NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Men and journalists who have never given a moment's honest thought to Ireland are now loudly demanding Mr. Birrell's head upon a charger. Scarcely anything, it seems, is bad enough to be said of him. He has been criminally neglectful in that he has stayed out of Ireland as much as possible, he has been criminally callous in that he has permitted all parties to arm at their leisure, and he has been criminally weak. Thanks, therefore, to him alone Ireland from having been the one green spot in the British Empire, has now become splashed with crimson. Hut before delivering Mr. Birrell into the hands of men who talk in this way, we should do well to inquire what are their qualifications for passing judgment and carrying out their sentence. For it may very well be the case—as, indeed, we believe it is—that had as the culmination of Mr. Birrell's policy has proved to be, any other policy would have culminated in a worse disaster, and in an earlier one. Let us ask, in the first place, at what moment in the series of events that led to the romantic outbreak of a fortnight ago Mr. Birrell in the opinion of his present critics should have recommended the forcible intervention of the English Government. Was it when Sir Edward Carson armed Ulster with German rifles and threatened resistance to the Act of Parliament that gave Ireland Home Rule? But taking things as they were at that time, who can doubt that much bloodier scenes than the present would have been witnessed both in Ireland and in England if force had been then employed? Was it when the Irish Volunteers proceeded to arm themselves against the Ulster Volunteers, and to prepare an unconstitutional method of defence against an unconstitutional method of attack? But to have forbidden Nationalists to arm after having permitted the Ulstermen to arm would not only have been unjust, but the attempt to disarm them would certainly have driven the constitutional Nationalists straight into the camp of the out-and-out Republicans. Was it, then, when the operation of Home Rule was indefinitely suspended? But over this act of English pusillanimity Mr. Birrell had no more control than you or we. It was, on the contrary, with the full consent of what is called public opinion in this country that the operation of the Act was suspended; and not a score of Mr. Birrell's could have altered our minds about it. But anybody can see that the Dublin outbreak of a week or two ago was the direct outcome of one or, rather, of all these things. Had there been no Carsonism there would have been no arming of Irish Volunteers. Had there been no suspension of Home Rule there would have been little life in the Sinn Fein movement. Or, with what there was, the Irish Parliament would have known how to deal. Since nobody can say at what point Mr. Birrell could have forcibly intervened without inevitably provoking considerable disturbance, it would be as well for critics to keep their mouths shut and to thank God that things were no worse. As for the charge that Mr. Birrell has been a weak administrator in Ireland, what, we should like to ask, would have constituted strength? Is it the strength that the Prussian von Bissing has displayed in Belgium? Would we have had Ireland treated after the manner of the little nations whose welfare our war is to maintain? Paradoxical as it may appear, the 'weaker' our English administration of Ireland is from the standpoint of our Prussians, the stronger in reality it is. The 'weakness' of Mr. Birrell has been his strength.

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That this is no mere debating-point is going, we fear, to be proved by the course of events now that they have fallen into the 'strong' hands of the military. Once the outbreak had occurred we, for our part, would have continued Mr. Birrell in his office more finely than ever. Never at any time was he more indispensable; and at no time would his 'weakness' have stood England and Ireland in better stead. For look at the situation as it had now unfolded itself on the day when the riots had been suppressed, and judge what might have come of it if 'weakness' instead of 'strength' had been in control. Sinn Fein, there is no doubt about it, had had its eyes opened to the folly of methods of force; and its moderate section, so nearly within preventing the outbreak altogether, would certainly have found itself immensely reinforced by the failure it had predicted. A movement of Sinn Fein to the Right would therefore infallibly have taken place. On the other hand, there is equally no doubt that the constitutional Nationalists had had their eyes opened also. Sinn Fein the neglected and the despised had proved, after all,
to contain elements of sincerity, and, hence, of fact to be taken into account. A movement of the constitutional Nationalists therefore left military executions expected, with the total effect that the two main divisions of Irish opinion would have been drawn closer together in a common constitutional, but quite spirited, Centre group, leaving, on the one side, the hidebound politicians, and on the other, the crazy Republicans, in feeble isolation. What could have been better than that? With Mr. Birrell's resignation, however—the appointment of the military authority as his successor, this happy issue of the common on Thursday without realising impossible. All the parties in Ireland, on the contrary, have, we are afraid, been pushed violently towards the Left. Up to the second day following the suppression of the armed riots, the military, it is true, had done no great harm. The shooting of the ring leaders in hot blood was inevitable, and not even themselves would have complained of it as a matter of justice. But from that day forward every military execution was in our opinion not only a mistake, but a blunder, and not only a blunder, but a political crime. The effect even here in England was unmistakable. As day by day fresh executions were announced, opinion that on the first and second days was favourable to the military turned gradually against them; and by the eighth day no Englishman, we think, but was as warmly sympathetic with Sinn Fein as lutheran he had been hostile. If that has been the case in England, what may be expected to have been the case in Ireland and among Irishmen? Not only, we believe, has Sinn Fein been driven more and more towards Sinn Fein, but that, carrying out of what before was disposed to be constitutional in Irish opinion; but the reaction has spread to the declared constitutionalists of the Irish political party. Nobody can read the speech delivered by Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons on Thursday without being convinced that a sinister change has been wrought by the military successors of Mr. Birrell in the mind of the Irish Party itself. That, we say, is the first-fruits of "strong" administration in Ireland. Time alone will show whether worse effects are not to follow.

What is now to be done to minimise the evil effects of what has been done we will proceed to consider. But first let us note, as an instance of the stupidity and cowardice which with a singular uniformity the journals that have denounced Mr. Birrell offer no advice to take the place of his counsel. Like the soothsayers whom Pharaoh called before him to interpret his dream, or the prophets of Baal employed by Jezebel, the Press can call upon a similar service. But that, carrying out of what before was disposed to be constitutional in Irish opinion; but the reaction has spread to the declared constitutionalists of the Irish political party. Nobody can read the speech delivered by Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons on Thursday without being convinced that a sinister change has been wrought by the military successors of Mr. Birrell in the mind of the Irish Party itself. That, we say, is the first-fruits of "strong" administration in Ireland. Time alone will show whether worse effects are not to follow.

In dealing with Sir Edward Carson at this particular moment in English history Mr. Asquith has this advantage, that Sir Edward Carson has declared himself to be above all things patriotic. There is nothing, he professes, that he would not sacrifice to ensure the victory of this country over Prussia. Very well, let us take him at his word. As a professed patriot, what is it, we must ask him, that he can do for us that the same time would be of the greatest servitude and that he alone can perform? Is it not the pacification of Ireland? General Botha, it is commonly assumed, has done great things for the Empire by the simple means of keeping South Africa free. But, let us say, the Grand Duchy of the North statesmen could not have rendered. Should we, do you think, have been more grateful to General Botha if, leaving South Africa to govern riots, he had came to this country to take part in our local recruiting politics? Nobody can read the speech delivered by Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons on Thursday without being convinced that a sinister change has been wrought by the military successors of Mr. Birrell in the mind of the Irish Party itself. That, we say, is the first-fruits of "strong" administration in Ireland. Time alone will show whether worse effects are not to follow.

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By the time these notes can appear it is probable that something will already have been made upon the policy to be taken by the Government in Ireland. Should it be the policy we are about to recommend, or a reasonable adaptation of it, well and good, we shall have cause to be satisfied. Otherwise we believe that sooner or later the policy to be announced must be changed. What is it we say must sooner rather than later be accepted as our policy for Ireland? To prove his patriotism beyond all cavil, let him return to Ireland and stay there. To prove it, let him use the key he has for the final solution of England's Irish problem. Until he has, at least, attempted to use it, we for our part would not hear him again in England. As not a man in our country, if we could help it, should cry shame upon him.
hoping that, in the absence of the attempt to bring in Home Rule, the attention of statesmen, however imperatively demanded elsewhere, will not even more imperatively be drawn to Ireland. See, in fact, what we have got by shirking in the early days of the war the institution of Home Rule—an Ireland bubbling with discontent, a passive resistance to recruiting, culminating for the moment in active riots necessitating the diversion of thousands of troops from Flanders to Ireland, hours of discussion in Parliament and the prolonged attention of the leading Ministers of the Cabinet. Would the institution of Home Rule as by Act of Parliament promised have anything more to the one hand, it would have brought us more than its suspension is within certain calculations. Ireland mewing its youth as a nation would have shown an ecstasy of spirits have contributed ten times its present quota to our strength. The good opinion the world over, not least in America, to Home Rule, the attention of statesmen, however small nations, England's settlement of Ireland would have been of victory upon the field. That this fruitful policy is not even yet too late to adopt it is the only purpose of these notes to affirm. And the means are at hand. Taking advantage of the molten condition of Irish government at this moment it is, we believe, the very occasion for the institution of Home Rule. Let there be appointed a Commission, containing as indispensables both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond, charged with the duty of establishing Home Rule at the earliest possible moment. Let it be an Imperial Constitution and charge upon the members of the Commission to preserve, at their peril, the peace of Ireland, and to ensure, at their peril, the unity and the loyalty of Ireland. A more excellent service to the Empire and to civilisation, as we say, no men could be called to perform. And any less service in the case of Sir Edward Carson in particular should not be permitted to perform. Finally, we may dispose of the objection that the war is necessarily fatal to the institution of the new Government of Ireland. Thus war, we wish, has been fatal to Germany's institution of Prussian government in Belgium, in Poland, in Courland, in Serbia, in Turkey? Third upon the heels of the Prussian soldier have followed Prussian administrators. If Germany has been able in enemy territories and among traces of military occupation (say, in the very midst of military occupation) to impose her way of government upon several peoples, it is hard upon England that a constitutional government cannot be brought into operation in Ireland. No one misguided Fein Republicans attempted to do without hope, the constitutionalists can attempt with every hope of success. Once more we say that Sir Edward Carson should cooperate in it or cease to be tolerated in England.

Since Mr. Hughes has been again diverted to public opinion here (which, by the way, seems to have, as Butler said, no more choice who should have its ear than the brain has who should form it) we must consent upon his speech of last week at the Queen's Hall. His programme, since we last heard it, has lost none of its wool, but remains in the same state of confusion and self-contradiction in which we then saw it to be. It consists of three parts. In the first place, says Mr. Hughes, "the people [meaning by that the wage-earning classes] must win this war because it is their war and means everything to them." But this is nonsense; for it is obviously no more incumbent upon wage-earners to win the war than it is upon the capitalist classes. The latter will undoubtedly suffer as much and more from defeat than the former, since they have as much and more to lose. If we could, indeed, look at the matter without sentiment (and we have no wish to do so), however profligate the South American policy, it is only so much that we may say, on the other hand, that the wage-earning classes have almost as much to lose by the victory of this country as by our defeat. An enormous debt falling partly upon them, a slump in wages and employment falling mainly upon them, and an inept form of industrial conscription falling upon them—these are what they may expect from victory in a war which it is "pre-eminent theirs to win." We may ask whether low wages and unemployment are any the better for speaking in English! In the second place, says Mr. Hughes, "we must learn to organise industry upon a national basis." "Until we organise upon a national basis we can no more hope to conquer in this war or hold our own in the field of industry and commerce after the war than a mere mob could hold its own against a disciplined army." Very right! It is needless to say that we agree. But who is to organise industry nationally, and to ensure our winning the war and all the rest of it? If not the wage-earners, then the war is not pre-eminently "theirs to win." They are, in short, flies upon the wheel, or, let us be polite, and say the means but not the direction. And if, on the other hand, it is the wage-earners who are to organise industry nationally, how would Mr. Hughes recommend them to begin? And his notion of national organisation, too, we would have to have some idea of. "No piecemeal scheme," he tells us, "will do, but every industry must be covered and the benefits of it allowed to saturate every stratum of the social pyramid." Excellent; but, descending from the pyramids, how is it to be done, we ask? In Germany, "national organisation" proceeds by way of the prevailing capitalism and employers in every industry: with the effect upon wages that they are lower than wages in this country. Is Mr. Hughes thinking of Syndicalism for this country, of getting employees to abolish inter-class differences and to form in every industry a single strong King? But his remarks should in that case have been addressed to the Chambers of Commerce and not to the leaders of Labour; for the latter will only suffer by the syndicalism of the former. Or was it of Syndicalism that he was thinking; and was he urging the wage-earning classes to take industry into their own hands? But, then, the "Times" approved of his speech. No, we are afraid that Mr. Hughes was thinking of Germany! But, in the third place, he will bring the leading capitalists and employers in every industry and profits altogether. To abolish wages, and, with them, the rest of it? If not the wage-earners, then everybody is doomed to failure." It is, we agree; and serve it right; but will Mr. Hughes also tell us how an association of employers—a nationwide association—on the one hand, is to organise upon a national basis, will provide high wages, or even employment, for everybody? Wages are fixed by the Supply and Demand of Labourers; and not all Mr. Hughes' hopes will provide high wages if the conditions of the market for the commodity of Labour do not allow them of. Our advice, on the contrary, is to abolish wages, and, with them, Profits altogether; and to abolish, at the same time, the surplus of the social pyramid commonly called the wage-earning and capitalist classes. The Army knows nothing of these distinctions, and is yet a nationally organised industry. "Every industry should, in our opinion, "be covered" by the principles that govern the industry of war; no wages, no profits, no workmen, no employers. But Mr. Hughes is not in England to listen to us.

With the débris of the Labour collapse that lay about Mr. Hughes' platform in the shape of our own Labour leaders, it is unnecessary to deal at length. Events have tested their hold upon mass industry. That common sense, with such results as appeared in their speeches. Wishing, no doubt, to catch the ear of Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Hodge, for instance, declared that "you cannot ask a minimum wage unless you are going to give the employer a higher wage." At any rate, the Labour party for a minimum wage while this country remained Free Trade has then been a mistake,
according to Mr. Hodge. You cannot fairly do it, he says. You cannot, that is, insist that a workman should have a sufficient wage to live upon unless you ensure his employer a sufficient profit to enable him to do so! But what, when the point of point of raising wages if, at the same time, by means of Protection prices are raised? Have we not under our eyes all the phenomena of Protection at this moment? Food-prices are up fifty per cent.; capitalists and employers are washing on profits; yet wages are still much the same as they were before the war instituted protection for our employers. And, what is more, Mr. Hodge, we believe, is not a party to the demand that wages should be raised though Protection is now in full swing. Rather, we understand the patriotism of assisting employers to make war-profits by depressing the efforts of workmen to insist upon war-wages. Like our old friend, Mr. Walsh, he is, in fact, everything else before being what he was sent into public life by his fellows to be. One thing before a Trade Unionist we know he is—a blackleg to his class.

We are not in the least surprised that the campaign for a demand for a war-wage has been unsuccessful. It has failed in Germany, as the appointment of a Food Minister proves, much more might it be expected to fail in England, where the need as well as the will to economise at command is much less. But let us not take the failure too much to heart, or proceed to apply compulsory measures in the way of curtailment of consumption. It is true that compels the well-to-do and the wealthy classes to curtail their consumption of commodities is all to the good, since it both saves the country expenditure at once and prepares these classes for the more modest standards of living they must certainly adopt after the war. But an economy (whether voluntary or compulsory) that persuades the working-classes to stint themselves of food or of recreation is an altogether false economy. Professor Rubner has had the courage to maintain. And far from grudging them it or appealing upon the working-classes demands an increase rather to insist upon war-wages. Like our old friend, Mr. Tradesman, we know he is—(a) Trade Unionist we know he is—a blackleg to his class.

Are Conscientious Objectors Going to be Shot?

It is provided in the Military Service Act (sub-section 2c of section 1) that "a man who is deemed to have been enlisted and transferred to the Reserve under this section shall not be liable to suffer death in spite of failure to obey an order calling him up from the Reserve for permanent service." This was taken by many people to mean that a conscientious objector would not in any case be shot for refusing to comply with the provisions of the Act. But in reply to a question from Mr. P. Snowden in the House of Commons, on March 23, Mr. Walter Long made it quite clear that the protection afforded by the clause in the Act only applied to the original offence of not responding when called to the colours, and did not cover any subsequent offence which might be committed by a man after he had been "deemed to be a soldier. Mr. Long, however, unless the fear that the power to inflict the death penalty would be used, at any rate, in this country. Mr. Snowden pressed for an assurance that what would happen if a conscientious objector were taken to France and there continued to disobey military orders (as he would, in the nature of the case, feel bound to do). According to military law, a man who is "attached to, or forms part of, a force which . . . is engaged in military operations in a country . . . wholly or partly occupied by an enemy is liable to be punished by death. In such manner as to show wilful defiance of authority any law-ful command given personally by his superior officer." Mr. Long replied that, if a man is "going to give active resistance, his active resistance will be in this country before he goes to France. I take it that a conscientious objector who says, "It is against my conscience to have anything to do with the war," is in no sense going to put on uniform. You are not going to send him to France in plain clothes." In face of this statement it is significant that one of the first acts of the military authorities when a consciences objector is handed to them is to make him put on khaki, by force if necessary. The conscientious objectors refuse to wear military uniform, and are then put in irons, and kept without clothes, and sometimes without food. In many cases they have been told, in so many words, that, if they continue to resist, they will be taken to France and shot.

In the "Times" of Saturday, May 6, a paragraph appeared, stating that 17 conscientious objectors "have arrived at a French port for work behind the lines." On inquiry it was ascertained that these conscientious objectors are men who have been placed in the non-combatant corps. It is true, of course, that some number of these men have now or automatically become liable to the death penalty for any disobedience to orders. (Cornelius Barratt.) One of them, a Quaker and a member of the N.C.F., writes on May 7: "Seventeen of us were told there was nothing to be done except to be taken out to France, and that we shall be there within 24 hours. . . . The future is in the hands of my Divine Master Whose command I feel bound to obey, and not to that of all others, and through whose leading I am where I am now, and, if I do but remain true to such leading, His purpose will be fulfilled." (G. Ricketts.) Another writes on the same date: "We shall be in France in 24 hours. We are going to leave here this afternoon, Sunday. There are 17 here, and we have all refused to sign pay-books . . . . We cannot hold a Friends' meeting before we leave here. Let my mother know immediately, won't you, please?"

A letter from the friend of another man says: "M. J. is a Quaker, and refused all service under the Act. He pleaded his case before the tribunal with obvious sincerity, but was nevertheless refused exemption and passed for non-combatant service. I was medically examined, and then passed for home service only. Notwithstanding this, he was sent to France last Saturday. Yesterday I saw his father, and the picture of the old man's distress will never leave my mind. He had been sent to Harwick, where he had heard that his boy was sent, and, after inumerable formalities, was told that the conscientious objectors had been sent back to Fellowsdown. When he got there, he was informed that they had been sent to France that morning . . . . What are we going to do about it?"

Can there be any doubt that these men are genuine conscientious objectors, the class of men intended to be exempted from the provisions of the Act?

The tribunals recognised the genuiness of their convictions, but failed to give them a form of exemption that would meet their case.

These instances are probably only the forerunners of hundreds, possibly thousands, of others. Unless public opinion protests against such persecution, all those who are not prepared to consent to such persecution, whether they agree with the peace objectors or not, should write at once to their members of Parliament, to the Prime Minister (to Downing Street, S.W.), and to Mr. H. J. Tertnall (War Office, Whitehall, S.W.), urging that immediate legislation should be undertaken to bring these men back from France, and to provide that no conscientious objectors shall be drafted for service abroad.

Persons prepared to take part in a protest should communicate with Hubert Peet, Esq., Society of Friends, Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C.
Uncut Opinions.

The Case of America.

Don't you think the Allies had every right to expect America to join them? And has it not been a bitter disappointment that the land of liberty has declined to defend liberty?

Indeed it has been; but ought we to hold America to blame for our disappointment? If we chose to misunderstand her position, her motives and her point of view, and build hopes upon false foundations, we have only ourselves to thank. One country does not mislead another unless the latter wills to be misled.

But what is the position of America, then? Very different, I take it, from the position we imagine her to be in. Different, perhaps, too, from the position she imagines herself to be; for, after all, a nation may almost as much misunderstand her own real position as other nations. If I am not mistaken, America does misunderstand her own real position quite as much as it is misunderstood in this country.

You mean that the truth about America differs from the American opinion of what it is as much as from the English opinion of what it is?

Yes, and I would add to this complication another fact: that American opinion has by no means formed the same judgments as the Allies and the Allies as we have formed of it. Why should we expect it, indeed? Certain prejudices arising from historical and immediate causes make it as impossible for America as for us to see both the Allies and America exactly as they are. The utmost we can do is to allow for these prejudices to the best of our ability before judging. In the case of America, in particular, it would be prudent for us to attempt this task, since there is no doubt that her assistance, if we could win it, would be of great advantage to us; and, in any case, her sympathy alone is not to be despised. Shall we try to realise some of the factors in America's problem?

Certainly.

To begin with, you know that there is her Monroe doctrine. On the face of it, this doctrine, while it obliges Europe to keep its hands off the American continent, appears to involve America in the reciprocal obligation of keeping her fingers out of the European pie. To claim a right, or even to admit an obligation, to concern herself in any case, her sympathy alone is not to be despised. Shall we try to realise some of the factors in America's problem?

Well, it may happen that self-interest in certain situations demands a revision of prejudices, and in other situations suggests precisely that they should not be revised. It is the latter case with America during the present war. Here the immediate self-interest of America been to side actively with the Allies, the prejudices of five generations would easily have been swept aside. Her immediate self-interest in two respects was, however, in favour of retaining her prejudices.

And these two respects are:

The first, but perhaps the lesser, is the fact that the business men of America have calculated that they have more to gain by neutrality than by war. As neutrals, they owe the Allies nothing; but as neutrals in the position America occupies, they can sell the Allies anything, and everything, at a high premium. Were America in military alliance with us, she could scarcely escape incurring a large debt.

But you do not suggest that even America would sacrifice duty to the profits of her manufacturers?

Not, perhaps, if the issue were as clearly realised as you have plainly stated it. But the very existence of so many American capitalists with their capitalist point of view pre-determines that the issue shall never be clearly realised. There is nothing like a dollar to produce dullness of vision. It is a rare capitalist who can see duty when it is not on the side of dollars. I'm afraid you are right.

The second fact is that America has Germans at home as well as abroad to fear. Imagine what might occur among the millions of German-Americans if America declared war against their Fatherland. Even America's business neutrality has provoked resident German-Americans to consider crimes. Her formal hostility might provoke them to rebellion; and America would find a civil as well as a foreign war upon her hands.

Is there really any danger of that?

Those on the spot can best estimate it; but, for my part, if I were the American President, the more likely such a rebellion appeared, the more speciously I should provoke it by a declaration of war upon Germany. That the American nation should have its foreign policy dictated by its hyphen ought to be intolerable. It should be well worth a second Civil War to get rid of it,

more love anti-militarism than they love republicanism; what love they have for both is mainly hatred of their European opposites. Thus, it is with an evil eye that they are disposed to look upon the great military and political doings of Europe; as it were with this double feeling of self-congratulation at having escaped our troubles and determination to keep out of them as long as possible.

And yet I see that President Wilson has been demanding for America "the strongest Navy in the world."

Ah, that is both a late, and as the American Press instantly said, an indiscreet utterance. Of course, I am not denying that America may become, for all her hostility to European traditions, a military and a naval Power as well. It is, I fear, inevitable; but the fact must be concealed from Americans as long as possible, since any premature announcement of their real intention would compel them then to realise their likeness to the despised Europeans. You will see, I think, that America will wake up one and find with genuine surprise that her Navy is really the largest in the world, and her Army second to none. Only then will she cease to despise Europe.

These prejudices, you say, prevent America from joining in with the Allies?

I did not say that, I think. I meant that they are considerable obstacles to her clear vision of the Allies' case. In themselves they would not have proved insuperable; but, unfortunately, they have been aided by lesser circumstances of even greater immediate opacity. To what are you referring?
Tuition by Correspondence.

ORATORY DEPARTMENT.

D. L.——G. (Cricket):—We have gone through your specimen piece of "war-time oratory" very carefully, and have noted various points which appear to us capable of improvement. Taking your effort as a whole, we should say that it is a fair example of the cheaper and easier kind of rhetoric, a little vulgar, perhaps, and certainly not nearly dignified enough (assuming that it is supposed to be spoken by the leader of a Great Nation in the midst of a great war) to appeal to any intelligent audience. It is quite conceivable, of course, that judicious use of the device might secure an audience who could be trusted to applaud it. But we should advise you, if you are really sincere in wishing to become a great orator, to test the effect of such a speech on an audience capable of criticising it; one drawn, say, from the mining districts in the south of your native country, or from certain industrial centres in the south-west of Scotland or the north of England. Always avoid easy triumphs.

The particular points we have noted for comment or criticism are as follows:

In your opening paragraph, after remarking that the task with which the nation is confronted demands the co-operation of both political parties (there are more than two, by the way; but you may be pardoned for overlooking that present to any intelligent audience. This is not always easy. I am not enough of a huntsman to know what happens if two packs happen to get mixed up together.

This simile is scarcely a happy one. An intelligent audience may at once raise the question, "What is the word as "packs" applied to political parties. It may, of course, really represent your own private opinion of the mass of your followers, but even in that case we would suggest that you substitute for it something a little more complimentary, for example:"

You next refer to "all that has happened during the past year in the way of organising and engineering the resources of this country," working in very adroitly an allusion to the fact that during that time you have been at the head of the Government Department charged with this task. ("My stewardship!" is perhaps a little hackneyed; it is very difficult to use such a phrase without smirking, and smirking is a detestable habit.) But you go on much too modestly.

For the present, can you tell us is this: that we have increased enormously, etc., etc. . . .

Why this bashfulness? Why not speak out fearlessly, using some such words as "Alone I did it. Drunken workmen and besotted agitators stood in my way, but I have overcome all obstacles." Too much modesty is even more deplorable than none at all.

From munitions you pass to men:—

Compulsion simply means the will of the majority of the people, the voluntary decision of the majority.

Surely you have missed out some words here? Surely you meant to say "the will of the majority of the people over 41"? From the rhetorical point of view, of course, this hardly looks so well; but you must always avoid sacrificing accuracy to rhetoric.

The subject of Compulsion leads you to France. It is evident that you are, like Mr. Belloc (won't he be pleased to have you for a comrade!), a great lover of France. Still, you must not let your enthusiasm carry you too far. You seem to imagine, for instance, that the great Republican motto—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—really means something. Indeed, you actually go on to define its meaning:

There, when the country is in danger, Liberty means the right of every man to defend her; Equality means equality of sacrifice for every French man or woman; Fraternity means the brotherhood of endurance, effort, and victory.

France, in your opinion, is evidently a happy land. But where did you get your information about the "equality of sacrifice" and the "brotherhood," and all the rest of it? From the French Ministry of Munitions, or from some common or garden conscript-trade-unionist? We think you should go into this matter a little further. One cannot be too careful about one's facts. Why not, to begin with, look up a war-paragraph stating what exactly the gallant French munition-manufacturers are sacrificing?

But we must get on. You criticise the Derby recruiting campaign, remarking, however, that it is no use going into its merits or drawbacks now. "That is what is known in the City as 'jobbing backwards.'" We should cut out that sentence if we were you. Politicians in these days should never permit themselves the slightest allusion to "jobbing" or "jobbing backwards." A little further on you drag in Napoleon—"a great leader of men." A little rash, isn't it? You see this country is supposed to be fighting for its very existence, not for "the City" or to "jobbing backwards." But even in that case we would suggest that you substitute for it something a little more complimentary, for example:"

You next refer to an attack made upon yourself by an erstwhile supporter. "A cloudy discharge of poison-gas," you call it. Very neat and topical. But—again—politicians ought never to refer to such things as "gas." . . . Another small slip follows:

These things had been going on clandestinely for months. . . . My difficulty was that no self-respecting man or newspaper could be found to give publicity to them.

You don't mean "self-respecting," do you? You mean "dividend-paying," or something of that sort—though, of course, these terms are practically synonymous nowadays.

A little further on you drag in Napoleon—"a great leader of men." A little rash, isn't it? You see this country is supposed to be fighting for its very existence, not for "the City" or to "jobbing backwards." Kaiserism we call it now. We should advise you to preserve Napoleon for private conversations only. Besides, you seem to have a little mixed in your historical allusions. "Foolish critics . . . who would have done infinite harm to France, for they would have ruined Napoleon." Was "infinite harm" done to France, then, when Napoleon was finally ruined? Because this country had a hand in that, remember. Why not invest some of your meagre war-time pay in a set of the "Harmsworth Self-Educator," and look up these things?

The few remaining points must be dealt with briefly:

What I want to know is whether the nation in a great war wants counsellors or mere penny-in-the-slot machines. If the latter then all I can say is that I desire to be no part of the equipment.

Once again—very risky. Some rude person in your audience might remark audibly that it would require much more than a pension in the slot to tempt you.

You can wage effective war only when you have either a good conscience or no conscience at all. The latter has been the German case.

We think it would have been better to omit all reference to "conscience" just now. You won't deny, we feel sure, that it is rather a delicate subject. Besides, you say later, "Let us apply their (the Germans') methods to our means, and we shall win." This is much too candid. Of course, everybody knows that we have been busy adopting German (Prussian) methods ever since the war began, but why mention it?

War is a terrible business; but men will face all its horrors if they have confidence in their leaders.

Too flippant. It arouses irresolutely comic visions of brave men dying in trenches, happy and content, knowing that they leave their country to the care of the politicians.

I came into politics to fight for the under-dog . . . sick workman . . . infirm and broken old man or woman . . . poor slum-dweller. . . . Learn not to overdo it—the sentimental touch, that is; yet in the fighting for the under-dog you'll never overdo that. Sentimental touches, unless employed very carefully, are apt to make plain men laugh—or cry—or be sick. On the whole, we think it would be safer to
add "the under-dog" to "the City" and "gas," as a subject never on any account to be alluded to.

We shall come to the reckoning for the long, dreary, cruel tale of wrong.

There you are again. Don't do it. Of course we shall come to the reckoning. But the less you say (or think) about it, the better—for your peace of mind.

I believe in the old motto, "Trust the people." Tell them what is happening. There is nothing to conceal.

Fine. Noble. But why not go on to tell your audience all about Glasgow, for example?

Peroration:—

Great storm... Europe... hard crust of selfishness and greed shatter... In rent hearts of people find treasures, golden treasures, of courage, steadfastness, endurance, devotion, faith that endureth for ever.

Some good touches here. The people's hearts will be rent all right. And there'll be "golden treasure" about, too—but the people won't handle any of it. They'll need all the "steadfastness, endurance," etc., they can muster, won't they? And—you'll forgive us saying it—if they've nought to put their faith in but you and your like, then it is hardly likely to endure for ever.

Our advice, in short, is—Give up oratory. Or else go "on the halls," where they call it "patter," and use it to make people laugh.

J. F. HORRABIN

Where Ignorance Is Bliss,

II.

John Bull, however, is so accustomed to believe, and has so been confirmed in the belief by those who profit thereby, that statesmanship is independent of—indefinitely, incompatible with—special training, that he is prepared to let any young man gifted with a plausible tongue rule any department of the State, without asking for any warrant of fitness, save the candidate's own word. Nay, as though fearing lest his favourite should by prolonged residence in one department be tainted with knowledge, he encourages him to skip and hop from department to department, as the impulses of exuberant ambition and the mutual convenience of his colleagues may dictate. Thus we have seen an eloquent young man who came to an end in the shape of a glib tongue, a brazen face, and an empty vessel covered with the graves of thousands and thousands of his countrymen, who will be able to read at leisure what happens to a nation which prefers a fresh mind to a mind that has lost its freshness in the hard, honest service of its country.

And what of the others—the Infant Prediggy's maturer colleagues and competitors? The ex-barrister who sticks to nothing save his salary, that artist in concealing his meaning, that unctuous dealer in pincheek ideals borrowed from the late Mr. Chadband, that bland embodiment of Ministerial inanity who bids us, with his tongue in his cheek, wait and we shall see him making the world roll on wheels before us. Or that extraction who, after practising as a fiscal genius for a while and proving his ability to inveigle out other people's money without stint or scruple, has developed on the spur of the moment into a veritable Vulcan, maker-in-chief of thunderbolts to the English Thor for the annihilation of the Germanic Odin—a man of many words and much vehemence, connected both with the spiritual agencies above and the stockbrokers below; of an unshamed name, too—if it were not for that Marconi peculium, as good as forgotten now. Or that super-linograph Lamp of the Law, so foolish and levite of vast experience in manipulating the scales of Justice and other scales, who has kinsmen of heavy purse, known on 'Change. He also is of unshamed name—if it were not for that Marconi peculium, as good as forgotten now. And then there are the versified and pomposity, which, let us hope, imposes upon you as a glib tongue, a brazen face, and a fresh mind—especially a fresh mind.

Freshness is so beautiful an ornament of the youthful mind that one would not willingly see a promising infant spoilt by excess of education. Gaudily and assurance also are attributes natural to infant prodigies. But to place the destinies of a great Empire at the mercy of these infantile talents marks so unnatural a departure from common sanity that one contemplates it rather with a sense of the ludicrous is apt to intermingle, with moral horror what happens to a nation which prefers a fresh mind to a mind that has lost its freshness in the hard, honest service of its country.

If an accountant were to reckon up all that this country has suffered in body and soul, in purse, in decency at home and dignity abroad, since the reins of national power fell into amateur hands, what a bill of costs would there be for the world to gaze at—what a pretext for tragic lamentations and ribald laughter! We have but glanced at a few of the more patent samples of charlatanism that we have come across during the war.

Let us add to the inventory one or two more items.

Everybody has experienced the effects of the rise in the price of necessaries, and must have wondered in his heart what was the benefit of our vaunted command of the sea. Without a blockade of our harbours, with a comparatively trifling annoyance from the cocoons of submarines, we are subject to privations hardly less severe than the people whom we besiege. One explanation of this painful paradox is to be found, of course, in unphilosophical Englishman who, after the war, cares to take a trip to Gallipoli. There, upon the broad beaches covered with the graves of thousands and thousands of his countrymen, he will be able to read at leisure what happens to a nation which prefers a fresh mind to a mind that has lost its freshness in the hard, honest service of its country.
the rise of freights, and with this explanation a good many Englishmen's curiosity has been satisfied. But beneath this proximate cause lies another: the paralysis of our overseas commerce. It is impossible to give an adequate account of the number of pounds of important goods which would have been saved and much gratui- 

By the same token, many valuable lives would have been saved and much waste of valuable time been avoided, had our amateur rulers discovered our poverty of shells before instead of after the event. Establishing a Ministry of Munitions in the middle of war is like finding a medical faculty in the middle of an epidemic. Had we a body of real experts to organise the overseas and overland traffic, many millions of pounds would have been saved and much gratuitous suffering obviated.

Further, who but amateurs could have conceived the insane idea of depleting the Civil Service of expert officials in order to fill the army with extemore officers? They imagined that the sight of genteel functionaries suddenly transferred from the field for which they were qualified by years of training to a field new to their experience would spur working men to enlist. But the English working man has proved saner than the English soldier.

Mr. Asquith's non-insistence on this indecent protest of military affairs should be entrusted to a civilian—by preference a lawyer, but if no lawyer were available, any invidious comparison between the two services to the Cabinet directly, if either amateur chance to hold appointment is a public service which should not be besmirched by his character, education, and experience to goad peaceful service to the installation at the War Office of a General Staff, to the service of the army the largest and best vessels of our mercantile marine, and failed to make adequate provision for their replacement by other ships: result, paralysis of our overseas commerce. As if that were not enough, the great railway lines are requisitioned for war service, and the purchase of guns for the war has wiped out the contrast is too glaring to be overlooked. On how many occasions in the course of this war has the corollary of the war furnished a foil to the Army? On how many occasions have our soldiers afforded us a consolation for the errors and mistakes of our military advisers, or÷
On Functions and Values.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

The objective doctrine of Law is not bound to any particular table of values. It only requires for its basis some table of values; and every human society has one or another. A society may believe, like Bentham, that the supreme value is pleasure; or, like Ostwald, energy; or like "something in the City," wealth; or, like Ruskin, that "there is no wealth but life"; or, like the classical moralists, that the supreme values are the good, the true, and the beautiful; and that man and human institutions and economic values are only instruments for the absolute values. Given any scale of values, those men or associations of men are functionaries who devote themselves to maintaining or increasing values. To those functionaries are due the powers, rights, dignities, and pay corresponding to their function. The men or associations of men who do not devote themselves to preserving or increasing values are not functionaries; and, therefore, they ought not to have any rights at all. And those who destroy existing values are criminals who deserve punishment.

The principle of objective right simply says that rights ought only to be granted to men or associations of men in virtue of the function they fulfill, and not on any pretences of a subjective character.

It is for the Legislature to determine the hierarchy, character, numbers, powers, and pay of the different functions. It is for the examining courts to designate the individuals who may be judged fit for the fulfillment of the different functions. The wisest thing would be that shoemakers should designate shoemakers. In this the functional system would fit without violence into the traditional framework of human society. Even today it is lawyers who examine буддhist lawyers; and it is soldiers who pass or reject candidates for the army. But that is done only in some professions. The son of the rich man, for example, need not undergo any examination previously to being admitted into one of the most coveted of social positions. He is admitted into the Guild of the Idle Rich simply because he is the son of his father. But as the functional system does not recognize subjective rights, it would not permit a vast sum of money to be handled by a man unless he had previously demonstrated his financial competence; and the bankers in a functional society would work for fixed pay, like those post-office employees who at present carry out several banking functions.

In order that the functional principle may triumph in the world it is not necessary for men to assemble in a Universal Parliament and say: "Up to now we have based laws on the subjective principles of authority and liberty. Henceforth, we shall base them on the principle of function." What matters it that the functional idea shall gradually make a way for itself among the leaders of the political men, professors, and publicists? To attain this end, two things only need to be proved: (1) that it is just, and (2) that it is expedient.

Its justice scarcely needs defence. Objective rights alone can be consciously just. Subjective right may be just only by chance. Every subjective right, whether individual or collective, is intrinsically antagonistic to the very idea of justice. There is no man who can have a just right to be an emperor unless he possesses the aptitudes necessary for fulfilling the functions of an emperor; nor is there a nation which has the right to constitute itself a sovereign State if it lacks the indispensable conditions for exercising the function of sovereignty. At bottom every subjective right is analogous to that which the owner of land possesses of depriving his neighbour of air and light. Hence, the whole theory of modern capitalism may be deduced from the famous Art. xvii of the "Declaration of the Rights of Man": "As property is an inviolable and sacred right, nobody can be deprived of it, if it is not clearly required by public necessity, legally acknowledged, and on condition of a just and previous compensation." The juridical conception of the French Revolution was pre-eminently subjective; but no less so is that which grants to a man, solely because he is the head of the Romanov family, autocratic power over all the Russians. According to the functional principle, no man or association of men shall be able to say that anything belongs to him by a subjective title. Nobody has a subjective right to anything. No rights or powers ought to be granted to men or associations of men other than those necessary for the fulfillment of the functions entrusted to them. Power and right are conditioned by the function. To adjust power to function is obviously just.

What must be defended is the expediency or practicability of the functional principle. This defence will be easier if we make the functional idea the basis of subjective rights. That is not difficult. Subjective rights fail because they are, in their very essence, unlimited. If, for instance, you proclaim the absolute right of a sovereign to a territory, with this right you have proclaimed the right of this sovereign to all the territories of the earth; for every territory has borders which are a menace to his sovereignty. The Germans have told us that they require Metz to secure their Rhine Provinces; to secure Metz they have tried to make themselves masters of Verdun; if they were in possession of Verdun they would want Chalons; if they were in possession of Chalons they would want Paris; and latterly they have seriously complained that the English blockade may endanger their territorial conquests. But if you proclaim the rights of man to property, liberty, etc., the inevitable result will be the hell of free competition; and the exploitation of man by man. And if you try to remedy the evils arising from free competition by proclaiming the right of the workmen to a minimum wage, in order to make this right effective you will have to cleave your frontier with the poorest or more uncivilized countries; and the final result will be the war of races. And that is because all juridical systems founded on subjective principles tend to legitimise an unbridled ambition which impels men to destroy one another—and not for just causes, but simply for lust of power.

The reason why subjective rights have been able to prevail up to now is that the Renaissance preached the free development of human personality when America and the route to the Eastern Indies had been discovered. The men who lived between the year 1500 and the past generation must have thought of the world as if it were of inexhaustible dimensions. A conception of right as unlimited privilege—that is to say, a conception in which there is no limit to the amount of power which every man or association of men may appropriate—can be practicable only in an infinite or unlimited world. And if some men or associations of men take possession of greater quantities of land than they can cultivate when the total amount of the disposable land is practically unlimited. In circumstances that we call normal, we do not care if men consume more food than they really need. But when provisions become scarce in a beleaguered fortress they are put on rations. But the world has now been explored. There are new titles of property or sovereignty to the whole cultivated extension of the planet. It is now by mere accident that the same generation which has discovered the two poles of the earth and has explored the ultimate
corners of the world should have to witness the horrors of a universal war. If in the name of the right of first occupier some States have taken possession of vacant territories, the Germans, late arrivals at the distribution of the world, are endeavouring now to cancel the existing right in the name of force—another right equally subjective. But no subjective principle can undo the injustice in the distribution of wealth created by other subjective principles. The force of the Allies will be opposed to that of the Germans. Rights founded on liberty will rise against those founded on authority. Tomorrow the subjective rights of the coloured races territories, the Germans, late arrivals at the distribution subjective. But no subjective principle can undo the injustice in the distribution of wealth created by other subjective principles. The force of the Allies will be subordinate to unexploited wealth of the Amazon Valley, or those of corners of the world should have to witness the horrors arising from the fact that some nations and individuals possess everything, or almost everything, and other nations and individuals possess nothing, or hardly anything. And, as it is not possible to perpetuate either this injustice or the state of war derived from it, the result will be that men will be bound to seek some way of limiting subjective rights, by the creation of a normative right, a right of rights, or a right to right, which can be based only on the principle of function.

In this need to limit the subjective rights of men and of human associations the functional principle will find its main practical support. It is the very logic of things, as much as the logic of its theory, which will make it triumph. Humanity cannot acknowledge in perpetuity subj ective principles, should they be the Kaiser to his millions, or those of the Brazilian Government to absolute sovereignty over the immense unexploited wealth of the Amazon Valley, or those of the Kaiser to set the world on fire. In order that the vast mass of men may enjoy security and efficiency in the limited world, all subjective rights must be made subordinate to a right of a superior origin.

With that we have said that it is not necessary to maintain a definite table of values to uphold the functional doctrine. But as I have supported a fixed hierarchy of values, let me briefly explain it, although with the full knowledge that the theme is in truth inexhaustible. (1) The moral values are, in my judgment, moral satisfaction, scientific discovery, and artistic creation. (2) The instrumental value, par excellence, is man and his associations and institutions. (3) The instrumental values for the instrument man are those which may be called by the name of economic values: power, wealth, pleasure, etc. In fixing this scale I must first meet the objection of those who identify the moral value, which belongs to the first category, with the category, which belongs to the second. To my mind, moral satisfaction does not consist in man doing what he wants, or what other men want him to do, but in the submission of man to some abstract moral values such as veracity, humility, fortitude, fidelity, justice, pity, etc., some of which may be beneficial to men and others prejudicial, according to the circumstances of time and place.

The reason why it is impossible for me to accept any other scale of values, or to change the order of this scale, is not difficult to explain. It is thought out in such a way that the first category of values includes the second and third; the second includes the third but not the first; and the third does not include either the first or second. It is not possible for men to realize morality, science, and art if there are no men, and if men do not possess such economic values as are necessary for their subsistence. On the other hand, there may be men who do not care for the good, the true, and the beautiful. We all know cases of men or human societies who could if they wished, or if they were forced, devote themselves to increasing or preserving these values or truth or beauty, if there is in the world; but who devote themselves exclusively to augmenting their power or their wealth or their pleasures. And experience of the factory system during the nineteenth century has proved that some human societies may devote themselves to increasing wealth at the expense of the lives of their members.

If our tale of values is accurate, the evil results from its alteration. Why is capitalism bad? Because it places the economic value, which belongs to the third category, above the second, which is the value man. But let us suppose the case of a democratic society which deliberately refused to lend its help to the service of the good for the good's sake, of science for science sake, or of beauty for beauty's sake. I have been told that he never heard of a society which does not belong to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge do not object to the staffs of professors and lecturers being well paid; but they resent the fact that individual fellows are paid by the colleges to carry on such investigations as they like without being called upon to lecture. If this criterion prevailed, we should sacrifice the value of science, which is a supreme value, to the value man, which is merely instrumental.

This scale of values does not pretend to solve all the conflicts that may arise. It is possible to get a solution. But in the last few months there has arisen—and has been solved—a conflict about values which will remain in the history of humanity as a classical example. The German Government has held that, as the knowledge of the possibilities of submarines came after the international laws regulating naval warfare, submarines shall be free to torpedo any ship at sight, merchantman or war vessel. The American Government replied to this contention by saying that, as the passengers and crews of merchant vessels are entitled to safety, it is for the submarine to adjust its values to international law, and not for international law to adjust itself to the submarine. The American Government has won its case; and our scale of values says that this victory is just in itself in the instrumental value of that human society which we call Germany has been sacrificed to that supreme value of pity as codified in the international conventions.

But I repeat that the fundamental reason of my scale is that when it proclaims as supreme values the good, the true, and the beautiful it does include and protect man and his economic values, although it may limit in man the free expansion of what is bad in human nature—lust and pride.

A LAST SERENADE.

O lute of lutes
Breat my despair
Unto my sweet
So cold and fair.

Tell her the moon
And stars must see
The wounds I bear
Thus silently.

O lute of lutes
With gentle art
Tell of my labour
My broken heart.

Bid her alack:
A last kiss fling
And with the last message
Break, too, thy string.

HARRY FOWLER.
Notes on Economic Terms.

The Instruments of Production.—The instruments of production are usually supposed to be three: Land, Capital, and Labour. But of this classification two important criticisms must be made. First, it is becoming clear that the functions of Land and Capital are inseparable, so that the differentiation of the two will soon cease to be even theoretically possible. And, second, there is no such thing as Labour; there are only Labourers. Land in the most recent text-books is defined as the sum total of qualities existing in nature which can afford useful products when labourers apply their energy and skill to them. Capital, on the other hand, is ordinarily confined to the sum of those products which in turn are the means to subsequent products. Both, however, should be regarded as kind—namely, as tools—Land being, in general, a natural tool; and Capital, in general, an artificial tool. The means of production are thus seen to be two, and two only: Tools (Land and Capital) and Labourers (or Labour). All wealth is the creation of Labourers employing tools. Man as a producer is only a tool-using animal. Only tool-users are wealth-producers.

Land.—As an example of the extended use in economics of the term Land, we may point out that Land includes Water and Air. A fisherman who ploughs the sea for fish or a chemist who extracts nitrogen from the air differs in no essential respect from a farmer who ploughs a piece of land and afterwards reaps it. It is true that neither the fisherman nor the chemist has any need, as a rule, to sow where he reaps—though, in the case of deep-sea fisheries, a close-season comparable to leaving a land fallow must be observed; in the case of fresh-water fisheries a crop of trout, for instance, has to be “sown,” and in the case of the chemist precipitants of nitrogen must be provided. But the underlying identity of all three elements is to be seen in the fact that from all three, by the use of tools, a labourer who understands both the element (land, water, or air) and the tools for utilising it, can produce articles of use to man—corn, fish, or nitrogen. All three elements are Land in the economic use of the word.

Capital.—If Land can be said to be the elemental tool by the proper use of which Man can produce articles of utility (for his own consumption or for exchange or as further production), Capital may be said to consist of man-made tools or, as we should prefer to say, of implements. A plough is an implement of production, while the land through which it is driven is an instrument of production. A plough thus belongs to the class of Capital tools, while the land is an elemental tool. A fishing-net, again, is a man-made implement for the production of fish from the sea. It is therefore a Capital tool, while the sea itself is an elemental tool. But these simple man-made tools are only elementary forms of Capital. Man is the tool-making as well as the tool-using creature. He has made many elaborate tools for the production of wealth. Not only a plough is a tool, but the road that leads to the field in which it is used, the granary in which the corn is stored, the factory in which the plough is made, and, finally, the whole created system by means of which the plough is brought to the field and the corn to the factory, are tools. The sum total of man-made devices for producing wealth from the elemental tools—the sum total, let us say, of secondary tools, if we call Land the primary tool—constitutes the first form of Capital or what is usually called Fixed Capital. Even this, however, does not exhaust the forms of Capital. For Capital consists not only of tools visible and tangible but since it is man-made, it may equally well consist of whatever men can count upon as certain to become visible. Thus a plough is a tool visible and tangible; but it is obviously of no use unless it is believed that men can and will use it and that access to the land can be foreseen for it. But for this belief or Credit the plough would be useless. Capital thus consists not only of the actual tools, but of the Credit men can establish for themselves that the tools will be usable and will be used. Most capitalists deal mainly in this credit rather than in the actual tools concerning which the credit exists. This form of Capital is an I.O.U., backed by all the existing tools and endorsed by the tool-users. It is their credit a promise to produce what they undertake to produce: and it may be strictly as much as the usability of the existing implements of production, given the will of the labourers to use them.

Labour.—As we have said, Labour is a pure abstraction that has no place in a concrete science like that of wealth-production. Labour and Capital have a material existence apart from human beings; but, take human beings away, and where is Labour? Thus we should speak of Labourers, and not of Labour, and refer to the surplus or defect, the supply or demand, the prosperity or adversity of Labour as meaning these things of Labourers or Workmen. A surplus of Labour, for example, means a surplus of workmen. A bad time for Labour means a bad time for workmen, and so on. Of Labourers there are two main divisions—the manual and the professional; and of each of these there are, again, two sub-divisions: the first consisting of unskilled and skilled workmen and the second of clerical and professional workmen. The former compose the proletariat and the latter the salariat. Their common characteristic is that they are tool-users, and depend wholly for their living upon what they can obtain by using the tools of production. They are to be distinguished carefully from men who in all other respects look and behave very much like them: the tool-owners or Capitalists, whom we now see.

Capitalist.—A capitalist is a man who owns one or other of the two only tools employed in the production of wealth: elemental tools—part of the land, water, or air; or secondary tools—the implements of production: ships, machines, houses, etc., or legal promises of them. Now as, without access to the elemental tools or the use of the secondary tools, labourers, however skilled, can produce nothing, it follows that for permission to use them they must be prepared to pay, unless the permission is given them. But it is of the essence of the character of the Capitalist that he will not give permission to workmen to use the tools he possesses. He will only sell permission to them. And, again, he will not even sell to them, if he can help it, but he will only lend to them. And, still again, he will not lend to them if he can help it, but he prefers that the labourers should lend themselves to him. This lending by labourers of their energy and skill to the capitalists who own the main tools of production is called working for wages; and in England four men out of five belong to this class. They are slaves of the tool-owner, since without his permission—who has, he it remembered, bought the use of tool in his possession—they can produce absolutely nothing. This lending by men of their energy and skill to the owners of the tools of production is disguised in the case of the clerical, managerial, and professional classes in various ways—by calling a job an appointment, or a wage a salary, or by being permitted to wear a bowler and a white collar on work-days. In fact, however, all men who do not possess one or other of the tools of production are proletarian, depending upon the sale of their energy and skill for a living.

(To be continued.)
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I never see "Hamlet" performed without agreeing with Hazlitt that no play suffers so much in being transferred to the stage. Apart from the difficulty of understanding caused by the omissions (a difficulty that can be minimised by the use of curtains for scenery, as Mr. Martin Harvey does at his Majesty's), there is the further difficulty that Hazlitt noted, that Hamlet himself seems of his own accord. Each of us has his own idea of Hamlet, or, to use Hazlitt's tremendous hyperbole, "it is we who are Hamlet"; and an actor would need to have not only an understanding but a power of expression as universal as that of the tragedy to convey to all of us its just interpretation. Here is matter for more than posture and delivery; to trample through the lines as Mr. Harvey does, to trail the sable cloak at the most graceful angle, to affect nonchalance in the hope that it will be regarded as romantic melancholy, is to offer a meaningless disposition. I am not sure that Hazlitt was right when he called Hamlet "the most amiable of misanthropes"; but in any case, he must be represented as markedly abnormal, and cannot accept amiability as a substitute. That peculiar exasperation that affects Hamlet, that nervous tension and relaxation, I have seen expressed by no one but Mr. H. B. Irving, who certainly came nearer to the ideal Hamlet than any other actor that I have seen. It is possible to reveal subtly by playing the obvious, if the obvious is rendered with meaning; but Mr. Harvey "rants" not only in the grave-scene, and seems to have no idea what lines to stress or what attitude to adopt towards the King. He seems to have based his rendering on the idea of the orchestral crescendo; it begins very softly, and rises to a crisis in the last act. That is an idea, certainly, but it is an idea that has nothing to do with "Hamlet." Hamlet is not a crescendo, but a recurring phase of resolution, which does not issue in action. That conception must be the groundwork of any performance that is to "pluck out the heart of [his] mystery." In his first scene, his profound despondency is accompanied by a subtle suspicion of the King; he thinks aloud and his thinking is made apparent by the King only in one line throughout the scene. That contrast between the King's attempts at friendliness and Hamlet's studious avoidance even of conversation with him needs to be marked definitely; for it is characteristic of his behaviour throughout the play. He never addresses the resolution, which does not issue in action. That is to say, the nature of Hamlet's speculations, was delivered only as an antithetical response to the Ghost's revelation. Mr. Harvey's Hamlet had no "prophetic soul"; he had never speculated on the possibility of Claudius having killed the King, and was merely surprised by the revelation of the fact. Hamlet must be represented as jumping at this confirmation of his suspicions, if he is to be denoted truly.

We reach the end of the first act with nothing but the obvious facts sketched in: Claudius has murdered the King, and Hamlet has accepted the duty to revenge it. Mr. Harvey does not follow the customary custom of giving any notice of the Ghost's visit, and omits the lines after the words: "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" is not apparent to me. If he had expressed a little of the tumult of passion of the scene with the Ghost, if he had given even an adequate representation of Hamlet's hysterical conception of his accepted duty from Horatio and Marcellus, there would have been a shadow of excuse for it. Hamlet is certainly exhausted after this scene; the phrase, "Let us go in together," betrays his need of physical support as much as his need of company. But Mr. Harvey had done nothing exhausting, and did not, as Mr. Irving did, turn to Horatio for support. Why, then, should he faint?

But to ask why Mr. Harvey does anything is useless. Reasons are the fruit of the intellect, and Mr. Harvey's Hamlet has no brains. It is truly a darling Hamlet, as the dramatic critic of the "Times" called it; his conception, if he has one at all, is Ophelia's conception of "the expectency and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers." He is, as it were, wrapped up in his reflections, and only thinks aloud, says Hazlitt. "There should therefore be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by a studied exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no talking at his hearers." Mr. Harvey does worse than that, he talks at his audience. He tells them "Hamlet is not to be or not to be" soliloquy, that he is quite used to these speculations on life and death, that no one need fear that he will take his own pessimism too seriously. "I am not really depicting whether or not I should commit suicide," he suggests. "I am just rendering to you one of the most famous passages of Shakespeare, the tercentenary of whose death we honour in this way. It is absurd to suppose that I shall kill myself now, for this is only the first scene of the third act; and everyone knows that Hamlet does not until the last scene of the fifth act." Like Bottom the Weaver, he knows that the ladies cannot abide killing; and lacking the device of a prologue, he adopts his easy manner to assure them that really there is nothing behind this trifling with a dagger. It is an extraordinary feat to be able to please the ladies, so we will give Mr. Harvey his due. But Hamlet still waits for his interpreter, and I wish that I could see Mr. H. B. Irving again in the part.
A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

1.—From Acton Reed.

Dear Mr. Lawrence,

Here is an unseasoned fall of the dice, and you cannot be more surprised by my news than I am to have it to give to you. I am off to Egypt—that is, a hospital has accepted me, so I suppose the rest will follow; at any rate I think I hope so, and I will tell you why in a sentence. What does it matter if I don’t come back? What does it matter to anybody? I profit society nothing; but on the contrary, am its debitor for twenty-six years’ free board, lodging, amusement and protection. Such as I are the people whom the country can very easily spare.—Right—I can hear you agree with me. Then, what’s wrong?—for I am in the lowest state of spirits about the whole circumstance, and an ebb of despondency has followed the high tide of enthusiasm on which I went to the Hospital offices this morning. I say as much, imagining you on a nursing staff when the sight of anyone’s body makes you as ill as a rough sea-passage. You know it does! Then I go on to compare myself with another girl who is coming out with us on reasoning apparently similar to mine—unmarried—unemployed. But here is the difference between us. Trained in nothing but dancing and tennis, she nevertheless looks forward to making Bengers, washing bandages, propping up pillows, going marketing, and so on. Oh, I shall soon learn, she says. I, on the other hand, shall not soon learn, for though not unwilling—that is, I have no desire peculiar to men or women. I want nothing either man or woman can give me. I have no sex desires—instincts of the body. I want neither husband nor home of my own. The idea of “possessing a man” is not only repellent but ridiculous to me. I don’t even need a wife to look after me, for my requirements seem fitted to my abilities. Everything necessary for my own comfort I can do, and prefer to do, for myself (so long as no one is by to embarrass me by watching the way I do it!) Indeed Fate has been quite good to me in this. Living alone, as is my habit now, what should I do, I often wonder, if I wanted the sort of things other people want, and thus things that I couldn’t do for myself—or suppose the rest was a wife? Perhaps, after all, then, things might have been worse. Neuter without, Nature still might have left me feminine within. As it is, though neither masculine nor feminine, my ego at least is invariable. I get the same response from myself on the same occasion however often repeated. I am thus not an absolute puzzle to myself, but only a comparatively one. If there were no one else in the world I should be content with myself, or if everyone were like me I should again be content. But what is my ego? What am I? Who am I? Am I not? Am I the rudiment or remnant of a type? Am I serving some hidden plan of Nature? Oh, what is the thing that I was born to be? For here I am—like Cowper’s idler—a watch that wants both hands, as useless if it goes as if it stands there:—see how I trust my friendship with the disclosure of all my miseries, though, now I pause to think, I blush for my insincerity: I had no right to tax your patience to this length. I set out with the intention of writing half-a-dozen lines—Here are half-a-dozen pages. However, you assure me that I neither expect nor want an answer, you will at least acquit me of any desire to create an impression. In truth, I am so acutely sensitive about myself, that I wish nothing more than to be overlooked by the world, and not wild horses, but only an overworked and unpremeditated need, could have dragged so much from me as now. Forgive and forget—please!—and if I don’t see you before I leave England, which may not be for another month yet, here’s good fortune to you and your work.

Yours sincerely,

Acton Reed.

VIOLENCE.

Why shrink from strife, O coward lean and pale?

God shaped with strife the vast chaotic sphere,

And made th’ unfathomed oceans and the sheer

White summits of pure glory; hill and vale

He fashioned with His labour; Yea, His bale

Threshed out our souls from TIME’s new-gathered ear,

Drew out the grain and thine the husk of lies

Upon the loosened riot of the gale.

Behold ye then, procrastination falls,

A mock, disdained, for now th’ awakened soul

Has seen a vision of the great reward:

Lo, even as fell the profligate lolling balls,

Before great Joshua’s trumpet so shall roll

The hosts of Mammorn backward from the sword.

Francis Andrews.
Readers and Writers.

Let my humour be indulged in one more remark upon Shakespeare. It is not my own, but occurs as the tip of the tail of "Shakespeare and Democracy," by Mr. Edward Salmon (McBride, 2s. net.) "Shakespeare stood and stands for Democracy, for Empire, for Humanity; his message for all mankind and for all time is Nature's own; it will ring down the ages, a challenge to prejudice, a clarion call to Patriotism." Now, shall I be unfairly offensive if I pronounce the author unfit for the guild of writers? Really now, shall I? But, then, you will say, why not simply pass by the book without a mention? Why write at all if you cannot praise? Oh, my amiable readers, would that you would realise the harm that little foxes do to the vine! "Shakespeare and Democracy" has been written, it has been printed by respectable workmen, it has been published, it will be bought and read—and you still think its influence is negligible! But the author is at large. Perchance he will write again, since he finds no difficulty in writing. His present publisher, encouraged by your silence, may produce another book for him. Do you not see why the foregoing had to be written?

But I must not exhaust my satire or your indulgence. Greater need exists of them for another and more pretentious work than Mr. Salmon's. This is "Vision and Vesture," by Mr. Charles Gardner, (Dent, 3s. 6d. net.) I do, if you please, know something of Blake. Of Blake, indeed, I have written things that the present world will willingly let die. This "Study of William Blake in Modern Thought" is, then, on my authority, a piece of empty verbosity, a structure of rubbish upon a foundation of conceit. Blake, says Mr. Gardner, is "a genius at once the most creative and the most religious produced by the Western world." And yet Mr. Gardner professes to understand him! And all by instinct, too! "Knowing," he says, "that one's instincts are to be trusted." Yes, Mr. Gardner, but which one's? The immortal Butler (the Bishop, not the forerunner of Mr. Shaw) commended the following of Blake's poems to persons "first to manifest that his conscience was not that of an ass. Instincts are all very well, but their owner had better be sure that they are above and not below his despised reason." "No man," he says again—I refer to Mr. Gardner—"no man appreciates being called gentle or harmless." This from an author who holds that Blake opens the way to the comprehension of Jesus Christ! To be gentle and harmless, on the contrary, is the mark of the greatest men that ever lived, or ever will live. No higher honour than to be reckoned both can be paid to saint. But Mr. Gardner appears to think that it is a reflection upon a man to be called gentle and harmless, as if these qualities, when they are purely instinctive and natural, connote silliness and powerlessness. The view is obviously that of the inveterate Philistine; for the truth is that gentleness is a power and harmlessness is a power, and both of them are attributes of sainthood. Oh, but the saints of the future, according to Mr. Gardner, are to have an easier time than the saints of the past; "we may hope that Calvary will not be repeated." Not repeated? Let me whisper a mystery to Mr. Gardner: wherever there is a Christ there is a Cross. Pass on. "Vision and Vesture" concludes more familiarly: "In an ever more passionate year to life man will find that the dreams of his childhood were foreshadowings of reality, and that as with clear open vision he comes into the heart of Reality, love to man and love to self will transfigure all things, and turn the water of life into the wine of eternity." Ralph Waldo Trine might have written that; and it approaches the sublimity of Mr. Harold Begbie.

While the vinegar is out, I may as well season another work that has come upon my table: "The Superman in Modern Literature," by Leo Berg (univ. net.) Herr Berg [the book is translated from the German] has some sensible criticisms of the pale copies of Nietzsche, who are, or were, to be found in Germany, such, for example, as Langbehn, a Trine whom Brandes and Harden mistook for a new Zarathustra; but the ground on which he stands himself is indicated in the following passage: "I believe the best and strongest are nowadays sent to penal servitude. If a selection must be made, who knows whether one had not better begin by a search in reformatories and brothels? If the elite of humanity is not found there, it will probably be discovered nowhere." This sort of twaddle, of which we had a little in England before the war, is the more exasperating since it invariably proceeds from writers whose circumstances are, and are meant to be, safely bourgeois. I'll wager that Herr Berg has never associated with supermen in convict prisons, or conversed with the young aristocrats of the reformatory. And if such characters appeared in his own family he would disown them. Oh, these courageous master-spirit for other people! I could tell a tale or two about them out of school. But be assured that the last place in which they hope to find a superman answering to their description is in the bosom of their own family.

It was quite ten years ago a few weeks gone that I read for the first time Berkeley's fine contribution to political thought, the "Querist," published in 1735, and consisting wholly and solely of questions. Within a few days of discussing it with a colleague a well-known Irish author sent me a cutting from an Irish journal containing a page of extracts from this very work of Berkeley's with a note to this effect. Berkeley's "Querist" is another instance, he said, of what I believe is the peculiar character of the Irish: "it is democratic in economics and undemocratic in thinking. The old clans, my correspondent continues, were democratic in economics, owning the land in common; but they were aristocratic in politics, and elected their chief for his personal qualities. And this trait remains. Ever since the days of the clans, Irishmen who have expressed themselves in literature and in life have had this bias towards democratic economics and intellectual freedom. Look, for example, at Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Wilde, Shaw, Plunket, Parnell, Davitt, O'Grady, Lalor, and—may I add?—A. E. The observation strikes me as true and useful. With this key England ought to be able to unlock Ireland's heart.

I promised in an aside some time ago to comment upon Stendhal's "energy," the quality he admired, and for which he was admired by Nietzsche. It can be done quite briefly. The association of obvious activity with energy is, to my mind, entirely wrong. Real energy—such as Stendhal would have felt (like Mr. Gardner) ashamed to admit in himself—is the energy of thought, or, rather, of meditation. Meditation, in fact, is, in my judgment, the intensest energy of which man is capable. Try it and see. How easy everything else is in comparison with it! I distinguish, however, between thought and meditation. Thought holds the post-mortem upon ideas; it analyses their form. Meditation contemplates them living.
"And-and," muttered the dying Pope, "if my words have any value, let—" he shuddered, and some of the cardinals hastened to sustain him. His forehead broke out like an ice-pan on the stone wall of his chamber. "Let—let my successor be—," he lost his power again, and the cardinals paled with anxiety. Whom would the old man favour? Much depended on his words. "Let my successor be—Chesterton," said the old man, and never spoke again.

The cardinals buried the old Pope, and began to think of electing a successor. But so painful had been the recent disclosures of personal and political intrigues at the Vatican, that the suggestion of the old Pope was received with gratitude and reverence. All precedent was set aside. The result of the election was never in doubt; Gilbert Keith Chesterton was elected Pope by unanimous vote of the cardinals.

The news was telegraphed far and wide over the Catholic world. Special Masses were held, praying for the health and long life of the new Pope. A solemn embassy was dispatched to England to fetch him, and a specially built train, fitted with triple iron supports, was held in readiness at Calais. Sets of three engines were to pull it by stages over the continent; for no shipbuilder could have been expected to guarantee to carry the new Pope round to Rome by sea. A kind of pontoon bridge was built across the British Channel, and the new Pope drove triumphantly over it in relays of hansom-cabs.

Everything went off beautifully. Slowly but surely the Pope approached Rome. Such was the esteem in which he was held that no one would ever have supposed from the rejoicing of the people through whose territory he had passed that they had had to repair all the railway, which was buckled and bent out of recognition by the unprecedented weight of the train, and that he had drunk the whole country dry of the year's harvest and made awful havoc of its cellars.

The train arrived at Rome, at the Northern station. Contrary, once again, to all precedent, an international welcome awaited the new Pope. There were soldiers of all nations with trumpeters and bands. Seven crowned monarchs were on the platform with a whole thousand cardinals, ambassadors, legates, attachés, and consuls.

Three attempts at assassination between Florence and Rome had been fruitless. Many of the Pope's entourage had been killed, the train had been seriously damaged, but nothing could hurt the new Pope; he was as if adamantine. When the train stopped in the station, there was a rush to welcome the newcomer. One king opened the carriage door and the other six stood round it.

But nothing happened. The monarch at the door cried for torches and a fanfare of trumpets. Lights were brought. The king climbed rumbling into the compartment, but fell back with a groan of horror. It became known afterwards that his hair had turned white in that single second. Then, following his cry, came a terrible roar from the inside of the carriage, deafening the crowds and drowning even the international fanfare. The whole train appeared at Rome. He had been seen to approach the Vatican. First, there was his gigantic bulk. The other extraordinary thing about the new Pope was his abnormal placidity. Ever since he had left the vici country he had been set apart by a dead silence for a hundred years. Nothing he had said during all that time had been seen or heard. The means did it seem possible to get the new Pope into the Vatican. He was carried on a specially made broad wooden wagon, drawn by 3,500 horses, much as Gavroche was carried in "L'Assommoir." But now a new difficulty arose. Not by any human means did it seem possible to get the new Pope into the Vatican. First, there was his gigantic bulk. The more faithful among the people through whose land he had passed had seen in this only another indication of the wondrous power of Our Lady. The more frivolous among the French, remembering their national literature, had dared to compare him with the Rabelaisian heroes, Gargantua and Pantagruel. Obviously, then, either a wall of the Vatican would have to be demolished, with irreparable damage to Michelangelo's ceiling, or the Pope would have to enter by the roof, which would play the deuce with Michelangelo's ceiling.

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THE NEW AGE

MAY 18, 1916

in fact, was so persuasive that three thousand Freemasons in Scotland renounced their abomination and were converted to the true faith. But for a fuller account of these, the reader must examine Maynardus de Vichvuno, ch. xxxviii, §1-704.

At last the cardinals decided to consult the mysterious stranger, in the absence of any sign on the part of the Pope himself, had been causing them the utmost perplexity. How should the new Pope be titled: Pope Gilbert or Pope Chesterton? No sooner had the stranger heard the question than he burst into an incoherent laughter. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" he roared, "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! he roared, "ha, ha, ha, ha, by St. Francis and St.

ha, ha, ha, ha; by St. Hilaire and the holy—hee, hee, hee, hee, ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hu, hu; it isn't Gilbert at all—it's Cecil!"

The mystery was explained! The famous embassy to England had brought back instead of the rightful new Pope, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, his brother, Mr. Cecil Chesterton. It is not for me to say whether either of these gentlemen was party to the deception, though Mr. Cecil can get his brother to write for the "New Witness," I should think he could get him to make over his Popeship. Be that as it may, another embassy, equally equipped, was sent to England and returned with the rightful Pope, who assumed the title of Gilbert the First. He was found to be little, if at all, over the usual human size. Scientists have attributed the unusual bulk of his brother on his arrival at Rome to swelling due to chronic and galloping self-importance, aggravated during the triumphal journey across the continent. This brother, as I have heard, was bled and purged by skilled physicians and reduced in course of time to even a little less than average dimensions. His brother gave him the post of Devil's Advocate, in which office he have been canonised in his time.

Pope Gilbert I, in considered opposition to the precedent of many Popes before him, who had refused ever to leave the Vatican, refused ever to enter it, and continued until the hour of his death to dispense good and good beer to his people in St. Peter's Square. It is recorded that when Mr. Bernard Shaw visited the Eternal City and paid his devotions, he devoutly kissed the brim of the Pope's hat.

When the Pope died, they petrified him where he sat in the middle of the square; and a fine stone fountain he is to this day.

Impressions of French Pronunciation.

ConPcsing n preceded by a vowel: au, en, ten, in, ain, ain, ain, on, on, en, on, on, au, en, on, on; and some of these followed by t or d.

The French pronounce their n preceded by a vowel somewhat as we should be obliged to do if we had a very distinguished cold in the head. No Pole, Swede, or Spaniard can make our n's deep and short. If we are both closely connected with gutturals. But our or is much too open a sound—the r mechanically opens the o in English (as in the French alors=well then, which is said very nearly as alor). In on the n is, as usual, said studdy, and the o is deep, short, and shocked. If we are shocked we exclaim a deep breathy short oh! almost as in audience, with the lips pursed. The k given above is not to be condemned outright, but it must be the merest thought of a k, because it is really a rather barbaric assistant. Of the few words in either English or French beginning with on at least half more or less closely follow the n with a guttural; hence the deserved consideration of k, but this letter must be merely barely begun, or the result will be unhappy. As in or for on, ons, on: of the three English words beginning with aw (not a as in awake) two follow with s or k; there is lingual reason in all letterings: on as the French say this, and aw as we say this, are both closely connected with gutturals.

Le front français = The front (line) French. Le front anglois.

Le faux français. Le frau-taux-glas (the t carries in the usual way).

The ah well-rounded, the aw deep and short. The ordinary carelessly high-pitched ah! or aw as in same will not do—although these will be better practice than anything like frangcan, anglais—horrors, both. At the end of nouns, baron, démon, possession, Manon, salon, the uh is heard a little stronger. But mon=my, son= 
his, non = no, have only the ghost of n, unless followed by a vowel, non once, maw-mawwwale.

Note that the soft c in français and the hard g in anglicate indicate the depths of tone. The second a in everything affects everything else in speech. The more guttural the letters following the deeper falls the voice to meet them.

Ces anguilles coûtaient un franc la pièce. L'orange. Le chanson.

Cu-anglee coûte un franc la pièce. L'orange. Le chahaaaan.

These eels cost one franc the piece (each).

morning, ma-t-an. Oin, ouin

Note that the soft g allows the ghost of liberty to n, I know not why.

From the plural of all verbs taking end the 

morning, ma-t-an. Oin, ouin

end is made to be fully heard.

Its wendont=they wish. Its jouent=play. Its aiment

=love.

Eel veude. Eel jone. Eel-same.

The words ending in aon, orion, are practically all, if not all, nouns, and seem to demand a small k for their finish.

Ain as in bat, pain takes the light a (at) with a faint n = ban. In takes an a as sharp as a mill; matin= morning, maw-tan. Oain are both sharp: le baboon = the baboon, le babwa = the foe, le fain = the foe. But if you do dare to pretend a cold, you will save yourself a lot of trouble, now and hereafter.

Views and Reviews.

Oh! Law!

The sudden revival of interest in foreign affairs that has been one of the most remarkable phenomena of this period of war has run a normal course. The democrats who base democracy on the right of man to choose were disappointed when man chose war; and they set to work to instruct him to make a better choice, that is, one more conformable to their own desires. Their attempts to discover the enduring basis of European peace resulted first in a revival of Mazzini's perverted advocacy of Nationalism. It was soon discovered that Nationalism was one of the most obvious causes of war; and with equal enthusiasm Internationalism was advocated as the only means of securing peace. But Internationalism assumes the very point at issue, it assumes a general consensus of opinion in favor of European unity; an assumption that is not obviously in harmony with the known facts. These six essays, although they have the same general trend of desire towards European and even human unity, are less assured that Internationalism is the basis of peace; instead of jumping to conclusions, they introduce their readers to a study of some of the facts, and outline some of the principles, concerning International relations, but they see the future dark with problems, they express only a hope that peace may yet be established in perpetuity.

But this hope is too vague to be serviceable. It is by no means proven that war is an unmixed calamity, nor is it proven that the European system to which some, at least, of these writers aspire would result in the superintendence of peace. Without anything mysterious in the idea of a European system; it is simply an extension to the Continent of the idea of State Sovereignty. It implies conquest as its first condition of success, it implies either disarmament of the conquered States, or an overwhelming Army and Navy at the service of the European Sovereign, as its second. Prof. J. A. Grant, who writes of "War and Peace since 1815," concludes: "It may be a true law though obedience to it can never be enforced," is constrained to admit that "war itself may be regarded as a possible mode of enforcement." It is, and it will remain so; for the argument, is Mr. Kerr's essay on "Political Relations between Advanced and Backward Races." The differing levels of civilization that he distinguishes among races have their analogue among States, even Euro-

"Europe must be provided not merely with a permanent court of arbitration ... in whatever form, there must be a European directorate." It is unfortunate that his essay concludes with the point, for the demonstration affords us no hope of the success of such an enlargement of Sovereignty. If Europe were an entity, a European directorate would be a possibility; as it is, the extension of the idea of State Sovereignty to the Continent solves no problem. It only enlarges those problems to Continental dimensions. Domestic law began when the King was strong enough to keep order in his own house; according to the Laws of Ine, to fight in the King's house rendered the offender liable to be put to death. Where is the Sovereign powerful enough to treat Europe as his domain?

Take another aspect of the same question; Faggett tells us: "In the time of the first dynasty in France, if the provost had summoned someone to appear who had failed to do so, the provost went to him and said, 'I sent to find you and you did not deign to come; give me satisfaction for your contempt.' And they fought." No International Court can reasonably be imagined that will enforce respect for its jurisdiction in this or an analogous way. But although Prof. Grant lapses into vague hope in his peroration, the other essays keep close to the facts. These dreams of European unity, or "even of a greater human unity than Europe," are based on a static conception of the world. But Mr. Urquhart shows us that although "this conception of a static relation between nations was the foundation on which the traditional system of International Law was built up," it is not at all certain that "absolute stability in the relations between States" is in itself desirable. It must, as he notes, make provision for change, for new conditions; and it is precisely on that point that the difference of methods is made manifest. How many methods of evolution there may be, I do not know; but it is certain that the Darwinian theory does not cover all the facts. Nature does make leaps at times, and there is room for De Vries as well as Darwin. In the world of politics, there are equally manifest these two methods; Tennyson saw "freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent," saw law with the eyes of a Darwinian, saw the production of a civilised type of man by an accumulation of small variations in one direction. But the catastrophic method is no less apparent; Italy, for example, did not discover the deeper falls of tone of the two words, unless followed by a vowel, non once, maw-mawwwale.

* An Introduction to the Study of International Relations. By A. J. Grant, Arthur Greenwood, J. T. Hughes, P. H. Kerr, and P. F. Urquhart. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)
pean States; and the practical conclusion that he draws, that a real human unity would be disastrous to humanity, disposes of all the dreams based upon that assumption. For the truth is that man is not a unity but a diversity; according to Dr. Boris Sidis, the individual mind is a congeries of organised "moments," which are not all represented in consciousness. The human race is no less diverse, and the attempt to unify even the European portion of it in one system must eternally fail. The need for diversity is no less marked, indeed, than is the need for unity; and no legal system can make adequate provision for this need. Every attempt at Empire has been an attempt to establish unity; Germany herself wishes to unify Europe as she has unified Germany; and every attempt will fail, because the motives of men are not always open to scrutiny, nor their purposes capable of being forecasted. There is a psychological need for war; peace with its prohibitions raises ever higher the thresholds of consciousness, every law, every convention, prescribes some limitation to expression of feeling or exercise of energy. The state of feeling that is thus engendered is well illustrated by Germany's complaints before the war that she was "hemmed in," frustrated at every turn; the declaration of war lowered the thresholds, released the inhibitions, and gave a vent to the suppressed energy that was making her mail. Dr. Sidis notices that "the war of the Reformation open a new era of free development of modern European civilisation, that the English, French, and American revolutions have released new supplies of energy, and have opened a new arena for the free development of political, social, and industrial forces." War hath her victories not less renowned than peace; and the sooner we recognise that there are limits to the usefulness of law, the sooner we shall be able to study international relations profitably.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

Out of the Vortex: The True Record of a Fight for a Soul. By Laura Linley. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a pity that what purports to be a true record, for which evidential value is claimed, should be put forward pseudonymously; names of persons and places, even in the names of some of the "Controls," have been altered. A further defect of this record (considered as evidence) is that no one but the author testifies to the reality of the incidents; no responsible body comparable with the Society for Psychical Research was apparently made acquainted with the extraordinary powers of this medium. The pseudonymous author had a monopoly of the pseudonymous medium; and the internal evidence of what the author accepts as "evidence" does not justify us in accepting her story as a "true record." On p. 92, the "Control," St. Philip, is reported to have done this as a "test," presumably of his real existence and powers. Through the medium, he told the author to find Andrew Lang's "Dreams and Ghosts," "the eighth book in the case near the verandah door--first shelf," to turn to such and such a page, and find a certain quotation. We have not verified the quotation ourselves, but that does not matter. The point we wish to make is this, that such a "test" is not evidence. The book was the author's, at some time or other she had read it; and the telepathic hypothesis is quite sufficient to account for this passage. The St. Philius, whose author has seen her at the Society for Psychical Research; but she ought to know that this question of what could be considered conclusive evidence occupied the attention of that Society for years, and was, indeed, the most troublesome of all the incidents of which she could really determine what would be conclusive evidence of the survival and operation of a personality, until the phenomenon of correspondence appeared; and offered what seems to be indisputable proof of the activity of an extraneous personality. The St. Philip "test" has no such validity, and the report of it testifies only to the author's lack of critical judgment. There are many slips in the book; for instance, the author assumes that the Stanton-Moses "Control," Imperator, was "psychical"; St. Philip, "Imperator"; but Sir Oliver Lodge says that these two controls do not give the same earth-names, and apparently do not make any serious attempt to establish identity. Again, the control "Hewey" in this book states on p. 289 that it took him four minutes to pass from the United States to a place in Cape Colony, a statement which suggests that he did not travel through the ether, and was enormously slower in progress than a thought-form. The author's imagination, we suspect, is responsible for some of the incidents of the story; there is little in the records of mesmerism, and nothing in the records of hypnotism, to support her idea of the extraordinary powers of a man who had never mesmerised the medium; and the "Elemental" that kills only in the dark by tearing the jugular vein is not a creature whose real existence is proved, although the spirit "Adlam" drew a most fearsome sketch of it, making it look like an infuriated caterpillar with ferocious feet. The author is undoubtedly acquainted with psychical literature, but she wanders far beyond authentic revelation. For her developer Zucchin is apparently the developer of mediumship; and it is regrettable that, at the end, "one of the most wonderful mediums that the world has ever known" should have passed out of the life of its developer, and become, apparently, a merely artistic person. But the book is, none the less, very interesting, is more exciting than a novel; and it does support the author's final caution against idly playing with psychical matters. The "Elemental" alone would suffice to frighten us.

The French Renascence. By Charles Sarolea. (Allen and Unwin. 35s. net.)

Dr. Sarolea argues, in his first essay, that the new spirit of France is really a revival of the old spirit of France, and that its appearance could only have surprised very superficial critics. He traces throughout the history and literature of France two spirits, two types, the sceptic and the fanatic, Montaigne and Joan of Arc. He concludes the essay with an apostrophe to France which will doubtless encourage her to persist until Germany is conquered; and fills the volume with essays in literary criticism. He compares Montaigne and Nietzsche, Pascal and Newman; gives an essay each to Madame de Maintenon and Liselotte, Duchess of Orleans; lapses into a niggling criticism of Conan Doyle's "The Refugees," but recovers himself to talk reasonably about Rousseau's "Emile"; writes the inevitable essay on Marie Antoinette and the Diamond Necklace, offers us critical studies of Mirabeau and Robespierre, discovers "the real Napoleon" in the family man, and, by we know not what process of reasoning, Socialism in the Testamentary Law of the Code Napoleon. Balzac, Flaubert, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Poincaré, each has an essay to himself which reproduces familiar knowledge (we wish he had told us from whence the sketch of Balzac was derived); and his episcope reproduces the ideas of Another about the activity of an extraneous personality. The St. Philip "test" has no such validity, and the report of it testifies only to the author's lack of critical judgment. There are many slips in the book; for instance, the author assumes that the Stanton-Moses "Control," Imperator, was "psychical"; St. Philip, "Imperator"; but Sir Oliver Lodge says that these two controls do not give the same earth-names, and apparently do not make any serious attempt to establish identity. Again, the control "Hewey" in this book states on p. 289 that it took him four minutes to pass from the United States to a place in Cape Colony, a statement which suggests that he did not travel through the ether, and was enormously slower in progress than a thought-form. The author's imagination, we suspect, is responsible for some of the incidents of the story; there is little in the records of mesmerism, and nothing in the records of hypnotism, to support her idea of the extraordinary powers of a man who had never mesmerised the medium; and the "Elemental" that kills only in the dark by tearing the jugular vein is not a creature whose real existence is proved, although the spirit "Adlam" drew a most fearsome sketch of it, making it look like an infuriated caterpillar with ferocious feet. The author is undoubtedly acquainted with psychical literature, but she wanders far beyond authentic revelation. For her developer Zucchin is apparently the developer of mediumship; and it is regrettable that, at the end, "one of the most wonderful mediums that the world has ever known" should have passed out of the life of its developer, and become, apparently, a merely artistic person. But the book is, none the less, very interesting, is more exciting than a novel; and it does support the author's final caution against idly playing with psychical matters. The "Elemental" alone would suffice to frighten us.
Pastiche.

By Hunly Carter.

SATIRE.

There was an Error that Gravity could not slay. And they brought it to a conflict with Laughter. And it perished.

EVALUATION.

The Human Race was moving off at a great pace. And Someone inquired, "Where are you going?" And the answer was, "God knows!"

THE REVIEW.

Someone complained to Jove that the devil would not leave him alone. And Jove remarked, "You leave the devil alone, and the devil will leave you alone!"

THE CRITIC.

Someone said, "Hee-haw!" And the Crowd said, "What great criticism!" Whereupon Someone said, "Hee-haw!" again.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ROD.

A fisherman sat by the stream, making a great bunt. And a passer-by bought his rod, saying, "This shall keep me in comfort all the days of my life." But soon he was back in tears. "What is it?" cried the fisherman. "My good fellow," wailed the man with the rod, "I neglected to buy you!"

CONVICTION.

Someone entered a picture gallery. And a Futurist painting knocked him down. Picking himself up, he exclaimed, "What great Art!"

THE POWER TO WILL.

A reporter found a greybeard immured in a solitary cell, eager to try with the aid of a death's-head and a bottle of water to determine whence came the superb liquid fire. And the reporter straightway announced in the Press that his book is an unimpeachable sermon. There is no word in it to bring a blush to the cheek of Modesty.

SUCCESS.

"For one thing I thank God," said pale-faced Vegetarian—"namely, that in the midst of a hungry life I have never caused innocent blood to be shed." And from the tall grass came a chorus of terrified voices, exclaiming, "Kind sir, we beg of you to tell us how we may impede our lives against your assertive feet!

WHAT IT COMES TO.

"When Lordly Hefter saw a Wooden Cow advertising someone's Milks, he complained to Jove, saying, "Oh, why am I not decorated like Cow?" And Jove, taking compassion on the unfortunate beast, stamped it all over with Bovril pots.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

Capitalist invited a Worm to climb the heights with him. And both saw a mighty cancerous city. They saw great buildings blotting out the sun, and they heard great engines sending up hard and terrible cries. And they saw Slave-owners feeding the engines with the dim forms of men, women, and children. And Capitalist chuckled, and spoke to the Worm, saying, "All these are mine."

"Ours," said the Worm.

THE HOLY WAR.

The Devil saw two Armies spraying each other with liquid fire, and straightway he issued a writ against God for infringement of copyright.

FAMILIARITY.


THE END OF WAR.

War strode the Earth, slaughtering and threatening. And day after day Charon ferried great multitudes across the Styx.

"Stop," said the Shade. "Don't return. I am the Man."

MARKETABLE.

A witless verseman stood in a market-place and raked the Clown looking for Laughter. "Hello!" said a voice from the air, "What do you seek?"

"I am looking for Laughter," quoth the Clown. "You are among the wrong odours," observed the voice. "Better look for Abhorrence." But the Clown said he thought he should continue to look for Laughter.
INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Sir,—Your reviewer, "R. H. C.," seems to be unable to quote correctly either my letter in your issue of April 27 or Mr. Hyde's own statements in his book, "The Two Roads." Both your reviewer and Mr. Hyde are wrong.

There is not a trivial sentence in "The Two Roads." It is possible, of course, that to a literary man the tariff and the territorial irrelevancies of the " congress of chiefs" would better serve the interests of your readers by refraining from commenting on fields of mid-Napoleonic efforts to criticise those books which please the arid intellect of university-trained Philistines. If Mr. Hyde had foolishly written that an International Parliament should be "composed of representatives of every nation in proportion to status and population" (as "R. H. C." misquotes), where, pray, would Belgium stand in comparison with China? Judging from all that I have seen of educated Chinese, China will be one of the first Asiatic nations to wish to join an International Government. Mr. Hyde used the word "status" not "population.

Obviously the two words are not synonymous. The question of what really constitutes the importance of a nation is open to public discussion.

Presumably the author of "The Two Roads" would not claim that his scheme is perfect any more than Walter Baghot claims that the British Constitution is yet perfect—after these centuries of growth. In "The English Constitution" Baghot says:—

"We have made, or, rather, stumbled on, a constitution which, though full of incidental defects, though of the worst workmanship in all out-of-the-way matters of any constitution in the world, yet has two capital merits: it contains a simple, efficient part which, on occasion, when wanted, can work more simply and easily and better than any instrument of government that has yet been tried; and it contains likewise historical, complex, and rational elements which it has inherited from a long past . . . Its essence is strong with the strength of modern simplicity; its exterior is August with the Gothic more modern age.

But modern Parliaments are formed more quickly, for instance, that of Hungary, which was modelled after our English Parliament. The English Constitution is yet imperfect, for it must logically develop into the Federal Parliament of the British Empire, with the Overseas Dominions and India taking part according to their "status and importance." And as it is well known that Continental and Asiatic countries look to England as the "Mother of Parliaments," Mr. Hyde's question, "Will Parliament be reconciled with the foundation for the great Cathedral of Humanity—an International Government—is a question that will strongly appeal to all those peoples of the United States who have discovered that I have not underestimated the substantial reasons which induced the negotiators to make the treaty, and that the negotiators would do their work much better, for half the ambiguities in treaties are caused by the negotiators writing the facts to suit their own minds. And they would be obliged to make it plain if they had to defend it and argue on it before a great assembly."

Sir,—I did not, as "R. H. C." incorrectly states in your last issue, propose that an International Parliament should be "composed of representatives of every nation in proportion to status and population." This phrase, which appears to be taken from "The Two Roads," is not my phrase. I assume that an International Parliament could be formed, composed of representatives of every nation in proportion to status and population, to assume the solution of the very problem with which such a Parliament would be concerned. Granted the Parliament, the problem would, of course, be settled.

The worst families are those which please the arid intellect of university-trained Philistines. If Mr. Hyde had foolishly written that an International Parliament should be "composed of representatives of every nation in proportion to status and population" (as "R. H. C." misquotes), where, pray, would Belgium stand in comparison with China? Judging from all that I have seen of educated Chinese, China will be one of the first Asiatic nations to wish to join an International Parliament. Mr. Hyde used the word "status" not "population."

Obviously the two words are not synonymous. The question of what really constitutes the importance of a nation is open to public discussion.

Sir,—I humbly and earnestly apologise to Mr. Shaw, which appears in your issue of May 4. I trust you will print the following:

J. S.

To Mr. Shaw.

Sir,—On the subject of my letter headed "To Mr. Shaw," which appears in your issue of May 4, I trust you will print the following:

J. S.

To Mr. Shaw.

Sir,—I humbly and earnestly apologise to you for anything contained in my letter headed "The Two Roads." I did not recollect that Mr. Hyde wrote of "status" and "importance" as if they were (what they are not) distinguishable. My difficulty in discovering a role for its (or their) measurement still remains."

* * *
the lie to everything I said in that letter, and I beg you to believe that I am deeply sorry for having written it.

—Your obedient servant,

JAMES STEPHENS.

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL.

Sir,—I had the pleasure of hearing Sir George Mack- 
gill make his inaugural address to the Hammersmith Branch of the British Empire Union, and it has convinced me of the futility of further argument.

In the same breath Sir George said that we must utterly crush Germany, implying that we can do so, and that this same Germany has an enormous quantity of goods (at present lying idle) ready to dump into this country at the end of the war.

If Germany could spare the necessary men and material for the manufacture of these goods, she would be in a very much better position than England is said to be. Arguments are wasted on a man who listened with obvious pleasure to the loud applause which greeted the statement of one of his supporters that "the German is an unclean brute."

I quite understand why Sir George refuses to address a U.D.C. branch. He is very wise.

Sir George has not given any quotations showing that U.D.C. leaders wish Germany to win, nor has he substantiated his insinuations as to the "suspicious origin" of the U.D.C.

Apparently Sir George is incapable of understanding that when a man wishes to spread a certain idea (whether it be pacifism or anti-pacifism) he will unite with those dessigning patriot leaders and will not consider himself responsible for their various opinions on temperance or the composition of Mars or anything else outside their common aim. I doubt if Sir George, Mak- gill objects to the political friendship between Baron Northcliffe and the Right Honorable David Lloyd George, who (with a common aim) ignore differences on other matters.

BEATRIX L. KING.
Hon. Sec., Hammersmith Branch, U.D.C.

MR. C. H. NORMAN.

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Norman, who is in the hands of the military authorities at Caterham, awaits further instructions, requests the hospitality of your columns for the enclosed letters, being a few of those recently received from friends.

He is fairly well in health, though in his new surroundings he is not sleeping so well as customarily. He is pleased to acknowledge the courteous treatment he has received since he was arrested under the Military Service Act.

H. W.

(Copy Letters.)

82, Woodstock Road, Oxford.

26th April, 1916.

I can testify from dealings I have had with Mr. C. H. Norman long before the war that he has been for years an extreme and even fanatical pacifist. I am sure that he has been more violently opposed to military service, however misguided, than even the most extreme of conscientious objectors.

(Signed) GILBERT MURRAY.

King's Land, Shipley, Yorks.

28th April, 1916.

My dear Norman,—

It is with the greatest pleasure in the world that I write to confirm your request that I should testify to your personal views upon war and armies. But I should have thought that this was public knowledge.

You have always, so far as I have followed your writings, written in favour of anarchy in this matter. Of course, you know that my own views are not only the opposite of these, but that I regard anarchy in military affairs as the very gravest form of social wrong and the duty of patriotism as the highest of all duties related to religion. That also, I suppose, is common knowledge, so I need not press it. Always sincerely yours,

(Signed) H. BELLOC.

20th April, 1916.

in, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Dear Mr. Norman,—

I understand that in cases of conscientious objection to military service the question is always raised whether the objector is suddenly alleging scruples which he had never expressed before for the purpose of evading duty, or whether his objection is a consistent part of opinions which he has been known to hold and express before there was any immediate prospect of war or of compulsion to military service. I can hardly imagine any doubt arising in your case; however, I am quite prepared to testify that you have been to my knowledge, both in public and private, a most determined, uncompromising and indefatigable anti-war propagandist for the last ten years. I will not recount to you that you are a fanatic; but you have been so entirely reckless of your own interests in advocating your views that nothing but your exceptional and indefatigable skill in your profession could have saved you from suffering very severely for your repeated denunciations of popular opinion. I have no doubt your ceases in your entire disinterestedness and sincerity.

As I do not share your views on the subject of the present emergency, I am quite sure that you are the last man in the world I should like to see sent into a barrack. I should expect the whole regiment, officers and all, to throw down its arms at the end of about three weeks as a result of your indefatigable propaganda and the very plausible arguments and stores of information which you command. It is, therefore, in the interests of the military authority that I wish you a happy exemption. Any sort of martyrdom would greatly increase your influence; and, to be quite frank with you, I do not want your influence to be increased until the war is over.——Yours faithfully,

(Signed) G. BERNARD SHAW.

[Readers of The New Age will gladly join with us in testifying to the real existence of Mr. Norman's conscientious objection to militarism in all its forms. He is no newly formed objection taken for three years or the duration of the war; but it has applied, as our readers know, to every war that has been waged during the nine years of this journal's existence. The clause of the Military Service Act that prevents any claim of conscientious objection to militarism in all its forms must be either fraudulent or most arbitrarily administered if it does not apply to one of the most notorious conscientious objectors in England.—Ed. N.A.]

MR. CALIGISTHENES—SELFRIDGE—PATRIOT.

Sir,—May I draw your attention to the following illustration of Business-as-Usual patriotism? I quote from Caligisthenes, Mr. Selfridge's unclassified advertisement, in the "Fall Mall" of May 11:

"He, my hero (inebriate, mind you, or he would never be a hero in such days as these), was dressing in the manner of a man whose days are busy. . . . As he brushed his hair, his mind leapt forward to the plans and duties for the day."

His mind worked somehow like this.

(Signed) CALIGISTHENES—SELFRIDGE—PATRIOT.

Tickets for the theatre that evening. The play? And stocks, of course. They could be got at Selfridge's. Then more petrol for the car. The splendid little 'bus. . . . That could be got at Selfridge's, too. These collars . . . a little out of date. Would buy some more. But where? Why, Selfridge's gets new ones while he uses the old ones. Here, why not try for those cigars Smith was so keen about, and find out which was the quickest and most comfortable route for that trip to Blairgowrie? It was to be hoped that Mrs. Fiznumble would turn up with Jenetta, as she had said. Dear little Jenetta—how those short skirts suited her, and really prettily ankles and feet. . . . Why not some flowers? Daffodils or roses? . . . Selfridge's again! . . . Which tie to-day? All equally uninteresting. New one must be bought. Would do that when he close the plans. . . .

Ruminating in this way he made an interesting discovery. Yesterday, when he was at Selfridge's, there he had used this great storehouse of everyday commodities in its usual fashionable and indifferent anti-war against prosperity. The word "in such days as these!" call theatre stalls, cars, up-to-date collars, cigars, trips to Blairgowrie, roses for Jenetta, interesting dinner commodities—everyday commodities? Why, our Mr. Selfridge again! . . .

God save our Business-as-Usual! But—snare our luxurious poor!

R. O.

LADY WILSON—CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Sir,—According to the "New Witness" of May 4, the place of honour in the current number of the "Cornhill" is given to an article by Lady Wilson, Lord Ribblesdale's
daughter, on the German Crown Prince. When in India, says the "New Witness," Lady Wilson had many opportunities of seeing the Crown Prince, and of forming her own estimate of his character. The portrait she gives of him is not flattering; a great love of luxury, she writes, "and big-game shooting, he assured me, was his seventh heaven."

When I think of the poor tiger, heavily drugged and elaborately carted to the correct distance from the Crown Prince's rifle, I could not help wondering which is the more artificial, her estimate of the Crown Prince's character or his qualifications for making it. Poor tiger, certainly—but by whose order heavily drugged and elaborately carted to the correct distance from the Crown Prince's rifle? Did Christian endeavour to draw attention to the Crown Prince's wicked ways, has Lady Wilson not revealed a mercy little known in our own eye? And, anyhow, is it not ridiculous that the place of honour should be given anywhere to a criticism which troubled the writer's soul tightly that she could not forget or make it forget, in fact, until she remembered how popular it would be?

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

SIR,—It appears to me that Mr. Bell's criticism of modern buildings is just as one-sided as Mr. Lord's. He had taken into account the two classes into which all architecture may be divided.

Class (1) are the architects who were designing the monuments of the Acropolis, Athenian craftsmen were erecting houses to supply the more immediate and material needs of the populace. It was the same in medieval Europe, when God and the construction of the Colonnade at the British Museum.

Class (2) is architecture on, as it were, a higher plane. Materials and craftsmanship do not cease to be important, but they are subordinate to pure design. Architecture here becomes a sort of art. On this level it is allied to music. It is a grand arrangement of masses and spaces to obtain a desired effect.

In order seriously to consider modern architecture in regard to the major aims he must needs give less attention to those characteristics of both types. Nevertheless, broadly speaking, the division is reasonable. Class (1) includes all buildings dependent for their beauty upon a suitable and economical arrangement of local materials by skilled craftsmen to supply local needs and suit local natural and climatic conditions to make it, if you will, present a strange mixture of hero and Heliogabalus; that he was awarded the civic crown for valour, and accorded the title of queen of Bythinia for misconduct; that he slew no man but was killed by a divinity in his lust; that he was as humane as Pompey in the matter of captive pirates or conquered opponents, but as ruthless and ambivalent as Alexander in his treatment of political objects; a supreme statesman, organiser, and administrator; and a wholesale corruptor and Tammany hero. A dictatorial tyrant, a profligate swine; an epileptic and a horse-breaker; a master of a perfidious and dignified prose style; yet, like Richelieu, a composer of most rotten verses, which he fondly imagined were the real thing—verses which his unfortunate entourage had to listen to and applaud; fired with a restless ambition so that, like Charles XII, the story of Alexander might make him miserable: "The Cossacks did not commence his serious career until well on in life; a master of mankind, yet a pandeer to the mob; a showman of gladiators, chariots, and circuses, leading captive the kings and princes of the world; the conqueror of his own private foes and the executioner of Vermentigotus; the champion of civilisation and the merciless exterminator of the life of the common man; a prodigious spendthrift of borrowed money and a scientific tax-gatherer; a squanderer of hours in wine, women, and song, and a fanatical friend of classicism; a master of the crisp sentence, yet increasing the complexities of grammar by the addition of the ablative case. Surely it may be said of Caesar what Shakespeare wrote of Cleopatra: "Age cannot stale nor custom wither his infinite variety."

Why, then, did not Shakespeare make a better job of his dazzling personification of Caesar? He did his best, surely not, for Shakespeare himself was no democrat. I have read that Sir Herbert Tree, when lecturing, was once completely put out by the question fired at him by one of his audience: "Was Shakespeare a friend of the working man?" I have also read that Dr. Brundes has answered this question in the negative, and has collected a number of passages to confirm his opinion, showing that Shakespeare had no love for the horned-handed and the toiler.

Did Shakespeare, then, dislike Caesar because he was a friend of democracy and the enemy of a corrupt senate? Shakespeare defied Brutus, Dante damned him. Which of these great ones are we to believe? Mr. Thomas Whittaker has answered this question for us. When Professor Gilbert Murray ... protests against what seems to him the idolatry of Shakespeare, and says that of all great men of genius he can hardly think of one who contributed so little to the world, if it were a light service to press in reverse in inexpressible form by his idealisation of Brutus the medieval, judgment of Dante, which even Shakespeare is constantly quoted, "... What Shakespeare does is to restore in its essence the judgment of antiquity. The first modern Chancellor of the Monmouth Bar was a man with whom Caesar might well appear to realise his ideal of an efficient organisation. If any progressive minds are still fascinated by that it will be advisable for them to remember that the first four or five centuries. To be a judge was a very serious calling and pressed was opinion."—"(Origins of Christianity)." Even so did Napoleon, Caesar's legitimate successor.
order to distracted France. Even so does the Kaiser—but no—that net is spread in vain in the sight of humanity; that to "remove" him was mankind with the same initials (there is a river in Shakespeare know something after all? I fling my body in the hope that some abler pen than mine may deal with this fascinating subject.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

SHAKESPEARE AS GROTESQUE

Sir,—Shakespeare is physically dead. And it transpires from the letter of your correspondent with the cryptic symbols "C. S. J. D." that he was a very mediocre sort of writer, and one to whom the Frank Harrises and lesser and minor Frank Harrises are particularly kind. Of recent years Shakespeare has shown himself to be quite mobs, but the quite mobs have hastened to beseech him not to do anything so foolish. For if you were to come to London to-day, by the coming of the Negro Free Library, it was truly said that, though England was doing well on its writers of the Current Critic School, it appeared that the immortal part of you is spirit, and that we were mistaken in believing you to be a writer with no sort of vision—one of ourselves, in fact—our occupation would be gone. With the coming of this marvellous institution it may as truly be said that, though England is flourishing on inodorous Imagist poets, inarticulate kinds of "Egoist," and obituary notices produced by the Pound (not avoir-dupois), its mighty dead are perishing for lack of interpreters of vision. This artless talk means that the Free Book Dispensary has buried Shakespeare, for one, beneath an ever-accumulating lumber heap of lives, special studies, and commentaries, for ever. And the business of the Harrises (including the alphabetical varieties) is to be kind to the stinking isle from there. To their credit, it be said, they are kind to the petrifying Shakespeare, so far as their capacious academic noses will admit.

Take "C. S. J. D." as a case in point. Apparently this correspondent desires to get near to Shakespeare by criticising a theory that he is still alive. Really, therefore his works are informed by the spirit of the noble grotesque. If this be true, it is reasonable to assume that the noble grotesque in Shakespeare is what ought to be made public. It seems, however, that English actors, critics, and other seekers after self-advertisement find it expedient to neglect it. This was my theory founded on actual experience and not upon Free Library Creweage.

Provided with this theory, "C. S. J. D." instantly rushed round to the nearest Carnegie Library and denounced, "Carnegie Free Library, it was truly said that, though England is flourishing on inodorous Imagist poets, inarticulate kinds of "Egoist," and obituary notices produced by the Pound (not avoir-dupois), its mighty dead are perishing for lack of interpreters of vision. This artless talk means that the Free Book Dispensary has buried Shakespeare, for one, beneath an ever-accumulating lumber heap of lives, special studies, and commentaries, for ever. And the business of the Harrises (including the alphabetical varieties) is to be kind to the stinking isle from there. To their credit, it be said, they are kind to the petrifying Shakespeare, so far as their capacious academic noses will admit.

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Press Cuttings.

To the riddle of the Sphinx an answer must be found, and it is the peculiar glory of The New Age that its readers have found it. "Wages is slavery," they declare, and make an attempt to smash the system. For the wage-system is the basis and bed-rock of capitalism, the key of Labour's prison. The social reformer must therefore direct the whole of his energies to the destruction of the wage-system. Until wages is destroyed real reform is impossible. The authors of this authoritative text-book ("National Guilds") rapidly review the history, and show how wages are still a true form of slavery. Wages must be abolished, and its abolition must be accomplished by a transformation of existing Trade Unions. The 1,153 separate and competing Trade Unions must be amalgamated, and their work co-ordinated, until as a result of perfected organisation each National Guild has established a monopoly of Labour. Labour will then cease to be a commodity bought and sold in the market-place, the fund out of which rent, interest, and profit are paid will disappear, and Labour in place of wages will enjoy the full product of its toil. - "T. W. M." in the "Plymouth Co-operative Record."

It is an issue that has arisen time and again in communities where groups of workers are engaged in a single industry, or in closely related industries under centralised control, and it raises the question of whether or not political liberty be possible in a community where every man's livelihood depends on the goodwill and the caprice of a handful of men who wield his opportunity to work. Experience in the Colorado coal camps and in similar communities proves that all safeguards which the exercise of the franchise will be futile to prevent political domination when corporations or individuals control absolutely the industrial and economic life of the community. -Report of the Industrial Commission, U.S.A., P. 13.

For while public ownership doubtless would have prevented many of the evils that arose in Colorado, the issue is in reality between the workmen and the management, and public ownership with the same men holding control and responsibility might have offered no solution. - P. 9.

Nothing has come home with greater force in the course of the investigations of the Commission than the realisation that men and women who are economically subser-vient cannot be politically free, that the forms of democracy and the guarantees of American institutions are hollow and meaningless in communities where the many must depend on the favours of the few for the opportunity to obtain and shelter. - P. 13.

Nor must the importance of the issue here raised be minimised in the belief that the Colorado coal camps stand in a peculiar and exceptional case. Not only are many great industries conducted under centralised conditions that affect entire communities depending upon enterprises under centralised control, but even in the larger industrial centres the opportunities for advancement are in the main reduced to a minimum by shifting employment and rapidly lessening additions. The Commission's records present evidence (see Los Angeles, transcript of hearing) that a city of more than 80,000 may be brought under an economic control almost as arbitrary as that charged against the Colorado mine operators. And while in this city the wage earners were free to seek relief in a radical political movement, their efforts thus far have failed, because the wage earners found themselves in a minority in a community where the majority proved ignorant of and indifferent to the issues involved. - P. 13-14.

As in other instances that have come to the attention of the Commission, local political action, if not quite worthless, when combined with the economic control of a strong and aggressive organisation of the men in whose interests they were enacting. - P. 61.

For eleven years after the people of the State had ordered the enactmeat of an eight-hour law, the companies successfully defied the popular will and succeeded in blocking the enforcement. When at last they granted the eight-hour day, in March, 1917, we have the word of Mr. Rovers that it was not respected for this popular will, but the desire to defeat nationalisation, that actuated them. No more convincing proof of the necessity for economic organisation by the workers to vitalise and make effective their political power. - P. 63.

(Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King to Mr. Rockefeller, Jun.) - "... Broadly speaking, a line might be drawn between those who are 'paid wages,' and those who 'earn wages' on the other. This is very rough and general, for there are in some industries a class of petty bosses whose interests are closely identified with those of the men who are closely with wage earners than with salaried officials, but, broadly speaking, men who have authority to give orders and to direct operations will be found to be the men who have no authority to direct others, and whose own work is subject wholly to direction, fall into the category of wage earners. - P. 103.

**FINAL REPORT OF COMMISSION.**

Last of all are the children, for whose petty addition to the stream of production the nation is paying a heavy toll in ignorance, deformity of body and mind, and premature old age. After all, does it matter much what they are paid? For all experience has shown that in the end the father's wages are reduced by the amount that the children earn. This is the so-called "family wage," and examination of the wages in different industries corroborates the theory that in those industries in which textiles, where the men and children can be largely utilised, the wages of men are extremely low. - P. 26.

The competitive effect of the employment of women and children upon the wages of men can scarcely be underestimated. (Ibid.)

We are as free politically perhaps as it is possible for us to be. Every man knows that the country has an extensive military service, which is enabled to exercise his political franchise without risk. But the industrial problems the position of the ordinary worker is exactly the reverse. - P. 82.

Probably no State of its size in the Union has had upon its statute books more than Colorado, but the smaller and more trade union representatives in office to enforce them, yet the non-enforcement of the labour laws was undoubtedly one of the striking causes of the recent troubles. - (Minority Report, p. 352.

**THE MATCH IMPOSITION.**

Sir, - I have just returned from one of our "fronts," where we are trying to give England's enemies h-ll, (I believe that is the correct way of writing it, in our dear old "don't-call-a-spade-by-its-right-name-country." I find that our tradesmen and manufacturers, have been giving our enemies h-ll-by paying them the taxes on foods and commodities twice over. The march imposition is the last straw, since we have been for long imploring to "support home industries." The brutal fee we fight is brave, and even his manufacturers and traders have supported the men who give their lives for our being paid and who sacrifice profits and paying their share of taxes. Let the "Trade" in England beware, for one day men will return to England and the hucksters will pay, even as Shylock, for the pound of flesh they now demand. - Air Service in the "Sunday Times."

The rise in freight rates carries with it not only an immense addition to the profits of shipowners, but a corresponding addition to the profits of farmers and persons who possessed large stocks of foodstuffs, raw material, and other goods imported before the recent advance in freight rates. As matters stand at present, leaving out the possibility of any additional rise in freights bringing with it higher prices of produce, the advance in freight rates since war began will impose a burden upon the British people of at least £3,000,000, and altogether from the same source of freight the rates of shipowners which will be paid into the Treasury; while, including the 50 per cent. excess profits tax, the direct and indirect cost to the consumer of the rise of freight rates since war began will be about £9,000,000. Inasmuch as it is of supreme importance that all the money needed for the War should be found, we should not neglect, indeed, every available source of income. The increase of freight rates and in the prices of home-grown foodstuffs and other materials if the whole of the great profits accruing to shipowners, farmers and others came into the coffers of the State... - "The Statist."