NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The prospect of a general election in the midst of war, as our readers know, has never inspired us with the terror and consternation so readily exhibited in various quarters when the subject is broached. Given satisfactory means of choosing candidates, the withdrawal of the party machinery, and the principle of representation by Burke’s ideal Member of Parliament instead of by mere delegates, and there is no reason why a new House of Commons should not be able to offer more helpful criticism and advice than the present, with the additional advantage of indicating more truly the mind of the country on the war and the innumerable problems arising out of it. But, though we have always held this view with regard to a general election as such, we are not prepared to support a hysterical election originated by an unbroken series of contemptible intrigues and forced upon the country at the dictation of the greatest intriguer among them all. Let us set forth the essential facts of the crisis which has arisen.

The issue of the war depends exclusively on the number of troops which England is able to place in the firing-line. It appears to be taken for granted that our industrial efforts, our loans to Allies, the credits we have opened up for our partners in neutral countries, are all to count for nothing. The maintenance of our foreign trade as a means of preserving our credit, the free use of our mercantile marine, the replacing of sunken ships, the manufacture of guns, rifles, boots, saddlery, and clothing, not to mention other munitions of war—these things, it seems, are to be left out of the reckoning. This is the view of Lord Northcliffe, of Lord Milner, of the jingo Press generally, and of Mr. Lloyd George, who have never laid the slightest stress on the work accomplished by the Navy or by Labour, but only on the necessity for a large Army. The problem of the Army, indeed, has taken up a disproportionate amount of the nation’s time and attention, with the result that only now, at the eleventh hour, are newspapers of all descriptions seeking hurriedly to inform their readers of the work of the indispensable adjutants of an army. It follows that the slow mind of the public has become confused; and the working classes, in particular, are inclined to accept too readily certain alleged corollaries of the supposed lack of men from which the Army is said to be suffering. Of these we need only mention dilution of labour, the abolition of Trade Union restrictions and privileges, the abnormal working of overtime, and the passing of the Compulsion Act.

These were things which Labour was induced to accept as necessary for victory. But there was a class, small but influential, which refused to be satisfied even with the acceptance of these essential items on its programme. The industrial conscriptionists, headed by Mr. Lloyd George, supported in the Press by Lord Northcliffe, were determined to militarise the country into general conscription, and this, following on the Insurance Act and the sweeping away of the powers of the Trade Unions, they imagined would give them henceforward a control over British Labour which could not be shaken off. This minor agitation for industrial conscription went hand-in-hand with the greater agitation for military service on its merits. On the introduction of the Military Service Bill, it is true, Labour strongly protested; but without a definite plan of action the strongest protests are useless. Apart from that fact, which the Labour leaders of England have never realised, either in time of war or in time of peace, the representatives of organised Labour, the only too many politicians and the vast body of the public, chose to put their trust in the wrong man. The difficulties in which the members of the Cabinet find themselves are admittedly due to Mr. Lloyd George and to Mr. Lloyd George alone. The Army authorities have expressed their wishes in the matter of men, and have left it to the Cabinet to decide how they are to be obtained. The number of men asked for, of course, has to be taken in conjunction with the other factors in our present state of semi-organisation. The Army does not consider the claims of the Navy; and neither branch of the Services considers the claims of industry and trade. It is natural enough that this should be so; and it is the task of the
Cabinet to reconcile the various claims, and to decide how they can best be met.

At the end of the week preceding Easter the Cabinet had considered the report of its own special Council, and had come to the conclusion that a further extension of the Military Service Act was unnecessary, as the number of men to be expected by such extension was less than two hundred thousand. The Cabinet thereupon decided to call up the attested married men, subject to a few casual exemptions, to release as many single men from conscription as possible. The Navy, in order to induce unattested married men to enlist by allocating special grants for the support of their dependants and their contractual obligations. The Cabinet, we said, but there was one dissentent. Mr. Lloyd George had his heart set upon general conscription, and he refused to abide by the decision of his colleagues. Thanks to his efforts, friction was developed between the Cabinet and the military authorities, and instead of the Cabinet clearing up the re-shuffling of the so-called War Cabinet it was the re-shuffling of the Cabinet that formed in the Army an entirely different scheme was suggested, due to the initiative of Mr. Lloyd George. In accordance with this scheme, the Military Service Act was to be extended immediately so as to include the unattested married men; though a period of grace for voluntary recruiting was to be allowed. The calling up of boys upon attaining the age of eighteen was a feature common to both proposals. The essential difference between them was that Mr. Lloyd George was determined to keep his skilled munition workers and to secure the form of military organisation best suited to his alien temperament. In other words, the remaining members of the Cabinet were prepared to carry out their duty of considering and deciding between the claims of industry, the Army, and the Navy, while Mr. Lloyd George, with characteristic recklessness, considered nothing but his own suggestions, and, when they were questioned, "huffed" like a spoilt child and refused to play any more.

As Mr. Lloyd George's career has been faithfully dealt with by NEW AGE contributors in the course of the last seven or eight years, we need make but little comment on his latest example of egotism, stubbornness, and cynical disloyalty to his colleagues. He is incapable of any other conduct. A political sharper, he has no English traditions of any kind; and of the typically English characteristics of fair play and a sense of equality in duke and dustman, he has no notion. But his latest escapade, carried out in combination with his latest massacre of the munition workers and the men of the Navy, is finding hundreds of millions sterling for the military authorities, and instead of the Cabinet proposal for filling up the wastage in the Army and the Navy, a period of grace for voluntary recruiting was to be allowed. The calling up of boys upon attaining the age of eighteen was a feature common to both proposals. The essential difference between them was that Mr. Lloyd George was determined to keep his skilled munition workers and to secure the form of military organisation best suited to his alien temperament. In other words, the remaining members of the Cabinet were prepared to carry out their duty of considering and deciding between the claims of industry, the Army, and the Navy, while Mr. Lloyd George, with characteristic recklessness, considered nothing but his own suggestions, and, when they were questioned, "huffed" like a spoilt child and refused to play any more.

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such an extent that we begin to develop the feelings of a bad sailor crossing the Channel in a rough sea. What has Mr. Hughes to offer us; why should the newspapers and politicians we are to tax it; but it is enough for our Milners and Amerys and Cowdrays to know that the Australian Premier has come to England to advocate tariff reform. To this is due the newspaper eulogy, the freedom of the City just conferred, and the meetings here and there; but we look through his speeches in vain for even the elements of a tangible proposal for increasing the happiness and economic security of Labour, and raising the status of the working classes.

Mr. Hughes, it (Empire) is real, and not a shibboleth; it is a beacon light which leads us on; and this war, which threatened us with destruction, is to be the means of our salvation." Empire leads us on to what Mr. Hughes's speeches, perhaps? For this aspect of "Empire" had not escaped the notice of Mr. Hughes any more of our Canadian visitors of three or four years ago. The remedy for this, to take the most definite item on Mr. Hughes's programme, is to stop trading with Germany and Austria and to make up for the lost markets by developing trade with our overseas possessions. This, as nearly as we can understand it, is the burden of Mr. Hughes's former speeches delivered shortly after his arrival in this country.

In making vague proposals of this kind it is evident that the Australian Premier, however much he may have allowed his emotions to colour his rhetoric, has never considered the present economic situation even from the capitalistic and wage-earning point of view which, apparently, he takes for granted. His speeches are not even the utterances of a Socialist; and of National Guilds or any other such organisation (e.g., the Russian Mir), he does not seem to know even the name. It behoves us, therefore, to examine Mr. Hughes's speeches, one by his indefinite proposals, with a little more minuteness. To begin with, it is always implied that the development of our trade relations with our overseas possessions is not to mean a diminution in the support now given by this country to the Dominions and Colonies. Indeed, it is known in City circles that any cessation of our present support is strongly deprecated. In other words, our Colonies, even the best of them, will continue for many years to need capital for their development—we speak in terms of the present economic system because Mr. Hughes has chosen to argue on that basis. But there are practical factors which, as practical economists, we are bound to discuss before we let the frenzied appeals of this Australian Lloyd George run away with our feelings. The development of trade relations with our Colonies implies a willingness on their part to assist in such development by rendering it as easy a matter as possible for our manufacturers to export their goods to them. But, as the Colonies are not yet economically organised, it is beyond their power to help our manufacturers in the only way possible, i.e., by reducing or abolishing their tariff lists. Mr. Hughes is himself understood to have positively refused to consider any such scheme on behalf of Australia, since the revenue would naturally shrink as a result of it. Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand are in the same condition.

Again, consider the factor of population. In Germany and Austria, those countries with which we are to be forbidden to trade after the war, there is a European population of over a hundred and twenty millions—people whose essential tastes are, in peace time, at any rate, very much like our own; people whom we can supply with our products, manufactured or partly manufactured, which they are glad to get. The white population of all our overseas possessions is barely thirty millions; and it is ridiculous to suggest that the Indians, or the various native races whose territory we rule over or administer, are likely to serve as market substitutes for the inhabitants of the towns and villages of the Central Empires. We should lose heavily on this one-sided transaction even in commercial matters alone—the lowest of any—not to mention the immoral consequences of spiritual isolation. Nor should we be the only sufferers. As we have stated already, the economic condition of our Colonies is such that they must look, for years to come, to this country for their requisite supply of capital. It is true that Canada can look to the United States for relatively small amounts, and Australia, known to put on or taken off at haphazard, that you can make any cessation of our present support is strongly deprecated. In other words, our Colonies, even the best of them, will continue for many years to need capital with which our Colonies were furnished before the war came from the large profits made by the London banking and bill-discounting houses. London, both as a free market for gold and as the world's greatest financial centre, had gradually come to be, if we may so express it, the credit-packet into which the hands of all the world dipped from time to time. Even now, with a Treasury embargo on the export of capital, special consideration is given to the requirements of our Colonies. This surplus of credit, however, had a very definite origin. Because of the large export and re-export trade carried on between England and the Central Empires, German and Austrian bankers found it convenient to have their bills of exchange discounted in London; and it was very largely out of these highly profitable transactions that our Colonies were financed. It is, or should be, superfluous to add that in the unlikely event of our ceasing to trade with the Central Empires these bills would instantly find their way to Amsterdam—a money-market which has been steadily rising in importance since the war—or to Copenhagen. What would then become of those enormous surplus profits out of which our Colonies were financed? Eh, Mr. Hughes? On our soul, we believe to make vague proposals of this kind it is evident that the Australian Premier, however much he may have allowed his emotions to colour his rhetoric, has never considered the present economic situation even from the capitalistic and wage-earning point of view which, apparently, he takes for granted. His speeches are not even the utterances of a Socialist; and of National Guilds or any other such organisation (e.g., the Russian Mir), he does not seem to know even the name. It behoves us, therefore, to examine Mr. Hughes's speeches, one by his indefinite proposals, with a little more minuteness. To begin with, it is always implied that the development of our trade relations with our overseas possessions is not to mean a diminution in the support now given by this country to the Dominions and Colonies. Indeed, it is known in City circles that any cessation of our present support is strongly deprecated. In other words, our Colonies, even the best of them, will continue for many years to need capital for their development—we speak in terms of the present economic system because Mr. Hughes has chosen to argue on that basis. But there are practical factors which, as practical economists, we are bound to discuss before we let the frenzied appeals of this Australian Lloyd George run away with our feelings. The development of trade relations with our Colonies implies a willingness on their part to assist in such development by rendering it as easy a matter as possible for our manufacturers to export their goods to them. But, as the Colonies are not yet economically organised, it is beyond their power to help our manufacturers in the only way possible, i.e., by reducing or abolishing their tariff lists. Mr. Hughes is himself understood to have positively refused to consider any such scheme on behalf of Australia, since the revenue would naturally shrink as a result of it. Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand are in the same condition.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Like every loyal Englishman, I hope to hear that the political crisis has been satisfactorily adjusted before these words appear in print. With the bearing of the crisis on the internal political situation of this country I am not concerned; but, as I have said in a previous article, I cannot but take grave cognisance of its effects abroad. Consider the position of things in other countries and their possible effects on the policy of the Allied Powers. President Wilson has at last followed the only course which an American President could honourably pursue; a course which would have been taken at least a year ago if American protestations of belief in the principles of international law and in the rights of humanity had had any meaning. Better late than never, no doubt; but it was unfortunate that the American Government should have waited until three million tons of neutral and belligerent shipping were sunk before moving definitely against Germany. The terms of the President's speech are as strong as the occasion demanded; and from these stinging neutral rebukes Germany is likely to recover in the estimation of non-belligerent countries for some considerable time.

Nevertheless, the delicacies of negotiation begin when the speeches are at an end. Supposing the United States does find it necessary, as President Wilson threatens, to sever diplomatic relations with Germany: what then? The question immediately arises how the interests of the Allied countries can best be served by this new development. It is unlikely that this step would be taken without a declaration of war following; but it must now be kept in mind that diplomatic relations does not necessarily mean war or its connotations. There are no diplomatic relations at present between Italy and Germany, and the two countries are not officially at war at all. But certain penalties of war have been visited on German firms and individuals living in Italy, and vice-versa. Again, an appreciable, though short, period elapsed between the severance of diplomatic relations with Bulgaria and the actual declarations of war. It is to the American Government to vindicate its position as an upholder of the rights of neutrals by "cutting" Germany, and stopping there. What might follow forms a subject of diplomatic negotiation, more or less prolonged; there is no kind of common instance. Doubtless the Washington authorities would endeavour to raise armies if they were properly approached; doubtless they would give the Allies much greater financial assistance. But these steps do not follow of themselves; they are matters of delicate negotiation.

Take, again, the position of Russia. A week or two ago I made reference to the corruption at the Russian Court and the pro-German intrigues still carried on there. The Russians have now gained a considerable victory in Asia Minor, and the garrison at Trebizond has gone the way of the garrison at Erzerum. At the same time General Brussilov is making ready for his advance in the Galicia-Bukovina sector, which necessarily involves much discussion and tactful negotiation with Roumania. The progress of the Russians to the south of the Black Sea is not without influence in Persia; and Persia, despite her lamentable weakness, is a country which the Allies can afford to neglect just now. Greece, again, is reviving in interest, especially as the Venizelists have wisely decided to make themselves politically prominent by contesting by-elections. M. Venizelos himself, it is stated, is for Mayleno the seat having been offered him by the Liberals. There are other matters—for instance, China and Japan and the curious movement against Yuan-Shi-Kai—which need not be mentioned or discussed at length for the time being. On the whole, then, a state of things demanding care and watchfulness, especially on the part of the Ministers responsible for the initiation of policy. It cannot be said that the condition of international politics has conducted to this. A spurious conviction, which is regarded by our Allies as wholly unjustified, threatens, in the language of the Prime Minister himself, to break up the Coalition Government at this a time when it is particularly necessary for the Allies not merely to present a united front, but to impress neutral countries as well as the enemy that it has been determined to win the war at any cost. This, at any rate, is the will of the nations concerned; and it is a will that neutrals have learnt to respect. But such prestige as the cause of the Allies demands and has to some extent secured cannot prevail against continual crises in our Parliament and, what is perhaps worse, against the ignorance of many of our leading newspapers and public men. There are one or two Captain Amerys, to give a personal case, in the French Chamber of Deputies; but they have to keep quiet there, and they certainly do not find themselves provided with comfort to posts at the War Office, from the safe shelter of which they can plot against the Government and sneer at its efforts.

One point should not be left in doubt, and in the circumstances I propose to mention it. The more unscrupulous among us, newspapers and politicians, have endeavoured to exploit for their agitation the names of General Sir William Robertson, the Chief of Staff, and Lord Kitchener, by insinuating that these military authorities, among others, have demanded a measure of general conscription as the only means of getting men for the Army. It may be taken for granted that the military authorities are for this measure. Both the soldiers mentioned hold their own fairly strong views on the subject of compulsion or its absence; but in no case have they expressed their views on this point directly to the Cabinet Council on recruiting. They have given the Cabinet the benefit of their advice; they have not menaced it with threats of any sort. Not even Lord Kitchener's name should now be used in a political connection; for, though he is a member of the Cabinet, his tenure of office is for a limited period, as he himself announced in the House of Commons at the beginning of the war, and for a definite purpose. It is quite another if a Cabinet Minister chooses to go to the responsible military authorities and question them regarding their views on the proposed extension of the Military Service Act to include the unattested married men. The information thus obtained could be turned to an unscrupulous use; and I need not remind New Age readers that Mr. Lloyd George has so turned it.

Mr. Asquith might have gone further in making his statement on Wednesday. Instead of alluding to the break-up of the Coalition Government as a national disaster he might well have added it an international disaster. This is the moment for political crises in England, and the state of uncertainty which necessarily results from them. It is a moment when much more care than usual has to be given to international problems with which this country is chiefly concerned—the seizure of German coal on neutral vessels, and the consequent irritation and protests in Holland and Sweden. Every man in politics or journalism should be considering grave questions of this nature; for the organisation of the national intellect is as necessary for war purposes as the organisation of finance or industry. The people of England should be educated up to a knowledge of perplexing questions on which they may, at a later stage, have to exercise some indirect influence through a ballot-paper, and it is important that the Government should have their attention and their energies by a series of intrigues against a Prime Minister who is thoroughly trusted by our Allies and respected by neutrals.
Unedited Opinions.

Pacifists and Pacifism.

I gather from all you have said that you are not very friendly disposed towards the pacifists.

Oh, on the contrary, I welcomed their appearance in the early days of the war as evidence of our national peacefulness. A nation could not have had war in its heart that had harboured so many peaceful hopes, as England possessed, and withal treated them so tolerantly. In my observation our pacifists have been chided by general opinion much more in sorrow than in anger. It is as if opinion had said: We wish you were right; yours was a pleasing dream; but, alas, the world is not so made after all; you will have to change as we have had to change.

Then you think the pacifists had at the outset reason on their side? Some reasons undoubtedly. To begin with, nobody but a devil or a pride-blow’ed fool could prefer war to peace, other things being equal. For myself, I hate war so much that I think I would let men rot morally rather than that we should rot in peace. Then, again, we had every excuse for thinking that war, as between the Elder Powers at any rate, had become an anachronism; and it was with reluctance and infinite sadness that the correction of the political world had to be made. Again, our analysis of past wars had shown us that most wars have been crimes or blunders; and why should not the present be one of these? And, still again, security seemed so assured that peace might seem to be the normal condition of man. Yes, on the whole, I do not think we need blame men for having been pacifists. Their error was generous.

They were in error.

Events have proved it, I fear—proved it to the satisfaction of at least nine out of ten of the peaceable men who went their way in these islands up to August, 1914.

But not to the tenth! Not yet, perhaps, to the tenth, for he, to the consensus of opinion in favour of peace, added a personal conviction based, as he believed, upon reason; and a conviction of that kind, you know, is hard to dislodge.

By the time a conviction is formed on reason it has become more a matter of nerves than of reason. It is in the blood.

How do you propose to draw it out? Oh, I cannot hope to do that; but, perhaps, a constant dripping will wear away the stone. It will take, however, in many cases, as long as the war—and longer!

Well, you had better begin!

In the first place, then, I should attempt to explain to the pacifists that they misunderstood the real nature of man. They assume that man is not only (as I agree) a perfectible creature, but a creature that naturally seeks after perfection. You have therefore only to remove obstacles to ensure a universal and hearty pursuit of perfection. This, however, I should point out, is not the easiest or the most probable as perfection it has not always adored by everybody who beholds it; and, again, its pursuit is so difficult that any other path seems easy in comparison. Strange, therefore, as it may seem to people who have seen the vision and dreamed the dream of peace, this very vision and dream is the object of such consternation as to some it is the love of them. There are, positively, that is, men who hate peace, hate truth, hate brotherhood, hate, in fact, all the things the others love. Mankind is not, therefore, the homogeneity that pacifists conceive: but a kind of globe, varied like our own, that revolves about the polar opposites of War and Peace, Truth and Falsehood, Love and Hate, of which the devotees are the respective guardians and representatives. Human nature, in short, is the battlefield of Christ with Anti-Christ.

But all that seems to me rather to support and encourage the pacifists than to correct them.

Wait a moment. Granted that a man has taken a vow that, come what will, he will abstain from violence, speak the truth, and act in love, making no distinction of man and man—then I will honour him. Such a hyperborean was Christ. But I think none of our pacifists can put in such a claim, do you?

I think not.

In the meanwhile, then, being fallible creatures and partaking of the nature of men in general, they should realise that they must struggle with their fellows in the common arena. Paul fought with wild beasts at Ephesus. Must not our pacifists be prepared to fight with wild men?

Well, and what next would you say?

Having, as I hope, persuaded them that they have not formed a right view of man, I should try to persuade them that we have formed a right understanding of pacifists themselves.

By what means?

First, by agreeing cordially with them in their love of peace. We, too, can say, love peace; we, too, would seek peace and enjoy it. But upon what condition, I should ask, can we ever hope to keep peace, save upon the condition that all men (general consent, that is) shall agree to accept the weight of opinion, and never to appeal to the weight of the sword? Should, however, any party appeal to the sword, against the general consent, shall they employ the sword, what is there to be done, since the peace is already broken, but to restore the peace of general consent by dashing the sword from his hand?

But suppose they reply that it takes two to make a quarrel; and urge that their profession of peace requires them not to resist violence by violence?

My answer would be that their profession of peace is the profession of peace and not the profession of the absence from the employment of force. Their profession, in fact, requires that they shall seek peace by the best means, regardless of its nature, provided only that it is the best available.

But would they not say that force is never the best means?

And I would agree with them. For discussion and reason are in my view, as in theirs, infinitely to be preferred, so they be possible. But, ex hypothesi, by the time that one of the parties at peace has become the party of war, the method of reason has failed. In other words, by the preferable method of reason the pacifists themselves have failed to preserve peace; so that an appeal to reason now becomes an appeal to a method that has already broken in their hands. Reason, therefore, though by agreement the best means and the most desirable, is no longer the best available. And the remaining best available is force.

But they have forsown the use of force!

Well, let them say they have forsown the use of force if they please; but let them not say that therefore they are lovers of peace; for, since force is proved to be the only available means to peace, to forswear its use is to betray the cause of peace. In short, to forswear force is not to love peace, except upon the condition, impossible always to be fulfilled, that force shall never be necessary to peace.

Have you anything further to urge against them? If they should remain unmoved by the foregoing arguments—of course, I distinguish between the arguments themselves and my feeble words—I should play my last card.

And what is that?

Just abuse, just denunciation! I should convict them (always excepting the conscientious, of whom we will talk, if you like, one day) of indulging their taste for discussion under cover of the love of peace. I would deny to them the right to call themselves pacifists; and claim the title rather for the meanest soldier who, unlike them, thinks war not too high a price to pay for peace.
Some Aspects of the Rebuilding of Belgium.

II.
Perhaps you will be wondering what all this talk about a National Style has got to do with the rebuilding of Belgium. Well, let me explain. In my opinion, the fault of the modern system of cramming for the architectural poultry-market is that it has tended to produce designing-machines, not craftsmen. It has produced a body of men who spend their leisure hours writing learned treatises and essays on the question and, whether architecture is an art or a profession, instead of acknowledging that it is, in the best sense of the word, simply a trade. The very word "architect" means "chief builder," or master-builder; and under the old Gild System this was literally true. But just what the term "master-builder" signifies to-day! It stands for that new class of society which acts as intermediary between the architect and the operative; and the principal function of this new class consists in controlling the materials, and thereby extracting another profit on the cost of both commodities—Labour and material. I do not blame these middle-men for thus pursuing the ancient tenour of their profiteering way—what are more or less doing likewise at the present time—but I do think that a society which tolerates the present system of building deserves all the inconveniences which arise during either a strike or a lock-out.

It will now be clearer to you that the modern architect has long ago ceased to be, as his name implies, the chief-builder; he has become merely the "chief draughtsman" for supplying the designs to the builder, who, in turn, superintends the operative as the latter carries out the drawings. The Holy Trinity consists, therefore, of distinct and separate classes—the architects, who band themselves into Institutions and Societies; the builders, who combine for joint action in the Master Builders Federation; and the operatives, who fill the ranks of the many Trade Unions in the Allied Building Industry. There is a fourth class—the clerks of works—whose duty it is to act as policemen for the Trinity, and to see that the man who pays the bill gets his pound of flesh. With all these conflicting interests to consider, you will probably think the policeman's lot is not a happy one. Nor is the architect's, who is chief of the police, if he is not actually the chief-builder!

You have only to look around to witness evidence of the antagonistic conditions that have now come into the housing of our citizens and their schools—trying to settle whether the Gothic or the Classic spirit should be cultivated in the laying of

the foundations of a National Style! As if it mattered whether there were a National Style of Architecture or not, when a National system of social economy had not yet been devised!

Attempts at town-planning have occurred spasmodically throughout the centuries—in the Golden Age of Pericles in Greece; by Augustus Caesar, by Nero, and by Constantine in the Roman dominions; by Wren in London after the Great Fire; and by Louis Napoleon in Paris. Many towns in this country, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Edinburgh and Oxford, embarked upon pre-war schemes, but all ultimately fell into abeyance. Everyone has heard of the Roman Emperor who found Rome built of brick and left it built of marble; but it may be said with some degree of truth that the profiteers of the nineteenth century in England found the workers dwelling in villages and left them housed in slums.

Towards the close of the last century, however, when the "law" of Supply and Demand was weighed in the balance and found wanting, the thinking men of the younger generation became awakened to the fact of the nation's grave social responsibility for the better housing of its citizens. A new era had dawned—the social conscience had developed to the extent of realizing that, after all, the toiling millions had some claim on the other beasts of burden. The profit-hunters were obliged to admit, as it were, that instead of lining the loose-boxes of their carriage-horses with richly coloured wall-tiles, it would be far better to provide something superior to these boxes in which to stable their factory "hands." Down the great highway of the centuries, therefore, has slowly evolved that spirit of housing reform and town planning which, during the past twenty-five years, has permeated at last even the Governments of the several European nations. Town planning means something infinitely deeper than the mere making of streets and the laying of drains. It means that the nations at large are at last alive to the fact that the standard of life is higher; that the social welfare of our working populations is a matter of more anxious concern than ever; and that the misdeeds of the past must be retrieved without further ceremony.

Now the question arises: Is it sound economy to leave such an important question as national housing and town planning to the hands of that new class of society whose main incentive is profit and dividend making? Will the Belgian Government be justified in allowing New Belgium to be rebuilt on the ruins of Armageddon by their own master-builders and those of their Allies in the war? From the conflicting interests I have but briefly mentioned. The orthodox political economists are continually declaiming on the house-tops about the "unexampled prosperity" that overspread England during the last century. They even speak of the nineteenth century as the age of "supply and demand." But it may be said with some degree of truth that the supply of human blood has been the principal function of this new class of society which acts as intermediary between the architect and the operative, instead of acknowledging that it is, in the best sense of the word, simply a trade. The very word "architect" means "chief builder," or master-builder; and under the old Gild System this was literally true. But just what the term "master-builder" signifies to-day! It stands for that new class of society which acts as intermediary between the architect and the operative; and the principal function of this new class consists in controlling the materials, and thereby extracting another profit on the cost of both commodities—Labour and material. I do not blame these middle-men for thus pursuing the ancient tenour of their profiteering way—what are more or less doing likewise at the present time—but I do think that a society which tolerates the present system of building deserves all the inconveniences which arise during either a strike or a lock-out. It will now be clearer to you that the modern architect has long ago ceased to be, as his name implies, the chief-builder; he has become merely the "chief draughtsman" for supplying the designs to the builder, who, in turn, superintends the operative as the latter carries out the drawings. The Holy Trinity consists, therefore, of distinct and separate classes—the architects, who band themselves into Institutions and Societies; the builders, who combine for joint action in the Master Builders Federation; and the operatives, who fill the ranks of the many Trade Unions in the Allied Building Industry. There is a fourth class—the clerks of works—whose duty it is to act as policemen for the Trinity, and to see that the man who pays the bill gets his pound of flesh. With all these conflicting interests to consider, you will probably think the policeman's lot is not a happy one. Nor is the architect's, who is chief of the police, if he is not actually the chief-builder!

You have only to look around to witness evidence of the antagonistic conditions that have now come into the housing of our citizens and their schools—trying to settle whether the Gothic or the Classic spirit should be cultivated in the laying of
hunting in the international scramble for Business-as-Usual. Many gallons of crocodile tears have been shed by pious persons in this country at the thought of Belgium's desolation and desecration; but this cuprous flood will not make the same good people feel from extracting their cent. per cent. of profit out of the already much-impoverished Belgians, when the rebuilding of their demolished homes falls to be done. For the profiteer is worthy of his hire, is an axiom in these glorious days of unrestricted competition in industry, as well as in warfare.

Again, the National Housing and Town Planning Council has recently organised a congress to consider, and to discuss the question of advantageous employment in the building trade after the war. One of the subjects for discussion is the provision by the Government, at the close of the war, of the necessary capital to enable housing schemes to be carried into effect. In other words, it simply means that the nation is to be asked to advance capital at a cheap and rate, so that the building-profiteers may continue in Business-as-Usual.

Another item to be debated at the congress is the possibility of adopting new and cheap building materials, and securing economies in the design of cottages—provided that the essential standards of good building and construction and the wholesome environment of dwellings are not impaired. Now, you are all aware what 'securing economies in design' implies—it simply means that artisans' cottages will be built of timber and timber construction, and of smaller and smaller cubical capacity. It means that the workers are to be cribbed, confined, and confined within cottages that will be merely glorified dog-kennels; and these will eventuate into the slums of the future. I classily slums under two categories: the physical slum and the mental slum. The former consists of the insanitary, unwholesome hovels, which produce sickness and disease by the extremely high pressure to live in such surroundings. The mental slum is composed of row upon row of mean, squalid streets, though every house may be perfectly watertight and sanitary; but the mental effect of which is utterly demoralising upon those obliged to dwell therein. In Dante's phrase over the gate of Hell might be applied most fittingly to those mental slums: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.'

Up to the present, it has been the fashion for cities to compete with each other in the growth of their populations—expansion of boundaries being a favourite pastime with many of our city-fathers—the extension mainly consisting of almost countless rows of those mentally-composed of row upon row of mean, squalid streets, though every house may be perfectly watertight and sanitary; but the mental effect of which is utterly demoralising upon those obliged to dwell therein. In Dante's phrase over the gate of Hell might be applied most fittingly to those mental slums: 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.'

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Ever since the Daily Mail instituted its competition for its £100 Prize Cottage, there have been interesting experiments made from time to time with the view to discover the smallest possible compass into which a working-class family can be packed without having actually to use a shoe-horn to get the family in. You have all seen examples of those dear little, sweet little exaggerated rabbit-hutches to which I refer—those standing memorials of the maximum of comfort, at a minimum of expenditure. You will probably also have heard of the wonderful experiments that have been made in building cottages of concrete—cast either in one block, or one side at a time rear up and bolted at the angles. This kind of thing seems more fitted for a cookery-class than for an architectural problem. The wooden moulds are first set up in their relative positions, and the liquid cement-concrete is poured into the top until the wooden frames are filled; then it is simply a question of waiting until the concrete has set, removing the wooden frames, clapping on a roof, and there you have your completed cottage—something of the Portland-cement 'Order' of architecture, I suppose!

Perhaps in another generation, when the cottage-experts have further developed the idea of the government being the shop opened at which these glorified dolls-houses would be for sale by the dozen, across the counter of the architectural-confectioner—penny plain, tuppence coloured!

My sole reason for drawing your attention to these two proposals for discussion at the congress is to point out what I consider to be the underlying motives. The suggestion that the Government should advance the necessary capital from the public funds to the builders is, in my opinion, on account of the dearness of private money as a result of the war. Now, if public money has to be advanced at all, I suggest that profit-making should at the same time be abolished. In short, I believe there never has been a more favourable opportunity for re-establishing the old Guild System of building than there is at the present time: not only in England, but in Belgium, where it is a matter of wholesale building. The present system of competitive individualism is rotten to the core; for the architect is estranged from the actual building operations by being confined to an office, and knows little of the craftsman's side of the trade. The artisan merely follows the detailed drawings supplied by the architect to the builder, and turns out his stodgy, lifeless stuff with the exactitude of a machine. His initiative is stifled by the very fact that he has to work from drawings instead of having to use his own knowledge of the craft. His enthusiasm is damped when he remembers that he is working to put profit in the pockets of a man who will lock-out himself and his fellow-workers if occasion serves. As soon as the struggle continues—almost blasting all hopes in the heart of the man, who recognises that it is the system that is wrong; not the men themselves, nor the masters.

In the medieval Guilds the designer was invariably a craftsman who lived and worked on his building, watching its growth with an enthusiasm only to be aroused by this personal contact. The very 'soul' of the craftsman-artist seems to glow down upon us from those glorious piles which the masters of the so-called Dark Ages have handed down to us through the twilight of the centuries. The quaint conceits expressed in a grinning gargoyles, or in a foliated capital, are undeniable evidence that the craftsman was happy in his work. But to-day the tendency of our street-architecture—owing to the smoke-nuisance—lies in the direction of building whitened sepulchres, whose faces have to be washed annually to preserve the purity of their design. That this anemic material should be preferred when red-blooded bricks and stones are to be had is a significant sign of the times—the sign that the Goddess of Cheapness now dominates the Mistress Art—as Architecture has been rightly called.

Mere academic training, entirely divorced from actual craftsmanship, will never of itself revive our architectural traditions into a living force. The two must be combined in the individual before any National Style, worthy of the name, can be established. Until a better and closer understanding is secured between the several units of humanity engaged in the building trade there can be no semblance of a National Style—only an ugly phantasm that will change from generation to generation, as it has done in the past century—almost as quick as the change of fashion in a nation's dress. The formation of a National Guild, comprising the whole of the men engaged in the building industry, is the primary condition, in my opinion, under which the rebuilding of Belgium should be undertaken by its Government; and it seems to me the only system which will prevent confusion from becoming worse confounded in England after Armageddon.

WILL BELL, A.R.I.B.A,
Little Epistles.

TO A CERTAIN HEADMASTER OF GREAT AGE.

DEAR MR. THORNTON,—Simms wrote to me the other day telling me that you are still remarkably active, and as keenly interested in affairs as in the old days; that you still roost along to sit on the Bench, where you temper the law to the shorn poacher, with whom, I suspect, you sympathise more than is proper in a county magistrate. If your great bushy, black beard is now white, your eyes still sparkle behind your spectacles and your great bulk—the gods be praised—remains undiminished. He says further that you have kept tab on most of your old pupils; but that, for my sins, you have lost track of me. Fear not! I fear the fact is mine. In these long intervening years, I have travelled far into strange regions of the spirit and into countries where education counted less than natural force—where to be a gentleman is a handicap, is almost a mark of ineptitude. And you strove so hard to make us greatmen! Not that it is a wild desire of society to belong—of the governing classes, but the real article—veritably gentle men, preferably of the Christian breed. If I have dropped out of your ken, be sure I have not forgotten. Times without number, in all sorts of old corners of the earth, I have sat back, with a double companion, and lived again that happy cloistered life, where you were seldom seen (except at meal-times; by love, we saw you then!) but always felt. On your honour, I remember. Will it add one sparkle to your merrv old eyes? I add that my memory of you is all compact of smiles and gratitude?

School sentiment is sedulously cultivated by most school authorities amongst their boys—"Florent Etona," and all the rest of it. It is part of every school's stock-in-trade. You can inculcate a tribe of school-boys with it as easily as you can make a child laugh by tickling it. They sing their school song with the same fervour that later they sing the National Anthem; they sport their school colours on every habit, predilections, compact of smiles and gratitude? preferably of the Christian breed.

But by that time, their sons have donned new blazers, with the same old mottoes, same old cornerstones, all imbued with the gospel truth, with the school's stock-in-trade. They never know that later they sing the National Anthem; they sport their school colours on every habit, predilections, compact of smiles and gratitude?

Really, it is almost sacrilege! If the boy or man who writes illegibly or loosely or slackly is a bounder! A bounder, you know, has no regard for other fellows' feelings.

I, too, could easily re-catch the old school sentiment, hardened sinner and cynic that I am. I believe I'll go down some day to the old scholars' match and see if I can't whoop it up a bit! On second thoughts, no. My contemporaries have all grown pot-bellied and respectable; I couldn't stand the strain. Simms, who is a harmless journalist, says that the last time he went down to the annual he came away with a strong conviction that his life was wasted and sinful. He felt that there was no hope of salvation unless he went into some boisterous wholesale. I assure you that my memories of you are unrelated to school sentiment. I am thinking of your own personality, your influence, your homilies—you Triton amongst the minnows. Lordly! It is thirty-five years since I heard you laugh (or, rather, chortle) over a point of school-boy ethics—a subject that always tickled your sense of humour. Do you remember when you carpeted me for smoking?

"Thornton, I saw you and Simms and Thorne smoking cigarettes in the Valley on Wednesday afternoon."

Silence.

"Were you smoking?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Simms smoking?"

"No, sir."

"Was Thorne smoking?"

"No, sir."

"It's very puzzling, Thornton, very puzzling. Simms says that he was smoking, but that you and Thorne weren't. Thorne says that he was smoking, but that you and Simms weren't. You say that you were smoking, but that Simms and Thorne weren't. On every point of the indictment there is a witness against you and a witness to one against what I saw plainly with my own eyes. Now, isn't it very puzzling?"

Silence.

"Come! Isn't it very puzzling?"

"No, sir."

"Run along, I wasn't sneaking round, you know. I was on my way to the Valley Farm."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good-day. Good news from home, I trust. Father and mother well? Eh?"

"Yes, sir; thank you."

A trivial affair; yet how admirably you dealt with it! You were not applying the moral code of an outside world to your own little world. You always understood that the life of a school-boy is a thing apart, with its own canons and standards. You understood that it is not a preparation for some stupid adult existence, about which, in your official capacity, you knew nothing and cared less; that school life is an end in itself, weaving its own fabric with delicate filaments, unseen by and unknown to the worldly minded,embroidering its own designs out of its own imagination and its own sense of form. You know! How very few do! Alas! And your amusing homilies delivered in the senior class-room, your leg straddling over the corner of the table. Your greatest fad, I think, was good penmanship. Your words crowd back:

"Remember that when you write a letter or a composition or an essay or later on, let us hope, a book, somebody else must read what you have written. Then write not only that it can be read with ease but looked at with pleasure. Besides, the labour of writing is yours; why not get some fun out of it?"

"The boy or man who writes illegibly or loosely or slackly is a bounder! A bounder, you know, has no regard for other fellows' feelings."

"Some people claim to read character by handwriting. Very likely; but wise men will judge you by what you write rather than how you write. Better take top marks both for what and how."

"No flourishes! A flourish at the end of a signature is like a bandanna pinned on to the seat of your trousers."

In this way you would amble along, much to the chagrin of the class-master, who wanted to get on with the lesson. You, by no means, confined yourself to
handwriting. You would gradually feel your way into composition.

"I doubt if there is such a thing as style. Style is an affair of stilts. Fancy playing football on stilts. Absurd! You get into knickers and jersey and proper boots. That's not style; that's form—the form suited for the occasion. Always write for the occasion."

"What so many people call style is really bad imitation. If any boy here had the impudence to tell me that he meant to base his style on Carlyle or Stevenson or Pater, I should recommend his parents to apprentice him to boot-blacking. Stylists always die young, yet live too long. They are the dandies of the writing world, and probably cads. Or, it may be their way of hiding their intellectual vacuity."

"If any boy thinks of style when writing to his parents, he is probably concealing something silly.

"Style always reminds me of a loud neck-tie. You are too thunder-struck to look at the man behind it. A gentleman dresses quietly and passes unnoticed."

"If there be such a thing as style, it must be unconscious. Philosophically, therefore, it does not exist."

"Paradox lends itself to wit. Avoid it as a habit, lest your own mind become a paradox.

"I like an epigram when it is unforced, spontaneous. A forced epigram is false even when obviously true; a spontaneous epigram is most true when most false. In that sense, it resembles an Irish bull."

"Never write for money. Write only when something in you cries insistently to be heard. Even then be modest. Do not crow; your egg may be addled.

"If you take seriously to writing (avoid it, if possible), ponder well the remark of the ancient prophet: 'While I mused, the fire burned.' Wait till the pot boils over; but it is prudent to stoke the fire."

"It is a happy dispensation that we may write in our mother tongue and not dead Latin. Saxon, for choice. But don't be pedantic about it. 'Penetrability of matter,' though vile, is better than 'thoroughforesomeness of stuff.'"

"Energy is matter in motion. Interesting, no doubt. It becomes instructive when you apply it to the purpose of life.

"A boy who plays with a straight bat and stands up to fast bowling gains character. He may lose it again.

"At football, I like to see a pretty dribble down the field. But how futile, if at the end you do not pass the ball. The end sought is the goal and not the dribble."

"The whimiscal is generally on the verge of tears. As of the man who plunged in to swim across a river one hundred yards wide. He swam ninety yards, and then swam back, because he was exhausted. We laugh; but the thought pains LIS. Aim straight at the ball."

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"I shall probably write to you again. Very soon, likely, since you have not written. I'm glad it does.

"If some intimation of the ugly truth touches your serene soul, do not quail. For some of your boys, those who have been turned away from Christ, forgetting Him in a mad rush of business, politics, games, amusements. We must not go into it unprepared. That would be navigation without stars or compass. The chart, too, is partly marked. Lots of uncharted rocks though. Better so, perhaps; when we run against them it tests our courage and resource—as when a team of full-grown men comes down to beat us, and we decide they jolly well won't! It's a tremendous struggle all the time, in our hearts and outside in the market place. Phew! But we fight better and cleaner for that which is beautiful and of good repute. The great thing is to be willing to be drawn, not to resist all pure cussedness. Anyhow, think about it. It is certainly at least as interesting a problem to us who will win the average bat. Now let us sing, "Lead, Kindly Light"—by that delightful heretic, Cardinal Newman. (Your fingers fumble through the pages of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern.")

"Dear me, I never thought of it before, but this hymn emphasises my text. It's just right because it is a favourite of mine; yet look: "Lead, Kindly Light", lead, not push or drag or compel. Amidst the encircling gloom—you mustn't mind that gloomy line you see. Cardinal Newman wrote it when he was very tired, after a terrific spiritual struggle. Are you ready, Mr. Barrett? Now, boys, stand up, throw your chests out.

Ah! dear Master, it wasn't as you said. It was not true that men were turning away from Christ. On the contrary, the clever ones exploited Him and the simple-hearted clung to Him. He was a counter in the game; a symbol, not of the meek and lowly, but of the servile. Your boys passed out, one with the average bat, another with the highest score bat, six or a dozen with scholarships, every year, and they, too, played the game. They came back every year, plump and prosperous and decorous—licking their chops with the blood of the servile, whom they find to be easy meat. I am glad it is hidden from you. You would be incurably unhappy if you knew. Two of your boys are baronets, and a half round dozen knights of sorts. I daresay you chuckle over it. You wouldn't, if you knew. For you were capable of Berserker rages at anything mean or cruel or greedy. Better that you live amongst your books with deep gratitude and affection, with a symbol, not of the meek and lowly, but of the servile. Your boys passed out, one with the average bat, another with the highest score bat, six or a dozen with scholarships, every year, and they, too, played the game. They came back every year, plump and prosperous and decorous—licking their chops with the blood of the servile, whom they find to be easy meat. I am glad it is hidden from you. You would be incurably unhappy if you knew. Two of your boys are baronets, and a half round dozen knights of sorts. I daresay you chuckle over it. You wouldn't, if you knew. For you were capable of Berserker rages at anything mean or cruel or greedy. Better that you live amongst your books..."
"The Hope of the World."

[Being the more or less faithful account of a Simple Soul's experience at attending a Trades and Labour Council—a body not affiliated to the Labour Party.]

In the absence of both the President and his deputy, a novice was placed in the Chair. Instead of tempering the wind of debate to a lamb that had not acquired any wool, the Secretary simply let the poor fellow flounder until in sheer sympathy a Pressman present audibly prompted the Chair during most of the proceedings.

Throughout the meeting the Secretary deals in vile innuendoes and expressions broadcast to the public. He brought to book, he disproves any personal reference to anyone who attempts to trace an innuendo to its intended target.

**Secretary:** I wonder if any delegate can inform us if it was one of our auditors who was injured in the local street accident lately. (Wallows in sensationalism, giving exhaustive Press details of the gruesome part of the affair.) The name given in the papers was similar to that of the auditor I have in mind, and he has not offered any information.

**CO-DELEGATE:** Mr. Chairman, he is my neighbour. He has been here all the time. Surely he should have offered some information.

**SECRETARY:** He is my neighbour, Mr. Chairman, that it was our auditor who was injured. As our Secretary says, he was injured. (Another debauch of sensationalism, and a repetition of the Secretary's exhaustive details.)

The Secretary moves that an expression of sympathy be sent, and so on. After this has been appropriately supported by a veritable deluge of sentiment the Co-Delegate jumps up as just the Chairman is about to rise.

**CO-DELEGATE:** Unfortunately, comrades, that is not the only calamity our comrade has suffered. His brother-in-law in America has happened a very sad accident. While at his work... (more bloody horror.)

This news came a fortnight ago, and I am sorry to say that our comrade will not learn of this misfortune till this afternoon. Thus he has suffered a double calamity. (General murmurs of commiseration.)

While the Chairman is on his feet, putting the wind of debate to a lamb that had not acquired any wool, the Secretary simply lets the poor fellow flounder until in sheer sympathy a Pressman present audibly prompts the Chair during most of the proceedings.

**CO-DELEGATE:** Yes, at one time they were neighbours. They lived upstairs, and he lived downstairs; but they shifted some time ago. But they were neighbours at one time. (More exclamations of "Poor fellow," "Very sad," "Double calamity," etc.)

The Simple Soul wonders if the cackle ceases, and the stable door is opened, thirty minutes having been spent on this dabble in sensation.

The Minute Secretary then reads the minutes of the last meeting as if he and the minute-book were on different astral planes. He is about to read the minutes of an executive meeting when the Secretary stops him. Evidently the executive is emulating the police in repudiating the authority of the body from time to time. (More exclamations of "Poor fellow," "Very sad," "Double calamity," etc.)

**SIMPLE SOUL:** As an amendment, I move that the motion be taken in the name of the member who used materials costing less when he was at school?

**SECRETARY:** Mr. Chairman, have we not had enough of this game? The teachers are not affiliated to this Council, and they have had plenty of opportunities of doing so. If they want us to spend our money helping them, let them affiliate with us. Anyhow, have we not a Labour Minister at the Board of Education? He is not an ordinary Cabinet Minister. We can obtain more satisfaction from him. He has been a member of this Council for some years. (More exclamations of "Poor fellow," "Very sad," "Double calamity," etc.)

Unfortunately, comrades, there is not another amendment that the Council should have a policy to refer to, because of the particular agency through which the matter has come to our notice would be to cut off our noses to spite our faces.

**OLD STAGER:** Mr. Chairman, what right has this young man to controvert our opinions? Were we not in the movement before he was born? Have I not had over thirty years' experience? Have we not Arthur Henderson at the Board of Education, and can't we trust him with these things? Anyhow, it is not worth bothering about during the present time. (more exclamations of "Poor fellow," "Very sad," "Double calamity," etc.)

We are here at this meeting to do all we can to help the Government to win the war, and nothing else. (Temporary collapse of Simple Soul.)

The amendment is passed. A delegate then moves another amendment that the Council write to Brother Arthur, asking what changes have been in the grants to elementary schools. He says that more information is needed before action is justified. The amendment is seconded.

**SIMPLE SOUL:** Whom have we to trust—a Government Department or the man in touch with the actual conditions—the theorist or the expert? Personally, I should take the word of a school-teacher any day before that of a Cabinet Minister. If information is needed, is that given to the Council not sufficient? The grant is now £d. per child per week. How much reduction can that bear? Can any man here say that he could have used materials costing less when he was at school?

The Board of Education knows nothing of local conditions. We have had to wait two years for a reply from a Government Department. When the reply comes, it will be cooked, or will be couched in general terms inapplicable to local circumstances.

**SECRETARY:** Mr. Chairman, have we not said enough about it? The simple SOUL wonders if the Council is not affiliated to the Labour Party. (More exclamations of "Poor fellow," "Very sad," "Double calamity," etc.)

There are no amendments in the name of the Council. The Chairman reads it all, then takes up the first letter and asks what the Council thinks about it. It happens to be a letter from the Local Branch of the L.R.C., wondering if the Council is affiliated to the Labour Party. We can obtain more satisfaction from him. He has been a member of this Council for some years. (More exclamations of "Poor fellow," "Very sad," "Double calamity," etc.)

J. W. GIBBON.

**SECRETARY:** Why are we at this meeting, then?

**OLD STAGER:** Mr. Chairman, I am asked a—a delegate has asked me—why we are at this meeting. We are here at this meeting to do all we can to help the Government to win the war, and nothing else. (Temporary collapse of Simple Soul.)

The amendment is passed. A delegate then moves another amendment that the Council should have a policy to refer to Arthur Henderson, asking what changes have been in the grants to elementary schools. He says that more information is needed before action is justified. The amendment is seconded.

**SIMPLE SOUL:** Whom have we to trust—a Government Department or the man in touch with the actual conditions—the theorist or the expert? Personally, I should take the word of a school-teacher any day before that of a Cabinet Minister. If information is needed, is that given to the Council not sufficient? The grant is now £d. per child per week. How much reduction can that bear? Can any man here say that he could have used materials costing less when he was at school?

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J. W. GIBBON.
Readers and Writers.

It falls to me as the official apologist of The New Age to comment upon the series “Man and Manners” which, after four months, is now coming to an end with the eighteenth volume of this journal. Several correspondents have written during its progress to complain of one thing or another: some to say that a series upon Manners had no place in The New Age at all; others to remark that the particular series would have suited better the readers of the “Lady’s Journal”—if there be such a paper; still others to observe that the Diarist, more needed to take her own advice than to give it; and a few to question the importance of Manners altogether. With none of these, it is needless to say, do I agree; but with all of them I feel nevertheless a kind of sympathy. Their remarks were, indeed, natural enough, and for that very reason might have been regarded as superfluous. I mean that it might occur to our readers after nine years’ experience of The New Age that there are reasons for everything here published, and reasons, too, which override, in our best judgment, the obvious objections that can be raised to any feature of the paper.

To begin with, it is evident that anybody who sets up to talk of Manners exposes herself to a double line of attack, and on both lines upon reasonable grounds. Her readers have no need to be reminded of what constitutes good manners; and she in particular has no title to instruct anybody. It is a strange thing that we all resent the smallest reflection upon our taste, when at the same time we accept with equanimity insults to our intelligence. But how difficult that makes the task of discussing manners it is easy to see, for from the very start your readers are up in arms. Imagine your own position vis-à-vis a friend whose readers have nothing to admire, I think that we could praise the new graces without causing them any embarrassment. And, after all, inappropriate praise is quite as offensive to taste as inappropriate blame; and to praise well is as rare an art as to blame well. Then I do not mind admitting, for my personal self, that my manners are not as charming as they ought to be. How can I deny it, in fact, in face of the all too frequent evidence that, in spite of the weight of my pondered advice, few take the least notice of it? But could my readers resist if I were all that I ought to be? Had I the tongue of men and angels, could I correct them? No, a good conceit of ourselves as writers is hard for us to maintain upon The New Age. I humbly confess that I must have a great deal to learn. But finally it should be remembered that we have in these days no aristocracy left to instruct us in manners. Democracy must create its own standards and maintain them by frank mutual criticism. Time was, of course, when people would run a mile to see a duke bow to a lady in the Row; and would canvass the manners of the Court in the kitchen. But because that excellent form of snobbery has ceased for want of mannerly dukes, is it its ghost to forbid us to take lessons of each other? Democracy, I think, will yet come by good manners. When the kings and the captains of money have passed away, taste in manners will still remain. But its custodians, exemplars and teachers will be people very like ourselves in all other respects.

I differ from the Diarist in the estimate she has formed of the importance of good manners. Good manners, in my opinion, are not a substitute for a good character, nor can I regard them myself as sufficient compensation for the absence of ability. England will not die of bad manners, but of rotten characters and contemptible ability. On the other hand, I agree that good manners are important, and particularly to a good character and a good ability. Fools and knaves, for all I care, may behave as they please; the more unmannedly the fewer triumphs the devil has. But I do object when I see an excellent character and a good intelligence bringing in their excellence into disrepute for want of manners suited to it. Such people, however, often appear to think, as the Diarist says, that their excellent principles should be their own defence. But nothing that is excellent can really defend itself. The excellent always needs an outside defence! Hence, so it seems to me, the particular need of good manners by good men. For the reasons already given I dissent, too, from any endorsement of William of Wykeham’s epigram: Manners maketh Man. Not only do not manners make the man, but manners do not even reveal the man. As in the case of the good, they often conceal the man. What manners denote is an understanding of the way people like to be treated; they imply a knowledge of human psychology and sympathy with the minds of others. But this knowledge and sympathy can be employed for bad motives as well as for good. The same understanding of rabbits may be displayed by the poacher who means to snare them as by the naturalist who wishes only to observe them. Similarly, a man’s good manners are no evidence of his good will; all that can be said is that his good will will be all the better for them.

The propriety of discourses upon Manners in these pages is, I confess, a matter for debate. So much of what is published in The New Age appears to be offensive that it would seem ironical for us to claim, even in the person of an independent contributor, to be judges of good manners. My reply, however, is that we do not offend without intending to offend; and hence that our manners are bad, if they are bad, from a fault of judgment rather than from a defect of taste. If, by a miracle, the world were to begin to present us with something to admire, I think that we could praise the new graces without causing them any embarrassment. And, after all, inappropriate praise is quite as offensive to taste as inappropriate blame; and to praise well is as rare an art as to blame well. Then I do not mind admitting, for my personal self, that my manners are not as charming as they ought to be. How can I deny it, in fact, in face of the all too frequent evidence that, in spite of the weight of my pondered advice, few take the least notice of it? But could my readers resist if I were all that I ought to be? Had I the tongue of men and angels, could I correct them? No, a good conceit of ourselves as writers is hard for us to maintain upon The New Age. I humbly confess that I must have a great deal to learn. But finally it should be remembered that we have in these days no aristocracy left to instruct us in manners. Democracy must create its own standards and maintain them by frank mutual criticism. Time was, of course, when people would run a mile to see a duke bow to a lady in the Row; and would canvass the manners of the Court in the kitchen. But because that excellent form of snobbery has ceased for want of mannerly dukes, is it its ghost to forbid us to take lessons of each other? Democracy, I think, will yet come by good manners. When the kings and the captains of money have passed away, taste in manners will still remain. But its custodians, exemplars and teachers will be people very like ourselves in all other respects.

No authority, of course, is claimed by the Diarist for her standards of manners; and on the other hand, was sought to be done was to bring a little attention to the subject. Thereafter readers can safely be left to come to their own best conclusions. With these words I end my apologia.
The Binding of Mosed

By Floraie Holroyd.

SCENE I.

[The night before the First of May.

Interior of a church in a manufacturing village.

Mothers with children seated in the front seats awaiting christening ceremony. As this takes place, Schoolmaster and Employer of Labour pass the open door.

Parson walks up to font.

Parson: (leading child of five years of age up to the font) I want you to christen my boy.

Parson: You are rather late in bringing him. It is usual to christen children at a much earlier age.

Mother: Never mind. I want him christened now. Mosed's his name.

Parson: Mosed? An uncommon name!

Schoolmaster (passing door): Mosed! That's a strange name.

Employer (stopping): His mother must be defective in speech.

Schoolmaster: No. I know the family. They're not Jews.

Employer: I mean in the order of her pronunciation.

The name strikes me somehow as savouring of Socialism. (To Mother who is leaving church after her son has been christened) Doesn't your child find his name inconvenient at school?

Mother: At school? No, he doesn't go yet.

Employer (looking at Schoolmaster): Not go...? Schoolmaster (briskly): To-morrow is the First of May. Bring him then and we'll enrol him at the usual school.

Mother: (looking at Employer of village, her husband among the rest): Very well, sir. (Leads her child through the door.)

Employer: Yes, as you say, you are new to the place and find some difficulty with the inhabitants. But we can help each other. Do you see?

Schoolmaster: You want the village to grow up as a corporate body, each institute functioning with the rest.

Employer: Exactly. I'm glad we understand each other.

Schoolmaster: Good-night. (Exeunt.)

Mosed’s Mother.

Haste to my bidding if you would be a new scholar this afternoon. Our brother waits for you behind the school door.

SCENE II.

[The First of May.

Graveyard of same, where burial is taking place. Besides the mourners, a group of four children is seen at some distance watching the ceremony. Mosed is one of these latter. Every mourner has an imp sitting on his forehead and fairies hover round the coffin.

Chorus of fairies: See! the wicked imp has flown.

Chorus of Imps (squirming and turning their eyes from the light which is shed from the group of fairies): The dead man's flesh. Not profitable!

Chorus of fairies: Noble now his brow has grown.

1st Imp: T'was a sight to see our brother sitting there. He got the man as a child at the board school.

2nd Imp: Alas! he'll lack lodging now!

3rd Imp: How so?

1st Imp: (pointing to Mosed standing apart) He'll be a new scholar this afternoon. Our brother waits for him behind the school door.

Chorus of fairies: We will strive to save the child.

(When the funeral ceremony is over. Exeunt mourners with imps. Fairies hover round children and lead them to a corner of a graveyard.)

Mosed: Let's play at a funeral.

1st Child: Then lie down in the grass.

Mosed: The wind is making music through it.

2nd Child: We will dance round him.

Mosed: Like those low branches are dancing over my head.

3rd Child: Throw grass and flowers on him.

Mosed: Now I am dead. Sing for me.

(Dance and song in which the fairies join. Enter Mosed’s Mother.)

Mother: Where is the child? Ah! Mosed, come home, your dinner’s ready.

Mosed (in front addressing audience): Here is one of my favourite pieces—know I always had a relish in a certain direction—and here you see little children utilised. You will have noticed the title of the picture, "The Manufacture of Mystery, or Bags of Bullocks." It is really a parody on that German article of good known as "bags of mystery." Here you see the picture of a huge machine which is worked by Labour on a treadmill. Swarms of children issue from his boots and fall into the machine, where they are seized by a smaller machine which contracts or extends all bodies to fit with a certain standard, known by the schoolmen as the Seventh Standard, or annus tertius decimus. You will observe that they are then of that shape which holds the greatest utility in the smallest space and then they are taken up by a row of bank shovels and dropped into seven fat gaping sacks. You can use these latter as symbols of the cardinal sins if you please. Over all, on a gilt throne, sits fat Plutocrat showering ballot papers with one hand and with the other performing a clever card trick in which the cards whirl in magic groups of fours and nines. I want you older imps to notice the machine which grips the children when they are in a tender condition, for a devil is very useful in the contracting process. Remember that to-morrow when you visit the board schools. Also notice how fat that Satanic plutocrat.

Satan (interrupting): Hold there, Moloch! I'm spare!

Moloch: Well, then, notice how fat that plutocrat grows. Lacking a worther comparison, I will compare him with myself. We are both fat for the same reason.

(Other pictures are shown then, e.g., a stirring melodrama (three films) of which Satan thinks quite good (or bad) enough for his own imps, war pictures, etc.)

Satan: Now put up the cinematograph. We must all get down below to prepare for to-morrow. (Exeunt.)
there's the little boy I met crying (patronisingly). So you're all right now, sonnie, eh!
Mosed: . . .
Teacher: Say, "Yes, sir," to the gentleman.
Mosed: . . .
(Moloch pinches his ear.)
Teacher: That's a good boy. Go on.
Mosed: . . . (All the Imps close up to him.)
Teacher: Come along. "Yes, sir."
Mosed [Satan glaring in his eyes]: Yes, sir.
(I immediately the Devils seize the child and bind him. One sits on his forehead and another squeezes his heart. Meanwhile chorus of children singing is heard from adjoining room.)
CHORUS OF CHILDREN:  
Work is sweet for God has blest  
Steady work and quiet rest.  
Work, then, Christians while ye may,  
Working while it yet is day.
Employer: A fine tune that—one of my favourites.
Schoolmaster: Yes. It's a new hymn they are learning.
CHORUS OF CHILDREN (repeats): Work is sweet, etc.  
(This time Devils join in, leaping amongst the children. Mosed remains bound with the Imps on forehead and heart.)
THE FAIRY QUEEN (repassing window): Look, Fairies, at the little one they have bound.
FAIRY: Ah, my poor playfellow!
FAIRY QUEEN: Away! We fairies must not sigh.  
Go, look in every corner till you find a mortal who will set the child, then whisper in that mortal's ear and prompt him.
CHORUS OF FAIRIES: Away, away!  
Fairies, if we have mortal aid, we'll scare the devils yet!

Man and Manners.

AN OCCASIONAL DIARY.

MONDAY.—I wonder which is the noisiest, the town, provincial, or country type of person? For the three kinds are as different as directions on the same signpost. There are even physical differences between them. How small, for example, town people look after those one sees in the provinces, I once heard a man from the Midland's remark: I think he was right. People in country towns are certainly of a sturdier build. And I am inclined to believe that their manners, too, run in a sturdier mould. Perhaps things like scrupulously arguing into a 'bus, arguing with taxi-drivers, sneering through a 'phone, and so on, are not the best training in good manners. Life in Town really is a more hurried affair than it is in the country, and lack of leisure entails lack of manners and grace, neither of which is ever in a hurry. All good things have something lazy about them, said Nietzsche. On the other hand, even that note of boisterousness in the tone of "provincials" is so balanced by its sincerity that to me it is more pleasant than unpleasant, and far and away preferable to the effacement of the Town man and woman. To carry the comparison into the country I adapt Goldsmith: Every woman in the country is a complete beauty, while the town class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Perhaps Goldsmith was not referring only to physical beauty. Where, for instance, for intelligence, humour and humanity, is the Town equal of the country doctor's and vicar's daughters? Country life makes for immortality; town life for transience. Country people are annualists in their outlook on life. Town people are journalists.

TUESDAY.—The general idea seems to be that so long as one asks permission, letters may be opened at table even when guests are present. But in a case, like this, where either your guests or your letters must be neglected, surely the best manners would be to neglect the letters. I speak as a victim. I have sat at break-
fast with the table littered like a paper-chase course—host reading, hostess reading, myself embarrassed where to look. But my host, said I to myself, has no right to display his business affairs on a private breakfast-table, and my hostess has no right, thought I, to air her private affairs with a willing stranger to them. It is like telling me she has a secret without telling me what it is. Not that I want to know, but she has no right to flaunt it before me. Presently host and hostess appear to think it required of them to empty up your annoyance with a trickle of vinegar. (Balm isn't the word for medicine that only makes matters worse.) Gracie—you know little Gracie—my youngest brother's sister-in-law's little girl—poor little Gracie—Jack says Jill says she has such a bad cold. . . . Hmph!—interesting letter from George—nephew, eldest nephew, John's eldest boy—most interesting—looks as though zinc firm. . . . Now, of what sort of interest to you is little Gracie's cold, or nephew George's opinion of any zinc firm? Letters, I repeat, are not for table consumption by host, nor for guests for that matter. The whole practice of opening letters before strangers should be condemned by society. The contents of a letter are usually for the addressee only, and neither are they nor should they be made by a public reading of them the unwelcome curiosity of either guest or even host. Another question at issue about the opening of letters has been the occasion of many a lawsuit. Should a husband open his wife's letters? and vice versa. If, as I suppose should be the case between man and wife, they are early Christians, and what belongs to one longs to the other, there can be no doubt as to the right of husband and wife to open each other's letters. But what, on the grounds of common courtesy and good manners, I do doubt, is the expediency of exercising the right of breathing to a stranger the private correspondence of others. After all, a man is only presented with the freedom of the city on the understanding that he will not abuse it.

THURSDAY.—I should certainly go to see some people (let me call them) more often if they didn't ask me so often. And not only ask me, but press me. And not only press me, but demand me. And not only demand me, but make it, by their refusal to accept any excuse, almost impossible to refuse them. Do come again tomorrow—but what, not? Well, then—Oh, but why not? Well, Thursday—Oh, but why? Well, Friday, then—Oh, but why? Well, just for an hour or two—Oh, but why not? Well, surely next week you could manage it?—Such people are social pests. Do they really think they are being hospitable? Hospitality, after all, is a request, and not a demand. Don't you think that a spider to urge the fly into its parlour? Not a throb of it—nothing but selfish motives from beginning to end. It just wanted that fly for its own unmentionably little purposes. These spider-people who won't let you alone are not considering your pleasure, but their own. No really hospitable person puts a visitor into a position which leaves him with only one alternative to do what he doesn't want to do—and that is to say so!

SATURDAY.—What, after all, are the purpose and standard of good manners? Manners make the man, said old William of Wykeham. Manners, at any rate, reveal the man. And in saying this I distinguish between the man qua man, and the man as a professional of any kind. Man alternates between relations that are social, and relations that are business. Social manners should not be so transparent that you can see a man's profession through them. They are a whole garment. And, of course, they ought to be distinguished from business manners. It would be improper for a man to let the clicks of his personality be seen in his business dealings. Unprofessional conduct! The business man very properly adopts a business manner to conceal his personal particularities, and to safeguard his business transactions from the interference of personal vagaries. You go to a lawyer for legal advice. You do not expect to be able to deduce any of his social peculiarities from his conduct towards you on a matter of business. But, reversely, you should not be able to guess a man's profession, or business predilections, from his social behaviour. You do not expect, or want, a doctor to bring his stethoscope manners to dinner with him. Apropos of dinner manners, I have heard it said that every woman is a typical to a business man. The woman who made the remark to me must have noticed business men bringing their business manners into society. I came across an example of perfect manners at an hotel last year. A man came and stayed for a week. He was very pleasant, and was a general favourite among both men and women visitors. After he had left, we compared notes. What was his profession? Was he married? Was he rich? What was his rank? Did he like life? Did he like people? Where did he live? But none of us could arrive at a common conclusion on a single point. The man's manners had very properly concealed everything but the man in him. Man and Manners are one.

A Seventh Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

VII.

When Doran had gone, Barringer and I discussed the conversation through which we had just passed. Do you think, I asked him, that we had done any more than we have done? Is Doran the man to carry out his own ideas? Must the girl be asked in to assist him? What is in your mind? asked Barringer. Well, I said, I have not seen the girl, and I have seen Doran; and my impression is that, while he would be quite willing to see her go, he is really divided into equal halves as to having her go at his accord or at her own. And I was wondering whether it would be wiser of us to wait upon events, or gently to attempt to precipitate them. But how could we? said Barringer. I don't quite know, I replied, but, perhaps, you can decide. I have a fancy that the chief difficulty with the girl is money. At present, I gather, she depends normally upon Doran. If she could see her way to depending upon herself, either by finding another man with money, or by a present sum in hand, I rather think, don't you, that she would make a final flight? I'm not so sure, Barringer said, that the affair could be so easily settled. Doran is a little more to the girl than just economics. I grant that economics is a great deal; but a permanent perch, even for an eagle, is an attraction. Besides, Doran represents for her a hold on intellectual society, for which, even if she is entirely alien to it, she has, at any rate, a respect based on the prestige it brings. Then you doubt, I said, whether money can help us very much. For, otherwise, as you may guess, I shouldn't mind sending her a hundred pounds anonymously. That I must leave to you, Barringer said, but I should not myself risk it. Well, I concluded, let us leave the matter there.

All the next morning I could not get out of my mind the thought that, perhaps, and probably, Barringer was wrong. If the girl was such as he had described her, she was plainly quite as ill at ease with Doran as he with her. She was of an exotic type, and anything but domestic. Doran, at most, was a convenience, and, in many respects, a costly convenience. For it must needs be against her nature wilfully to be inconsiderate of any man, and the more so if it involved her in unpleasant scenes. Other than the economic bond, what was there to attach her to Doran? She may have basked a little in the prestige of his intelligence; but, sharing none of it herself, even his intelligence must have appeared unintelligible to her. There was, at any rate, no real bond in it. Suppose that, at a venture, I sent her a hundred pounds, would she not find it in an excuse for flight? But, then, there was Doran to con-
sider. No doubt he would prefer, if it were possible, to pay less him but it off possible? It is not beneath his dignity to offer her money to go; and, on the other hand, it might offend him if he learned that I had done so. At the same time, what other action would be mine than that of a father or guardian similarly placed, with a ward in charge, entangled necessarily with a for-any-reason undesirable acquaintance? Would the ward be able justly to retort that his guardian, in paying off the nuisance, had contravened his rights? But, again, had I any such rights in the case of Doran? He had, it is true, confided in me and Barringer, and confidence of that intimate kind undoubtedly gives rights when the contrary is not stipulated for as a condition. Was it inadvertence or unconsciousness that led Doran to omit the stipulation? Finally, it came home to me that everything depended on the girl. She was really the crux of my questionings. No doubt he would prefer, if it were possible, to pay her off himself, but was it possible? It would have been as bad as it did for a thousand shall I unsay it. The girl's attitude had changed; and I confess I admired her as much as I admired Doran. There had been something, after all, in the relation between them; or, rather, there were natures, each substantial in itself, to be related if they could have been. Very well, Doran, she said, I believe you. Let it be never. And now, good-bye. Doran then asked her if she had any money or a place to go to. Neither, she said, but I am not afraid. Take this, she said; and he went to his desk and took therefrom banknotes for fifty or so pounds. Thank you, Doran, she said simply, as she took them. There are the makings of a man in you, after all; but not for me. With these words she went, and closed the door after her.

Doran instantly threw himself upon the couch and with his hands upon his covered face sobbed silently. I sat still, not venturing to say anything. Do you know----, I answered. Ah, Mr. Congreve, you smile. You don't know----, I echoed her. And do you never go to the Pamir or to the--? she named half a dozen resorts of cliques. Not for pleasure, I replied. Why, you are as bad as Doran, she remarked. She would have begun, I felt, a catalogue of Doran's defects in her eyes if I had encouraged her, but I had no fancy for it. Indeed, I bluntness, with the intention of taking her by surprise, Why on earth do you live with him then? The effect was by no means the one I had expected; though it was, of course, within my calculations. Do you think, she burst out, that I live with Doran for fun? I'm sure I don't know, I said; but if not for pleasure, what is it? Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Congreve, seeing you'd like to know: I live with him because I jolly well will as long as I like, see? When it suits me I shall go; but until it does I shall stay. And mark my words, she stayed with me. Now you have your answer! I had, and to another question as well, which was not in her mind. For plainly it must now he Doran who should leave, since to be left ignominiously and in defiance of his own escape was not to be tolerated by a friend of mine. I was about to make some icy remark when Doran came in.

Ah, Congreve, he said, this is very kind of you. And then he caught the girl's glance and became uncomfortably puzzled. What's the matter? Before I had time to answer, the girl jumped up and rushed upstairs, banging the door behind her. We heard a rumbling of furniture as if a removal were taking place. Doran was pale with excitement. What has happened, Congreve, he asked. I hope----, I said, they were not for the worst. Before they were fully formed; but I knew that he meant to say that he hoped I had not deliberately precipitated a climax for him. On my soul, Doran, I said, I'm afraid my presence has, but not my words. At this moment Mr. Congreve appeared at the stairway-door, fully dressed, and with a large bag in her hand. Doran sprang to meet her. Sit down, sit down, she said; and, above all, keep cool. I'm off, she said, for the night and perhaps for the week, and perhaps for ever. But I shall come back just when I please! Mark that, Mr. Congreve. But—began Doran, what about your other things? Don't be so silly; come and sit down. You know you are not really going. I am that, Doran, she said; but you may expect me back at any time. If I said, Doran, to impress you and myself. Not for a thousand Congreves would I have said it before; nor for a thousand shall I unsay it. The girl's attitude had changed; and I confess I admired her as much as I admired Doran. There had been something, after all, in the relation between them; or, rather, there were natures, each substantial in itself, to be related if they could have been. Very well, Doran, she said, I believe you. Let it be never. And now, good-bye. Doran then asked her if she had any money or a place to go to. Neither, she said, but I am not afraid. Take this, she said; and he went to his desk and took therefrom banknotes for fifty or so pounds. Thank you, Doran, she said simply, as she took them. There are the makings of a man in you, after all; but not for me. With these words she went, and closed the door after her.

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[THE END.]

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.
Red—for the blood so bravely shed,
White—for the snows that shroud the dead,
And Blue—for the looks of apprehension
When the time arrives for paying the pension.
For, of course, we shall show our grateful pride
In the men who, saving their country, died.
1 orphaned babies and widowed wives,
We'll do what we must for your shattered lives,
Our hearts (like Somebody Else's) bleed
For all you've suffered, they do, indeed:
But really, there is such a lot to do,
Small wonder it is that we're looking blue.
Still, though we forgo champagne and scent,
We'll find a trifle towards your rent.
And we give up our fancies (well, why not?)
To ask any more would be simply silly.
So we say, with tears, on the Soldier's grave
Our three-penny bit, for he was so brave.
And long may our Country's Flag float free!
(Is it "Red, White and Blue"? . . . or is it d.)

Ada Bartrick Baker.
Views and Reviews.

The Value of the Reformer.

We are not always just to reformers, and Mr. Joseph McCabe is such a zealot for reform that we are tempted to dismiss him with the remark that he is trying to make a social science from all the heresies. The only subjects that Mr. McCabe does not receive commendation in this book are vaccination, dissection, and vegetarianism; war, religion, marriage, private property, education, language, dress, the list of subjects that he canvasses in his vigorous manner is endless. That there is a little or nothing of the subjects he discusses is more than an intellectual criticism; indeed, we have become so inured to the efforts of reformers that we no longer expect ideas from them, but impulses, inspirations, incentives to action. They have the characteristic irrelevance of Mr. Lipp Lipp; they urge us to seek for ourselves, to try to experiment, to gain mastery over ourselves and the conditions of our life, and always their influence expresses itself in the cry: “Oh, oh, it makes me mad to think what men will do, and we in our graves!” Mr. McCabe is much the better. “The Englishman who refused to be smitten, stimulat, and that there is a net loss of personality accession of energy, and to chafe expression but it will compel us to define truth “the new truth is no longer true,” which Mr. McCabe makes it quite clear in his own case that the sense of man’s power and dignity is increased by every life, but if there is, “Zeus hath not revealed it”; of all inspired people, to feel this sudden release of the energy that may be used to extend the process admirably of modern thought; and we are not committed to anything more by this attack on the “tyranny of shams” than the recognition of the fact that everything is open to inquiry, discussion, and decision. His advocacy of Neo-Malthusianism, for example, is really valuable only because it brings the subject of maternity into consciousness, and in the process removes the sense of futurity or necessity that, in most cases, attaches to it. As a reform, on the economic grounds usually urged, it is weak. The conscious adoption of the practice is the subtest self-criticism that can be imagined, and usually marks a physiological weakness or defect. “The French, then, love their children profoundly; says Faguet. Only, for the children they don’t have the equality of love the children they don’t bring them up.” The consciousness of physiological processes produces its paradoxes, and we need not fear the lack of matter for laughter when everything has been decided. The other consequences will not trouble Mr. McCabe, who regards nationality as a “sham”; but Faguet states them briefly: “A non-productive people placed beside peoples very prolific or only more prolific than it, is quietly and continuously invaded by them. France, between Germany and Italy, loses one peaceful battle a year to Italy and two to Germany.”

This is, of course, no argument against the practice of Neo-Malthusianism in France, but it may serve to show that Mr. McCabe does not apply the scientific method as rigorously as he might. For he looks forward to the time when there will be one type of civilisation on this planet, insists that because you can teach mathematics to a negro or mechanics to a Japanese, you can teach patriotism to a negro or mechanics to a Japanese, that French patriotism would not survive the war, religion, militarism, and particularly patriotism, as a sham. But this fact is only half-consoling; for if these sentences look scientific, they do not make him a civilized person, there is no real essence between men; and that all the obstacles to intercourse, such as language (which was a natural growth, if ever anything was), weights and measures, should be abolished, and a universal system established. It is to this end that he denounces militarism, and particularly patriotism, as a sham. But if anything could obviate the national difference between men, it is miscegenation; and it was generally believed that French patriotism would not survive the mixture of blood. Faguet said, for instance: “Germans, Italians, and, above all, Jews are very prolific of Frenchmen who have the French qualities and defects. But this fact is only half-consoling; for if these sons of metes are very acceptably Frenchmen from the point of view of intelligence and even of heart, it is impossible that they can be the object of a real view of patriotism.” But the war has, I think, disproved this foreboding; there is at this moment no real indifference to the idea of “my country” in France; and a patriotism that expresses itself at a crisis cannot accurately be regarded as a “sham.” This peaceful penetration of one people by another may result in a type that is less quick to react patriotically to an external stimulus; but that it is fundamentally patriotic cannot be doubted. The fact shows that even the most vigorous mixing of nations is likely to produce a type that has no nationality. But it is not necessary that we should accept Mr. McCabe’s universal ideal, one type to one planet, to justify the application of the empirical method to all our activities; the real value of his iconoclasm is that he does not settle but opens questions.

**The Tyranny of Shams.** By Joseph McCabe. (Eveleigh Nash. Is. net.)
Letters to the Editor.

After the War.

Sirs,—One of the first things you will have to meet in England after the war will be a great movement to cut down wages and spend up industry by puritanical legislation. The newspapers which dislike prohibition dare not say a word. A worst movement is starting already. Already in Vancouver there is an organisation to prohibit tobacco, and in Seattle a great is going on in the Courts to prevent the gradual prohibition of narcotics. Tobacco by its clause against "narcotic drugs" is now being attacked by vast majorities. The newspapers with such prohibition dare not say a word. Another article gives similar facts regarding tobacco. All newspapers which dislike prohibition dare not say a word. It is now being attacked by vast majorities. The newspapers with such prohibition are absolutely nothing more than agents of the capitalist class; whenever he replaces the old one. The parsons industrially collect the names of all doctors who warn the people against the evils of the habit of bursting into poetry—above all into that satirical poetry which is the only outlet left to them. They may only be considered a ribald and dissolute brute, and who

Sir,—I am glad Mr. J. M. Kennedy, in his letter to The New Age of April 6, protested against the frequent references to "humanity and its goals," to "brotherhood and the divine order of progress," which are to be met with in the English Press of to-day. The German, as Mr. Kennedy rightly points out, at once gets puzzled and even irritated about this (for him) meaningless cant. For the German the State and his progress are divine. He does not agree with this either, but it is not half as holy a conception as humanity. This conception of the divine right of the State is rooted deep in the German thinkers, who, by the way, have deeply influenced not only Germany but all Europe. Mr. Kennedy says: "We in this country are not the Germans; we are not the German Socialists are at bottom good patriots—that is to say, deeply, though unconsciously, imbued with the doctrine of Kant and Hegel." But Mr. Kennedy, who was one of my most gifted comrades in the fight for Nietzsche in your country, will certainly remember that not only the opposition we encountered came from the Kautians and Hegelians. You will, as a matter of fact, and Kautians and Hegelians everywhere in England and France.—Lord Haldane is one in England, the venerable Archdeacon Lloyd, Principal of the Anglican College at Saskatoon, is perhaps the most rabid teetotaller in Western Canada. In a recent lecture at Vancouver he confronted the fact that Jesus Christ, on a celebrated occasion, turned one hundred gallons of water into wine and increased the enjoyment of a wedding-party. He was ready with his reply, however. He explained that the Greek word for "wine," oinois, had certainly been translated "wine" by the ignorance of the translators. "It may be, he had to be indoors.

April 27, 1916 The New Age 617

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when one isn’t even a philosopher. For to borrow another sentence from him, his book “can hardly be regarded as really touching any of the emotions that, to my mind, constitute genuine philosophy.”

Let me add that I do not know Mr. Russell, I have met him once in company.

Malta, April 26, 1910.

M. D. ENRF.

INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT

SIR,—Neither Mr. H. E. Hyde’s trenchant remarks on Mr. H. E. Hyde’s book “The Two Roads : International Government or Militarism,” nor the author’s own letter in your last issue, give any clear idea of this scheme of International Government. This pamphlet, published at a low price (P. S. King and Co., 1s. 6d.) so that the ideas it contains may be widely discussed by the British public ; had the author chosen to make profit out of the publication, I suppose the “pamphlet” might have attained the dignity of being a volume—or even a book. Extraneous matter has a marvellous habit of deliberately inserting itself in one’s first book. Thus, Mr. Hyde’s opinions on tariffs, on the terms of peace, and on military training in the British Empire are unessential to the central idea of the book, but they would not be well advised to omit them, or print these chapters as an appendix. Stripped of this extraneous material, “The Two Roads” would have been an “important” book, but a book, I feel, could not but recall Milton’s “History relates the Skye, and on his Great Spectre,” (explained as the “gigantic shadow of the spectator himself,” projected on the opposite fog or mist”), who would not but recall Milton’s “History relates the Skye, and on his Great Spectre,” (explained as the “gigantic shadow of the spectator himself,” projected on the opposite fog or mist”), who would not but recall Milton’s “History relates the Skye, and on his Great Spectre,” (explained as the “gigantic shadow of the spectator himself,” projected on the opposite fog or mist”), who would not but recall Milton’s “History relates the Skye, and on his Great Spectre,” (explained as the “gigantic shadow of the spectator himself,” projected on the opposite fog or mist”)

P.S.—In the kingdom of imagination there are many mansions, each corresponding to a conception of external reality; or, rather, to the external reality, as seen by the Teutonic and Celtic (male and female) unit, are faerie lore incomparable, of which the novels of Sir Walter Scott are but specimens of his humour in the same book—his “Daumon the Giant,” his “Christabel,” his “Rienz of Germany,” his “The Two Roads” contains an important scheme of life. Both Stuart Mill and Buckle believed that liberty was dangerous theory of the balance of power: it would make impossible the future military or political hegemon of any one nation: it would safeguard the white races from the Asiatic peril, and it would greatly reduce the necessity for large national armies and navies; it would be as safe as any other, it would certainly safeguard the white races from the Asiatic peril, and it would greatly reduce the necessity for large national armies and navies. For it is obvious that if the New Age is more sincerely interested in the real welfare of the prolelus than in any, our armed forces are sent away. To say that the author’s scheme will be difficult to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to admit that it is impossible of achievement. No doubt it is not to carry out, is not to 0
might come spontaneously out of the heads of men, but they don't take it. Miss Elsie Durst was wrong in thinking that liberty would promote thought. It depends, however, upon one's conception of liberty. Mill, in his "Essay on Liberty," says: "Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion." And again, "No two individuals of the human species are more alike in the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not and cannot "think for themselves.""

But liberty and freedom are interdependent values, and it should be needless to remind such a clear thinker as Señor de Maeztu that while four-fifths of our population are engaged in the production of their subsistence, the other one-fifth are in a position to judge of the liberty of others. Señor de Maeztu might ask, if the wage system was abolished and superseded by a system of National Guilds, would it then be possible to allow the liberty and freedom of any of their number, is self-evident. So, Señor de Maeztu concludes, libertarians should always be on the lookout for new methods of enlightenment. Señor de Maeztu, more than most, has a right to speak, for he has an obvious influence on the majority of people it, is merely a reflection of the social opinions of the up-to-date theorists. Pestalozzi and Montessori, Froebel and a Caldwell Cook rolled into one. I scratch the thing I call my head in wonder at the heads of reviewers.

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**MR. PARKER'S CAPTURE**

Sir,—Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker is a very prolific writer of plays, and I imagine he is a particularly careful and painstaking craftsman. His plays are not published, nor do they write themselves large in the dramatic history of our time, but it cannot be denied that they achieve a certain amount of popularity, ephemeral—success. The chief reasons for this are pretty obvious. They are, choice of subject, an almost meticulous attention to the details of construction, and singularly fortunate producers. His subject is always one round which popular imagination has worked a big web of romance, Drake, Charles II, Disraeli. His dramatic hand has set upon subjects such as these and has eventually given them up as being either too large or too small to be handled successfully; too large if they cover too many facts, and too small if the dramatist is to convey any ideas through the medium of his play. Mr. Parker does not write on the heroic scale, and he has no ideas to convey, not one. Yet he succeeds where better men might fail, because of his tremendous thoroughness. He has nothing whatever to say but he compels people to listen, appearing in the most favourable circumstances, the words of those who really did have something to say and said it. He carries out his researches with all the air of a doctor conducting a post mortem. Nothing less than a subject seems to escape his attention. Everything is button-holed and pigeon-holed, and dressed up for service as and when required. If it cannot all be used, then it is put away in a safe and come in handy for something else later on. Having collected his facts and fictions, he proceeds to exercise his selective powers, preserving this and rejecting that, until he has obtained the necessary ingredients for his plot. He is not one to measure, so much pathos, so much wit, so much suspense, and so on. Then, seizing some commonplace story, possibly remembered from one of last year's monthlies, he binds it into the result of his compilation and selection, and so, a play.

Now, a play produced in this fashion, however popular the subject, cannot hope to get a footing on its own merits, for people insist, somewhat unreasonably, perhaps, on seeing heroic characters in heroic setting. Enter Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, with all the instinct of a showman. Happy combination! Success is ours, put it there! The spectacular genius of Sir Herbert Tree makes it go with a big splash, wallap. Everybody goes to see it once.

One may perhaps regret that so many fine actors and actresses have to waste their time in this rehash of century-old futilities; one may also have a feeling that the electrician, engineer, stage carpenter and scene painter ought to come to the aid of the writers and the authors. For by the time Mr. Parker has deserted his subject, the cast comes in handy for something else later on. Having collected his facts and fictions, he proceeds to exercise his selective powers, preserving this and rejecting that, until he has obtained the necessary ingredients for his plot. He is not one to measure, so much pathos, so much wit, so much suspense, and so on. Then, seizing some commonplace story, possibly remembered from one of last year's monthlies, he binds it into the result of his compilation and selection, and so, a play.

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One may perhaps regret that so many fine actors and actresses have to waste their time in this rehash of century-old futilities; one may also have a feeling that the electrician, engineer, stage carpenter and scene painter ought to come to the aid of the writers and the authors. For by the time Mr. Parker has deserted his subject, the cast comes in handy for something else later on. Having collected his facts and fictions, he proceeds to exercise his selective powers, preserving this and rejecting that, until he has obtained the necessary ingredients for his plot. He is not one to measure, so much pathos, so much wit, so much suspense, and so on. Then, seizing some commonplace story, possibly remembered from one of last year's monthlies, he binds it into the result of his compilation and selection, and so, a play.

Now, a play produced in this fashion, however popular the subject, cannot hope to get a footing on its own merit, for people insist, somewhat unreasonably, perhaps, on seeing heroic characters in heroic setting. Enter Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, with all the instinct of a showman. Happy combination! Success is ours, put it there! The spectacular genius of Sir Herbert Tree makes it go with a big splash, wallap. Everybody goes to see it once.
The declaration of peace will no doubt be followed hotfoot by the revolution of the middle classes which has been accompanied possibly by a war of words; but the protests raised to it will not materially retard its progress, for they will lack the support of any considerable body of public opinion. Labour will demand a larger slice in the pie of industry, better conditions, better living, and it will be accorded them with the goodwill of Capital; since public opinion having been industrialised, they will not be forced to demand them at the point of the sword. The only protest of men will be the parasites of industry, the parasites who will not take the slightest interest in the trade of others, and are not themselves producers; they are in this country largely of alien origin; their profits are not a national asset, and few will regret the clumping of their wings. Labour is only unreasonable when it suffers under a sense of injury and wrong; when it "sees red" it falls an easy prey to the opportunist demagogue. It is quite prepared to cooperate with Capital on a reasonable and business footing, and to concede to Capital the position of predominant partner. All who have the true interests of their country at heart, and who wish for the welfare of their fellow countrymen, will unite in support of the principle that work is a right and not a privilege, and in their efforts to secure a better deal for the working classes. After the war Trade Unions would find themselves on the defensive. There would be the difficulty of the women workers in filling the empty places, and semi-skilled men who had been brought in, and it was unthinkable that all these should escape from it. For there gradually dawned on him a great constructive idea. And what is now regarded as democracy was provided by making the working classes responsible for the government of the country. The Sudra should be allowed to vote; if the Sudras are too many the voice of the least important partner will be impaired. All who have the true interests of their country at heart, must consider labor as a right and not a privilege, and in their efforts to secure a better deal for the working classes. After the war Trade Unions would find themselves on the defensive. There would be the difficulty of the women workers in filling the empty places, and semi-skilled men who had been brought in, and it was unthinkable that all these should escape from it. For there gradually dawned on him a great constructive idea. And what is now regarded as democracy was provided by making the working classes responsible for the government of the country. The Sudra should be allowed to vote; if the Sudras are too many the voice of the least important partner will be impaired.

The "Age," in the "Ploughshare."