the trouble in a partially the action of the hobbledehoy or hobbledehussy, indicating, as it does, that the lenses of the mind have to remain open a long time before they receive any impression! But whatever the reason—and people who have the staring habit will stare at any commonplace thing rather than not stare at all—staring is atrocious bad manners. You never do anyone a good turn by it. Your stare is not a repairing outfit, neither are you a licensed pickthank to go poking at will about other people's minds. Besides, see the implication—is your mind a slave that the first odd occurrence makes its absorbed spectator?

Wednesday.—Don'ts in polite conversation!

Don't imagine that you have no need to remember these Don'ts.

Don't contradict without mixing some half-pence with your kicks. ("You may be right, but I really think,") etc.

Don't buttonhole a man. You will not gain his attention by doing so. Besides, rubbing noses is non-European.

Don't, while waiting for an idea to enter your mind, try to hold attention by saying and-d-d-d--(to infinity).

Don't interrupt with—"Oh, I thought of that—I was just going to say that," etc. Your partner may not be so flattered by the implication as you evidently are.

Don't try to make a rope of sand by linking your remark with "He said so," I said.

Don't make puns by design. People who make puns, don't attach so much importance to what you're saying as you do—Pays you mouth-honour to the extent of a non-committing mmmm—Assents with his tongue while his mind is away on a journey— Pretends to understand when he doesn't—Pretends to want to understand when he can't or won't—Lies in wait with a trivial correction to the obvious neglect of the whole argument—Smiles mysteriously at some word, and will not say why—Refers you to an authority for everything you say—Is sceptical before you have finished—Anticipates your words through the swiftest lightning flash. He knows that he must not look—impression! But whatever the reason—and people who have the staring habit will stare at any commonplace thing rather than not stare at all—staring is atrocious bad manners. You never do anyone a good turn by it. Your stare is not a repairing outfit, neither are you a licensed pickthank to go poking at will about other people's minds. Besides, see the implication—is your mind a slave that the first odd occurrence makes its absorbed spectator?

Friday.—Really, uncle is a nuisance, said Elsie. Here I've been, wasting a whole afternoon on him. Why wasting? I asked. Well, you don't suppose pottering about with him, does you? You never did me any good, I suppose, supplied you with any fresh bit of scandal about John, express a opinion for a poem, inveigle me into some neo-feminist fangle. But what you have both overlooked is, in the case of the man, the ineffable effect of contact with the feminine mind—the reservoir of intuition; and, in your case, the inexpressible effect of contact with the ripe experience of the reservoir of tradition. Old people are, as it were, the living embodiments of tradition, and young people who have no reverence for old age have none for tradition either. You can almost measure a young man's attitude towards tradition by his willingness to be influenced by the opinion of old people. But why should we respect tradition? asked Elsie. Why respect the rock of ages from which the present (you admire so much) has gushed? Where are your good manners, madam? Well, but tell me what is the beneficial effect of contact with old age? If you can't express it, how do you know there is any? Can you, I asked, define the effect produced on the mind by an old church, say, or an old-fashioned garden, or a time-worn tune? I can't express it, but I know that influence is to mellow and sweeten. So, I think, the virtue of the old man's experience acts like a charm on a young mind. And, anyhow, I believe that the young man who possesses the friendship of a much older one has a very treasure-trove of proven precepts to draw upon. But why should the opinion of an old man be so valuable? asked Elsie. Well, I said, for one thing, I think the operation of time usually results in wisdom rather than folly. Then, the old man can afford to be impartial. He has finished with ambitions, and his judgment is not distorted. And besides, your uncle doesn't need your pity, though he does merit your respect and consideration. Look at the reverence with which the butter he handles the wine-bottle that is covered with cobwebs! A little rust, you know, is often more valuable than a new piece of gold. But, surely, said Elsie, the debt isn't all on one side? Old age owes youth something? It does, I said, The business of the old is to temper the world's winds to the young. That is their positive virtue. But there is a dark side to it. And old people who have the reputation of a kind young. For just as youth draws, if it will, intelligence from the experience of old age, old age draws, if it will, vitality from contact with youth.
A Seventh Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

I.

BARRINGER asked permission to bring to our conver-
sation a new man of the name of Doran, whom he had met somewhat.
I don't know, said Barringer, what is his special subject, so that you must all risk a disappoin-
tment. At the same time, unless my impressions are false, I think we shall find something remarkable in
him. A man has not his air of distinction without containing a germ of some kind of perfection; and it
must be our business to discover what it is.

On the appointed evening Barringer brought his new acquaintance and introduced him to us. I was at once
struck by Doran's air of distinction, the same that had impressed Barringer. It was strangely elusive, how-
ever; and the image occurred to me of a squirrel could not have alternately hidden and revealed itself more
saucily-famously upon a tree than this air of Doran's upon his manner. What secret of shyness is here, I
asked myself—a shyness which is the other side of bold-
ness? For it was observable that for all his apparent
insignificant. But I was more fortunate than I
expected to be. As a matter of fact, the subject—
"Ibsen as a False Light of Wisdom"—proved to be the
best that could have been chosen if choices for the occasion had been made. Weingott had read a paper; and
in it he had indicated as Ibsen's defect his insistence upon
the need of any and all experience. Characteristic.
Weingott said, of a small nation without a past and
aspiring to a future; a symptom of rawness and crudity.
He balanced this criticism somewhat by crediting
Ibsen with a noble conception of courage. Clearly, he
said, the two things—a desire for experience and the
spirit of courage—were dependent one upon the other
if both were to attain any degree of greatness. The
desire to experience, without courage, simply turned upon
its unfortunate owner to rend him. And courage, on the other hand, without the desire to experience, ended in mere stoicism, the capacity to endure. Ibsen, he continued, preached both; and in that he was wise; but he was a false prophet in so far as he never dis-
tinguished between the experiences that ought and that
ought not to be desired. Here was his courage, swift
and strong as a boarhound; but he would allow it to
pursue any quarry of experience, from a mouse to an
elephant. So there were courage, he cared not in what
cause it was employed. But this omnivorousness argued
an elementary appetite for experience, as if, in fact, his
audience were for the first time human, and, in the first
flush of looking upon human life, had imagined
him to be all good and all equally good. It was demo-
cracy, in the sense of absolute equality, in the sphere
of experience. And though the courage Ibsen taught
was fine, it was too fine to be set to serve such an in-
discriminative appetite. Weingott was further, and was a great many confined within a very small country.
He was a sort of Jonah in the belly of a whale. And
even if he had not been thrown overboard, sooner or later he must himself have left the ship. His light was
false because it was set upon a plain instead of upon a hill. It beaconed nowhere.

To the discussion that followed I paid the closest at-
tention in the hope of surprising the squirrel in our new acquaintance's manner. Throughout the reading of the paper he had sat interested but a little baffled. It was a recurrent guess that we, as Weingott was criticizing Ibsen's doctrine of pan-experience, Doran's mind rushed out to agree, but only to find itself met by a powerful resistance, before which his first impulse retied bewildered and reluctant. When Weingott imaged the situation of Ibsen's equivalent of
Jonah's, I thought I saw the squirrel flit across Doran's
face as if in a ray of sunlight, but only instantly to hide itself in a gloomy doubt. I determined to see what I
could say to induce it out again.

What a power speech! No wonder that in the begin-
ing was the Word, and that all creation is said to follow the conversation of the gods. It may be fanciful, but it sometimes seems to me that the events of this world are no more than the material shadow-
graphs of the discussions in heaven; and that, as the high doctrines proceeded there in the blessed symposium of the exalted intelligences, so events here follow them.

Thus, from the above to the below, or from the below to the above is, for the spiritually discerning, the mere translation, the ordination of events into their causal words, and, the other, of words into consequent events. This would give some significance to the saying of the Hindus that for the twice-born words are actions. It would also give a meaning to the perpetual endeavour of the best of men to discover the ideas underlying or embodied in events, and to express them in words.

My remarks in the discussion had these two merits,
that, in the first place, they were relevant to Weingott's
paper; and, in the second place, they were equally de-
digned to knock at Doran's door to see what was at home with him. And, as for the latter, I was to be
gratified in some measure.

The antithesis, I said, that Weingott had sought to establish between past experience and the selection of experience was not, in my opinion, real, or analogous with the antithesis supposed (but falsely) to exist be-
tween democracy and aristocracy. Nietzsche was
responsible for this kind of false parallelism; and many
a cudgel to beat the democratic dog had been taken
from his tree. The true relation between all experience and selected experience was the relation of Science to Art. On the one hand, Science could obviously make no distinction of experience, since its pursuit is not con-
tioned by taste, or even by the good; and, again, as
history has often shown, its discoveries were as frequently the result of trivial and accidental facts. Hence, the Scientist was bound to be omnivorous of experience, and to reject nothing until he had care-
sively sifted it to the very ashes. Art, on the other hand, was under necessity by its nature to pursue a different method. Instead of taking all experience or all facts for its province, its peculiar mission was to select, which
involves to reject as well. Now, there was in Ibsen, as
we know, a conflict of character represented by the fact
that, as a young man, he took up chemistry at the same
time that he was set upon writing poetry. This was most singular, for the young man who was sure of himself would have decided for science or for art; and the fact that for some years Ibsen could not decide was proof of the duality of his character. Later, as we know, a conflict of character represented by the fact that, as a young man, he took up chemistry at the same
time that he was set upon writing poetry. This was most singular, for the young man who was sure of himself would have decided for science or for art; and the fact that for some years Ibsen could not decide was proof of the duality of his character. Later, as we know,
All the time that I was making these remarks I kept my eyes warily upon Doran. At every reference to the distinction between the universality of Science and the particularity of Art, and, above all, when I applied the two categories to life in general, his eyes lit and that elusive expression that I have compared with a squirrel came into his face. I was convinced that something was in the region of this subject Doran's heart was hid. Was he a scientist or an artist? Was he, like Ibsen at his age, doubtful of his own nature?

Much of this, as I have said, was now to be cleared up. For Doran spoke. His comments were confined to the point I had raised, whether experience should be sought totally or selectively. Experience, he said, is not a thing in itself; or, if it is, it must needs be the result of the contact of the ego with persons and things. Of experience among things we need not take much account. Selection among them is not only within our power, but I grant that it is desirable. But is selection among persons equally possible or equally desirable? We do not choose our parents or our relatives, nor even the people among whom we work. A large segment of our circle is therefore outside Mr. Congreve's doctrine. The remaining segment consists certainly of friends more or less of our own choice. But here, again, the less has in me the more. I mean that many of our friends (the greater number) choose themselves; or, rather, fate chooses for both of us. But even now our selective power ceases practically with its first exercise. Would you have a man so fickle as to reject when he has once chosen? Or admit to himself that his judgment at the moment of choice was blind? On the contrary, it seems clear to me that his business is to keep his word even to his own hurt; not to fidget like a butterfly from person to person; but to remain where he has once chosen to be until fate releases him. To select experience is to set up to know more than its first exercise. Would you have a man so fickle as to reject when he has once chosen? Or admit to himself that his judgment at the moment of choice was blind? On the contrary, it seems clear to me that his business is to keep his word even to his own hurt; not to fidget like a butterfly from person to person; but to remain where he has once chosen to be until fate releases him. To select experience is to set up to know more than Fate. Amor Fati.

It may be imagined that I was profoundly interested in Doran's able speech, brightly lighting, as it did, his character and even his circumstances to my observation. Having got the key, there was nothing else for the moment (since the meeting was over) than to test it. I therefore took a chance of reminding him, as we said good-night: You know, Doran, there are two kinds of stoics—those who endure a fate they cannot cure; and those who endure a fate they will not cure. Is it cannot or will not with you? Ah, he laughed, I dare not say. (To be continued.)

As It Fell Out.

The waves of the sea beat up to the door of the old hut. Another sort of romance than the present one would tell you that they beat up in curiosity—so as to excite your own as to what was going on inside the hut; but, in fact, the waves had no human sentiments whatever and merely beat up to the door because they always did that when the wind blew hard. Inside the hut were the witch with double pupils to her scarlet eyes, and the peri who had come to earth because the Lower Paradise was so monotonous. It was still broad daylight and the peri was in full infernal dress, green wings, veils, anklets and all, and her gigantic eyes watched the wit with keen surprise, while the witch was in the air, flying cloud-high towards London. In an hour they hovered above Hampstead Heath, and the peri looked down for a lonely spot where she might alight in the sulphurous gloom of a dog-day sunset too blinding for anyone to look at if, by chance, anyone silly enough to do so had survived the heat. Down they fell, like Lucifer himself, into a little wood, and there the witch sat undoing her parcel while the peri made her form as small as a beetle and waited for the disappearance of the sun. He disappeared. The witch growled and rumbled with expectation. The peri turned into a non-dressed lady who put on her clothes in, perhaps, record time.

"There's a lovely dear," declared the witch. "Now we'll walk to the edge of the Heath and take a taxi to the Princess de Cotton's. She will give me the five pounds for bringing you—Miss Perry! You will sing to her in private and afterwards at her soirée, and she will take you under her protection, and launch you in the Opera if you prove all which I have said you are. There!"

Miss Perry replied—"You are a mortal fool, mother. With half your malignity turned to common sense, you might have all the money you want. The common sense of your earth is to do unto others as you would be done by. All very well for me as an immortal to molest and pester, or to work either good or evil as the humour takes me. It amuses me to see people chop and change from sinner to saint and from saint to sinner, moaning, praying, dancing and grinning. But for a sensitive mortal, glued to earth and his fellows, the common sense thing is to keep a good conscience to make friends against the day of trouble. You know that the Princess de Cotton, who will be furious when I do never more turn up. She will hunt you down." "She defrauded me once of a pound," snarled the witch. "I will defraud her of five, and make a fool of her into the bargain."

"So be it," returned Miss Perry. "I spoke common sense to you with this mortal tongue. You prefer to be devoured by your own passion. I shall keep my infernal bargain and serve your passion."

"Envy, hatred, wrath, pride and lust. Several, you see! Nevertheless, being immortal, these merely affect my power temporally. For me there is no fatality, no forever, no finish. You remember that, on coming here, I laid a term to my passions. Seven inferior years shall I pass here to the second, that is twenty-one years of your slow time. Fifteen mortal nights have I wandered this world. My forfeit paid at the Gate, I shall make the Fallen Angels split their sides with the tale of these mortals who plan according to their passions as though they resided in Eternity instead of being liable to die dreaming of to-morrow."

"I shall make a fool of her!" muttered the witch. "Enough! I am longing to talk, chatter, babble," said Miss Perry. "This mortal, feminine tongue craves to wag, these mortal ears crave to hear."

"If ever again you come to earth you should let me turn you into a man!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Miss Perry; "malicious old creature!"

A taxi came along and they got in and drove to the Princess de Cotton's. The Princess was a tall, elderly lady with grey hair, green eyes, and red complexion, and an unnecessary ivory stick. Having no merits of her own as this world goes, she confessed to exploiting those of others.

"The young singer," she announced to three or four people who sat with her in her drawing-room. "My old fortune-teller has found her for me." The lovely Miss Perry looked around the group in a way which made everyone at least willing to like her, and then at the Princess who had not moved from her chair, but who suddenly rose and said: "I have a good half-hour before dinner, Miss Perry. Will you take tea before you sing?"

"No, no, thank you. I am ready." But I am a little
embarrassed. I must not let you suppose me really
a very new ‘find.’ I have had quite a nice success at
the German Court, where I spent a week singing every
evening. The war altered suddenly my career.”

“Oh, how sad and interesting!” exclaimed the Prin-
cess, and the people echoed, “Immensely sad and in-
teresting!”

So Miss Perry sang; and, somehow, the Princess
found herself lavishing wine and things, and not merely
to, but inviting to dinner, to supper, to stay for ever
and never leave her a person introduced on no more re-
spectable authority than old Matilda the Fortune-teller
who was downstairs terrifying the housemaids with
futures containing no money and large families. People
rushed off to bring other people, and after supper Miss
Perry lay on the Princess’s own bed of repose in one
of the Princess’s own robes of repose while half a
dozens sat around like a lot of Graces all turned
hospital nurses.

“I do not need to rest. I need to talk,” declared
Miss Perry.

“Yes, let us talk,” cried a pretty young woman;
but won’t you tell us about yourself? We are all such
ordinary souls. How did you like the German
Court?”

“It would have been more agreeable, but less amus-
ing, if all the men had been absent.”

Understood!” shrieked everybody.

“I passed through Turkey on my way here, with
letters to several women of position. In Turkey things
would have been more agreeable, but less amusing, if
all the men had been Present. The German women
have turned their men into terrible children, and the
Turks have turned theirs into terrible husbands.”

“I would sooner have to exercise in passion than in
patience,” said the pretty woman. “That is always
more agreeable, though less amusing.” The Princess
looked bewildered:

“Is passion agreeable? Is patience amusing?”

“So say the novels and the comedies.

“Not for me, indeed! Passion and patience would
have been more amusing, less agreeable, if only
women had fixed and inalienable resource, however
limited to necessity, their passion and their patience will
certainly become manufactured from jealousy and cynicism instead of springing
from love. So we Western women find it agreeable to
be alone, while the Eastern find it tormenting.

“Apparantly, then, the men who control the money
are wholly to blame for getting from women jealousy
and cynicism instead of passion and patience. Very
pretty!” laughed the Princess, as though she had said
just the opposite, and she added incoherently: “If
my housemaids had a resource they would not sweep
my floors, but would be off love-making all along the
road. Business would go to pieces because no woman
would clean out an office.”

“Old soldiers and sailors and tinkers and tailors
would tell us,” said the brown lady; “and so no one would
pretend to be nasty in order to keep a roof over their
heads. Men would get the truth from women, and
marriage would cease to be a jungle.”

“I have yet to learn that men want the truth from
women.”

“Each man wants the truth from one woman.”

“I tell you that the women would not marry.”

“Nature would see to that as ever.”

“Oh—love affairs—lovely things!”

“No! Babies and a nest.”

“Not likely!”

“Certain!”

“Well, no tinkers shall sweep my house. I’ll fight it
tooth and nail.”

Here Miss Perry hit on the idea of fainting, and was
put to bed. “Let Matilda come and sit by me,” she
asked. “I have a malady which she alone knows how to
relieve.”

“How sad and interesting!” exclaimed the Prin-
cess. “Immensely sad and interesting!” echoed the
rest. Even the brown lady returned to the world
from Utopia.

The peri and the witch were alone. “The latter said:

“I’ve got my five pounds! Have you talked enough,
darling?”

“I am too strong,” laughed the peri. “With all
your art you cannot make me equal. I command into
action the passion of each mortal. I am bored to
death. I wanted to talk, chatter, babble. My ill-
luck was to fall upon a person with a plan. Make up
your bundle, mother, and let us be off. Ah! for one
singing, idling, dancing, chattering hour of the para-
dise!”

The witch collected all the silver boxes and bottle
kissed lying about. “How the old cat will screech!” she
grinned.

Alice Morning.

SONNET
From the Spanish of L. L. de Argenso (1563-1613).

The white and roses, I confess,
To ascertain where first he saw the light.

If he give praise to England, he’s from there,
If he speak ill of Prussia, he is French;
If he give praise to Spain-why, hela from Spain
Cia likely I

And you really suppose that the thing would work
even if I could put up with an old tinker sweeping
my floors! The men would get women body and soul
for an extra feather, just as they do now.

“Ah, but the point is that while nasty women would
have to be bought as ever, nice ones need no longer
pretend to be nasty in order to keep a roof over their
heads. Men would get the truth from women, and
marriage would cease to be a jungle.”

You hear a man, and by his speech ‘tis clear
That all his prisoning bands
And conquers with a heaven’s might—
Not knowing that all thy prisoning bands
Are rotten through, and those grim shades
That ride thy back and bind thine hands
Are of that realm which Truth invades,
And conquer with a heavenly might—
Lift up thine eyes—behold, the Light!

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOAQUIN MARIA
BARTIN.

ARABESQUE.

THE NEW AGE
March 16, 1916

Bartrina.

ARABESQUE.

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Ruth Pitter.
On Dilution.

The catchwords current during the period of the war will have a peculiar interest for the historian. Some of them, of course, are merely abusive, and as absurd as they are abusive; the "single slackers skulking in coal-mines" is a fair example, as though a coal-miner, single or married, could be a "slacker"! But there are other phrases which contain more than recrimination, phrases which express a definite attitude towards the war. It is a strange but striking fact that Lord Halifax's "General Staff type of mind" has not obtained general currency; the cries for "science," "organisation," and so forth, have been no more than the spasmodic prescriptions of literary epileptics. So far, only two phrases have obtained national importance; at the beginning, as everyone remembers, the phrase "as usual" registered a general attitude towards the war. Now we have the blessed word "dilution," which Mr. Balfour has described as "a very expressive phrase." It certainly is; if it does nothing else, it marks an advance in national psychology, it shows that the necessity of the war is beginning to appal us, although it does not indicate that the popular mind has yet become aware of the purpose of the war. But that is a very recondite matter.

There is nothing new in "dilution," of course; the process had been practised for months before the phrase became current. Every restriction of drinking facilities was accompanied by permission to dilute spirits; but it was only when another process was intended that the analogy of "dilution" became popular. Exactly why Mr. Lloyd George chose the word to describe the compulsory introduction of women into skilled mechanical industries I suppose, never be known; but a poetical warranty for the analogy may be found in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

Woman is the lesser man; and all thy passions matched with mine Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine. Substitute "labours" for "passions," and Mr. Lloyd George's inspiration was manifestly early-Victorian; and it is a fact not without interest that the man who chose the word "dilution" should subsequently have been at pains to prove that the process was not properly described by the word. Far from women being "watered" unto the wine of skilled labour, he asserted that they had proved to be a better vintage, that, in fact (to keep to the vocabulary of the vintner), "dilution" was really "plastering." The women were at least as skilful as, in some processes they were more skilful than, the men; and, in addition, they had superior moral qualities, a more intense application, a more rigid sense of duty, a more admirable adaptability to the conditions of war work. Never since the marriage-feast at Cana in Galilee has such a miracle been witnessed,

However successfully the idea of "dilution" may have been applied to the manufacture of munitions, there can be no doubt that, in its other applications, the word retains its original meaning. We do not speak of the "dilution" of the Army; but when a man with only one leg, or an epileptic who has been five times rejected, is accepted as a soldier, the efficiency of the Army is likely to be "washed away" by the influx of recruits. Mr. Balfour's hint that the process of "dilution" will be applied to the ship-building industry is worth only the joke that the blue-water school is developing a taste for fresh water; but although the educational restrictions are being effected in the name of economy, we cannot doubt that they will produce an effect that is better described as dilution.

The process was clearly notable in the formation of the Coalition Government. The Liberal Party had produced the strongest Government of modern times; it had at its command the best political talent that the age had produced; and its control in power would have meant a general expectation that Liberal principles would be maintained. Did we not begin this war in the name of Justice and Freedom; and if a Liberal Government had remained in power, would it not have been expected to live up to its professions, and would not the national unity so necessary to success have been endangered by its failure? The Liberal Ministry had to be "diluted"; how else could Free Service, Free Trial, Free Speech, and Free Trade have been surrendered without ignominy and the risk of dividing the nation? Criticism could be silenced by a Censorship of the Press; but the price that had to be paid for the cessation of political opposition was coalition. When a Liberal introduces a Bill, and leaves a Tory to see it through the House, there can be no doubt of the "dilution" of political principles; and the consequence of political practices is also manifest. The head of the donkey thinks, and his heels do the kicking; and the national unity is preserved by the destruction of the national Constitution.

Liberty is being slowly watered down from precedent to precedent, and we are gradually reaching the state desired by Señor de Maectu, when rights will be based on work only; in other words, a state of slavery. The liquidation of our political assets is not likely to stop short of complete deliquescence; and the equality which Napoleon said was "beloved of the multitude" will be realised not as an equality of choice but as an equality of subjection. The suggestions, say, the provisions that are already being made for the treatment of conscientious objectors to military service, and another illustration of the process of dilution. The Military Service Act provides no penalties for the holding of a conscientious objection; on the contrary, it bestows a right of appeal for exemption. But the passing of so many conscientious objectors for non-combatant service, and the formation of a Non-Combatants' Corps with lower rates of pay, show us that the process of "dilution," both of rights and pay, is being utilised to the utmost. The Government is also considering a suggestion to utilise those objectors who have been conditionally exempted "for service outside the Army, but of a national character"; and if the Government acts upon this suggestion, industrial conscription will be begun with a handful of conditionally exempted conscientious objectors. It will remain to be seen whether this development of dilution will deserve or receive the panegyrics sung over the alleged success of the previous attempts.

The popularity of the word and the process can only be attributed to a general feeling that England had gone too far. Our children were too well educated, our workers were too skilled, too well paid. Englishmen had too many liberties, the standard of living was too high; and, certainly, if the philosophy of work has any validity, if the philosophy of the functionaries is an advance in the right direction, there can be no objection to the lowering of our standards which proceeds pari passu with the war. Let "dilution" proceed until European civilisation has been crushed in its squallid misery, until the English workman is as illiterate as the Russian, and as much at the mercy of the bureaucracy as he is. But if civilisation is still to mean what it has always meant, a higher standard of life, a development of the virtues, a recognition of man not by his functions but by his humanity, and of guaranteed rights of the person, then we can only contemplate with dismay the popular acceptance of the idea of "dilution," and see before us nothing but a rapid decline into barbarism.

A. E. R.
Mr. Babble on Russia

... and it is significant to observe the unusual number of cheap illustrated newspapers which sprang up and flourished during this period. In these publications, the letterpress was of little account. It consisted mainly of vapid paragraphs, headed 'This Morning's Gossip,' 'Round the Circus,' etc., signed by some such name as Mr. Babble, who was intended to typify a well-informed and garrulous man-about-town. To the modern reader, these paragraphs appear astonishingly tame. A few examples will suffice...

This is a passage from a chapter, entitled "Decay of Intelligence and Taste among the Middle Classes," of an imaginary treatise on English social history during the 20th century. No doubt, the learned author would continue his analysis of Mr. Babble's paragraphs and discover their three main features. The first is snobishness. Thus we read: "I saw Lord Proge at the C.R. yesterday eating a strawberry ice. He looked paler, I thought, than last winter, when I had a chat with him at Lady Minxit's At Home." Then they are condescendingly didactic. The great Babble selects a gem from his cache of knowledge, and, with a half-contemptuous gesture, flings it among the gaping mob of intellectually unfit which hangs round him. With a fluttering sneer and amazing inaccuracy, he tells them how to pronounce Przemysl. In scoffing and casual contempt, he disparages their ability to derive satisfaction from the use of such words as Boche and Hun, and develops its flabby little muscles by dealing Allied nations and nationettes a patronising pat on the back. "At Ciro's the other evening," you read, "I met some Montenegrin friends, who were detested nowhere more than in Montenegro."

These are but a few of the subtile varieties of ineptitude Mr. Rothay Reynolds writes as one having authority. His snobbishness relates for the abashed edification of those who relish that kind of twaddle, how at Warsaw he shared champagne and peaches with a Polish Count and other dignitaries in a private room (shh!); what the Countess did; and how Frightfully Frivolous they all were. ("The musicians played a languid waltz, which I danced with one of the waiters," p. 271). Or: "How is it I never hear you speak of your friend Princess X.?" I once asked a woman with a pretty taste in Paris fashions, (p. 174). There is much more of this tedious nonsense, that kind of twaddle, how at Warsaw he shared champagne and peaches with a Polish Count and other dignitaries in a private room (shh!); what the Countess did; and how Frightfully Frivolous they all were. ("The musicians played a languid waltz, which I danced with one of the waiters," p. 271). Or: "How is it I never hear you speak of your friend Princess X.?") One may talk about klops without embarrassment in Russia. The latter is fruity and mellow, but the former is picturesque and imaginative.

Under the hallowed traditions of Mr. Babble, Mr. Reynolds assumes a dark patrician scowl when he perforce refers to anything German. He talks, for example, of "... that hideous name, which the Germans, who call the Polish capital Warschau, have taught us. Let us forget the ugly thing and give the city the beautiful name used by Poles and Russians alike." Then, after a digressive preamble on Polish orthography, which probably caused him and his editor that he had trott ed the same old tale on p. 60, Mr. Reynolds, incheapjack fashion, instructs the reader how to attain those aesthetic ideals of speech for which he is so obviously entitled to plead. "And if you have any love for the music of your tongue," he says, "you will eschew in the future the name derived from the language of our enemies." Hear, again, the voice of Mr. Reynolds, the purist, when he speaks of "... Poznan—we have been taught by our enemies to call the town Posen, but I refuse to defile the pages of this book again by using that German name for a Polish city..." Guileless Rothay! Do you really suppose that anything could defile the pages of your book?

Like Mr. Babble, Mr. Reynolds has other devices to fall back on for the gratification of his readers. There is the Bashful Simper. This is how it is worked. Mr. Reynolds entered a Russian hotel and hired a room. Unfortunately, it contained bugs, and Mr. Reynolds, with unsuspected delicacy, went elsewhere. From this simple matter he evolves a rigmarole covering some three pages, chiefly because he speaks of bugs in Russian as klops, and makes a delicious mystery of it: "I am aware I shall be asked what a klop is. I know my manners, and nothing on earth will induce me to say. In Russia one may talk about klops without embarrassment or shame..." But were I to translate the familiar Russian word into English equivalent, the refined reader would undoubtedly put down this book, refuse to read another page, and denounce me as a person lacking in delicacy of feeling."

Here is arch waggishness! Here is penetrate vitre! Here is Mr. Babble at his rauciest! And this painful clap-trap is characteristic of Mr. Reynolds. This is the impertinent snigger with which he discusses the Slavs. With inane prattle of this description he inflicts himself on the reader..."I met some Montenegrin friends, who were detested nowhere more than in Montenegro."

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Current Cant.

"It was not that we trusted God to protect us from this Zeppelin terror that flew by night. We trusted Him further than that. We knew that in His splendid design...."—E. Nesbit.

"Queen Mary wore dark brown velvet and skunk, with a wee knot of flowers in the corsage. Diamonds glittered at the throat and neck, and her hat had a gold band."—Sunday Herald.

"Is God in a dilemma?"—Essex Weekly News.

"The vague yearning of the Russian people to rid themselves of the priests has come for the best of all reasons, because it had to come. Over the body of Keir Hardie a double conscriptionist walks into Parliament in the teeth of Labour's Ministerial opposition. They have winged our Navy. They have bled our Army...."—Dr. E. J. Dillon in the "Contemporary Review.

"Every employer is familiar with the great army of misfits. They are honest. They try. But they have not got the joy of the game in their eyes."—American Magazine.

"All the time Democracy with its panaceas—voluntaryism or casual effort, get-rich-quick, conscientious objection, secularism, schism, disintegration, national ease, insularity, ignorance and inertia—all the time, invariably and inevitably, Democracy has been 'too late.'...Compulsion has come for the best of all reasons, because it had to come...."—Katharine Tynan.

"The aborting prosperity of to-day."—J. A. R. Markedt in the "Nineteenth Century.

"In searching for new efficiency we must above all attend to the wages that are paid out of national capital, whatever be the method by which this amount is raised, except it be by gift from abroad. If, however, it is obtained by the system of loans to the State, then the annual figures of the national income can be only so much smaller than the national capital expended in carrying on the war. In other words, capital must be taxed if the nation is spending more than the national income.

It might be advisable to Graduate the tax and exempt enterprises employing less than a certain minimum of capital; also to distinguish between the services rendered by the nation and the services rendered by the various enterprises. A survey of all capital liable to taxation could readily be made.

The first call on the proceeds of this capital tax should be the redemption of the loans made to the State since the outbreak of war, interest being paid up to the date of such redemption. Next any excess retained by the Government should be devoted to the discharge of the current expenditure of the war.

FRED MILLOR.

The Foreign Exchange.

Sir,—"The issue between Mr. Sinclair and myself has shifted considerably; it is now I do not understand why Mr. Sinclair assumes a proportionate increase in the deposits of all the banks, or why he adopts 12 as a reasonable multiple of the City and Midland deposits for the purpose of ascertaining the supposed total increase. Further, his statement that the total deposits of all banks increased during the period June, 1914—December, 1915, from £2,950,000,000 to £4,175,000,000, and, doubtless for good reasons, hemultiplies this approximately by 12 in order to arrive at the total increase in the deposits of all the joint-stock banks during that period.

I do not understand why Mr. Sinclair assumes a proportionate increase in the deposits of all the banks, or why he adopts 12 as a reasonable multiple of the City and Midland deposits for the purpose of ascertaining the supposed total increase. Further, his statement that the total deposits of all banks increased during the period June, 1914—December, 1915, from £2,950,000,000 to £4,175,000,000, and, doubtless for good reasons, hemultiplies this approximately by 12 in order to arrive at the total increase in the deposits of all the joint-stock banks during that period.

Mr. Sinclair accuses me of being blind to the inflation of our own currency by excessive bank credits, the while I see very clearly the extent of Germany's offences in the matter of excessive note issues. In support of his contention he produces figures actually to show that bank money in this country has been increased by about £2,650,000,000 since the commencement of the war.

And this is not all; for, while the nation as a whole is growing poorer, the influx of excessive war profits enables the private owners of capital not only to spend more on maintaining their capital, and thereby their claims to rent, interest, and profit. And the rates of rent, interest, and profit are higher than they were before the war.

Who, then, is得益ing for the cost of the war? Evidently not the owner of capital, who can spend more extravagantly than he did previously to the war and at the same time increase his capital.

In face of this flagrant injustice as between the owners of capital and the rest of the community, the least that can be asked is that the aggregate of claims to the private ownership of capital shall be diminished by the amount of the national capital expended in carrying on the war. In other words, capital must be taxed if the nation is spending more than the national income.

FRED MILLOR.

Letters to the Editor.

The Taxation of Capital.

Sir,—By comparing the annual cost of the war to this country with that of the income which it receives, with strict economy in the maintenance of our people, might be saved, it is seen that the State could raise by the direct and indirect taxation of income only some hundreds annually out of the two thousand millions a year required to carry on the war. It follows that the remaining fourteen hundred millions a year must be raised out of national capital, whatever be the method by which this amount is raised, except it be by gift from abroad. If, however, it is obtained by the system of loans to the State, then the annual figures of the national income can be only so much smaller than the national capital expended in carrying on the war. In other words, capital must be taxed if the nation is spending more than the national income.

It might be advisable to outline the tax and exempt enterprises employing less than a certain minimum of capital; also to distinguish between the services rendered by the nation and the services rendered by the various enterprises. A survey of all capital liable to taxation could readily be made.

The first call on the proceeds of this capital tax should be the redemption of the loans made to the State since the outbreak of war, interest being paid up to the date of such redemption. Next any excess retained by the Government should be devoted to the discharge of the current expenditure of the war.
and, as I hope to show, fallacious. The matter resolves itself into two questions:

1. What circumstances connected with financing the war would cause bank deposits to be in excess of the pre-war period?

2. Were there any circumstances temporarily existing in December 1915, which would cause deposits to stand at an extraordinarily high figure as compared with other months during the war?

As regards (1) we have to consider from what sources other than bankers' advances this increase can have been derived, and whether these sources are sufficient to account for any appreciable part of the admitted increase. Hitherto, the very large savings of prosperous artisans and the middle classes, mostly placed in such institutions as savings banks or building societies, and in many country districts hoarding is often practised; but these accumulations have now been invested to a large extent in war stock, and after disbursement by the Government figure in the deposits of the joint-stock banks for the first time. Again, new investment has been occasioned by the fact that the proceeds of savings transferred to the German Government, but of other public institutions, such as the Darlehenskassen, have been invested partly upon the placing of direct taxes (except estate duties) does not commence until January. At that time, therefore, bank deposits will necessarily much higher than at any time previously.

As regards (2) I would point out that in December the last war loan had been fully paid up and the proceeds entirely spent, i.e., the Government disbursements had found their way back to the banks--while the ingenuity of direct taxes (except estate duties) does not commence until January. At that time, therefore, bank deposits will necessarily much higher than at any time previously.

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Indian Mohanadian who was apprehensive of Russia or Russian influence.

Once again, my gratitude to him.

A. H. MURRAY.

THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT.

Sir,—As a preliminary let me say how much I appreciate your fearlessness and the freshness and independence of what you publish, which is especially grateful to one confronted to-day with a dull future. Too much of such qualities are conspicuously rare. I have also every sympathy with Guild Socialism, but my acquaintance with the working class (especially in this locality) makes me feel very doubtful as to how we can effect it.

My present disagreement with you is with regard to your attitude on the Military Service Act. I agree with you on the whole, but I think it is not consistent with the work of Guild Socialism that you should be in favour of the compulsory military service of the men whose work and incomes support those who support the war. I have always believed that you did not specially desire for the conscription of capital; but I cannot overlook the essential injustice of the voluntary system that is being carried on here and reaps the benefit. Up to the time of the Derby scheme I was opposed to compulsion on grounds of expediency, but my experiences as a canvasser under that scheme made me realize the necessity of it. Mr. Asquith's pledge was unnecessary, that the married men would have come forward without it. I cannot imagine how, if you consider that ordinary men, you can have had that idea; but I can assure you that not to per cent. of those I canvassed would have enlisted without it; with a wife and family I saw attested or promised to join when their groups were called up providing the pledge had been kept, although for many it would be a great financial sacrifice for themselves and their families.

(Of course, the decent ones had all enlisted long before, except those who had some really good reason, and the numbers left were small, and they were simply shirkers without an excuse. When I thought of the men I knew, keen, decent, honourable men, who were risking their lives, losing them many of their nearly all losing money, while these fellows were living at home in comfort and safety and reaping the advantage of increased wages, I felt that it was intolerable, and became a keen supporter of compulsion. How you, and men like Sir John Simon, can feel sympathy for these shirkers and support every effort they make to wriggle out of their duty passes my comprehension.)

--or, rather, a large proportion of them—quite disgusted they; they tried every dodge to avoid me, they lied. They had no money, they did not do what they said they would do, they simply shirked without an excuse. When I thought of the men I knew, keen, decent, honourable men, who were risking their lives, losing them many of their nearly all losing money, while these fellows were living at home in comfort and safety and reaping the advantage of increased wages, I felt that it was intolerable, and became a keen supporter of compulsion. How you, and men like Sir John Simon, can feel sympathy for these shirkers and support every effort they make to wriggle out of their duty passes my comprehension. It seems to me that you must live in a world apart.

HAROLD DEANE.

FRANCE AND THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT.

Sir,—You have permitted me at various times in the course of this terrible war to make certain marginal notes upon the political methods of the Governments which have been headed by Mr. Asquith. Perhaps you will allow me to offer this comment upon the Military Service Act and the military trickery of the British Government.

The patriotic criticism upon the Military Service Act is not only that it is conscription of a special class of the community for foreign service, but it is conscription in defence of a foreign State, which was a traditional enemy of this country up till 1904, and was nearly instrumental in securing the destruction of the British Empire in the years 1900-01, and, or, rather, the gang of conspirators known as the Grand Orient of France, who have brought the French Republic to its present pitiable state. The defence of a foreign State for the defence of its territories.

One may test this statement by a simple illustration. Supposing the British were defeated, which is the only hypothesis on which an invasion of these islands can become a military possibility, what assistance could the million and a half of men in France render in the way of defending the motherland and the residence of these islands, about whose fate the military representatives always question the conscientious objectors? The British Army in France, in that contingency, could return to Great Britain, could not obtain supplies in France, and would have to disembark or surrender for lack of munitions. It is a cruel illusion to pretend that the British Army in France, as a shield to these islands, it simply engaged in protecting France. One of the darkest and ugliest mysteries of this war is this queer determination of the secret camarilla that is ruling Britain to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of Englishmen in defence of a foreign State which has an unbroken history of hostility towards Britain! Britain has the right to expect that France should do the same thing as she has done in the past.

The French Republic has presented to this country since the month of May, 1915, and whether it is the fact that the French Government has been responsible for the conscription of Englishmen for the defence of France.

In the course of my letters to The New Age, extending over a period of years, I have pointed out (1) that the unrest in Europe, which resulted in this war, was due to the policy pursued by the ruling classes of all the warring countries, and (2) that the Press exaltation of Viscount Kitchener, who had no record of incompetence, in a place where he had been in any position of responsibility, was most dangerous in the interests of this country.

Your readers may be interested to know that has been said recently in the House of Lords by Lord Lorneburn on head (1) and by Sir Arthur Markham in the House of Commons on head (2).

Lord Lorneburn, on February 22, said: "The work of slaughter still goes on, and I believe there is no short cut to the end of this war. It was the Governments and not the nations of Europe that were responsible for the commencement of it, and it is the Governments and not the nations of Europe that are responsible for its continuance. Their only way of averting this enormous disaster to the entire Continent of Europe is by bringing the war to an end soon."

Sir Arthur Markham, on March 8, said: "If the First Lord of the Admiralty is going to maintain that it is legitimate argument to ask what the member for Dundee has privately said, I do not consider that he has in his life stated that Lord Kitchener is the greatest failure that has ever been at the War Office, and that we should have been much better without him."

The right hon. gentleman is included in that statement.

C. H. NORMAN.

THE U.D.C. AND THE ANTI-GERMAN UNION.

Sir,—In reference to Mrs. King's letter on this subject, will you allow me to state that long before her invitation to a discussion was received the Anti-German Union had decided to enter into no relations with the Union of Democratic Control; but simply to the fact that the policy of the Anti-German Union, adopted on good grounds, which must arouse the suspicions of every patriotic citizen.

To my great regret, owing to an error on the part of the worker who was at that time kindly dealing with most of our meetings correspondence, a tentative acceptance was sent to Mrs. King in reply to her first letter. The withdrawal of course, nothing to do with Mrs. King's arrangements for the debate, which were no doubt admirable, still less to any fear of facing U.D.C. criticism; but simply to the fact that the Anti-German Union, adopted on good grounds, could not be modified.

GEORGE MARGILL, Secretary.

The Anti-German Union, 346, Strand, W.C.

A THEATRE OF EFFECT.

Sir,—Will you permit me also to ask a question of Mr. Huntly Carter? In his letter on "A Theatre of Effect" in your recent number I understood Mr. Huntly Carter to say that a theatre of effect primarily is to be for effect—that is to say, of a character so impersonal and intense that under its influence the spectator will be aware of nothing but a manifestation of a spiritual force. For your student of the drama, your "Daily Mail" reporter, your archaeologist, your dealer in obsequies, mortuary and other stuff, there must be accommodation elsewhere. And there is. The effect theatre is to be for intelligent and highly receptive persons, all who are capable of experiencing the proper and natural effect of inspired experience transmitted in the absence of all disturbing and intercepting forces. This I take to be the first principle. It is easy enough to deduce other principles from the first.

The second, no doubt, is that the effect theatre is to manifest livingness, the inner and uplifting joy of human beings, not their Cockshaw made of corruption, disease, and death.

But I must not enter further on this matter of principles. What I want to ask is this: Mr. Huntly Carter has given a mystical reason for the use of the round stage, which he tells us helps to secure a mystical union between author and spectator. Excellent! Now will he give a mystical reason for the use of a little theatre?

R. A. PIERPONT.
The following are extracts from a letter to Lord Milner by a British-born working man, who writes from Quincy, Mass., U.S.A. It is signed by him, and bears also the signatures of other men of British birth, now living in the United States:

"We believe that right now a strong committee should be formed to give due Imperial reconstruction after the war. This committee should have a well-thought-out, clearly defined, and decisive policy to put in operation the moment the war ends. We believe that not less than half a million men, who have been spared by the war, should be settled in Canada, Australia, and United South Africa, and that an appropriation of not less than one billion pounds sterling should be voted for the purpose.

A small group of the best agricultural and engineering experts in the Empire should be sent over to make all necessary preparations for the coming of the men. The exact location or locations where they are to settle should be defined, lines of branch railways should be surveyed, sites of model garden cities, cement-built, should be located, mining properties surveyed, and the location of factories and workshops should be decided upon. Nothing should be left to chance. The gang ploughs, threshing machines, motor tractors, grain elevators, etc., should be provided and run on the co-operative principle, and the entire properties should belong to the nation.

The British Empire heretofore has been more or less imaginary; there has been nothing tangible about it. Take my own case, for instance. I cite it merely because it illustrates a principle. I was in several American States, and unemployed. There were a great many unemployed at the time. Those who had no means were left to starve. Why was this genius so little trusted before the war, that nothing! All were British, loved Britain, were able and operative principle, and the entire properties should belong to the nation.

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