NOTES OF THE WEEK

It is appropriate to the season that Mr. Hughes who came in like a lion should go out like a lamb. From laying down the law upon the subject of the future of British trade he has descended to demanding of the Government a plain statement of its policy. The change in Mr. Hughes is not to be wondered at. His first appeals were made to the exclusively business men of the country, who are, in all respects, the section of the public least capable of reflection and forethought. They, poor souls, heard in Mr. Hughes’ speeches a promise of deliverance from a nightmare that has long troubled them—the competition of Germany. How excellent it would be, they had often told themselves, if Germany could be obliterated from the world’s markets, and ploughed up as Carthage was. Her trade would then fall into the hands of English business men, who would have nothing further to fear from competition in any part of the world. In Mr. Hughes’ speeches they fancied they heard the bugles of such a triumph. We must, he had said, crush Germany permanently in the markets of the world; we must refuse to allow her to sell as she pleased; with the effect that the wildest notions, representative enough of the business mind, but utterly unrepresentative of the nation’s mind, usurp the name of public opinion and bring us into contempt even amongst market among themselves was wholly vain. Such reflections, after a period, have had their effect; and at this moment, save for his popularity, Mr. Hughes is a spent shell.

The meteoric rise and fall of Mr. Hughes illustrates, however, a fact which cannot be too often recalled, the fact, namely, that during the present crisis national opinion—or, let us say, the real judgment of the nation—is practically suspended. For it is, after all, very un-English to throw ourselves into the arms of the first mountebank that promises us relief from trouble by the easy means of swallowing his pills; and, as we have said, it is not the nation that has done it. A profound silence has fallen upon England of which it would bring us into contempt even amongst the present Allies. Germany was bound to sell as much as she bought; and hence any hope of retaining her people as customers while denying her imports a

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ourselves. The misrepresentation of England is, indeed, one of the phenomena of the war. Having from purely patriotic motives confined the conduct of affairs to Parliament, we find ourselves spoken for and acted for by a set of men whose character and intelligence are alien to our traditions and present spirit. And it requires no extraordinary insight into their intentions to discover that their main object is no other than plunder at our expense.

This is most clearly to be seen, perhaps, in the manoeuvres already referred to concerning our future commercial relations with Germany. Very pleasant, no doubt, it would be to our business men if, under cover of our natural dislike of Germany, they should be able to set up in this country a system of protection for themselves. But what, it may be asked, have we—the people—to gain by it? Look at it as we will, Protection is nothing more than a device for raising prices, and hence of maintaining and increasing profits. What Protection implies is the erection of a ring-fence round about the country, within which the private rings of the home-producer flourish with no fear of being broken by foreign competition. Its very rason d’etre is to establish among home-producers a quasi-monopoly of production in the advantages of which the home-producers share, but at the expense of the home-consumers. No wonder, therefore, that our capitalists are disposed to welcome it. Who, in their round about the country, within which the private rings of the home-producer flourish with no fear of being broken by foreign competition.

Protection is nothing more than a device for raising prices, and hence of maintaining and increasing profits. What Protection implies is the erection of a ring-fence round about the country, within which the private rings of the home-producer flourish with no fear of being broken by foreign competition. Its very rason d’etre is to establish among home-producers a quasi-monopoly of production in the advantages of which the home-producers share, but at the expense of the home-consumers. No wonder, therefore, that our capitalists are disposed to welcome it. Who, in their round about the country, within which the private rings of the home-producer flourish with no fear of being broken by foreign competition.

Free Trade, on the other hand, has, we must admit, the advantage of the home-consumer over the home-producer as its object. If Protection is for the producer, Free Trade is for the consumer. Its theory, firmly based upon experience, implies that unless the home-consumer is at liberty to buy freely from abroad, the home-producer, having him at his mercy, will bleed him to death. Hence to protect himself against the extinction of industry and the extension of production at home he must reserve to himself the right of buying from abroad. Now to which of these pleads is it in our interests as a nation to listen? On the one hand it cannot be denied that the welfare of the producer is a proper object of our concern; on the other, can it be denied that we should protect the consumer against him. But the pursuit of both policies simultaneously seems to be, and, in fact, is, impossible; for we cannot grant a monopoly to producers without risking their robbery of the consumers; and we cannot grant complete freedom to the consumers to buy where they please without risking the ruin of producers and the extinction from the country of certain desirable forms of production. The answer to the riddle turns upon the existence of private competition. The reason we cannot safely protect home-production is that home-production is in private protificing hands that cannot be trusted to exercise a monopoly without tyranny. And the remedy for the trouble is to nationalise the production of all articles that we desire to protect. Protection without nationalisation is robbery of the consumer. Free Trade without nationalisation is not only robbery of the producer, but it involves the disappearance of certain forms of production socially if not commercially necessary.

Mr. Hughes leads or follows the Press in exhorting us all to swallow our old formulae and to clear our minds of prophecies. We are to abandon our shibboleths; and to be prepared to change our whole outlook upon life. Well, when Mr. Hughes and his friends show some signs of having taken their own ad-

vice we may reconsider our own views; but in the meantime, let us look at the problem about which they appear to us to be saying nothing either new or true. To begin with, we must deprecate the habit of publicists of merely hinting at the advice they would give the nation. Now is not the time for the public to be taken with vague guesses at truth, so equivocally expressed that the event can neither confirm nor belie them. Now, if ever, is the moment when those only should speak who have something definite to say, something they have considered and organized by which they are prepared to stand or fall in public esteem. The rest of men should keep silence. Upon this understanding we would next point out that the problem under consideration is not revenge by trade means upon Germany, but a trade policy for this country for the immediate and for the remote future. How, in short, must we conduct our industry to ensure our national welfare at once and in the future? To talk of preventing the espionage of Germany or any other Power under cover of trade is to involve ourselves in a policy of complete isolation—a policy as impossible as it is ridiculous. If we are to allow Germany to resume trade with any part of the world we must needs risk her espionage, since by no manner of means can we prevent a German abroad from using his ears and eyes. The policy of revenge is likewise futile; for revenge and business, as Mr. Lloyd George observed, are incompatible. However natural, therefore, it may be to wish to have our revenge upon Germany, we can only have it, from a commercial point of view, by doing damagethe less we could do her. The superior form of revenge, on the other hand, is to compete successfully with Germany in future by fair means.

But what are these? We may define the proper objects of a trade policy, as distinct from a trade war, as follows: the protection of the so-called "key" industries—in other words, industries essential to war; and the extension of industry in general. The means to the first are in every case Protection with Nationalisation; and that, we would say, should be the first measure to be taken by the State as soon as the present crisis is past. But to the second the means are, in our opinion, a little more complex. It is desirable, we agree, that the consular service should be reorganised, and that the organisation of the civil State should be more and more devoted to the extension of foreign trade; but, on the other hand, it is no less desirable—we would say, indeed, that it is much more necessary that, as well as the mere organisation of trade, we should be, physical, moral and intellectual, of the actual industrialists should be considered. Remembering what this war has taught us, that money is not wealth, but that all Production depends, in the last resort, upon our possession of tools and of skilled men to handle them; and remembering again that of the two factors of Production-tools and workmen—the latter are more important because, at a pinch, they can produce the former while the latter can under no circumstances dispense with the latter; we think we are saying something definite and something true when we declare that the primary means of successfully pursuing any trade policy whatever is to ensure the well-being of the working classes. This is the root of our contention. The fact that incidentally it is humanitarian is only a proof that the divine order of progress is towards humanity. Humanity, in fact (thanks be to God) is at the same time economies. But it is not upon the former, but upon the latter ground, that we are commenting it is this moment. The welfare of the working classes we say (and we include among them all persons necessary to the conduct of business), is the first condition of the success of any trade policy. Though otherwise our trade by government measures to invol

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take care of the workers and industry can almost be left to take care of itself.

Some recollection of his early Socialism seems to have come into Mr. Hughes' mind during his recent speeches, for on Tuesday he denounced a policy that "took no thought for the social and industrial welfare of the workman"; and at Cardiff on Friday he warned the nation that "a healthy trade could not be built upon twelve millions of people on the verge of starvation." This negative conception of welfare was supplemented positively by Lord Haldane at the University of London last week, when he said that he was more afraid of the continuation and technical schools of Germany than of the Krupp works. Education, education, must therefore be our motto, he said, if we hoped to profit by our coming military victory. There is no doubt whatsoever that both Mr. Hughes and Lord Haldane are right in their respective contentions; and neither does one contradict the other. The economic welfare of the workman is the condition of his educability; and his education, on the other hand, is the condition of his extended economic welfare. But the primacy of economics over education is an observation of simple common sense; for it stands to reason that a system of education, however perfect in itself, cannot be applied with any hope of success to a population suffering from all the effects of low wages.

Good wages, therefore, we take it, are the condition of the condition of a sound national trade policy; seeing that a good trade policy is impossible without educated men and educated workmen are impossible without good wages. But how to secure good wages, and not only for the few, but for the many, and not for a season only, but in perpetuity; that is the question! Upon this problem we would have every mind in the nation concentrated until it is solved. Everything we hope for in the future depends upon it. Every other problem is subsidiary to it; the solution of every other problem depends upon our solving it.

Let us dismiss the notion, however, that wages can be raised by sentiment. We are optimist enough to believe that, if canvassed in their hearts, the vast majority of the nation, even including the profit-seekers themselves, would wish that the working classes should be well-paid and hence within the reach of education. Few men breathe who would wish otherwise. But to sentimentalists we would put the case for workmen as the case for the independence of Belgium was put. You wish the welfare of your workmen, but you do not wish to make it as well? Pious hopes that Belgium might retain or may win back her independence are obviously of no value whatever unless and until they lead the well-wishers to see that she does it. But similarly we must regard the wishes of all men for the welfare of workmen as no more than childish vapourings unless and until they are translated into specific acts designed to make those wishes come true. But next we must disabuse our minds of the notion that reformatory or ameliorative legislation, within the present order of industry, can have the effect of raising wages generally or permanently. Legislation, no doubt, can do wonders, but it cannot perform miracles. As powerless as the Hague Conference has been to determine the conventions of war, so and even more powerless must Parliament be to determine the conventions of the war between Capital and Labour. Say that you bring in an Act of Parliament requiring employers to pay a standard rate of wages sufficient in public estimation to enable a workman to bring up a family efficiently—can you ensure, in the first place, that employers can pay it; in the second, that they will; and, in the third, that everybody will find employment? We can conceive such an Act being passed, but only to ruin all but the most favourably placed employers, and to throw into unemployable masses of workmen with nothing but employment to depend on for a living. No other results could indeed be anticipated from wage-legislation in the matter of private industry. The only condition, in fact, of successful wage legislation is the abolition of private industry and of the wage-system with it.

How likely, however, we are to see this attempted, despite all the blustering of the "Times" for a complete change of system and the pretence of public men that they are prepared for a revolution (of heart, they are careful to say, not of head), may be judged from the present neglect of the Trade Unions and from the steps already being taken to ease for industry after the war, and to let industrialists care for themselves. Having by promises that cannot be kept—for to restore Trade Union privileges after the war is beyond the power of man—procured the docility of the Trade Unions, the capitalist classes are now stripping every nerve to make the maximum private profit for themselves during the war, and still further, to entrench themselves in their profiteering after the war. These are not merely malicious speculations of ours. Would to heaven, indeed, that we could be proved to exaggerate the evidence upon which our conclusions are based.

But an observer must be blind who does not perceive in all the bloody mess of the war our profiteers at work, ghoulishly picking the pockets of the dead and of the living. There is, as everybody must know, scarcely an article of war-employment, from shells to bootlaces, upon which one or more villains amongst us is not making himself wealthy. The war, indeed, has made an industry in which our profiteers have joined to play the part of werewolves and vampires. And in the meanwhile the Trade Unions are dumb—dumb as watchdogs drugged. Never has been known, we think, such a complete disappearance as the Trade Unions have made from the stage upon which they were called upon to play a leading part. Since the early days of the war, when the hungry sheep looked up—and were fed—they and their members and their shepherds have been nibbling in utter obliviousness of what was going on right around them. The butchers have been amongst them; all their future supplies have been marked out into those—for fattening and breeding and those for the knife of paupers—yet they combine a million feeding as one. Next to the spectacle of the profiteers robbing them, the spectacle of Labour's complacent submission to being robbed is the most loathsome filth at present on the screen.

But it is certain that if Labour is not sufficiently far-sighted to see and to prepare for what is coming, Capital will not see in its behalf. Though we have shown that Capital has everything to gain by insisting upon high and general wages for workmen, it cannot be expected that, if Labour does not insist upon high wages for everybody, Capital will force it to. Better, it is true, that Labour should be forced than that it should hunger-strike for lack of sense; but Capital, it must be remembered, is stupid as well, being blind of an eye and able to see only its own immediate advantage. Hence it will come about, in the absence of a Labour movement, that after the war (about six months or a year after, we reckon) wages in general will fall to a level below the former experience of mankind. Nothing at present being done, in our opinion, to counteract this fall; but we shall come upon it unprepared even more than for the war that will have ended. We cannot make our statements more plain than this; nor can we sufficiently assure our readers that we are prepared to stand or fall by what we write. If there has ever been one word of truth in anything we have written, if we have grasped a single truth of economics, this conclusion must be credited to our veracity and written down to our account with our readers: that, as things are now going, and in the absence of any action by Labour, we cannot count upon the government of any country to do any more for the working classes than any we have ever seen in this country, we are in a period after the war of the most desperate and widespread poverty that a civilised community has ever witnessed. It shall be our task in future issues to repeat this warning until—it is too late.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verlad.

A short and rather guarded article by M. Landry in the "Daily News" of March 24 hinted at an aspect of the economic conference to be held in Paris which has been conveniently ignored by the protectionist papers in this country. M. Landry simply said that French exporters would naturally not be too particular about a tariff wall erected between England and France. If this careful statement be taken in conjunction with Mr. Lloyd George's declaration on behalf of the Government the day before, it will form a valuable enough commentary on the recent speeches delivered by the Australian Premier, Mr. W. M. Hughes. It is correct to say that Mr. Hughes came to this country a few weeks ago inspired by well-meaning colonial enthusiasm, but not with adequate knowledge either of the diplomatic or of the economic problems involved in the war. As Mr. Lloyd George pointed out in the House of Commons, it will be quite possible for us to develop our trade with Russia to a great extent without the question of tariffs arising at all. The same remark applies to our trade with Italy, and arrangements have already been made, and only recently reported in the Press, whereby it will be possible for Italy to look to England for a considerable amount of the financial support which she has been receiving from Germany ever since the Triple Alliance was first signed in 1882. But our commercial relations with Italy and Russia, which are almost certain to develop largely after the war, do not depend primarily on tariffs, any more than do our commercial relations with France.

On the other hand, it is almost impossible to discuss any kind of different trade relationships with our Dominions—or, rather, our Colonies, to use the better understood term—without the question of tariffs arising immediately. It was, indeed, this subject of colonial preference which embittered the tariff reform controversy from 1903 on, and even at the famous Edinburgh Conference in 1912 it was still far from being settled. One needs only to recall the fact that in so far as any official party announcement was made on the subject at all, it was understood that a duty of 10 per cent. would be imposed on colonial wheat in order that agriculture in the home country might be developed. The home farmers, however, always insisted that 10 per cent. ad valorem was useless to them.

I do not propose, of course, to discuss the tariff reform propaganda on this occasion, but I cannot help pointing out that if the trade of the country is to be discussed at an economic conference this question of tariffs as between ourselves and the Colonies must be discussed to the bitter end, and it will not be easy to discuss it in the presence of delegates from Russia, Italy, France, and Belgium, representing entirely different interests. It may be found quite practical to organise the economic and financial interests of our Allies and ourselves without the question of tariffs being involved to any great extent, but it is quite obvious that no definite plan of economic aggression against the Central Empires can be decided upon without a preliminary discussion of tariffs, not merely as between this country and the Central Empires, but as between the British Empire and the remaining partners in the Grand Alliance.

When this question of economic war is mentioned, it is not usually recollected that there are three distinct sets of interests involved even on the Allies' side alone—in the first place the United Kingdom; in the second place the British Colonies; and in third place our Continental Allies. It would not be advisable for me to state at present the difficulties that have already arisen in connection with the preliminary economic discussions which have taken place, but not without raising the very delicate subject of Asiatic labour. This question brings us into immediate issue with Canada and Japan; for Canada refuses to allow Asiatic labour to be employed if she can possibly prevent it; and Japan has already raised the question in connection with the assistance she is rendering in the war. Japan, it will be remembered, took Tsingtau, which caused even more annoyance in Germany than the capture of German South-West Africa; but, more than this, the present Russian offensive would have been impossible without Japanese aid in sending munitions to the eastern front.

To return to M. Landry's point, it is obvious that, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, our tariff position can be varied in only one way, and that is by the imposition of tariffs where none at present exist. This raises questions of much awkwardness. For example, we are at present supplied with wheat from Canada and Russia—I leave the Argentine out of the reckoning for the moment. Are we, for instance, in discussing tariff questions, to promise a preference to Canada which we do not propose to give to Russia? And what is the Russian Government likely to say if we do so? And what may the Canadian Government say if we do not? What will our home consumer say, in either case, if we put a tax on wheat in order to give a preference to our most important wheat-producing Colony? Or, take the question of wines. Complaints have been made that Australian wines have not become sufficiently popular here because their sale has not been "pushed." Are we to put a heavy duty on wines from France (and Germany) in order to make people in this country drink Australian wines? And what will our French Allies likely to welcome such a proposal? Are our Australian cousins likely to insist upon their claims in this connection?

The question, indeed, the main question, is not one of wines or wheat, which we may try to grow on a larger scale after the war ourselves; but of manufactured goods and the essential raw materials of manufactured goods. Mr. Hughes is quite right in giving us such examples as that of tungsten powder, of which, with other metal essentials, the Germans secured a monopoly in Australia which was broken down only by direct Government action. But when it comes to trading after the war our manufacturers will remember—and the workmen, in their own interests, will be forced to remember, too—that the population of the Colonies is small and the proportions of the population of the United Kingdom. Assuming that, as a nation, we wish to maintain our credit, we shall have to manufacture and sell largely to pay our enormous debts abroad, not to mention the interest on our loans. That is the practical problem which will have to be faced sooner or later. To give the war at an end—it is a problem, indeed, which is being faced now. And when it is a question of purchasing power, our Colonies cannot compete with, say, Russia. Above all, the demand for our products from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria was always much larger than from our Colonies, and even from some of our Allies. Didn't Mr. Lloyd George say something about revenge and business?
Unedited Opinions.
The Case of France.

It has been said that this is a war of ideas; but, with equal authority, it has been denied that the war is more than one of force. What is your opinion on the subject?

My opinion follows surely from my analysis last week of the common object of the Allies. If that common object is the levelling up of the constitution of Germany, and the bringing of it within the scope of a European Commonwealth (as distinct from a European Empire), then the present war is as much a war of ideas as the French Revolutionary wars for the English and American Civil Wars. I agree, however, that household discussion of the issues of this war is probably much less than took place in previous wars of ideas. During the Civil Wars and during the French Revolutionary wars whole families were divided in opinion against each other. War was carried on by debate of principles as well as by debate of arms. To-day there is little discussion in any country save, perhaps, Germany itself; and there it is private.

To what do you attribute this fact?

First, to the decadence of intellectual discussion which has been so marked during the last quarter of a century. Had we not been lazy in this respect, I would have argued with the Germans long before the war and possibly to the prevention of the war altogether. But secondly, I attribute it to the fact that the rest of Europe has made up its mind; and, as between the ideal of a European Commonwealth of many separate and independent nations, and the ideal of a European Empire or kind of enlarged German Empire, this I decided for the former. Having so decided, what is there, apparently, to argue about?

Apparently, you say. Is there anything really to argue about?

Certainly, for the intellectuals whose business it is. What?

Mainly, I should say, the pros and cons of these two conflicting ideals. We ought to know, and Germany ought to know, why upon reflection the rest of Europe looks askance at Germany and the Empire Germany’s refusal was a slap in the face to the culture of France from which the pride of France has ever since suffered. And, moreover, it was followed by two events that added humiliation to injury: the Occupation of Paris and the attempt to establish in Germany a competing culture.

You couple these events as if they were of the same order, but are they not different?

No, for I think that for the fact that the Occupation appeared to be a practical demonstration of the fallacy of 1848, and hence a justification of Germany’s repudiation of modern Liberalism, Germany’s attempt to establish a competing culture would never have been made. And it was the latter, I think, that really struck at France’s soul.

Why do you call it a “competing” culture?

Cultures may be in rivalry, and, until about 1870, European cultures, including that of Germany, were upon an identical foundation of standards and tastes. In that sense, European culture before 1870 was at least single-minded, and France was its particular custodian. But after the German reaction of 1838, confirmed in its wisdom as it appeared to be by 1870, Germany not only ceased to accept France as the judge of European standards of culture, but proceeded to set up standards of her own in competition with all the standards that had hitherto prevailed. Her action was therefore more than a repudiation of the cultural leadership of France, it was a challenge to the culture of Europe. In this, however, it offended France, as the jealous guardian of European culture, even more than it offended the rest of Europe.

Then you contend that for France the present war is for the recovery of her position as the undisputed leader of European culture, and for the re-establishment of European culture itself?

That is how I look at it; and so, it appears to me, do the cultured men both of Germany and of France.

Of France, perhaps, yes, though you must not forget Romain Rolland—France.

As to Romain Rolland, I concede that his position appears to me more personal than impartial. On an impartial (I do not, of course, mean a neutral) view, Rolland is aware that the German case is for their Kultur against our Civilisation, and he warns the German intellectuals that “the opinion of mankind will crush them.” But approving the end, he does not apparently approve the means. He thinks that the opinion of mankind should be sufficient without artillery. Well, he is belated, and odd among French men of letters. As to the intellectuals of Germany, there is no doubt that they see the war as the continuation and triumphant conclusion of 1848 and 1870. You have only to read them to realise that they realise the quarry their militarism is being encouraged to pursue.

Mann is a representative who sees in Kultur and Militarism brothers-in-arms against a civilisation hither to based upon persuasion and peace. For German intellectuals, in fact, the enemy is France, and Europe only through France. Hence in this is pre-eminent.

You do not, then, think what is commonly maintained—that France has less to gain than any of the Allies from the defeat of Germany?

On the contrary, spiritually France has more to gain.
than any of her partners. She has her soul to heal and recover.

And you attach no value to the rumours of a separate peace?

None whatever. A war of ideas is a war of ideas. When whole French districts were occupied by the enemy and France did not surrender, then I knew that France was aware of the meaning of the war. When the French Government moved from Paris to Bordeaux, then I knew that the French Government had not surrendered. And all the sacrifices she has since made, and all the temptations to a separate peace put in her way, have never caused me one moment's doubt that she would continue steadfast to the end. For France, indeed, the war spells spiritual annihilation or spiritual resurrection.

The Cloud in the Far East.

On November 18 last I noticed in The New Age an article written by a Chinaman upon the subject of the treaty of May 15 between China and Japan, which had appeared in the "Revue Politique Internationale." In the current number of the same review there is an article by Professor Stanley K. Hornbeck, of Madison University, dealing with the same subject from the standpoint of a well-informed American. The author recalls that diplomatic relations between the two Far Eastern Powers, pointing out how the United States have been a friend to both of them. When, more than seventy years ago, one Caleb Cushing was sent to China to negotiate for the first commercial treaty with that country, his orders were "to make it evident in Japanese policy, especially in regard to China demand the expulsion of Germany by Japan," the United States again refused to act with Japan in the Chinese question, when the alliance gives to either party. The political and commercial rivalry of the two nations may cause serious conflicts. But what annoys the American writer more than anything is the plea of the Japanese that, in taking charge of China, they are merely setting up a Monroe Doctrine with regard to Asia. Nothing could be more sophistical, more inaccurate, than such a claim. The Monroe Doctrine was defensive merely of those countries of America which had achieved their liberation. The new Japanese doctrine is aggressive on the face of it. The greater part of the continent of Asia is under European rule, therefore the cry of "Asia for the Asians" is a war cry.

"If the peace of the Far East and the security of China demand the expulsion of Germany by Japan," as the latter claims, "then the United States, which resulted in the treaty of Portsmouth—which was unhesitatingly established in the regions whence she and China control the whole of the Far East. Would this part jponica, extending over Eastern Asia and the whole Pacific, be indeed a real and lasting peace?..." The extraordinary military preparations of Japan show that she is meditating fresh aggressions, or else that she apprehends an attack by some Western Power. Her armies are not directed to the Orient, more than to the Orient, nor to the United States, but to the Orient, and to the extent which the alliance gives to Europe and Asia, the heaven of the world. The political and commercial rivalry of the two nations may cause serious conflicts.
that Japan is preparing? . . . Is not our possession of the Philippines, in the eyes of Japanese strategists, an effective menace to Japan's political security? Are not the Philippines the vulnerable point where Japan can beat the United States, either diplomatically or by force of arms? It is, therefore, by no means impossible that Japan will take possession of the Archipelago, putting the United States thereafter in the difficult position of taking the offensive to recover their possessions.

In the opinion of the author, the increased Japanese armaments are for use either against England or America, more probably America. The helpless tone of his remarks seems fully justified. Japan, by the treaty of 1915—which contained no less than nine articles directly or indirectly opposed to the principle of "the open door"—threw down the gauntlet to the Powers of Europe, as well as to America. But the moment was well chosen. No one save America was at liberty to pick it up. Europe was engaged in the philanthropic occupation (as it seems to Asia) of bleeding possessions.

"In view of the negotiations taking place between the Japanese and Chinese Governments; in view also of the arrangement already made between the two countries, the United States Government has the honour to inform the Government of the Chinese Republic that it cannot recognise any convention or treaty whatsoever of which the consequence would be to impair the rights secured by treaty to the United States and to their subjects in China, or the territorial integrity or policy of the Chinese Republic, or the international policy in regard to China commonly known as the principle of the open door. A Note identical to the present is addressed to the Japanese Government."

Prof. Hornbeck adds: "It is impossible to say in advance what obligations the American Government has contracted by formulating this declaration of principles, and what means it ought, in case of necessity, to take to support it. China and Japan have signed a treaty which, in fact, is a violation of the principle of the open door. The simplest way for the United States to avoid all embarrassment consequent upon the declaration they have made would be to accept the official assurances, which are certain to be given, to the effect that the arrangements in question in no way assail the principle of the open door, nor infringe the rights by treaty guarantied to the United States, or the territorial integrity of China. This attitude would not be without precedent."

From this we judge that he anticipates no help from Europe; the European treaties with regard to China will go the way of other European treaties.

One cannot but admire Japan, after reading his article. Japan has simply held the mirror up to Europe and America, and the hypocrites are horrified at what they see there—a picture of unscrupulous, remorseless, selfish greed in politics, of racial pride and racial intolerance. Japan has been to school to Europe and America; she approached the study of our methods with an open and receptive mind; had those methods been of honour we should have found her strictly honourable, as in herself she has not ceased to be. She has seen with her own eyes that portion of mankind to which her race belongs; and she is going to avenge that treatment soon or late. We have to learn that we are not intrinsically superior to Orientals, though, owing to our better weapons of destruction, we have, for some time had the upper hand. It is not a question of intrinsic superiority, but of radian difference, so great as to preclude a perfect understanding; and that is where the cruelty comes in when we rule over them, or they rule over us. It is time that we got rid of that illusion of superiority, since an Eastern Power is now as cunning and as well-armed as ourselves.

A Pathological View of the Hyphenated States.

IV.—NEUROSIS.

Although anaemia is the dominant characteristic of American thought, the reaction against that condition is none the less worthy of notice, especially as it occasionally finds an opportunity of shaping policy. When we remember that the fervour of righteousness is very bracing to political life, it will not be difficult to understand various phenomena which do not always harmonise with those already described. If primness and conventionality are the most salient features of responsible journalism, if an intolerable sanctimoniousness infects the utterances of popular teachers, whence comes the accepted notion that crudeness, sensationalism and novelty are the quintessence of Americanism? The Yellow Press, fad religions, and violent effects in every department of human activity—how are these to be reconciled with the theory of intellectual anaemia?

It might at once be replied that Hearst, Roosevelt and "Billic" Sunday are the natural reaction of an uneducated people against "prunes and prisms." The only alternative to the paralysis of "right thinking," for those who know or who form other form of cerebral activity, is the hypothesis of Hearstian newspapers, the stentorian theology of Mr. Sunday, and the vaudeville imperialism of Mr. Roosevelt. The man in the street obtains the illusion of freedom when he compares the strenuous attitude of these prophets with the Zenana-like propriety of the New York "Nation," or the beatific purity of mind revealed by prominent statesmen. At bottom, nox of these better-known aspects of American journalism, religion and politics conflict with our posture.

Hysterical outbursts of energy are by no means incompatible with anaemia, and as such we may regard the craving for noise and exaggeration, which constitute the sole difference between the bloodless sentiments of respectability and the blatant charlatans of mockery. Their joint stock of petrified ideas is isolated in the same vacuum.

Turning, however, from such cases as fail to offer any fundamental divergence of belief, let us see how far revolt has been possible from the standards generally followed by this moral Republic. The field of inquiry is necessarily more restricted, for, needless to say, the smaller towns hold no important Nietzscheans, except those so mute that their spirit has not made itself felt. The professional supermen, and their female counterparts, have by tacit agreement come together in New York, leaving, perhaps, a few stragglers in Chicago. It is an irony of social history that a country which set itself to abolish centralisation, by the expedient of making the smallest town in each State the capital, has succeeded in aggravating the very evil to be avoided. The provincialism of the United States has attained a degree of barbarity known only to those who have fled from the latter to New York. As a judgment of civilisation upon the perpetrators of the monstrosity, the "national" capital, Washington, has the intellectual life of a village, while the dreaded centralisation of activity in New York has passed beyond remedy.

In that city, so essentially American (in spite of assurances to the contrary), may be found the only organised effort to shake off the incubus of righteousness. Regenerate democracy here makes its stand against the theory and practice of political and social Methodism, an undertaking simplified to some extent by the large numbers of more or less transient Europeans. The material achievements of the uplift are scarcely noticeable in this eden, where prohibition, the crusading, and similar terrors are thought great, have not yet imparted that air of serried joylessness peculiar to the American city. Capital offences

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
in Washington or Philadelphia are not even venial sins in New York, and the elementary decencies of civilised life are not outraged by virtuous hooliganism.

We may say, therefore, that the "radicals" of New York have a precedent, in their time, to draw upon, and its effects are observable in the attenuated transcendentalism of the Bostonian era, which, after all, but a refinement of the notorius puritanism of New England, so the hysterical impulse. A discussion of abortion, or a novel be a prolonged narrative, which they are emerging in the domain of sex, and its results are seen in the illusion of importance which comes from the constant assurance of sufficient heat and food. Such a public welcomes indiscriminately the sage and the fool, the knave and the honest man, provided they come well advertised and with glittering wares. We are inclined to forget, and the majority of our writers prefer to ignore, that thousands of these young republicans educated in homes where the language of the school or college is never spoken. The hardest task of even a University professor of English is to counteract the illiteracy of the student's home life, or, in more favourable circumstances, to give him a knowledge of the new country's language and literature, in addition to those of the land of his parents. If this fact were more familiar, our reputations made in America might be subjected to closer scrutiny. It is safe to say that the number of mediocreities from Methodism making their success in the scholastic and literary world of America is even greater than the number of tent-tentative talents who come across periodically to inspect their "American markets."

The query naturally suggests itself: Surely there must be a public occupying an intermediate position between the Nonconformists on the one side and the "Bohemians" on the other? In attempting to summarise the facts this antithesis became unavoidable, but the two extremes are so typical that they would appear. The reason of this is twofold. In the first place, we are accustomed in Europe to finding Nonconformity in its natural habitat. In England, for example, it was not until the advent of the Labour Party that the spiritual and intellectual awakening, which as statesmanship was inflicted upon a public used to better things. In America that phenomenon is the rule rather than exception. Not content with unlimited control in its own special field, revivalism has invaded every branch of municipal, political and social life. It is, therefore, not the manifestation of a minority of extremists, but expresses the attitude and convictions of the majority. In the second place, the practical invisibility of an intellectual class as free from the delusions of the reactionary as from the illusions of the hectic radical, renders the isolated individuals negligible factors. For all practical purposes, the anemic and the neurotic between them comprise all the formative influences in the life of the Hyphenate States. The free flutterings of Paganism may be discerned in the group whose mouthpiece is "The New Republic." but even this attempt at a golden mean indicates the triumph of respectability.

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Little Epistles.

III.—TO MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

My DEAR MASSINGHAM,—It is almost a quarter of a century since I sat at the Fabian Conference in Essex Hall. You read a paper which several speakers subsequently described as "brilliant." I think the Fabian "Old Gang"—all still ranging, save Hubert Bland, alas!—reckoned on captivating you. Your Non-conformist Liberalism, lucky for yourself, too, ingrained, and you left them when they published their harmless jésus d’esprit, "To Your Tents, O Israel." I then instinctively formed the conclusion that you were a man of words rather than action, for certainly there was no reason why any man of action should allow his course to be diverted by that forcible-feeble pronouncement.

I am not sure whether I write in censure or indifference when I describe you as a man of words—writing man. It all depends. If you are spiritually and intellectually consecrated to a great idea and find that you can serve best by writing, then yours is not only a true vocation but noble within. If, however, you regard journalism as a profession, without regard to ideas and ideals which ought to guide and stimulate your pen, then what do you more than Fleet Street? And that, I might as well to the downward deprivations. I think it is well worth while to turn the searchlight on you. From my point of view, your professional career, if more interesting and diverting, is less significant than the creed you profess. But I will look at you first in your professional aspect.

Did you observe that I switched off from the word "writing" to the more precise term "journalism"? You might be a writing man, yet not a journalist. You might be an author or playwright, or poet or critic. So far as I know, you are none of these, even though on occasion you are your own dramatic critic. Not an author, however. Some volume, with your name upon it, may rest in peace and dust on the shelves of the National Liberal Club, but I think not. Does not this imply your own criticism upon your own work? To put your written thoughts into a book is, in an unknown degree, to assert that you have written something of permanent value. You have been writing and writing and writing for thirty years. Dear God, think of it! Leagues and leagues of Press columns and nothing but statements, exhortations, all fugitive and ephemeral. No permanent element in the work of a life-time.

You have a good reply, of course. You may contend that daily and weekly you have guided political thought into desired channels; that you have done your share in the creation of a stream of tendency; that a daily or weekly sermon may be a good sermon, even though it apply to the passing hour and have no direct relation to the eternal verities. I do not deny it; but we must ascertain if your stream of tendency has made for sanity, for righteousness, for liberation.

There are certain obvious features about your work. I do not think. I am certain, that you are sincere. You are miles removed from the cynical duplicity of Garvin. In the rough and tumble of daily journalism you have doubtless written what you subsequently regretted; but taking you by and large your journalistic life has been all of a piece. You have sincerely believed in the mission of Liberalism, and I am quite sure you have never sold the people if you were. I should be proud of it, for recurrent journalists are as common as weeds and grasses. Then, again, you write with fewer clichés than most journalists. Your style is clear, sympathetic, interesting, and—reminiscent. You are a poor heater. I do not remember that you ever really lashed out and stamped to ribbons any political sacred cows. With your friends you are gentle and purring; with your enemies, gentle and scratchy. Is this because you never know that next month or two you and your enemy may be sharing the same political bed? Or is it a temperament lack of courage? But against that weakness we may set a big thing to your credit. You are, I think, the only party journalist who has always stood for the liberty of the Press. The war has not changed you in this respect. Thanks.

I suspect that you would like to be known as a publicist. I know of no word so difficult to define. It is something more than a journalist, and something less than a statesman. It implies, however, two things: an influence upon influential journals and a corresponding influence with statesmen and men of affairs. The position is unique, and genuine publicists are far to seek. Your predecessor, Weymouth Reid, had some of the qualities of a publicist, so had Knowles—by the way, is he alive or dead? Strachey is too pietistic and self-conscious to fill the bill. Percy Bunting, in a restricted sense, was a publicist; so also was Greenwood. Robinson of the "Daily News" was too commercially minded. Delane was the genuine article. Stead strove for it, but remained a journalist all his days. I think that you, too, must be described as a journalist. That you can influence a number of journals is certain; but you are not persuasive enough with your statesmen. You have been their tool when you should have been yours. I remember your work on the "Daily Chronicle" (please tell us the true story of Fletcher's resignation), the "Daily News," and the "Speaker," which was boot again in the "Nation," with you as editor and hack-scrivener. Summing it all up, whilst you have been always faithful to certain abstract ideas, in practical affairs you have followed and played favourites, when, had you been a real publicist, you would either have dictated your own policy or crushed those who thwarted you. You have always injured us; you have never acquired power. And power is inherent in the work of the publicist.

Let us revert to that Fabian Conference. The London group stood for "permeation," the provincial delegates for "independence." What an altogether fatuous controversy it has turned out to be! Shaw, Webb, Bland, Pease, and you believed that the Liberal party could be permeated with Socialism; we of the Mountain maintained that the revolution could only come by creating a new political party and pursuing a Parnellite policy. Both were, of course, wrong. We went back to the Provinces and formed the Independent Labour party, soon to be sterilised and rendered impotent by that futile and pretentious junta, Harding, MacDonald, and Snowden, surrounded by great speeches and little substance, Shaw, and Bland issued their pronouncements and tracts, and generally emulated the three musketeers. But, by some defect of vision, they mistook that amusing trio for the three tailors of Tooley Street. You went your own way. You plunged into Liberal politics and became the inspired pamphleteer of the Radical sections. You lived on Parliamentary rumour; you dvrun on political intrigues. Has it ever dawned upon you that you were consistently fooled? It may be broadly stated that you have always backed the wrong horse. You backed Rosebery against Harcourt. That was a disgraceful intrigue. I do not think that you were a party to it; but you accepted the result and lauded Rosebery as Heaven sent. I was never a Liberal, and, please God, never will be; but if I were, I should blush over that instant of the judgment. You backed John Burns. He fooled you to the top of your bent. You backed Lloyd George. They tell me that you were "Wayfarer" in your own paper. Let me quote you on January 5. These are the fruits of this colossal error, I was rechristened by some public-spirited malefactor to blame the Prime Minister than Mr. Lloyd George. Confidence has indeed been lost, and cannot, I fear, return. But no one thinks that Tuesday's surrender would have been possible in face of Mr. Asquith's original objections. With you the man who owes more to democracy than any Minister of his generation had not been the first to pass over to its enemies. The Government may have contained noisier advocates of Con-
surrender of the principle of voluntary service in war in argument. He has never shown the slightest appreciation of Christianity, when Christianity has never been tried."

Nevertheless, he became your pet, whilst you became ignorant of theory as a babe of burglary. All his life, known Lloyd George to be an ignoramus. He never thought him the counterpoise to the Whig elements in the region of spirit and truth. Now, will you tell me why you would prefer that I should write you down a fool, it is absolutely beyond all cavil that you have always been a stout party man. You know, as well as I, that this Conscription movement has not been his first act of apostasy. He originally intended to lead the Welsh Nationalist movement. Harcourt bought him off with a few cheap flatteries. Apologist once, apostate always. Nevertheless, he became your pet, whilst you became his journalistic bell-wether. Get down on your knees and pray for pardon. Democracy! I believe you still think of the democracy as the great unwashed. Who, better than you, should know that in all the worlds there is no existing system of democracy? I see that Dean Inge has recently remarked in a book on religion and the war that "it is nonsense to talk of the failure of Christianity, when Christianity has never been tried."

It has, and it has failed. But democracy has never been tried; we have never even approximated to a democracy. For there can be no political democracy until the workers live a free economic life. I will return to that in a minute. Let us first dispel our Lloyd Georgean dreams. Now, unless you would prefer that I should write you down a fool, it is absolutely beyond all cavil that you have always known Lloyd George to be an ignoramus. He never opens a book save to glean a quotation or buttress an argument. But this solution is purely verbal. For the Syndicate must have the primacy--which I say that the individual and the State are correlative is by Ramiro de Maeztu.

On the Primacy of Things.

By Ramiro de Maeztu

The doctrine of the primacy of things is easy to understand in theory, though difficult to realise in practice. But, it is the only political theory that offers a solution of the conflicts in which we are daily engaged. For instance, if the problem arises as to the election of the State? Socialism says yes; but that is tyranny. Ought the State to be sacrificed to the individual? Individualism says yes; but that is anarchy. To conciliate this old antagonism between the State and the individual the correlative theory has been invented—the individual is wrong. The second thought refers to your ancient and hoary colleague, J. A. Hobson. It is not so long ago that he laughed contemptuously at the maxim that economic power precedes and dominates political power. The poor, dear departed! You are younger and intellectually more receptive. So this thought I leave with you. The workers want "a reasonable share in control and management." If they don't get it, then let us prepare for the Servile State. But they will surely get it. It must come as the first measure of political power. Glasgow is a stiff puff pressing the coming storm. Be ready! When it comes, we shall be on the way towards that happy combination of economic power and political freedom which marks the true democracy. The war has taught you a bitter lesson. Will you act on it, or, like John Tammer, "go on talking"?

Yours sincerely, Plutarch.
And this question is insoluble, absolutely insoluble, so long as we do not clearly realise that every association is an association in one thing, and that this thing must have the primacy in all disputes arising out of the working of the association. There is nothing involved in this thought. It is so simple that, once understood, it imposes itself on the mind with the force of a category. But it is new. It is strangely new. All theories of association—from which theories of the State are derived—may be classified in two groups: the authoritarian theories, which see the essence of associations in the fact that within them there are some individuals who command and others who obey; and the democratic theories, for which the enduring essence of associations lies in the associated. Even Duguit, in spite of his calling his doctrine “The theory of objective right,” does not look beyond human solidarity in his search for the basis of associations. According to Duguit, men associate because they are solidary, because they have mutual need of one another. Duguit does not see that the profound secret of associations consists, not in the fact that men have mutual need of one another, but in the fact that they need the same thing. Objective right cannot arise from the fact that men have mutual need of one another. This fact can only be a means-individual kind of an objective. The secret of associations lies in the fact that men need the same thing—whether this thing be a game, as in football associations; or a territory, as in States; or a religious dogma, as in the Churches.

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Human solidarity can only exist in things. We do not associate directly with another person; it is friendship or love or community of interests or ideas that makes us associate with him. The individuality of the other person is the unknown, the inscrutable mystery and the unpierceable wall. Without the mediation of the thing association is impossible.

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The other person does not and cannot enter into a direct relation of rights and duties with us through the mere fact that he is another person. Rights do not arise from personality. This idea is mystic and unnecessary. Rights arise primarily from the relation of the associated with the thing that associates them, as circumstances arise from the relation of its points with the centre. It is clear that, apart from the relation of the associated with the thing that associates them, there is in an association all kinds of relations among the associated. The reason is that all men belong at the same time to a plurality of associations. We are all partners, whether we like it or not, in our planet earth, and we are all residents in some borough and citizens of some State—from which it is to be deduced that no association can claim absolute jurisdiction over us. Hence, jurisdictional conflicts—and, therefore, wars—are inevitable. What I say is that the reason why many of these conflicts are unnecessarily multiplied and aggravated is that Law has not been based on the relation of the associated with the thing that associates them; but has been sought to be founded directly on the associated themselves, independently of the thing associating them. Thus one speaks of the rights of the sovereign, or of the rights of man, as if they were inherent to the condition of sovereign or man. Against this tradition I deny that rights are inherent, and I affirm that all rights are adhærent. They are adhærent, mathematically speaking, purely in function of the thing. No function, no rights.

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The Christian Church may offer to all Westerners the model of supreme right. It is an association founded on the central dogmas of original sin and the Redeemer Who guarantees the possibility of grace. The isolated individual, powerless to preserve his faith and to adjust his life to his dogma, associates in the Church. The Church is an association founded on a thing, Christianity. The Church, or assembly of the faithful, is, therefore, an instrument and not an end. In no association, nor in the whole of the associations, can the associated form more than an instrument, never an end. Formerly, I used to like to distinguish made by Rousseau between the “general will” and the will of all Rousseau believed that the “general will” could not err. This amounted to considering the general will as an end and not as a means. In that Rousseau was wrong. The end of an association is not the association, but those things which the association proposes to itself. The end of the Church consists in maintaining and propagating Christianity.

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It may be said that we men are organs of the associations, and that the associations are organs of men. Both are organs, instruments, means. What is not an organ is the end of the association. The relation between the organ and the end is the function. And the external regulation of this relation is the Law.

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When the history of the Church is studied, it is perceived that her conflicts are of two kinds: superior conflicts, in which the faithful quarrel over dogmas and inferior conflicts, in which the ecclesiastics quarrel over jurisdiction. In the last few centuries the ecclesiastics have hardly quarrelled over anything but jurisdiction; questions of dogmas left them cold. To be a Catholic is to consider as the supreme authority the Pope of Rome; to be Orthodox is to believe in the highest rank of the Four Patriarchs; to be an episcopal, presbyterian, or congregationalist is to believe in the primacy of the bishops, the presbyters, and the congregation. In this miserable dispute over power Christianity has been left to perish. To such an extent has the Church forgotten to renew its reasons and to vivify the experiences on which its dogmas and hopes are founded that now it is possible, even for men reputed to be intelligent, to ignore Christianity—and with Christianity the only satisfactory explanation of the human tragedy.

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What is essential in an association is the end it proposes to itself. The association and the associated are nothing but the instruments for this end. The problem of authority is only instrumental for the instrument; not for the association forms. Questions of authority are of the third order. Those of the first order refer to the end; those of the second, to the law of the association; those of the third, to the jurisdiction of authorities. Who is the authority in each case of the reply one has to distinguish two questions: that of fact and of right. The authority of fact is that which possesses the power to impose itself within the association; the authority of right is that which best serves the end of the association. How, then, solve jurisdictional conflicts according to right? By seeing that social power is conferred according to the functions of the associated, and the functions according to capacities. And how is this to be achieved? It is to be achieved as far as possible by never losing sight of the end of the association. The standard which ought to serve us to settle questions of authority and power is the end of the association. The triumph of this standard is what I call the primacy of things.

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Men have quarrelled, are quarrelling, and will quarrel over power. The reason is that the essence of man is power also, and one of the sides of power is the tendency to grow at the expense of others. Man is not only through his animal condition of natural force, but because he receives from his human nature the tendency to pride, which is his original sin. But man considered purely as power has no rights; for into the concept of right there enters a positive ethical factor. Rights only arise when man enters into relation with the good, either to preserve the existing goods or to create new ones. In function of the good, in the relation between man and good, rights arise. Every right is functional. Every right which is not functional, all
subjective rights, all the so-called rights of man, all the rights of sovereigns, are not rights in reality; they are simply powers.

The German theory proclaims the primacy of the State over the nation, that is to say, of the ruler over the ruled. The democratic theory proclaims the primacy of the nation over the State, that is to say, of the ruled over the ruler. Both theories are based on a distinction between the individual and the super-individual values. The objective theory does not deny this distinction. The association is one thing and the individual is another. But what it does deny is that the super-individual values—it would be better to call them trans-individual values—are of a superior category to democracy on the principle that every man is entitled to any consideration other than that due to the ends of the associations. And these ends are divided into good and evil; because men associate for evil also.

When values are divided, not into positive and negative—good and evil—but into superior and inferior, the classification has to be made according to their final or instrumental value. Final and superior values are the goods and services that satisfy the need for, scientific discovery, or artistic creation. Instrumental and inferior values are those which have no intrinsic value, but are only tools for the production of final values. To this class of values belong man and all his institutions and associations. Within the instrumental values one has to distinguish a category inferior even to man himself. To this inferior category belong all economic values. Economics and all its values are purely instrumental to man as man and all his institutions and associations ought to be to the good, the true, and the beautiful.

The concept of value was invented by economics, and from economics has ascended to philosophy and a science that has no other philosophy than that of the values. Economics, on the other hand, has died as an autonomous science, to become a side of history—that side of history that endeavours to explain the evolution of the industrial system of production, distribution, and consumption. This mental revolution has been carried out in the last twenty years. But few are the people who know it to be an accomplished fact, and still fewer those who realize its significance.

The doctrine of the primacy of things does not assume that all conflicts can be avoided. The only thing it positively offers to us is a standard for settling them justly. In suppressing subjective rights it tells us that only he who best serves the common good has the right to come first. But its educative utility is not inferior to that which it offers us as a standard of justice. In telling us that our value is purely instrumental, it teaches us to smile at our pretensions. In spite of it, men will go on trying to impose themselves on one another. But it may become the foundation of true democracies. Up to now it has been sought to found democracy on the principle that every man is a sovereign owing obedience to no one. This principle forgets that a king wants a kingdom; and it is of no use our declaring ourselves sovereigns if we lack subjects to command. To call us kings and to deny us kingdoms is to turn us into pretenders perpetually conspiring. Democracy can be real only if we decide to serve the common good, either spontaneously or through mutual coercion. The true foundation of democracy is the conviction that no man—emperor, pope, or workman—is entitled to any consideration other than that due to a possible instrument of the eternal values. Instruments are used when they are in good order; repaired when damaged, and thrown away when useless.

Shakespeare as Grotesque.
By Huntly Carter.

II.—THE GROTESQUE SHAKESPEARE.

I have shown that the grotesque spirit is associated with absolute joy, and implies that the laughter of joy is a part of the equipment of minds of the first order. The kind of minds described by Ruskin as follows: "Wherever the human mind is healthy and vigorous in all its proportions, great in imagination and emotion no less than in intellect, and not overborne by an undue or hardened pre-eminence of the mere reasoning faculties, there the grotesque spirit exists in full energy." It was an individual mind of this kind that Shakespeare possessed, and it was a corporate mind of this kind, both of pre-Eliot and Elizabethan times, that he was under the influence of. Indeed, he was the direct heir to a very long line of comic inventors, and was set in the very midst of an age of play, surrounded by a nation that drank with the deepest thirst from the very fountain of play. If we like we can imagine Shakespeare as a highly imaginative, passionate sort of fellow, who would sit for days, weeks, and months in his own room, amid the visions of his own imagining, laughing at, applauding, and playing recreatively with the inheritance which his own and other times so richly showered upon him. This was the unconscious mood that caused his plays, and was transmitted consciously by him to others. Readers may verify this statement by referring to the work of ancient and modern writers on Shakespeare's plays and the sources of his inspiration. Perhaps the word mood was the only thing that mattered. And it may be, as Mr. Gordon Craig suggests, that Shakespeare provided the framework of mood and the actors improvised the rest. Anyhow, Shakespeare's business was to collect certain electrical currents and transmit them efficiently. Mr. Albert Cohn has shown what there was for him to collect in the comic spirit developed by the old grotesque Mysteries and Morality, the Middle Age spectacles with their jesters of all kind, strolling clowns, English, French, German, the grotesqueries of the Commedia del Arte, and the Forever of the Grotesque, like Hans Sachs. By these and other influences, notably the temper of the Elizabethan public demanding with extravagance, as Jusserrand on the Age of Shakespeare reveals, Shakespeare the noble grotesque was nurtured. So the seed sown in laughter was reaped in Shakespeare. For, as Professor Dowden remarks, "Shakespeare, who saw life more widely and wisely than any other of the seers, could laugh." What did he laugh at? Simply at the unreality of the present universe. In all his plays, says Professor Masson, Shakespeare "contrives to convey the idea that what is going on is such a desperate, a mutually familiar, and rest in the flowering of evanescent beams." The professor bases his conclusions in particular on "The Tempest," a play rich in grotesque. Think, for instance, of the grotesquerie of Caliban, a grotesque tree throwing itself forth from every sign and symbol of fantasy. It is possible, this is the source of the grotesque, that is the sub-conscious Shakespeare, seated in one world convulsed with laughter at the sight of the innocuous folly in progress in the other. Place Shakespeare in this puppet theatre, allow him to surrender himself to the grotesque spirit, and witness the working world of absurd, concrete figures with his genial humour, and the grotesque key to his plays and characters becomes clear.

As space is limited, I can only suggest in this article how Shakespeare's plays can be opened with this grotesque key. To begin with, let me divide the plays into three periods. First there is the period of
"young manliness," to use Dr. Furnivall's apt term, characterised by a long chorus of joyous laughter. So comes the first-born from the union of laughter and a vivid sense of unreality, but by a rare affection which sends forth troops of gay and glorious images. This is the period of "Love's Labour's Lost," "Comedy of Errors," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Then there is the period of maturity characterised by a chorus of terrible laughter. So comes the second-born. Here we have the world of humans seen through tears and fears that had mastered over Shakespeare's heart during the middle period, and which give us manifestations of the terrible grotesque: the forbidding phantoms of infinite conceptions, the powers of destruction lurking in Nature, the conceptions of avenging spirits, the visionary images of forces at work converting the material universe into a kingdom of dark and distorted powers engaged in a mutual provoking struggle for mastery with the Unseen. This is the period of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Timon." Then there is the third period with its third-born marked by a disappearance of morbid source, and by a sense of infinite joy which outshines, and most joyous contemplation of the material world seen in its relation to Reality. It is a period when Shakespeare might have composed his beautiful sonnet, beginning "Full many a glorious morning have I seen flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye."

It is the period of "The Tempest," and "Winter's Tale." Turning from the general to the particular aspects of the plays, it is easy to discern Shakespeare's scheme of laughter-makers. Here are his women, second his clowns, third his tragedians. Says Professor Dowden, "a woman is dearer to Shakespeare than an angel; a man is better than a god." Shakespeare, indeed, poured the best of his laughter into his women; that is why, generally speaking, Feste is another Prospero and Cordelia is absolute Love seeking to dematerialise everything it touches. Miranda is absolute Simplicity, as of the soul stripped of useless accretions seeking to refine all other souls. And so on. Shakespeare carved out various forms of humour in his clowns: as the sub-conscious of infinite geniality, in the fool in "Lear" the sub-consciously humorous of Lear himself, and a grotesque symbol of infinite tenderness, in Feste, Slender, Dogberry, in Sir Andrew Aguecheek, actuated by and held to actual existence. Then there is Lear, Shakespeare's greatest terrible grotesque, scorning the spirit of absolute Love, externalised by Cordelia, in favour of the selfish material love of her sisters, Regan and Goneril, and falling headlong into the lowest depths of material madness in consequence. So we watch this colossal figure, jerked into the semblance of a tragedian by the spirit of pure Love and left as an object for Gargantuan laughter as finally it returns of mine to rescue Shakespeare from the stupendous intentions of his man and various interpreters, and to set his world in action as a world of living puppets melting away the actual universe with their contagious laughter.

Readers and Writers.

A note of mine the other week has missed a number of readers into believing that The New Age might be compelled to raise its price or to appear fortnightly or monthly during the remainder of the war. Nothing of the kind has been or will be contemplated. The worst that is likely to happen is that, owing to the shortage of the paper supply, the number of pages may be reduced from twenty-four to seventeen. Any such eventuality certainly will. In the meantime our readers are asked to share our troubles at least to the extent of confining their purchases of The New Age to a single bookstall, if not of subscribing directly (which would suit us even better). This done, it will be the fault of none of us if we fail to outride the war.

I look forward with eagerness to the establishment of Mr. de Maetzu's Court of Justice for writers, and particularly for critics. A long list of offences has been committed against The New Age for which at present we seek redress in vain. Sheltered behind a public that neither troubles to examine the context of quotations made from these pages nor looks herein for a reply to the charges brought against us, critics of every kind falsely accuse us without fear of justice. The latest to come to my notice is contained in a sixpenny pamphlet published by Mr. Everleigh Nash (an American, I believe) for the "Anti-Socialist Union." Says the intemperate writer of "The Patriotic of Mr. Mac-Donald": "It is well to bear in mind that many Socialists have only been patriotic during the war because they had realised they could get more out of their country if we win than if we lose. Thus The New Age, once it was proclaimed that England is necessary to Socialism. It is certainly a strange patriotism that exists simply because the country is necessary to a political revolution." We send our congratulations to the Court that does not yet exist, that, while there is one country for the great things it may still do a strange (that is, a rare) patriotism, to love one's country is not an ignoble patriotism. Is the patriotism that is satisfied with one's country's past the only patriotism the anti-Socialists allow? Will they deny the name of hope of its future? My case is closed.

Of Mr. F. S. Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle" over twenty-six thousand copies have been sold in its six shining editions, and now an excellently produced abridgment of it has been published for a still larger shining circulation (Macmillan). I should like to have discovered that a book commanding such a sale in wartime and commended by so many respectable critics was worth, at any rate, once reading by an intelligent student of affairs. But I have been disappointed like my colleague "A. F. R.," who noticed it in its earlier form. In truth it is not worth a farthing or a minute of anybody's time or money. Mr. Oliver, I venture to say, has not formed a belief in the world. He feels amiably disposed towards the English-speaking races: he is a gentleman by instinct, and he means very well. But of the nature of the "National Service," to the establishment of which he professes to devote his book, he has no clearer notion than a Sunday-school teacher. And as for the means of provided such a gorgeous spectacle of Unseen Elementals pulling the strings of mortals with the most magnificent ludicrous results. Where is there such a set of spontaneous fools to match the Athenian Craftsmen? In this way, then, and by other manifestations the grotesque spirit is traceable all through Shakespeare's plays. The grotesque key which I have provided will enable me to rescue Shakespeare from the stupid intentions of his man and various interpreters, and to set his world in action as a world of living puppets melting away the actual universe with their contagious laughter.
It is natural, of course, that all sorts of people should be anxious to air their schemes for setting the world to rights; and I would not forbid one of them the use of paper and ink deny him enough of my attention to form a judgment of his work. At the same time, well, it is a pity that some of our pamphleteers can find no better use for their time. Have they no candid friends in their private circle whose opinion they can take before troubling the world in general to pass sentence upon the last. H. E. Hyde, I understand, has come all the way from New Zealand to publish "The Two Roads" (P. S. King, 1s. 3d. net.), and to make in it the suggestion that an International Government should be formed to enforce arbitration in place of war. Yes, but even to his proposals for the constitution of such a Government: "It shall be composed of representatives of all the nations in numbers according to their status and importance." Think, oh think, Mr. Hyde, what a show, or, rather, what you are wanting! Who upon earth is to measure the status and importance of all the nations? And, supposing the impossible possible, who then is to set in motion the machinery necessary to suppress the strongest? The old lady's question of the present is "Why do we not Heart of Europe and of Germany herself. His appeal is therefore rather to Germany to throw off the Prussian incubus than to the Allies to cease from assisting Germany to do it. At one point, in fact, when his appeal for a single German voice, "one single free voice," has been met with silence ("none spoke"), he turns and says to Hauptmann: "May the opinion of mankind crush you!"

And again he remarks that of "the three great evils, the tortuous policy of Austria, the ravenous greed of Tsarism, and the brutality of Prussia," one must destroy the last first." Well, that is not neutrality; and when he adds that "if by some awful fate the Prussian spirit of the militarisation of the intellect were to become triumphant I would leave Europe for ever, because to live here would be intolerable to me,"

R. H. C.
thought, but only to stoke the fire of her humour. Flames burst out from her words, and the little flat went blind in my mind. I felt a hand rise and the girl fell down. I saw then that it was my hand. I lifted her up and laid her upon the bed. She had not explained, nor, as it turned out, was she even hurt. She lay quietly, looking at me with an expression in her eyes that I shall never forget. It was, if you can believe me, contempt mingled with admiration. A cleverer man in my place, continued Doran, would have turned this new acquaintance to account. He would have done something to exploit the situation, at any rate, and to leave what admiration there was bare. But I bungled my opportunity. I began to apologise for having struck her. Immediately the admiration died away and there was nothing left but the contempt. Once more she began her bitter raillery, but this time with my admitted man in my place, continued Doran, would have turned the girl has money, or does she depend upon Doran? I'm not sure, said her. Why, he said, to follow my first chosen guide. She wept and I love you. She went and wept until I was melted to tears myself, whereupon we agreed that the incident should be forgotten. Rut can to any way? How could you? There must be some radical difference in our standard of values.

(Answer). . . You say that if the girl had been of your own kind, though you might have been jealous, you would not have felt humiliated. The humiliation arises, then, from the fact that you suppose I value love so lightly, I bestow it here, there, and everywhere—on girls, that is to say, I could not introduce to you. Thus, I am making you an
doorman of their pursuits in life, but women are dependent for their whole pleasure on men, to whom love is but a half of life. Men cannot attach the same importance to it that women do. . . Men and women are out of step. . . They don't think in the same manner. That is why, among other things, men recognise no class distinctions when it comes to flirting. . . Men, you mustn't forget, complain that women undervalue men's work—women complain that men undervalue women! Well, the values may seem unfair—things v. persons—but there they are; a psychological tradition. . . I'm afraid men are a lot of Georgie Porgies. We wait to-day and gone tomorrow. . . But women (wives-to-be) may comport themselves with the reflection that a man hasn't always kissed a woman because he valued her, but very often because he didn't value her. Few men value any woman till they have loved her. Remember, too, that was all before I met you, so that, at any rate, from the man's point, which I have been trying to explain, I am exonerated. . .

Suggestion by Joan for Most Men's Epitaph.

Georgie Porgie Pudding and Pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
But if a girl came out to stay,
Georgie Porgie ran away!

THURSDAY.—Is it not a paradox that women's clubs are notorious for bad service? Being accustomed to domestic affairs, women, one would think, should get the best club service in the world. Women's clubs should be the despair and envy of men. But not at all. From the library to the kitchen everything seems to be squeaking with friction at women's clubs. Of the waiters and waitresses in particular may be said what used to be said of the policeman (until he came under the control of special constables): there when never wanted, when wanted never there! The very bells seem to have been degraded from use to ornament. Then the catering at women's clubs is somehow or other a failure: usually, it is like travelling steerage. And as for the drinks! Well, I might have ablated in the warm soda the other evening. Why, three times why? My temerarious reply is that women are not, and never
will be, really at home in clubs, for the simple reason that clubs are men's device. Women worry clubs, and clubs, in revenge, worry women. In vain they try to behave like men: it goes badly. I defy a clubwoman to order a whisky without becoming familiar or haughty with the waiter. As easily might a man choose ribbons with his wife's maid without losing caste. The line between familiarity and haughtiness is seldom discovered in a woman's club. A man told me yesterday that his only souvenir of one of these institutions was the hearing a member invite a porter to play billiards with her; while, on the other hand, I have frequently heard club servants being "rowed" to humiliation—and all about the extreme that the servants are bosom friends: the next they are dirt.

Friday.—Is the way a man takes off his hat a barometer of his feelings for the lady involved? If so, then I judge the following table of deduction correct:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Partial eclipse</th>
<th>Meeting woman for first time.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total eclipse</td>
<td>Doesn't know his own mind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slight nudging of brim</td>
<td>Too fond of her for ceremony.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Correct         | How absurd, you say! But one would really think the table wore right by the way many men behave. Compare their salutation of a girl on introduction with their address to one they have known for some time and, I think, a comparison is fair. The former leaves off so much as the latter begins. The hosts' first duty is only the formal offer of hospitality. The latter begins where the former leaves off. The hosts' first duty, then, is to prepare to receive their guests. The fault, I think, arises not so much from lack of consideration as from ignorance of the rites of familiarity. The host should make the lady feel at home; and yet not overdo hospitality. The idea of hospitality is that hospitality is ended with the issue of an invitation. Really, the test of the great Saint is how he goes wrong. I defy a clubwoman to order a whisky without becoming familiar or haughty with the waiter. As easily might a man choose ribbons with his wife's maid without losing caste. The line between familiarity and haughtiness is seldom discovered in a woman's club. A man told me yesterday that his only souvenir of one of these institutions was the hearing a member invite a porter to play billiards with her; while, on the other hand, I have frequently heard club servants being "rowed" to humiliation—and all about the extreme that the servants are bosom friends: the next they are dirt.

While the World Wags.

The town of L— in northern France used to be famous for its linen-spinning. Now, no one spin there, and not at all because of the war. One has spun there for a round fifty years, since the rain that fell twenty years ago shut the town up; the water was ascribed to the demons and the authorities caused the mill to be closed. When a priest retired down to the great door which was never shut because its hinges were long since broken and the wood had swelled. "Here!" he called, as she came out of the little chapel—a nun to the casual eye, approaching. "Are you not a refugee, my daughter?" he asked, hoping that she was the sort who would never mention the incident of the duster. She
Divinity who made them would care to own. They make of Life a battle, and so they have not a joyous feeling of the same intensity as their sensation of sorrowful sympathy. But, in fact, they have only one natural sorrow. Death. All the rest they have vented. She yawned and rose into the sky and flew away at a terrific speed, over field, over hill, over sea, and again over hill, and over field into a clump of dandelions. Nature respects no frontiers but her own.

Mr. Woods, the steward, came driving along the road. Driving is not quite the word to describe his way of getting about the estate. He was afflicted by a leg with a "Sussex" running wound, and he had a taste for literature; so to accommodate one and the other, old Tom the piebald pulled him along at a pace which jolted neither the leg nor the running blood. Unless expressly, it was only at cross-roads that Mr. Woods lifted his head and shifted the reins, according as the humour took him to go right, or left, or straight on. This morning he lifted his head and saw what made him choke with rage. "Them gipses has been here again! Bailey! Ho! Bailey!" Bailey came from a wheat-field behind a villainous, sly, new cottage, which made the country look out of place. He walked up at a quick march for a shepherd.

"Where's Mr. Rice?"

"I think he's yonder with the keeper, sir, over the pheasants."

"Ask him to come here a minute." Bailey "sees" the signs of the thieves as he went off.

"There's a 'hidin' for you, young Ted," he mentally addressed his absent son. "You bin off arter blackberries steal of scarin' the birds else them pipes couldna got off s'mornin' out my knowing it."

The priest rushed into the church. Perhaps he blessed the candles on the way up the aisle. Doubtless, he did so.

"Fifine, what have you brought?"

"Three candles, my Father. Doubtless he blessed them when he went for the way."

"Jacques, what have you brought?"

"Three candles, my Father. The aisle echoed, rumbling and shaking. The priest returned to the children: "Jeanne, Fifine, Jacques—tell your mothers that I will twich their chemises off and shame them before the eyes of the Blessed Virgin if they do not bring along the linen. Am I to handage my little soldiers in candles? Go! Bring back the linen!"

The Refugee came running, her hands full of candles. "Mercy!" exclaimed the priest. His suffering innocence has been seized by the Lord to confound me. God forgive me! He knows best what He wants. He is making a mock of my candles. Go back, go back! Bring linen! If you bring me another candle, I'll burn you! Good God, what will my little soldiers do with candles?"

The Refugee came running, her arms full of linen, sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths. She flung them down at the church door and rushed back, her nun's habit streaming behind her. The women were coming along from the square of inhabited houses. The Refugee, like a brigand, seized all their bundles. "Back! More! More!" she shouted, with eyes blazing. The first automobile came heavily into the square. It was full of men, shrieking and moaning. The women burst into tears, and dashed into their houses.

"Not enough light! More light!" exclaimed the surgeon, dodging around the single lantern to pick off a bloody bandage.

The priest lit the first candle.

"Christ!" muttered the surgeon, glancing for a desperate instant at the roof—"Send me a light!"

A beetle sat lazily in a clump of dewy dandelions, these that the positive French inscribe on every menu of every restaurant "pissenlit," a really noble salad. "I cannot imagine why the Lord of Heaven thought these mortals so wicked," she reflected sleepily. "They are not wicked. They are only more foolish than any
"Oi dun moind scarin!" stoutly protested Ted Bailey, adding resentfully: "Oi dun loike Woods! O' Tom, 'e's mon brother, 'e run away, 'e's in the mine. Oi loikes 'im! 'E's gone to France, Foggin' fer Freedom. Oi believes 'e's dead, oi does!"

Alice Morning.

Views and Reviews.

On Ejection.

That the reconciliation of science and religion would be effected by psychology some of us have long believed. Obviously the nature of the human mind must determine its knowledge not only of itself but of everything else; it has no immediate knowledge of anything but itself, nor can it understand anything except in terms of itself. When Goethe said: "Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is" he did not invalidate the religious interpretation of the universe; he really showed us how impossible it is for us to know objects as they are in themselves. Science, revolting against the crude anthropomorphism of the current theology, and knowing only the subjective and objective that Coleridge introduced to our amusement Huxley's famous attack on Descartes denying his own existence; in Huxley's opinion, the extent of interpreting him as the product of the play of consciousness. The complicated processes of your body and the notions of your brain and nervous system, are all inferred as things possibly visible to me. However remote the inference of physical science, the thing inferred is always a part of me, a possible set of changes or "transformation" which are ejective and not objective, that is, the characteristic of anthropomorphism. The will of the savage is no more than the inferred existence of feelings and powers in things similar to those experienced by himself; the child attributes life to objects, the angry man assaults the furniture against which he has barked his shins, the poet adjoins the sun to shine, or "Go not, happy day, from the shining fields," just as the clergyman prays for rain. Whenever man makes the attempt to understand, to interpret, he does it in terms of himself, by a process of ejection; anthropomorphism must be the method of man, and it is the merit of this "thesis approved for the Degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London" that this should be made clear. This elaborate study of ejection, considered philosophically and psychologically, leads to the statement of the "relation between a theological, a metaphysical, and a scientific interpretation of the world." The programme may seem ambitious, but the subject is fruitful; for, by establishing the rule of ejection, the question: "Is there any objects of thought at all, or are all objects in reality ejets?" is raised, and such a question throws all the claims of modern science under discussion.

What Miss Wheeler makes quite clear is that there is no interpretation, no synthesis, without ejection; she establishes a hierarchy of the sciences according to the degree of ejection employed. Even mechanics transcends the data which it co-ordinates; indeed, it is manifest that the "laws" of any science are not objective, as are not presented to the observer, but are read into the phenomena by the observer. Ward has said: "Impressions do not generate these conceptions for us, but we apply the conceptions to them, thereby converting and transforming these crude experiences into the one 'Objective Experience' we call science." What that transformation means is usually an ignoring of deviations from the "law"; C. S. Pierce has said: "Try to verify any law of Nature, and you will find that the more precise your observations, the more certain they will be to show irregular departures from the law."

But having established the fact that the sciences are in ascending order with regard to the degree of ejection employed, the chief boast of science that it is not anthropomorphic is refuted. The most physical of sciences, the less ejection is employed; and the less valuable as an interpretation of the facts is the result. Physics is a more complete interpretation than mechanics, chemistry than physics, biology than chemistry, psychology than biology; and each lower in the scale corresponds with the employment of concepts which are ejective and not objective, that is, it corresponds with the introduction of more anthropomorphism. Unless the sciences are to confine themselves to analysis and description, knowledge which by its very nature can never be known, that is to say, comprehended, they must use ejective concepts; and as "science admits of" a use of ejection as a kind of device for obtaining a synthetic view of a group of data, it cannot consistently deny the use of ejection as a device for obtaining a synthetic view of the whole universe. In short, the antagonism between science and religion cannot be maintained; both are anthropomorphic, for both are the activities of man. The one tends to explain the complex by the simple, the other, the simple by the complex, the one to analyse the highest into the lowest, the other to understand the lowest in and through the highest." The way to understanding may be "first down, then up," as Ibsen's Maximus the Mystic said; but Ibsen taught us that no perfect discovery can be made on this level, but that an ascent has to be made to a higher science. And the higher we ascend, the more we understand, the more human we become.

A. E. R.
REVIEW

The Foolishness of Solomon. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

The matter and manner of this volume are what an eighteenth-century critic would have called “licentious”; this was to say presumptuous, or even blasphemous, as inventing according to his destructive fancy upon a subject defined by scripture, tradition or history; and vulgarly reckless as to style. In these days, perhaps, we should merely call a man absurd for inventing a booby adventure for the biblical Solomon, history and vulgarly reckless as to style.

Days, perhaps, we should merely call a man absurd for inventing a booby adventure for the biblical Solomon, history: and vulgarly reckless as to style.

Doggerel has its legitimate place! The “foolishness” of Solomon appears to consist in the gift of his magic room to a demon in the form of the Queen of Sheba, the said demon having made a wager with “God” as to the humiliation of the wise Solomon. “This perfect man, this man after Thy heart.” God and Solomon are naturally disposed to lose. Mr. Trevelyan being Deus ex machina. God talks in clichés and very like a pompous ass suggesting that “a task more useful far be found, and worthier to occupy thy zeal, with stern rebuke and eloquent appeal,” and so on—

Thus Yahweh spake and thundered.

And Solomon says to the sibyl of Balaam:

“I could not sleep, alas. For the tumult of strange thoughts that thronging came.” These too familiar throngs that tumult thoughting, alas! Solomon is changed by sorcery into a Chinese sage, learns wisdom, and rebukes the would-be courtly Balkis thus: “Nay, Balkis, who aren’t I. That thou shouldst flatter and belaud me so?” Rather the less, Solomon, certainly.

Fare Playbooks. No. 5. (Hicler, Cambridge.)

The heavens forgive us for our delay in noticing this book! We hasten to turn attack by rushing a murmur with Mr. Caldwell Cook. What does he venture to mean by musical if, in his opinion, the following poem is “not very musical”?

SILENCE ON THE MOOR.

O purple heather, how I chant unto thy drooping bells!
No nellover flute, nor cymbal on the moor, sweet smell,
Naught but the sable raven’s lonely croak;
Naught but the twit’ring thrush’s song falls sweet.

And thus the sibyl of Balaam: “To the bramble or the gorse; no once starts with sudden squawk.

Frightened, premedulce, by some murderers, passing hawke,
But as the crimson sun is setting through the pines I must begone, ere the grey moon shines.

It seems to the present writer almost a model of rhythm variously sustained by assonance, by alliteration, and by rhyme. Consider the magic art of the third line where two heavy assonances bear the change of the metre, and of the fourth where an emphatic repetition, strong with brevity, goes through the harmony. Then, a long metre begins again, but in rapid trochees and anapests! Even the dangerous octave in line seven is met and measured by a plethoric pentameter and a rhyme; and the whole is rounded by two perfect, rhymed pentameters—for a pause may count for perfect in a pentameter, and this pause in particular is perfect, for it bridges both parts of Time. This note by no means has remarked all the wonders of the poem, upon which a long essay might be expounded. Cook’s essay on words, in the face will suggest a good deal to readers. Some old favourites are reprinted in this number, and many, many new verses more or less extraordinary as to skill, and delightful as verse. The reason of delay in review is that the book has been voyaging and bore many postmarks before arriving at its proper destination.

The Poet in the Desert. By C. G. Scott Wood. (Portland, Oregon. 6d.)

I have entered into the Desert, the place of desolation. The Desert confronts me haughtily and assails me with solitude.

I have come to lose myself in the wide immensity and know my littleness.

I have come to lie in the lap of my mother and be comforted.

It needs one hundred and twenty-three largish pages to do it, and, if Truth has to appear “with shining wings” to inform him comfortably and finally that the names of Justice and Freedom “are written in blood."

A Soldier Son. (Drieden Publishing Company.)

Verse vividly expressing a father’s feelings on the enlistment and departure of his son.

1915, and The Simple Mirth. By Wilfrid Blair. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d.)

Light and heavy verse about the war.

The Dreamer of the Castle of Indolence. By Bertram Dobell. (Dobell. 2s. 6d.)

Bertram Dobell may be spoken of as a poet; for his spirit wandered in the train of the Muses, even although he approached not often near enough to suffer the fire of their leader. The issue of this volume will add to his reputation as one of the few writers of this age whose work may possibly delight the scholar and the gentleman. The title piece particularly is a work where ease of manner contains the thought and learning of the matter.

The Close of Life. By Bertram Dobell. (Dobell. 2s. 6d.)

Daily the lamp of life less brightly shines;
The pulse, so rapid once, now faintly flows;
And that belief consoles and calms my mind,
No life wherein I may not work and strive.

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

When I reflect how last that hour draws nigh
Of Nature, then will the life she gave,
And, free at last from that long malady,
I am to face’s stern rule no more a slave.

I have a firm conviction that in the train of the Muses, even although he approached not often near enough to suffer the fire of their leader. The issue of this volume will add to his reputation as one of the few writers of this age whose work may possibly delight the scholar and the gentleman.

And welcome shall that consummation be:
I would not, ghost of what I was, survive.
No more existence or half-death for me.
No life wherein I may not work and strive.

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

When I reflect how last that hour draws nigh
When Nature will resume the life she gave,
And, free at last from that long malady,
I am to face’s stern rule no more a slave.

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Oxford Poetry. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. boards; 1s. paper cover.)

“They drop about in such a tedious row,” Mr. Crow wonders if she would have let him clasp her hand in death? and then swears he offered her true lad’s love. Mr. Earp has become so much a part of her, “alas! the worse part,” of her who hears men’s praises with calm-indifference.

Mr. Freiston declares that someone wants to make him fail as some tall lily, and sometimes he thinks he understands that he “will kiss your lips and call you dear.” Mr. Green wishes that she were only a real sapphire for then his love would “crave” no return. Miss Haldane says that they were asleep in sleepy fields,
but now are awake for ever." Mr. Huxley wants to "drink lust and savagery." Miss Murray is waiting at the cottage door for him with his "young little limbs." Mr. Nichols states that when she kisses him with her lips "I became a roc, that fabulous bird." Miss Kendall shakes her "small, dear head," she didn't like silk, she wanted "cotton thread," but last night her virgin spirit sinned. Miss Sayers avows that she gave him everything and "by the Lord's living face I will not lose my hold!" Mr. Smith reminds her that anyway she has "lived" and "dared," and at last "could but die," so Death holds her in his arms, and that "there's but lust in kisses." Mr. Suhrawardy sees her passionate longing eyes through the lattice. Mr. Sutton describes himself as "a fool one woman would have wed." Mr. Vines excuses "the lover made light by circumstance," and says "Damn sex! Let us drink." Mr. Wade-Gery tries to convince her that Love will keep them warm in the wet dew, but later considers that the birds sing sweeter than she, and exclaims, "O what have we done?" (Advice: Try a General Post!) Of the nine remaining poets in this volume, Mr. H. C. Harwood takes first place with his "From the Youth of all Nations," sixty lines which read almost as one phrase. Youth addresses its elders:  

You called with patriotic sneers,  
And drums and sentimental songs.  
We came from out the eternal years  
Thus bodily to right your wrongs.  

The sins of many centuries,  
Sealed by your indolence and fright,  
Have earned us these our agonies:  
The thunderous, appalling night.  

A music terrible, austere,  
Shall rise from our returning ranks  
To change your merriment to fear,  
And slay upon your lips your thanks;  

And on the brooding, weary brows  
Of stronger sons, close enemies,  
Are writ the ruin of your house  
And swift usurping dynasties.  

Those lines make pale all the rest of the volume. Mr. Lambert's "Folk Song" is just pretty stuff. Mr. Rice-Oxley's "Petrol, Night and a Road," is just University doggerel. Miss Rowe depicts the old year as an old soldier returning home out-at-elbow, down-at-heel. Mr. Tolkien's "Goblin Feet" patterned verse. Mr. G. B. Smith fancies trees mourning "as for remembered sin." Mr. Elton's "Six Poems written in Foreign Countries" might as easily have been written at home. On the whole, a mighty poor show!  

The Poems of Anyte of Tegae. Translated by Richard Aldington.

Choruses from Iphigenia in Aulis. Translated by H. D. (The Egoist Press, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 2d. and 6d. net, respectively.)

It was a happy idea to translate the poems of Anyte; and the declamatory Press would be well advised to spend his savings for two days on these few pages. The cool simplicity and dignity of these little epigrams may go some way towards healing the wound caused by the temporary disappearance of his accustomed literature; though it may make him money to find that it is possible to write about animals without sentimentality, and about death without raising the voice. Mr. Aldington rightly chooses prose for his version, and a prose much in the manner of Dr. Mackail, though with a better choice of words in the epigrams common to the two collections. The rendering, where we have compared it, is faithful to the original, except that the three girls of Milicor surely "died," not "lived." together (p. 4).

The Iphigenia choruses are on the whole well done. Imagist schemes do not suit every kind of poetry, but they are not ill adapted to a Greek choral, especially when sensibly handled, as they are by "H. D.," who avoids the uncoyness of phrase and grotesque line-divisions that turn some Imagist writing into a kind of drunken prose. The quick changes of tempo and metre in the original are in some sort reproduced by the metrical indefiniteness and varying length of the English lines. But the single rhythmic sweep of the Greek strophe is wholly lost; and in this respect such a version as "H. D.'s" compares very unfavourably with what he calls the "laconically Swinburnian form" of Professor Murray, though it has the compensation of being much easier to do, and so is able to sacrifice much less in the way of verbal correspondence.

The chief fault of the translation is its length. The complex opening period of the first chorus is cut up into no less than eighteen short sentences, shot out in breathless succession; and then "H. D." unkindly talks of the "sharp edges" of the original! (Stand silence you Greeks," snaps out Iphigeneia in No. 6; "the fire kindles . . . I command the Helles." The "sharp edges" are "H. D.'s;" the literal version is "Let there be a holy silence among the Greeks; let a fire be kindled . . . for I come to free Helles.

We notice a few errors. "H. D." is not content with using the Greek forms of proper names, such as Menalos, Eumelos (Emolos, p. 4), is a mishap; but he must needs invent super-Greek forms such as Odysseos and even Pelios, for Odysseus and Peleus.

On p. 9 it should be the "Trojans" who stand on Pergamos, while the Greeks enter Simois on their painted ships; "H. D." makes the Greeks somehow do both at once.

An image of Pallas formed the figure-head of the Athenian ships, "an image (phasma) of good omen to sailors," or perhaps "seen from afar by men who sail in ships." "H. D.'s" makes the phantom (!) and chariot appear to men smashed with waves" (p. 6) is neither Euripides nor sense.

Finally, the "strait of Euripos" (Negropont) is overworked in the opening of the first chorus. Not only do the women of Chalkis cross it, "leaving their city and their homes." And no wonder "Pallas was no longer radiant"! But Paris naturally passed by the river Eurotas, or the water in the "fast-streaming" (as Euripides plainly says), while the "water of the Fountain" where the judgment takes place is, of course, in "many-fountained Ida," as "H. D." himself recognizes in the second chorus.

The Riot Act. By James Sexton. (Constable. 1s. net.)

This is a labour melodrama, staging, amongst other things, the conflict of direct and political action. The ingratitude of democracy to its leaders is also indicated. The noble, middle-aged General Secretary of the National Quayside Workers' Union declines the offer of a soft job in the Board of Trade, refuses also to take advantage of his lady secretary's indiscreet proposal. Although he is a "twixter" in theory, he is not as "twixter" in practice; and he sticks to the Democracy, and his automatic perorations, in spite of everything. Of course, the strike takes place; of course, the lady secretary accepts the Board of Trade offer for her beloved; of course, the Syndicalist villain obtains the letter, and publishes it to destroy the authority of the General Secretary with his men. The strike becomes more and more violent, until, at last, the troops are called out; they fire upon the mob that is threatening the police; and we may rejoice that his death had put him beyond the temptations of the Board of Trade and the solicitations of his Suffragette secretary. Halo, please, for a dead Labour leader.
AN ADVENTURE IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

Wandering in the concept of space, passing from last year's shows to the idea of all undreamer, I met a projection of Mr. Brookfarmer's soul.

"Welcome, Student," said I. "Welcome," said he. Then I: "Whither bound, Student?" or thus it seems, expressed at the very top of your tongue, for we in the fourth, unable to perceive the nature of a lie, ask no questions.

Mr. Brookfarmer's soul, or rather the tesseract of it which was manifest, seemed to me to represent the soul of all previous, actual and conceivable reporters. He replied to me in what I can only describe as the shorthand of language, "I seek new fields, new conferences to report, new communions of men, new material."

"You always had a leaning towards stupidity," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Brookfarmer, "a nasty shudder," I replied, and continued.

"As you always favoured stupidity, would you like to see the concept of all-stupidity? Would you like to see a creature stupid at the centre, radically stupid, of spherical stupidity stupidly stupid in every rectaangular manifestation into space. Would you like to see such a being four-dimensionally stupid?"

"Would you like to observe what was and ought not to have been, or what might have been and was not, or what was and ought to have been, or what is and ought to be, or what is and ought not to be, or what is not and ought not to be?"

"To be or not to be, that is the question," said Mr. Brookfarmer.

"Or what will be and might never have been, or what will not be and ought to be, or what will be and might never have been."

"Show me the future," said the tesseract.

"O thou of little faith," said I, "there is no future but that thou seest not."

"Would you like to see the concept of all-stupidity? Would you like to see a creature stupid at the centre, radically stupid, of spherical stupidity stupidly stupid in every rectaangular manifestation into space. Would you like to see such a being four-dimensionally stupid?"

"Show me that," said Mr. Brookfarmer, "flowing into a state of concentration. His myriad hands grasped myriad pencils and letters of fire wrote themselves within his closed notebook. "Let us pass into the world," said I.

We passed down the perpendicular from everywhere to somewhere, and found ourselves into a large room, filled with people. The student's glance seemed wild as he looked round, like a man awakened from sleep. He turned to speak to me, but I was not.

The following, however, as I gathered afterwards from his notebook, is what he heard and saw:

(Scene: Westminster Tribunal. Date unknown. Chairman and another official in charge. Military and Treasury representatives; several appellants; large attendance of the public.)

CHAIRMAN: First Case! (1st Appellant enters the box.)

1st APP.: Good morning, sir.

CHAIR: Good morning to you, sir.

1st APP.: And how is Lady H.? Quite well, I trust.

CHAIR: We can talk of that afterwards, sir. Now we must do our business. You need for exemption, I understand, on two grounds. These are:

1st APP.: Allow me, my dear sir; pray, allow me. My position is this. If my appeal is allowed and conciliation applied to me, not only I, but all my dependents will be under sentence of death.

CHAIR: Good morning, sir; perhaps the military representative would like to speak.

MR. APP.: I understand, sir, that the appellant has an income of £2,000 per annum from his mother's estates in Rutland, besides other incomes of income.

1st APP.: Sir! My lord! My dear Sir H.!

CHAIR: It seems to me a perfectly clear case. I see no cause for further discussion on this subject.

1st APP.: My lord! I conscientiously object. Under paragraph 8, sub-section (b), I claim complete exemption.

CHAIR: What would you do, if the Germans came and attempted to attack your mother?

1st APP.: I should fight them, sir, fight them, with all the independence and cunning of which we Britishers are capable.

CHAIR: I understand that you are twelve years above military age; in other words, that you are not capable of sustained physical opposition to the Germans. Otherwise, of course, you would be taking your turn in the trenches with the others. Once again, how would you do to save your mother? Would you attempt to buy off the Germans?

1st APP.: In the manner I should.

CHAIR: And the Germans refused to go, what would you do?

1st APP.:—I—er—I don't know, sir.

CHAIR: Would you attempt to buy means to drive them off?

1st APP.: I suppose I should.

CHAIR: Exactly, sir, and that is what the authorities propose to do. Your application for exemption from the provisions of the Conscript of 4th Act is refused. Your ships will be taken over to the public service.

1st APP.: At market rates?

CHAIR: No, sir; the price will be calculated according to construction rates, and the proportion which you will receive will be decided by the prize courts at the conclusion of the war.

1st App.: You will be allowed £5,000 a year for the period of the war. The rest will go to the public service.

1st APP.: If a moratorium came into force, shall I receive at the end of the war the accumulated rents of my tenants?

CHAIR: I understand that rent in any shape or form for private dwelling-houses is to be abolished for the families or dependents of all soldiers serving with the German forces, and that in all cases where such rent is shown to be not higher than the amount paid by the said tenants in the corresponding period of the previous war, if you are not satisfied, you can appeal before the House-keepers' tribunal and receive credit from the State without interest, if you can show that your livelihood is endangered by the loss of the rents. However, as you are to retain £2,000 a year, I should advise you not to waste your breath. Next case. (Exit 1st APP.)

HAPPY ENDING OF KING ARTHUR.

When good King Arthur ruled this land, they say, He was in very truth a goodly king:

He stole three pecks of barley-meal one day,

And there within he made a holiday dance;

And stuffed it full of plums for seasoning,

And in it put great monstrous lumps of fat;

And he had three servants whom he liked not,

Hector Protector, dight in green array;

The third, paltry little tailoring rat,

A nasty shudder, I replied, and continued.

As you always favoured stupidity, would you like to see the concept of all-stupidity? Would you like to see a creature stupid at the centre, radically stupid, of spherical stupidity stupidly stupid in every rectaangular manifestation into space. Would you like to see such a being four-dimensionally stupid?

or have already read 'The New Machiaveli,' said my companion.

"Would you like to observe what was and ought not to have been, or what might have been and was not, or what was and ought to have been, or what is and ought to be, or what is and ought not to be, or what is not and ought not to be?"

"No verticillism," said the tesseract of Mr. Brookfarmer.

"Or what will be and might never have been, or what will not be and ought to be, or what will be and might never have been."

"Show me the future," said the tesseract.

"O thou of little faith," said I, "there is no future but that thou seest not."

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(Exit 1st APP.)
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. HUGHES' SPEECHES.

Sir,—Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, spoke on February 20 before the City Central Club, his subject being "The After-War Policy of Britain and the Empire." In the whole of his speech, dealing with the reorganisation of the Empire and trade, may be used to Mr. Hughes, his views were less fully and less clearly expressed, but even so, the speeches of Mr. Hughes reveal that he possesses a clear understanding of the condition of the world and its people. In particular, he has a vivid insight into the needs of the British Empire, which he believes to be at a critical moment in its history.

Sir,—We are much interested in the views expressed by Mr. Hughes, and we believe that they will be of great value to the British Empire. We hope that his speeches will be widely circulated and read by all who are concerned with the future of the Empire.

WM. G. TAYLOR.

Sir,—I accept Mr. Murray's gratitude with pleasure, but cannot help regretting that I was not able to express my views more clearly. I do not think that Mr. Murray's arguments are convincing. I believe that the policy of the British Empire is not in accordance with the wishes of the people of Britain.

SHAIKH M. H. KIDWAJI.

TURKEY AND ENGLAND.

Sir,—At the risk of further irritating Mr. A. H. Murray, I must express my disagreeance. I think that Mr. Murray is not well informed about the condition of the peoples of the world. I know that he is a well-read and well-informed person, but I do not think that he is well-informed about the condition of the peoples of the world.

SR. SIR,—Before the controversy between Mr. Pickthall and Mr. Murray is brought to a close, it would be well to consider the difference between their two positions in the matter of manners.

Mr. Pickthall's courtesy and patience—one might almost say humility—have in themselves the effect of influencing me (and probably others) in favour of his position, whilst the hectoring, cocksure jargon of Mr. Murray makes it difficult to give him the hearing he so justly deserves.

I trust Mr. Pickthall will not consider these remarks the result of any bias, but simply the expression of my opinions, which are held, I think, by many who are not his friends.

WM. L. A. RUSSELL.
THE U.D.C. AND THE ANTI-GERMAN UNION.

Sir,—May I once more encroach upon your columns? I have no doubt that Sir George Magkild, in his last week's issue, thought that even a temporary assistant would have been instructed in a point so vital to the Anti-German Union's programme.

What I do quarrel with, and that most strongly, is the insinuation made with reference to the origin of his insinuations. What even a temporary assistant would have been instructed to do was to make insinuations without substantiating them. Unless Sir George Magkild can do that must surely know that his insinuations will carry no weight with those whose opinion is of any consequence.

BRADFORD L. KING.
Hon. Sec. Hammersmith Branch of the U.D.C.

A MYSTERY.

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Norman's latest marginal notes on "this terrible war" are really about "the limit, the outside edge" of indecency. (O Patience, O Patience!) The dear little chappie misunderstanding the nature of things hallucinates rhythmically (O Patience, O Patience!)—and in Truth, at all places! (My Patience!) Nursie ought really to explain that "this terrible war" is a war between two great groups, and two groups only not "Notions," nor you, nor "Situations," but the Allied forces, and the forces of Fascination being the frontiers of each group. The secret camarilla that is ruling Britain is, therefore, not "sacrificing" hundreds of Englishmen in defence of a foreign State. And the Military Service Act is not "conscription in defence of a foreign State." Dear, dear—where is Nurse? * * *

THE LATE ANTHONY FARLEY.

Sir,—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a somewhat fatuous maxim, and were often more honoured in the breach than the observance. Yet that need not debar one from uttering my very honest regrets at the death of your dear little chappie misunderstanding the nature of things. What is the kinship, derived from our common nationality? What is the loyalty and affection which has been more or less of a friend, and for whom a high degree of respect and esteem has been felt, not merely by you, but by all? The death of Mr. Farley has been doubly inadvertent, given no address to which communications may be addressed, I am asking the hospital of your correspondent columns through which to utter my very honest regrets at the death of Mr. Farley, the late Mr. Anthony Farley. It is not that I have any gift of expression, that I can offer any tribute to his memory in a style comparable to his own, or fitting the occasion of doing honour to the memory of a literary man; it is just that I feel his loss keenly and deeply, and desire to say a word to you on that account.

Since Mr. Farley commenced the publication, in the columns of The New Age, of his letters to his nephew, these have always been to me one of the most—sometimes the most—enticing pages of your paper. Why, how, what happens, I cannot say. It may have been his happy style, or his delightful anecdotes, or his philosophical and sociological sentiment, but, above all, I know what I feel. It may, perchance, have been a subtle feeling of kinship, derived from our common nationality. What is there that express de nationalité that so influences us? I am not always—seldom—indeed—conscious of being influenced by the mere fact that another man was born in the same country as myself ("G. B. S., for example, excepts not one on that account)). But what luck I have, on the whole, generally left myself more attracted by writers in your columns who "have the Irish" in them than by most others. And yet their styles, their modes of thought, their various departments have been widely varying. I think there must be some subconscious attraction, some natuative tendency that guides us towards each other. I fancy this is a subject which might merit the attention of "R. H. C."

At any rate, Anthony Farley has gone from us. I know that next week's New Age will not have the same attraction for me as usual, although I am certain that the vacant place will be worthily filled. Of late I have been brought considerably into touch with believers in the reincarnation theory, and am much inclined to give my own adherence to their views. In the present case the wish is fater to the thought. Perhaps it may be possible to correlate our late friend's true self—his literary ego—may reincarnate sooner than I believe is the custom. And ere long, although Anthony Farley may be no more, those who have the discernment or the intuition may once more be refreshed and stimulated and cheered by the renewal of their friendship with the literary being who wrote as "A. F." in his last incarnation.

And, to tell the truth, I think it will not be his first return within living memory, nor the first occasion upon which he has enlivened and enriched the pages of The New Age. But, if he ceases to appear then, here be my thanks for what he has done and what he has been to me. He tells us in his last, unfinished letter, he was brought up a Protestant. What he died, I know not; but "Requiescat in pace."

JEREMIAH JOHNSON.

A THEATRE OF EFFECT.

Sir,—With regard to the question of your correspondent C. A. Pierpont, a small theatre is necessary to meet two difficulties. The first difficulty is that of transmitting the original inspiration in its full force to a number of instruments which are required to act in unison as one instrument. This is the risk incurred by the author's inspiration in successive mortal reincarnations. The second difficulty is that of transmitting the vibrations so received with sufficient force to be experienced equally by a spectator seated in a wide area. For it seems that a great group or the intuition may once more be refreshed and stimulated and cheered by the renewal of their friendship with the literary being who wrote as "A. F." in his last incarnation.

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JEREMIAH JOHNSON.
Freight rates on grain and other necessities of life, and indeed on all commodities, continue to increase, and the increase has reached such a point that the Press of the country is in a state of alarm. Even the shipping papers, which might be expected to view increases in freight rates with equanimity, are alarmed at the rates demanded for tonnage.

"Fairplay," which a few months ago was attributing the increase in freight charges to the increased cost of working due to the increased wages for the increased prices, is now telling to what extent force of circumstances may compel merchants and shippers to advance their rates. . . . The situation is now normal, as recently the Government has not created any large credits other than for bonds and Treasury bills.—"Farrow's Bank Gazette."

What is the present situation as regards banking and the war? According to one authority, great as have been the services of bankers hitherto in financing the war, their services in the future will be even more needed when their liquid assets, bankers-of-the-day are as strong as they were before the war. It is true that the money at call and bills discounted have declined, but the cash in hand has largely increased, and the banks have practically offset the other. . . . The situation is now normal, as recently the Government has not created any large credits other than for bonds and Treasury bills. . . . The Press is making no complaint. The consumer is taking it for granted that prices will continue to go up, and the Press is content to accept the increased freight rates. . . . The Press is making no complaint. The consumer is taking it for granted that prices will continue to go up, and the Press is content to accept the increased freight rates. . . .

Those who talk glibly of an economic war have no notion of what it would entail. Harder work, longer hours, smaller profits, lower wages, less unemployment all round. Are the relations of employers and employed in a position to stand such a strain? Are they in a position to go to work with the enthusiasm that has characterized their work since the war began? Are they in a position to maintain their standard of living? These are questions that must be answered by the employers before the war will be ended. . . . The Press is making no complaint. The consumer is taking it for granted that prices will continue to go up, and the Press is content to accept the increased freight rates. . . .