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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE selection of Mr. Lloyd George for the conduct of the Irish negotiations, while it has other significances, has this for us: that even the whole attention of the Minister of Munitions is not considered indispensable to the conduct of the war. It will be remembered upon how many occasions we have been told that nothing must be done to distract the minds of the Cabinet from the single pursuit of the war. The most obvious, the most appealing, and the most necessary forms of legislation have one after another been denied attention on the ground that being irrelevant to the immediate needs of the war with Germany, any time given to them would be a wasteful distraction. Yet upon an issue that only we have maintained is vital to the war, and in a matter that by common consent had been postponed to peace, not only has the time and attention of the Cabinet been spent for several weeks, but the time and attention of the one Minister whose special services, we were told, are indispensable to the war will now be given for several weeks more. What on earth are we to conclude from it? That the Ministry of Munitions can get on very well without Mr. Lloyd George? But that involves us in another deduction, namely, that practically every executive department of the Government so far as the war is concerned can dispense with its nominal Cabinet head. For, assuredly, if the constant attendance of Mr. Lloyd George is unnecessary in the pre-eminently important department of Munitions, no other Minister, with the exception of one or two, can be regarded as indispensable in his war-office. But this, again, leads to still another conclusion. For if these Ministers are only flies upon the wheels of the war, which by this time is largely a matter of routine, would it not be wise to turn their attention explicitly and avowedly in directions where it may be useful?

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The Press, as we can now see, was never worse advised than when, in the early days of the war, it clamoured for the instant suspension of every other activity than that of "beating the Germans." To begin with, not everything necessary even to beating the Germans could be summed up in that narrow phrase. Tom, Dick and Harry's notion of the means necessary to beating the Germans would certainly have excluded many means the necessity of which became apparent to the Government long before the Press that represents Tom, Dick and Harry would have thought of them. Again, the war, after all, is only an episode in the life of the nation; an episode, moreover, in another war—the war of commerce, organisation, education, character, and national efficiency—which itself preceded and will long outlast the military war. Was everything to be devoted to the military episode and no attention to be spared for the vastly more trying perennial war of which it is only a moment? Still, again, it might have been obvious upon an instant's reflection that not all of us, with the best will in the world, could devote ourselves to the military war to the neglect of everything else. As too many cooks spoil the broth, the interference of civilians—whether Ministerial, departmental or private—in the actual administration of the war was bound to hinder rather than to help the very object we all had in view. The sooner, therefore, that such minds were turned to their proper spheres the better would not only the war itself be conducted, but the greater war, of which it is a part, be carried successfully forward. Finally, there was to be considered a fact to which everybody paid a formal acknowledgment, but of which few, unfortunately, realised the practical significance: the fact, namely, that the military war provided the unique circumstances, never perhaps to be repeated, of a nation in the melting-pot. In the most precise sense of the metaphor, everything in the nation became fluid. Forms, habits, institutions, customs, prejudices, and all the rest of it were tossed into the cauldron, and there rapidly became molten, and so have remained even to this moment. But what an opportunity was thus providentially provided for the "reform" of the nation of which so many professed to dream! It was as if God

had taken us at our word and granted our prayer to enable us to make all things new. The damnable Press, however, chose that moment for its devil's work of ensuring that the divine opportunity should pass without being seized. Instead of confiding the conduct of the military war to the experts whose business it is, and who alone, in any case, must carry it through; and then deliberately concentrating the rest of our attention upon the new society to be intelligently moulded in the still fluid state of the nation, the Press, with one accord, raised the cry that nothing must be done until after the war. But after the war means after the conditions of fluidity have disappeared. After the war means after the moment when alone, by the grace of God, anything radically reformatory can be well attempted. After the war, in short, means never. What else but an excuse, in fact, was the plea but an excuse for doing nothing now, or at any time? For, assuredly, if not during the war, nothing of any moment will be done after it; and that, we fear, the Press know very well, and had in view. Had it been otherwise, how easy would it have been to reverse the maxim that in peace is the time to prepare for war, and to make it run that in war is the time to prepare for peace.

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As an example of the consequences likely to follow from our relegation of thought to "after the war" (when, as we say, thought will no longer have fluid matter to work upon), the reply of Mr. Asquith to Mr. Hunt last week may be cited. Asked by the latter if he would give an assurance that millions of our people will not be driven back to the starvation wages of pre-war days, Mr. Asquith rhetorically inquired how he could be expected to have any such assurance himself. But what is there in the question of Mr. Hunt that is beyond statesmanship to be assured about? Suppose that the question had been whether in the next war the Government could ensure military supplies for the Army would not Mr. Asquith's negative reply have then sounded the very voice of criminal incompetence? But it is just as easy to assure the industrial army adequate supplies in times of peace as the military army in times of war. Nay, it is a hundred times easier. There is not the least real reason why the remuneration of the working-classes should fall after the war, or why we should even have to apprehend any widespread industrial difficulty. That, as things are, we must expect it, is only a proof of our folly in neglecting the present opportunity of ensuring ourselves against it. Far, however, from being received with the indignation it merited, Mr. Asquith's disclaimer of any fore-knowledge of post-war conditions was regarded as another evidence of his common sense. How could he be expected, it was agreed, to give assurance on a matter so problematical and so full of unpredictable contingencies. But as a statesman, differing, it is presumed, from the journalist and the politician, both of whom are professionally short-sighted, it is, we repeat, Mr. Asquith's business to be able to give assurances in regard to a future that for these moles is invisible. And that he cannot is only to charge him with being as blind as they.

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The squalor of mind into which our civilian parliamentarians have sunk under pressure of Fleet Street was again exemplified in the reply of Captain Pretyman to Mr. Anderson on the subject of the nationalisation of mercantile shipping. If there is anything the war has proved it is the dependence of this country for its food upon the mercantile marine next to the power of the Navy itself. And if any conclusion may be drawn from the facts that have become familiar it is the conclusion that the private control, and hence the profiteering, of the mercantile marine is as dangerous to this country as it is costly to the consumers. Mr. Anderson had no difficulty, indeed, in securing Captain Pretyman's endorsement of his statement that for every ten shillings per ton increase of freightage upon imported corn the price of the loaf of bread was raised a halfpenny. But that fact alone—we mean the power implied in it—taken together with the fact of common knowledge that freightages have been doubled, trebled and quadrupled without any justification in increased costs, is sufficient to dispose in our opinion of every plea of the shipowners that they are performing national service or deserve the least public consideration. There is, indeed, scarcely one among them who does not richly deserve to be sentenced to penal servitude for life for his treachery to the nation during the war. Open rebellion, refusal to serve in the Army, the propaganda of peace, attempts to hinder recruiting—these are, in comparison, venial offences, redeemed in most cases by the moral courage, manliness and good motive of the offenders. The holding up to ransom of the nation's food, by the insidious invisible means of freightage-charges, for the purpose of private profits, by men sunned in public esteem—this every honest man must admit to be the crime of cowards and cads. That the knights and dukes and gentlemen who have so employed themselves during the war deserve consideration we simply deny. As a penalty, in fact, for their treachery we would ourselves declare forfeited to the nation the whole of the armoury of shipping with which they have done the nation so much mischief. But is there, do you think, to be any penalty? Having failed at the outbreak of the war to nationalise the merchant service as the railways were temporarily nationalised, the Government has now virtually through the mouth of Captain Pretyman assured the shippers of its approval of their conduct. Nothing could have been at the same time more disingenuous and more whole-hearted than Captain Pretyman's defence of the 65 per cent. dividend of the White Star Line. He might have been one of the directors of the company instead of a representative of the consumers from whose pockets the dividend has been stolen.

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How long the war will continue and things remain molten in the pot we, no more than anybody else, can say with any assurance. Signs, however, are not wanting that the chances of another winter's campaign are diminishing. It behoves us, therefore, if the opportunity provided by the condition of war is not to be lost to the last week of it, to concentrate our attention upon the future as far as our wandering minds will allow us. As the world will reappear when the flood of the war has subsided many of the old familiar landmarks will have vanished. However much England may prove to be the same, the world will have altered—and altered for good. Leaving the neutral countries out of account altogether—though several of them have made up as many decades of leeway upon us as there have been months of war—it must not be supposed that Germany, civilly, industrially and commercially, has learned nothing during the war. On the contrary, to an efficiency of organisation already formidable Germany has been preparing for some months to add an instrument of efficiency for which, at present, we have no parallel in this country. Worse and worse, all the signs of thought amongst our commercial men point to their adoption of the old skin that Germany is just about to slough off. Under what system, we may ask, was Germany's world-trade built up so rapidly? The reply is that it was constructed upon the basis of a scientific tariff not only devised by the Government, but superintended, directed and administered by the Government in partnership with every individual firm taken and regarded separately. The strength of this method is obvious, for it ensured from every employer reciprocal State services in return for State patronage: a condition approximating, in fact, to State commercialism. But its weakness became in time no less apparent: for in so far as each firm felt itself bound up with the State it might consider itself independent of

its neighbours, and thus at liberty to compete with its fellows who also were under the State umbrella. That *lateral* division is now, however, passing away. United separately as they have hitherto been with the State, the great industries of Germany are rapidly becoming united with each other, to the extinction amongst themselves of internecine competition, and hence of waste and economic inefficiency. Nothing is more remarkable than the strides that syndicatism has made in Germany during the war. The fusion of the seven chief aniline dye industries and the pooling of their joint capital of eleven millions has been followed by the similar syndication of German shipping, coal and iron and banking companies. Every day, says the "Frankfurter Zeitung," fresh combinations are being announced; nor are they to be attributed wholly to the requirements of the war, "since they are in the nature of deliberate preparation for an economic war after the war." Against this formidable concentration of capital in Germany—as mighty an engine of power as Krupps—what steps are our commercial men taking? Look at the programme drawn up by the London Chamber of Commerce and now endorsed more or less by all the business men of England. It provides that an ad valorem tariff shall be imposed upon imports ranging in amount from 2½ to 30 per cent.; and that the scale shall be applied to importing countries in the classification of (*a*) countries belonging to the British Empire; (*b*) our present Allies; (*c*) friendly neutrals; (*d*) other neutrals; and (*e*) our present belligerent enemies. Was there ever, we ask, so grotesque and childish a reply to the straightforward, business-like and menacing challenge of a rival who has already shown what she can do? To begin with, in adopting a tariff at all we are just about fifty years behind Germany, and fifty years consequently behind its necessary readjustments. Even if we should follow now in Germany's old footprints we cannot hope to arrive at her present phase of syndicatism until we too have had fifty years' experience of its necessity. Fifty! our business men will need a century to learn to combine as German commercial men are now learning to combine. Next, it is absurd to suppose that a tariff system can be imposed upon this country out of hand as it was years ago imposed upon Germany. The world-clock has long since struck the hour which was the last for the re-institution of a tariff *policy* in England. The resistance to the attempt will ensure either its defeat or its inefficiency; and this in spite of the terrible fact that Mr. Strachey has surrendered. Again, we must point out that if German labour can be left out of account in the re-organisation of German industry, English Labour cannot be left out of account in the re-organisation of English industry. A tariff in Germany was instituted by Stein and perfected by Bismarck in the interests of capitalists and without much opposition from the German proletariat, who are, in fact, politically the most stupid proletariat in Europe. The present syndication of German capitalists is, again, a strengthening of capitalism which German Socialists can witness without seeing any menace in it. But let either step of the road to State capitalism be attempted in England and our business men will see whether the English Trade Unions are as stupid as their German brethren or even as stupid as they seem. We venture to say that syndicatism in England would be met by such a movement of syndicalism that each would cancel the other unless they agreed to combine. Lastly, we ask whether our business men imagine themselves to be a retributory Providence with commission to punish or reward the nations of the world according to their recent attitude towards this country. The classification of nations adopted by the London Chamber of Commerce is obviously a piece of sentimentalism of which business men are supposed to be incapable. It measures the sense of the cry for a business government even in the interests of business itself. Give the London Chamber of Commerce control over national business, and in twenty years our national business would be ruined. Outside their counting-houses their minds are those of children.

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Unless we wish to follow respectfully at a distance behind Germany, and to imitate her past while leaving her to forge her way out of it, what have we to do? We cannot too baldly state our conviction that there is only one thing to be done; and that the extent of our realisation of it is the exact equivalent of our hopes of the future: it is to care with all the power of the State for the welfare of Labour in this country as the German State in Germany cares for Capital. Twist that judgment about as you please, argue as much as you like that if you take care of Capital Labour will take care of itself, write learned commentaries upon the superior importance of Capital—the end will be that you will come by that road to the Prussian way, which is Syndicatism. But we repeat that German Syndicatism is neither our way, nor is it a way in which we can proceed very far; that way for us spells early disaster. *Our* way, on the contrary, is the proper production, education, training, equipment and treatment of *workmen*. The welfare of English labour is not a circumstance which we can afford merely to hope will ensue from the welfare of Capital; it is not a minor condition of our efficiency which we can trust to good fortune to produce for us. Still less is it a condition we have no power of assuring Mr. Hunt shall be certainly secured after the war. It is, on the other hand, a prime condition of national efficiency (we speak, be it remembered, of England, not of Germany), and it is a condition that can be definitely and certainly established. That, therefore, it ought to be we will assume is granted. It only remains to establish it.

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The Government, however, that was on its hands and knees to Labour in the early days of the war, promising charters and partnerships in return for immediate service, has altered its tone with the fulfilment of its wishes. We have seen that Mr. Asquith has already repudiated any responsibility for the condition of Labour after the war. We may see now, any day of the week, that, far from taking Labour into a more responsible partnership with itself, the State is now disposed to presume upon the weakness of the Trade Unions (a weakness self-induced by the sentimental leaders), and to ignore Labour in favour of Capital whenever it is possible. How many Cabinet and Departmental Committees are now at work upon the problems of industry that will arise "after the war" we do not know; but we shall not be much out if we say that not upon one in four of them has a Labour representative a place. So obvious has become the disposition of the Government to kick Labour downstairs now that Labour has surrendered its last service to the military war, that Mr. Hodge, the long in turning, has protested in the case of one Committee at least. The Government Committee appointed to examine the future of the Iron and Steel Industry numbers, it seems, among its members representatives of the employers, of the law, and of the Government; but of Labour there is not a single representative. Now, we do not say that it is of the least practical importance that a Mr. Hodge should be upon the Committee. He would probably do no more than fiddle with his cap and twiddle his forelock in the presence of the magnates whom he would meet. The importance of Labour representation is first as a sign that the Government recognises the right of workmen to be consulted equally with the other partners of industry; and, secondly, as evidence that the Government means to force responsibility upon Labour even if Labour is too servile to demand responsibility for itself. If the German Government can compel German capitalists to organise intelligently, the English Government must compel English Trade Unions to organise intelligently. For our only hope against German Capital is English Labour.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHAT of Peace? The preliminary Austrian and German attempts to secure favourable peace terms from Russia and from France have already been mentioned in these columns; but recently—I mean, in the last eight or ten weeks—there have been steady and very persistent reports with regard to peace negotiations. There is this difference between the peace discussions of 1916 and those of 1915, that in the latter case the subject was hardly as much as noticed in the newspapers, whereas in April and May of this year the Censor's pencil was lenient when the subject was broached. Further, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and the German Chancellor have given their views on the nature of the peace they expect, and, to judge from the published utterances, there is still a considerable gap between what is asked for on either side. But, before assuming that there is no possible ground for negotiation, as the German Chancellor has emphatically stated, let us examine the circumstances in a way the Chancellor has not thought fit to do.

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Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg lays down one fundamental principle on which peace must be negotiated if it is to be negotiated now: "look at the map and observe the territory we have conquered." An excellent basis; but one with many obvious limitations. It is an easy answer to say that the world is two-thirds water, and that so long as the British Navy holds the seas, as it can do indefinitely (a fact well and bitterly known to the enemy) the people for whom the German Chancellor speaks are cut off from at least as much of the world as is shown on his map in the form of ocean highways. That means that all Germany's oversea trade, and the oversea trade of her allies as well, is suspended. It means, too, that the German colonies have been cut off. Above all, it means that the economic condition of the enemy countries is bound to grow rapidly worse in consequence of the British blockade. The effects of the blockade are becoming better known to the public day by day, though attention was long ago directed to them in this journal. The new German food "dictator," Herr Batocki, finds himself in the unfortunate position of not being able to dictate. The wheat supplies expected from Roumania have, for the most part, been held up in consequence of purchases on behalf of the Allies. The farmers are grumbling because they cannot secure their customary supplies of artificial manures from overseas, and they cannot at any cost obtain fertilisers. The result appears to be that the soil under crop this year is of poor quality; cows and horses have died for want of fodder; cows have been killed to make up for the shortage in imported meats, and a milk famine has resulted in many districts. Nearly every German newspaper you pick up has hints about the growing of vegetables in flower-gardens, and even the growing of wheat in public parks and in graveyards. Unscrupulous manufacturers have been fined for selling "substitute" egg-powders (found to be composed chiefly of sawdust and water), and "substitute" condensed milk, composed of even less palatable substances. The Prussian Minister of Agriculture himself is forced to complain of the shortage of fodder and wheat; and grave doubts are expressed whether it is possible for the country to last until the next harvest is gathered in. Further doubts are expressed as to the quality of the coming harvest. Owing to shortage of labour and absence of fertilising stuffs there is even a shortage in products which Germany exported largely before the war—e.g., sugar. When the Imperial Chancellor tells us to look at the map he uses the expression in a purely political sense; but his fellow-countrymen are much more concerned with the economic map—a map which appeals to their physical sensitiveness every time they sit down to lunch and dinner.

Nor, in spite of his hollow boasting, is this aspect of the naval campaign lost on the Chancellor and his associates. Herr Batocki tells the Reichstag frankly that the Army must come first, and that the needs of the civilians must be attended to afterwards. The disciplined German will not object to this. Supposing, however, the time is seen to be approaching when even the Army will have to go short; what then? This, it may be definitely assumed, was what led to the peace efforts of a few weeks ago. These efforts were not in any sense official; but, so far as Germany was concerned, they had a great deal of semi-official support. The situation was explained to the American Ambassador by the Kaiser at lengthy interviews; and next we hear of the First Secretary of the American Embassy at Berlin, Mr. Joseph Grew, leaving for Copenhagen, and subsequently arriving at Washington, "with a personal message from the Kaiser to President Wilson." Hence, Sir Edward Grey's determined statement in Parliament last week, and a furious outburst against him in the German Press in consequence. For, clearly enough, the enemy is now in his strongest position to negotiate. Despite statements to the contrary, the German reserves are nearing their limit of exhaustion; the Allies' total output of shells is increasing: attention is being paid to the manufacture of big guns; the Russian Army has been re-formed and well equipped; and, finally, a hundred and fifty thousand Serbians have been landed at Salonika, thoroughly refreshed after their terrible retreat across the mountains in the winter, and adequately supplied with all the necessaries of war. No expert will be deceived when the Chancellor pits his "conquered territory" against these facts of equal value. The Russian and British and Italian armies are increasing daily; Verdun has magnificently proved the skill and valour of the French; and in finance this country is still supreme in the world. Is it any wonder that the German Chancellor would like to negotiate now?

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Despite a slight vagueness in Mr. Asquith's various statements with regard to peace, there is no doubt as to what is understood to be our conditions—that is to say, the conditions of the grand Alliance. In the first place, there is the purely physical problem of restoring Belgium, Montenegro, Serbia, Poland, and the occupied French provinces; in the second place, there is the spiritual problem of what has loosely been called militarism. I hold, as I have always held, and held and said long before the war, that nothing can ultimately defeat Germany but the defeat of her principles. To clear the enemy—and in this connection the enemy means Germany alone—out of a strip of Italy, and out of Belgium and the other occupied areas, is only a question of time. But that would not solve the difficulties raised by the war. So long as German professors are let loose to preach a non-European morality of supremacy and so long as the people of Germany, from Social-Democrats upwards, believe in them, just so long will Europe sleep on an uneasy couch. This Germany, as Señor de Maeztu has pointed out with admirable clearness, is a relatively modern Germany; a Germany dating from Kant and Hegel. This Germany, let me suggest, is the Germany that has deliberately cut herself off from the classical tradition on which the rest of Europe has been built up; and until she submits to the common European tradition she will never be a settled member of the European family. A nation cannot lose caste in the eyes of the world if it judges Goethe by the standard of Homer; but to judge Homer by the standard of Goethe is to precipitate war. This is Germany's crime; for it is this emphasis on Teutonism as the supreme standard which has led to every other crime against our common European tradition on the part of the German Empire.

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One thing, and, I greatly fear, one thing only, will shatter this arrogance; this "pride" which Señor de Maeztu has castigated, and that is a decisive German

defeat in the field and the occupation of German territory by the Allies. Consider what the position actually is. Modern Germany—Germany of the last two centuries and more—has deliberately cut herself off from Europe and set up standards with which Europe is unfamiliar. There are people in England who can scarcely credit some of the declarations attributed to the soundest of German scholars and divines—men like Eucken and Wilamowitz-Moellendorff and the great Hermann Cohn. When we are told that only "German" Christianity can be true; that "German" immortality is different from and better than ordinary immortality; that "German" supremacy must be "good" because Kant's philosophy justifies war, we may well imagine ourselves to be in another planet. We are not—we are simply listening to the considered and mature opinions of people who, as I have said, have deliberately chosen to neglect European traditions and to rummage among Teutonic and Scandinavian mythologies for peculiar and highly unedifying gods of their own.

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I have no hesitation in declaring that, given a few more months, both the physical and spiritual problems of Europe, as they are affected by Germany, will be satisfactorily settled. For this gigantic arrogance of modern Germany—so vast and yet so pitiful; so powerful and yet so contemptible—is based solely on military success; on the belief that Germany is, in the words of her national hymn, above all. Military success is held to justify anything; from "frightfulness" in Belgium to forty years' preparation for it. And military success is based upon, and at the same time supports, power, power, power. Power is the means, the end. I wish, on this point, to give only one quotation out of hundreds that might be given—a quotation that shows at once German methodicalness, contempt for recognised principles, and determination to secure power. It is from the appendix to the great Moltke's "History of the Franco-German War," and relates to the preceding campaign against Austria. Moltke says:—

> The war of 1866 was entered on, not because the existence of Prussia was threatened, or in obedience to public opinion and the voice of the people—it was a struggle, long foreseen and calmly prepared for, recognised as a necessity by the Cabinet, not for territorial aggrandisement or material advantage, but for an ideal end—the establishment of power. Not a foot of land was exacted from conquered Austria, but she had to renounce all part in the hegemony of Germany.

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By how many quotations from the greatest historians, thinkers, scholars, scientists, and theologians in modern Germany could not that passage be paralleled and supplemented! But the spirit it represents thrives only on victory; and it must be remembered that in victories, thanks largely to allies or to careful preparations, modern Germany has been extraordinarily lucky. By the aid of the British, Austrians, and Russians, Prussia was enabled to defeat Napoleon. Her strong organisation easily enabled her to quell Hanover and to consolidate her power in the Rhine Provinces. By the same means she defeated Austria; and then, with this added prestige, she was able to attract Saxony and Bavaria to her side—the latter not without qualms—and to defeat France. I do not wish to be in the least degree grandiloquent or rhetorical when I say that the day of reckoning has come. The United German Empire consolidated the power with which it began its existence; but it has misused its great strength. The German lawgivers must, by the Germans themselves, be placed below Gaius and Justinian; Schiller below Virgil; "German Christianity" below the traditional Christianity of Europe. A decisive military and naval defeat of Germany will achieve that result; and that defeat is relentlessly and inevitably coming. When it comes the "conquered" lands will be restored; and, what is of even greater importance, Germany will be brought spiritually into line with Europe. Those are our terms of peace.

Unedited Opinions.

On Secret Diplomacy.

WHAT do you think of the demand of the Union for Democratic Control for the abolition of secret diplomacy?

Why, that the demand might as well be made for the moon.

I feel that you are a little impatient with these people—but do they not mean well?

Undoubtedly, but just because they mean what all sensible men mean—the abolition of war and the international organisation of the world by common agreement—the inadequacy of their analysis and, hence, of their synthesis, is the more irritating. They bring sensible men into the disrepute of their theories.

But can it not be reasonably maintained that secret diplomacy caused the present war? I mean to ask whether there is not a case for the charge?

Superficially no doubt there is, in the policy pursued by the Allies as regards Germany and in the policy pursued by Germany as regards the world. But there is no ground for concluding that either policy would have been radically changed if every step on both sides had been published as it was made. On the contrary, the pace of the conflicting tendencies would merely, I think, have been considerably increased. Armageddon would have come some years earlier.

You do not think that the publication of the intentions of the various parties and of the means they were adopting to carry them out would have aroused in their respective countries forces to change and divert them? Would not, for example, a Prussian avowal of the ambition of Germany to establish a hegemony have awakened Germany to the peril, if not the injustice, involved in such a policy? Or the Allies' avowal of a purpose to encircle Germany have awakened England, say, to the dangers ahead?

To the dangers perhaps, but if you ask me whether on that account the pursuit of the policies in any of the countries would have been abandoned, I reply that the pursuit would have been made the more furiously for being the more conscious and explicit. Neither in Germany would the declared object of hegemony have been unpopular, nor in England would any measure of defence against Germany have been popularly disallowed. But, as I said, the pace would have been quickened. At the same time I must dispute your definition of the actual object of Prussia as of the actual object of the Allies. Neither was as comprehensive or deliberate as you appear to suppose.

But I am taking for granted their respective objects as commonly now defined. I did not invent them.

No, but you should distinguish between objects and means. In my view Germany's desire for hegemony did not arise from her inner consciousness, but as a desire for the means to her other and more material ends. These were her real objects; hegemony was the apparent shortest cut to them. Similarly, while combined defence was the *immediate* object of the policy of the Allies, the maintenance and pursuit of their material end, commonly threatened by Germany, were its *real* object. The encirclement of Germany was therefore only a means, as the pursuit of hegemony by Germany was only a means. And the declaration of these means would, as I say, have had no effect upon the policies they represented.

Well, these real ends, then—these ends of which Hegemony and Defence are only the means—would *they* not have appeared different in the light of open diplomacy?

Ah, now we come to the question of the possibility of open diplomacy. Will you cast your mind's eye over the diplomatic history of the last fifty years and picture with it the details of the relations of the Powers, not in one point alone, but at every one of the innumerable points at which they touched in all parts of the

world? The transactions of each Power with every other must be almost infinite in number; and, remember, that in every one of them an element of clash is perhaps to be found. In which of the innumerable sequences of transactions was the asps'-egg of the war really laid? Who, in fact, could tell until it hatched out? But your open diplomatist would have required the publication of every one of the documents, the whole foreign correspondence of every Government would have needed to be laid before him, as a condition that he might not miss the very bundle in which the egg of war lay. Now, is that feasible, do you think?

No, I agree that it is not. But surely some means can be found. If not all, the alternative is still not none.

But if only some, as you suggest, then the question arises who shall determine the selection for publication. And if he can and must be trusted to make a selection, why can he not be trusted to frame a policy upon them? Sooner or later, you see, we return to the necessity of trust in somebody. The alternative, in short, to secret diplomacy is not open diplomacy, which is impracticable, but diplomacy, secret or open, carried on by trusted and trustworthy persons. The real problem is to discover and to maintain these.

Really, then, you say it is not a question of the reform of diplomacy, but of the reform of diplomats?

Exactly. Reform the diplomats, and *they* will reform diplomacy.

Well, how would you propose to set about reforming diplomats?

If I were Mr. Lloyd George's Napoleonic despot, the matter would be comparatively easy. Cromwell, you know, had no difficulty in reforming his diplomatic staff. In a year or two, by the simple means of dismissing the bad and appointing the good, his staff became the best Foreign Office ever known in this country. Milton was its secretary. But no democrat wishes for Cromwell's power. We must be satisfied with more cumbersome means.

What are they?

Do not smile—the education of the public.

Why should I smile at myself?

How intelligent you are! I thank you for your courtesy. Let us proceed. Well, since the public is not Cromwell and cannot at once distinguish between men who can be trusted and men who ought not to be trusted because they are not trustworthy, the process of selection must be slower and the mistakes greater. In the infinity of time before democracy, however, trial and error, indefinitely repeated, will accomplish all the results of wisdom. We will suppose it, at any rate. And, in the meanwhile, what do you think of this war as a popular education in diplomacy? Thousands amongst us—millions, I might say—have become aware for the first time of the existence of a Foreign Office, a Diplomatic Staff, and foreign States. The opening of the subject is a great step on the road. And mark that the results of diplomacy have not imperceptibly entered the lives of our people, but have been brought home to them individually and visibly. Never again ought foreign affairs or the persons who conduct them to be matters of popular indifference. Lastly, I think that, given one condition in the permanent establishment of compulsory military training, the evil of Conscription may be turned away. Given compulsory universal military training, with *voluntary* enlistment, both preparedness on our part would be assured, and the need of diplomacy to be as popular as it can be would be imperative. Conscription out and out dispenses diplomacy from any need to be popular. Under Conscription diplomacy is as secret as it can be kept. Without universal training, on the other hand, diplomacy can hardly be strong. The happy compromise is to have universal training, requiring that every man should be *prepared* to fight, and voluntary enlistment requiring that diplomats should be under the necessity of *persuading* every man to fight. Under such circumstances alone would diplomacy become as open as it can be made.

The Innocents Abroad.

I.

Some of my readers have complained, when the preceding paper appeared, that in discussing John Bull's preference for ignorance in the public administration I confined myself exclusively to the domestic aspect of his partiality and said nothing about its manifestation in the arena of foreign affairs. The omission was deliberate. If I passed over that side of the subject in silence, I did so not because I had nothing to say, but because I had to say more than could be adequately said by the way.

We have seen that the English test of fitness for the supreme control of the internal business of the State is a fresh mind accompanied by a glib tongue. In the direction of its external relations we have a similar criterion of competence, only somewhat simplified. Freshness of mind here also is a sine qua non; but glibness of tongue can be dispensed with. An aristocratic name, a certain amount of wealth, and a certain "manner" are enough to transform a common-place nobleman or country gentleman into a statesman. Such a person may have never crossed the Channel; he may not be able to speak a word of any foreign language; he may have no more knowledge of the characteristics of foreign nations, of their historic evolution, of their ambitions, of their material and moral strength, even of their geographical situation, than a 'bus conductor. It matters not: once appointed His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he is assumed to have become, in some supernatural way, capable of forming a sound judgment as to the policy upon which hang the issues of peace and war—of deciding the questions of treaties and alliances—of solving all the problems whose solution, far more immediately than anything else, affects the safety of the Empire. If the other Ministers are compared to the officers of a vessel, the Foreign Minister may be likened to the pilot (gubernator) par excellence. To him is assigned the most delicate task of conducting the ship of State into and out of harbours, of guiding its course along strange coasts, of steering it through narrow and tortuous straits, of keeping it clear of the reefs which surround it. And he may be a "landlubber" who has never been to sea before!

It is said that the system works well. I deny it. I deny that a system can work well which violates every rule of comomn sense. Ask any shipowner to entrust the fate of his vessel to such a pilot, and he will laugh you to scorn. I grant that a pilot of this sort may find it possible to maintain a semblance of skill in times of calm. An impenetrable look, an imperturbable manner, a tactful reticence—nothing more is needed to establish a reputation for fair-weather statesmanship. I will concede that even at times of storm an amateur helmsman may achieve the success which sometimes attends every charlatan: there is such a thing as luck in all human affairs. If you toss up a penny it *may* come down heads. Who has not seen a thoroughly bad player scoring trick after trick? But only a gambler takes luck as the loadstar of his life. The respectable business man does not hazard his fortunes on the toss of a penny. He insures himself in every transaction; and the bigger his business—the higher his position in the world—the less disposed is he to compromise his safety. Unfortunately John Bull, the most respectable business man on earth, to this department of government as to every other, refuses to apply the same common sense which he does to his private affairs. Nay, it would seem that the greater the risk, the more complete is his trust to luck. Upon all other administrative matters he claims the right to express an opinion, and he is given some opportunity of doing so at Parliamentary elections and debates. With the provisioning of the ship, with its armament, its adornment, and the rest of such details he does not hesitate to interfere. But when it comes to questions of navigation, he modestly retires to his cabin, content

to put his whole faith, without even a mental reservation, in the dexterity and discretion of the Man at the Wheel. Naturally, you will say: a mere passenger has no right to interfere with the pilot. Agreed. But if it is essential to the success of a voyage that the pilot should possess the confidence of the passengers, it is more essential still that he should deserve that confidence.

The bulky log-book known as English History is rich in proofs of the extent to which John Bull's child-like confidence in his pilots has been justified by experience. I will not criticise the policy which has brought England into the present maelstrom. I will not dilate upon the fatal miscalculation of the forces of friends and foes which deluded our rulers into the belief that we could leave the crushing of Germany's legions to our Continental Allies. I am simply going to quote a few instances from quieter days—instances that throw a sufficiently clear light on the capacity of our amateur gubernatores.

In 1863 Europe was disturbed by the Polish, and soon afterwards by the Danish, crisis. On each of those occasions our Foreign Office went out of its way to threaten, and on neither did it prove able to act. By this display of audacity in word and timidity in deed Lord Russell drew down on his country the contempt of the whole world. He left us hated by the Poles and Danes, despised by the Russians and the Prussians, distrusted by the French, without a shred of influence in the councils of any Power. He made John Bull, in the late Lord Salisbury's unsavoury and expressive phrase, "eat an amount of dirt at which the digestion of any other people would have revolted." Less severe in degree, but precisely similar in origin, was our failure in 1908, when Sir Edward Grey thought fit to resist the annexation of Bosnia by Austria, thereby hoping to deal a shrewd blow at the Triple Alliance and to win an easy triumph for the Triple Entente. We all remember the denouement. Austria, backed by Germany, stuck to her guns; Russia and France, terrified by the rattle of the Prussian sword, beat a hasty retreat; and King Edward had to do his best to cloak Sir Edward Grey's discomfiture. In that diplomatic bout Great Britain again presented to the world the ludicrous spectacle of a dog that barks but cannot bite, while to the German Chancellor it afforded an occasion for chuckling at British bluster and for reading the British Foreign Office a little lecture on the rudiments of diplomacy. Our opponents' idea, he wrote in effect, was sound enough; it is certain that if anyone succeeded in shaking our position in Europe, our world-policy would sustain a mortal wound. But the fundamental error in their calculations had been this, that they had not set down at its full value as a factor in the situation Germany's power in Europe.

To be defeated is galling enough, to be calmly lectured on the causes of your defeat by your victor is worse, but the worst thing of all is to know that you have fairly earned your plateful of humble pie. Prince von Bülow was perfectly right in his analysis, and we shall not be wrong if we extend it beyond the specific case on which he commented. Upon examining the Polish, Danish, and the Bosnian humiliations, we find that the disastrous result in all three instances was due to the amateur's characteristic boldness—boldness born of blindness. Lord Russell and Sir Edward Grey both planned with the reckless negligence of facts natural to men who meddle in affairs which they have not studied thoroughly. It is always thus: far more of our political mistakes come from want of accurate information than from want of correct reasoning. If your premises are faulty, the more faultless your logic the surer you are of a false conclusion: and how can your premises be anything but faulty without an adequate knowledge of the subject-matter with which the argument is concerned?

I shall be told that the Foreign Secretary often is only a nominal helmsman; that, though he sits at the wheel, others do the steering. This is true. Frequently the policy of the country is inspired, not by the idol enthroned in the Downing Street shrine, but by the priests who officiate therein and secretly work the oracle; enjoying all the privileges of authority with none of its responsibilities. This mysterious body consists of various ambassadors abroad and permanent officials at home: two classes in appearance, but in reality one; for the permanent official of to-day may be an ambassador to-morrow, and the ambassador of yesterday is the permanent official of to-day. It is these persons who, given a weakling at the top, divide among them the substance of power while their chief parades its shadow. Now the very existence of such an occult and irresponsible camarilla behind the accredited Cabinet Minister is a source of incalculable mischief in itself: but what aggravates the evil is the circumstance that the actual directors of the ship's course are little better informed than the nominal pilot. Like him, they owe their position to other titles than the title of duly attested competence.

The democratic movement of the nineteenth century has done away with the ancient prejudices of birth that once made the whole government of England the glorious preserve of a Fortune-favoured few, and has established in their place the grand principle that every person should be eligible to every post, provided he has talents to fill it, whatever his birth may be. But one department of the public administration has contrived to escape the broom of modernism. This is the Diplomatic Service. Birth and wealth, not brains or personal worth, still are the tickets of admission to its ranks. We have now, to be sure, an entrance examination; but no candidate can compete without a nomination, and every competitor must have a private income of several hundreds a year. Thus the principle of free competition, though recognised in theory, is in practice sacrificed to the fetish of caste. Diplomacy is not a career open to talent, but a jealously guarded covert, in which only the members of a limited number of families have the prescriptive privilege of disporting themselves at the public cost.

The chances of getting the right men, small through the limitation of choice, are rendered smaller still by the character of the examination. Linguistic attainments of a conveniently elementary description figure as the chief requirements. It cannot be denied, of course, that the acquisition of foreign languages is the first article in the outfit of anyone preparing to pass his life among foreigners. But is it the most important? Personally, I would much sooner employ a man who can talk sense in one language than a man who talks nonsense in a dozen. And in this matter of sense—in its intellectual scope generally—the standard of fitness is so low that the examination can do no more than, as the late Lord Bloomfield used to say, keep out the half-witted.

The sequel to the story is of a piece with its beginning. Patronage which controls admission also governs promotion. The prizes do not go to the best, but to the best provided with aunts to intrigue for him, cousins to canvass for him, with advocates in court to press his claims. The rivalries and machinations, the heart-burnings and wire-pullings, the pushing, the stooping and the creeping which attend the scramble for the Foreign Office plums may be left to the imagination. A veteran ambassador sets forth the results of his long and varied experience in the following terms: "In no profession, perhaps, is the man whom his duties keep constantly abroad more dependent on the solicitude and backing of friends and connections at home. Given equal abilities and qualifications, the race will be to the competitor whose interests are carefully looked after at headquarters. Real merit makes its way in diplomacy as elsewhere, but it must be of the highest order to hold its own against inferior capacity subserved by political or family influence."

VERAX.

(*To be continued.*)

Authority, Liberty, and Function.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE FAILURE OF AUTHORITY.—By showing that the unchecked increase of bureaucracy in modern States is a sufficient reason for the present war, we have demonstrated the failure of authority as the basis of society. The rise of bureaucracy against Capitalism in the last century has played the same part as the rise, in earlier times, of the monarchical power against Feudalism. Authority is established for the sake of order, and so long as it submits to this function, as we submit the police to it, authority is both necessary and harmless—because the whole of society checks the excesses of authority by means of the very necessity for order which gives rise to it. So long as authority has not behind it a predominant power of its own—in other words, so long as authority finds itself in the same position as the police in England, who have no other weapons than the moral support of the mass of citizens —it has to be confined to its proper function of maintaining order. But as soon as we try to found order on the omnipotence of authority, instead of deriving authority from the necessity for order, the result is disorder, because society abandons itself unconditionally to the ambition of individuals who assume the privileges of authority. And as ambition in its essence is unlimited, it will not be satisfied with anything less than the world for a kingdom.

When a society is established on the basis of authority, one of two results must inevitably follow. Either (1), as has been the case under unenlightened despotism, the authorities are so blind that they do not consent to the development of any other social values, such as science, art, wealth, etc., and that means the impoverishment of the whole of such societies, and, as a result, their ultimate destruction, or (2) the authorities are enlightened, and they devote part of their power to the development of every kind of social value; and, in this case, enlightened despotism will inevitably tend towards universal monarchy. The reason for this is that the enlightened despotism will always find itself stronger than unenlightened societies and than all liberal societies, even if the latter happen to be enlightened; for despotism has in itself a unity of purpose and direction which liberalism must lack. And as a dream of universal monarchy must unite against the would-be monarch the societies menaced, the result will be a universal conflagration such as the present war—a flaming and lasting proof that order based on authority leads and must lead to the greatest disorders.

THE FAILURE OF LIBERTY.

Liberty is defended on the pretext that men are happier when they do what they wish. But against that must be said, first, that it is doubtful whether men are happy when they do what they wish; and, secondly, that we cannot conceive any society which allows men to do what they wish, for it is in the nature of men to wish for impossibilities. The magic of liberty does not belong properly to liberty itself. but to its associations. If the Pope were to probibit Catholics from reading the Bible to-morrow, or from studying theology for fear that they might become heretics, the faithful would revolt in the name of liberty; but the sacredness of their revolt would be founded not upon liberty but upon thought. If the English Government prohibited the exploitation of some of the country's natural resources, the population would revolt in the name of liberty; but the justification for their revolt would lie not in liberty, but in the fact that the increase of wealth is a good thing. If the Government of any European country decreed that its women should bind up their feet so as to make them smaller, as Chinese women once did, the women would revolt, again in the name of liberty; but the real reason for their revolt would not be liberty but health.

As man is not an automaton, to deprive him in normal circumstances of the freedom of finding his own vocation or calling among the professions or trades considered as necessary would be to destroy him, and it would also lead to his destruction if he were obliged to fulfil his function in an automatic manner. It is in these two senses only that personal liberty is not merely legitimate but necessary; for no society can subsist for long if it does not adjust itself to the nature of man, which is incompatible with automatism. By that we only declare that all laws must take into account the fact that man is not a machine but a free agent. But it is necessary to be clear on one point, and equally necessary to emphasise it: that when we defend liberty of thought we are really defending thought itself and not liberty; for, if we were defending only the principle of liberty, we might find ourselves upholding the cause of not thinking at all. Liberty is not in itself a positive principle of social organisation. To speak of a society whose members are at liberty to do as they please is a contradiction in terms. Liberty in this sense would constitute no society at all. The rules of all kinds of societies prescribe that members shall do certain things and shall refrain from doing others. The good that has sometimes been attained in the name of liberty, such as the restriction of authority or the promotion of thought, trade, etc., would have been better attained had we fought straightway for the restriction of authority and for the promotion of thought and trade as such; and we would have avoided this strange superstition that makes so many men believe that liberty gives them a legitimate right to refuse to fulfil any function necessary to the society to which they belong.

THE ARGUMENTS FOR THE FUNCTIONAL PRINCIPLE.

There are, in short, four reasons which permit us to hope that the men of to-morrow will decide to found their societies and their laws on the principle of function.

The first lies in the necessity of finding a higher principle which may serve as a remedy against the excesses of authority. In a sense, we are faced here with an insoluble problem. The old question of constitutional law, Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? has never found and will never find a satisfactory answer. There is no other guardianship for the guardians than the moral sense of the other men; and when this moral sense is relaxed the guardianship relaxes also. The functional principle does not pretend to be anything but a guide for the practical and political orientation of the moral sense. The English thinkers of the nineteenth century believed they had found a useful orientation for guarding the guardians in the liberal principle. But the liberal principle is not a principle at all, because it does not bind the individual to any kind of solidarity; it leads to incoherence in the societies in which it prevails. It sanctions all desires, legitimate and illegitimate, and all opinions, founded and unfounded. Besides, experience shows that the liberal principle cannot resist the test of a crisis. No war can be fought on liberal principles. At a time of crisis societies are forced to choose between the liberal principle and their preservation. It is possible that a few cranks may prefer the liberal principle; but every healthy society will prefer its own preservation. In preferring its own preservation a society abandons itself to the authoritarian principle. This is the story of all modern societies. But in giving itself up to the authoritarian principle a society places itself in hands that will one day strangle it in the dream of a universal monarchy—a fatal result of unlimited authority.

A second argument for the functional principle is to be found in its evident justice. Moral sense tells us that we have a right only to those things which we have paid for in some way, and that the very concept of right can arise only from the consciousness of the services we have rendered. In modern times, in which it has been sought to derive the notion of rights from the subjective concept of personality, and not from

services rendered, one speaks of the rights of man or of the rights of woman; and, above all, of the rights of the child as a crucial example of rights not founded upon services. But this idea is false. The child has no rights. It is his father and society in general who have the duty of bringing him up as an honest man. Right arises only from function. This applies equally to the rights of the individual, the authority, and the State. And that is why the functional principle is superior to the authoritarian and the liberal.

The third argument, of an historical nature, is to be found in the progress of Syndicalism. By Syndicalism I mean the movement which makes men group themselves round the function they fulfil; not only the workmen, but also the lawyers, doctors, commercial men, and bankers. Against the Syndicalist theory it has been argued that it deprives man of his rights as a man, acknowledging only those which he possesses as a shoemaker or as a journalist—in short, as a worker. But this argument does not perceive that the functions which a man fulfils are not exhausted with his profession. A man may be at the same time a shoemaker and a soldier and the father of a family and a member of a co-operative society and a ratepayer in a borough and the citizen of a State; and he may be associated in different associations for each one of these concepts. In each one of these associations he is a functionary, and he acquires by his function determined rights. The functional principle comprises every possible activity of man and sanctions every one of them with the rights corresponding to the function. The only thing it denies is that a man can acquire rights by the sole fact of his being a man. If the Syndicalist movement progresses in every nation until it embraces practically all men, the day will soon come in which public opinion can see that the syndicates only justify their claims by the function they fulfil. They will not be able to justify them otherwise, for the coalminers cannot found their claims on any other ground than the coal which they produce. In that day the men who do not fulfil functions which the whole of society believes to be necessary will find themselves without any title to base their claims upon—and not only without titles, but even without the material means of making them effective; for the only weapon of the syndicates consists in their refusal to render service to society. In this sense society may be afraid of the farmers, the railwaymen, the miners, etc., for it needs food, railways, coal, and so forth. But it need not listen to the claims of the idle rich, thieves, or beggars; for society does not need either robbery or beggary or idleness.

And we must find the fourth reason in the horrors of the present war. Without so costly and bitter an experience as that of the present war I do not think that men could take upon themselves the labour implied in the organisation of human societies on the basis of the functional principle. Nothing is easier than to found a society on liberal principles. It is enough to let men dispute, by every kind of means, positions of social power, provided that they are assured of certain subjective rights by the laws that punish attempts on life or property. Nor is it difficult to found a society on the authoritarian principle. It is enough to entrust the authority with the supreme power over the life, work, and means of the ruled. The functional principle, instead, implies a continual adjustment and readjustment of power to the functions, and of the functions to the values recognised as superior or more urgent. As all men or societies of men will believe themselves to be capable of filling the highest function, and will claim for this function the greatest possible amount of power, it is not to be denied that the functional principle will bring about a permanent struggle, and that only eternal vigilance will prevent this struggle from relapsing into war. More than once the difficulties inherent in the application of the functional principle will cause men to lose heart and fall into the temptation of abandoning themselves to liberal principles and let the individual grasp the position he covets; or of giving themselves up to authoritarian principles and let a tyrant re-establish order as best he can. But in such moments of dejection the memories of this war will act as a tonic. Men will recall that the liberal principle let loose, in modern centuries, the ambition of individuals, whilst when the liberal principle was corrected by the authoritarian the worst of monsters was unbound: the dream of universal monarchy, the real cause of world-wide wars. And then they will realise that it is worth while going to the trouble of binding the individuals, the authorities, and the nations in the functional principle; for only thus will it be possible to spare the world the repetition of these horrors.

Christian Economics.

CHRISTIANITY is commonly regarded as being only a mystical affair—something far removed from everyday life. But it has real everyday significance as soon as we associate everyday meanings with the terms it uses, i.e., the direct counterparts in the physical sphere which link the natural with the supernatural. For instance, why do we hesitate to associate with spirituality the spirit in which we conduct our every action? Once we do so, new light is thrown upon the contrast which Christ makes between treasures upon earth and spiritual or treasures in heaven. For the former consists of a mere accumulation of the material products of labour; whereas the latter consists of an abundance of the spirit necessary to every human achievement. Establish the right spirit behind one's work and Brains and Will follow in natural sequence, the perfect combination of which spells skill or ability to produce at will. There you have the two forms of treasure explained. What, then, does the exhortation amount to? "Be a man who can do things rather than a man who merely owns things."

But how to establish the right spirit? you ask.

Christianity answers the question. All through the Gospel teaching runs the strain: "Possess no more than you actually require!" This is half the answer, and amounts to an exhortation to recognise and utilise the driving force of necessity as one of the two poles which supply the motive power to human activity. The other is the attractive power of love. So few of us ever get beyond the drive of necessity behind our daily labours that we are less able to appreciate the significance of the latter, under present conditions. It is, however, none the less sound for that. Examine any motive you will over and above sheer necessity, and you will find it is love of something or other which urges us on. And this is where we go wrong. For the aim of our industrial activities becomes the accumulation of the material products of labour rather than a development of the spirit of work which begets them. "Success," therefore, almost inevitably leads to covetous self-indulgence, and the inability to appreciate the needs of others. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Christianity therefore teaches us that human efficiency depends upon a universal and well-balanced application of the "push and pull" in Life, namely, necessity and love—the perfect combination of which constitutes that which we term real interest. Applied to industry, it follows, then, that two things are essential to the efficient worker: (1) He must be kept constantly alive to his vital necessities; and (2) his heart must be in his work.

The failure of present industrial life can be traced to lack of organisation with regard to supply and demand which results in uncertainty of obtaining the necessary means of existence. Thus we are never able to gauge our necessities or to know when they have been met. And particularly so when our efforts are measured out in exchange for monetary grants the value of which we are never able to determine owing to their accessi-

bility to fluctuation and appropriation. Necessities under Guild organisation would be directly based upon actual commodities, the requirements of which are more or less steady and therefore more easily determined. Once these are assured, the incentive to achievement becomes one of sheer love of honour such as is found in the unpaid field of sports or athletics. On first thoughts, one is tempted to think that the spirit in which we conduct our hobbies is what we are seeking to establish in industry. But that is not quite true. For whereas our heart is undoubtedly in our work, it is not subject to that driving force of necessity which is essential to efficiency.

Under Guild organisation it would be possible to maintain the conditions essential to an efficient industrial system, namely: (1) A constant realisation of determined collective necessity; (2) A willingness to meet vital requirements arising out of that knowledge; and (3) A natural love of one's work. It would appear that there must always remain a certain amount of monotonous and also unpleasant work to be done in which one can have no heart. But it appears no less possible to throw the onus of this more and more upon machinery. At present the abuse of modern invention is to save labourers, with consequent unemployment. But if we spread the work over a greater number of workers and constantly devise new schemes when spurred on by universal realisation of the need for same, the work could be reduced to an insignificant minimum.

The main difference between the two forms of wealth, namely, the ability to produce at will and the mere accumulation of the material products of labour, lies in their violability, or, as the text puts it, "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." Contrast for the moment the power attaching to each as the main test of efficiency. The possessor of material wealth has perforce to look to primitive physical strength in order to retain possession, in which there can be no security. The possessor of skill, on the other hand, relies upon moral courage alone for his defence. For if he rightly values his priceless talent--yea, even higher than mere physical existence itself—he has only to fold his arms to threaten the annihilation of all. Labour is the one thing which cannot be commandeered, since it is born of willing action—the sole possession of Man which cannot be taken from him without his consent.

It is a moot point as to whether the evils of over-production are any less than those of under-production. We have already shown that the possession of skill depends upon interest in one's work being maintained, i.e., it must ever be subject to a combined sense of necessity and love. But though under an organised system of distribution the only danger appears to arise from a blunting of the vitalising force of necessity by over-production, that system has yet to be established in face of strenuous opposition. In a struggle between Capital and Labour the question of over-production plays an important part. In face of a strike, the accumulator of material wealth can hold out for just so long as his exhaustible treasure will support him. The duration of his stand, therefore, depends upon the amount of over-production he has been allowed to accumulate, since no more is forthcoming. When that is exhausted he is absolutely dependent upon the consent of skilled labour for his vital needs. For what is left him? Soil, warehouses, factories, tools, golden sovereigns—all of which are valueless as means of sustenance without the magic conversion power of skilled labour. The points of interdependence are tools on the one hand and skilled labour on the other. The difference between them is that the former can be taken without the consent of the holder, whereas the latter cannot.

Now it must not be thought that Christianity sanctions any abuse of economic power. But it must be remembered that to administer to lavish self-indulgence is no less abuse than the withholding of succour to the needy. The class struggle then resolves itself into a shrinking-out of that over-production upon which plutocracy relies for its false power. The same may be said of military power, for it is a well-known fact that military service is entirely unproductive. It follows, then, that the wider the military domination of one class over another extends, the more dependent the "conquerors" become upon their serfs for their very means of existence. Two facts point to this weak spot in purely military domination: (1) The very real anxiety on the part of militarists to combine compulsory industrial service with military service; and (2) the exemption from the dangers of fighting granted to men engaged upon work of national importance. But the fact of this latter recognition by plutocratic rulers goes a long way towards discounting the effectiveness of placing the workers under the rigours of a death penalty for disobedience. Like Nature, we only readily entail the destruction of the comparatively useless ones, and, even in times like the present, to be able to do things indirectly procures for one Nature's provision of greater immunity from destruction. Thus economic power not only supersedes political power, but even the commonly supposed all-powerful military power.

Such, then, is the sound economic basis of the powerful Christian doctrine. It may be thought that a rather elaborate edifice has been erected upon so little that is directly concerned with Economics in the Gospels. But read them anew in the light of this later aspect of the teaching, and see how many relevant references might have been made but for the sake of brevity. It must be borne in mind, though, that whereas with us the procuring of the material means of existence merely is still an all-absorbing life-problem, to the far-sighted Christ it formed but a comparatively insignificant means to Life. Hence the lack of emphasis. And, in conclusion, should it be suggested that to attach to so lofty a doctrine the question of everyday economics tends to lower the standard thereof, it should be remembered by those who talk so glibly of Providence that even though spelt with a capital "P" the essence of good Providence is sound Economy.

T. CONSTANTINIDES.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

III.—*From Acton Reed.*

DEAR MR. LAWRENCE,—Since you assure me that your interest is self-supporting and not a pauper upon the knowledge that you are doing me a service, I will endeavour to sustain it with my gratitude by answering your questions to the best of my self-examination. You ask whether as I grew older I continued to feel that this was no world for me or of mine—whether my sense of isolation was intensified or diminished by special conditions—whether I never found anyone with whom I could feel at ease or could think that I might—whether I acquiesced in what seemed my lot in life or tried to escape it, and finally what attempts I made to ensnare fates that otherwise would not have fallen to me. What I propose to write now will, I think, prove to you that far from idly bemoaning my lot, I left no Fate unturned that might have changed the frowns of my fortunes into smiles; and in answering this last of your questions the others I expect will be sufficiently answered en passant. Before embarking on an account of my excursions into the world perhaps I had better first tell you where I found myself after I left school. My mother died when I was seventeen, and my father in the same year—events which afflicted me not so much, I confess, with a sense of personal loss as with the draughty sensation that first one and then another wall of the home had fallen out. Does this shock you? I mean my denial of the feeling of personal loss? But you see that though I admired my parents, and respected and liked them, we had nothing really in common; and for me to miss anyone personally would require that an affinity had

existed between us. That, I say, there never had been between me and either my mother or father. I was seventeen then when, my sisters being married and my brothers being stationed abroad, I found myself, as suddenly as you like, living in my uncle's house in north London. I liked my uncle, a grey-haired bachelor doctor; I liked his housekeeper, and at first I liked the solitude that now was mine in hourfuls. It was a relief to have no girls of my own age with whom to keep endlessly comparing myself, and the welcome contrast of this condition with that of school-life, together with the half-hope of finding a friend among the many friends of my uncle, kept me comparatively cheerful for a while. There were things, too, about life in London which I liked. I am not a sight-seer. I hate sight-seeing and crowds and shops, but what I appreciated in going about London in those early days was the anonymity and almost the invisibility you could preserve. At home you could walk scarcely a dozen steps from the house without meeting as many people you knew, each of them interested in your errands, your style of coat, your parents' health and business—each of them, so I feared, remarking some peculiarity of mine. But in London I found that nothing less than a street casualty attracted more than a glance. Everyone seemed too self-absorbed to have attention to spare for others. For a month or two, then, the external conditions of my new life beguiled me and kept my self-questionings at bay. But then I began to find that, preferable to unharmonious society as it is, even solitude is not necessarily peace, neither is absence of occupation rest. Peace and rest are positive conceptions as well as negative. The mind that has no outward pursuit turns inwards for employment. It cannot be idle. I must get some definite interest, I decided—something to concentrate upon. But what should I do? How should I of all creatures kill time? There would have been a wide choice for the average girl in my circumstances, but since most occupations involved meeting other girls and hence the invidious comparisons I was resolved to avoid, choosing was a difficult matter for me. The whole catalogue would be tedious. On my uncle's suggestion I began coaching for Girton or Newnham—and gave it up owing to sleepless nights imagining the incongruity of myself in a colony of women. College I told myself would be school over again, and probably worse. I began a private course of physical training—stopped it midway. To me the human body had ever been revolting even as a chance object of reflection, but as the main subject of the day's thought and attention it became intolerable. I took up typing and shorthand. I would be someone's secretary I told myself—but that resolution I abandoned in dread of the prospective "someone." I had lessons in drawing and French and German; while, however, these were quite pleasant they were not engrossing. Much of the attention of my mind leaked through the holes left by them. I was just nineteen when I decided to go to the Royal Academy of Music. The Academy! you will say. Was not the Academy as like to be provocatory of comparisons as Girton or Newnham? Had you come to the conclusion that after all you were not so different from other girls that you need fear going amongst them? Alas, no such change of spots had this creature undergone. On the contrary. Two years of meeting such a multiformity of people as made up my uncle's circle and turned his private house into a boarding-house had only italicised my old observation that my differences from other people were radical and ineradicable. I had met professors and dons, Cabinet and Methodist ministers, politicians and bishops and lawyers, somebodies and nobodies. I had met a variety of women, too—professional women and wives and daughters of all sorts. But never had I met man or woman with whom I felt at ease, with whom I could walk in step, or from whom I did not feel radically different. Not that I disliked them I hasten to say. Indeed I rarely met anyone I did dislike, and I must say I have no reason for thinking that people disliked me. They would, at any rate, ask me to their houses, or to make one of holiday parties abroad and so on. Perhaps, however, these signs of friendliness were made to please my uncle and not for my sake at all. But I cannot altogether believe so. Now I come to think of them I remember I liked the women more than I liked the men. In the women there was nearly always some beatific virtue to admire, however much it was sometimes overlaid; but the men, somehow, had little to show for being men. What I was looking for from them—what I expected to find in men—what purpose I hoped they would serve for me I cannot describe exactly. Perhaps I was asking for manna, and all men had to give was plain bread. I only know that I was always disappointed in themselves in general and in what they said in particular. Perhaps you will say that a woman never knows the full power of a man's mind and that the men I met would not in any case have troubled to reveal themselves to a girl. To this, however, I should reply that I am not judging them from the spoonfuls of views they probably thought enough for me to assimilate at a time, but from the judgments they expressed in discussions with my uncle when I was often the solitary and forgotten audience. On those many occasions when I had the opportunity of plumbing the depths of men so often did I find them shallow that soon I became afraid of hearing the grating of the keel. Rightly or wrongly I came to the general conclusion that amazingly clever as many men superficially are, few really think for themselves or have the capacity for thought. Here and there is one who is full of information and knowledge, but even of these most are empty of wisdom. They are crammed—but you can't cram wisdom, can you? It was not despair of men, however, which drove me to the Academy! It was despair of myself. It was my failure to find amongst all these friends of my uncle one with whom I felt I had any native relation. For though I liked them more I felt even less at ease with the women than with the men. The women, you see, were always doing things that I couldn't do—making blouses, taking part in bazaars, carrying little handbags, powdering their faces, flirting a little, talking shops, laughing and chatting in tones unattainable to me. Men only invited contrast. Women provoked comparison. Oh God, how miserable they made me. After a dinner or evening anywhere I was in such depression of spirits that for days together I could neither work nor eat nor sleep. I would sit alone in my room miserably calculating the long years I had yet in all probability to live. Death is not the worst evil, says Sophocles, but rather when we wish to die and cannot. I know it is so. God knows I have always wished to die. There has been no moment in my life which I would not with thankfulness have exchanged for death. I cannot describe to you my indescribable disappointment to find on recovery upon the few occasions when through accidents I have been unconscious that I was still alive. The greatest service anyone could do for me would be to bring me death. But to get back to the Academy. I was about to tell you how I came to go there—how, in fact, a new hope came to me. Amongst all these people with whom I now had opportunities of comparing myself had been no Bohemians—no artists or writers save those of the £3,000 a year drawing-room class. The possibility came suddenly into my head one day, what if yours is the artist type? Perhaps you would feel at ease in Bohemia. Perhaps you would there find another you. It was worth trying, at any rate. I had always loved music. Indeed, only respect for the art together with distrust of my ability to excel in it had up till now kept me from devoting a considerable part of my time to it. Since, however, I had still less faith in my talent for drawing or painting and I had no knowledge or experience at all of any other branch of art, music, I decided, must be my passport to Bohemia.

(*To be continued.*)

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE Stage Society is beginning to justify its existence; it has, much to the delight of its members and the critics, at last discovered Restoration comedy. The production of Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," enjoyable though it was, seemed no more than a momentary lapse of that stern Scandinavian father, the Committee, a lapse that was speedily corrected by the discovery of Sigurjohnson, and a couple of comparatively trivial modern plays. But with the revival of Congreve's "The Double-Dealer" uncertainty has vanished; it has become apparent that the Committee can be induced to go further into Restoration comedy than Farquhar, and to fare better. In the first flush of delight most extravagant things were said about "The Double-Dealer"; it was called a comic masterpiece. It is not that; we must wait for "The Way of the World," with Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Millamant, before we talk seriously of a comic masterpiece. But there is no doubt that everybody was delighted, as I always said that they would be; and all the critics, except the venerable William Archer, have called for more. "Let us have all Congreve," said the "Times"; "Whetting the appetite for more of the same kind on the same lines," so the "Observer" summed up the effect of the performance. Even "E. A. B.," although he talked nonsense about the "savagery of Congreve's satire" (I wonder what he will say when the Stage Society ventures to produce Wycherley), lamented the fact that "in no other country but this would Congreve have been so utterly neglected." The unanimity of this delight (for even "E. A. B." was delighted; he would not have talked of "savagery" otherwise) is all the more remarkable when we remember that, with a few exceptions, the play was none too well acted. Here I differ from most of the other critics, who extended to the actors the delight they obtained from Congreve.

Most of the players suffered from their training in the naturalistic method: they could sustain their characterisation only so long as the language was distinctly individualised. When, as must happen in all explanatory passages, the language became merely literary, most of the players lapsed into the most ordinary statement of fact. They conveyed their information, but without character, without style, without point; and such scenes dragged lamentably. Of consistent characterisation the only example was Mr. Ben Field; he was always Lord Froth, the solemn coxcomb. Even Miss Helen Haye, who, as Lady Plyant, was the queen of the comedy, lapsed into mere literalness at times; only her great scene with Mellefont convinced us that she was really a lady of the Restoration. The tendency was, too often, to play for the drama rather than the comedy of the situation, to show us the conflict of characters rather than the manners and mannerisms of Cloud-Cuckold-Land. The comedy of manners must have manners; to these people deportment was not a fine art, it was a second nature. The stick, for example, was not an aid to progress, but to posture, and was used with as much dignity as a drum-major's mace. But some of the players held it as though it were a rifle at the "stand-at-ease" position; and, when in a temper, shook it as though it were a common cudgel. With the exception of Miss Helen Haye, the women were almost as helpless with their fans. To a Restoration lady the fan was a part—nay, a figure—of speech; the circulation of the air was the least important of its functions. Its possibilities were fully exploited only by Miss Haye in her scene with Mellefont. But, most of all, the Restoration was a period of courtly speech, of mannered address and even affected elocution. It is safe to say that, with the exceptions of Mr. Ben Field and of Mr. Basil Sydney as Maskwell, every one of the players spoke too fast. Leisureliness was the pose of the period; it was as a reproach that Etheredge wrote to Dryden: "You have no share of that noble laziness of the mind which all I write makes out my just title to." They had time in which to turn a phrase and to give it beauty of tone; but Mr. Cowley Wright, as Mellefont, was alone in his attempt to speak English like a gentleman. Mr. Ivor Barnard's Cockney twang was really distressing, and his laughter lacked lightness; his conception of Mr. Brisk was far too businesslike, for the "nuts" (or "sparks," as they were then called) were then, as always, the most extravagant in their mannerisms. The scene wherein Lady Froth and Mr. Brisk discover their mutual affection is neither a giggle nor a guffaw; it is a scene that calls for all the grace of high comedy and all the lightness of pure farce. It was thumped down by Miss Gertrude Lang and Mr. Ivor Barnard as though it were a reality instead of a fantasy.

Of the complete failures (such as Miss Athene Seyler, who made a stuffed dummy of Cynthia) I will say nothing. The great defect of the performance was its lack of a common conception; the players varied in method from the pantomime pantaloon of Mr. Herbert Bunston, as Sir Paul Plyant, to the tragic Lady Touchwood, as played by Miss Constance Robertson. The play itself is neither low comedy nor tragedy; its level is really indicated by the music that Purcell wrote for it. It is graceful, tuneful, mannered, but it does not touch the depths of tragedy nor broaden into humour. Wycherley, in "The Plain Dealer," defended his "Country Wife" from the charge of indecensy by making Lord Plausible say: "I dare swear the poor man did not think to disoblige the ladies by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his play." Miss Robertson was as tragic over the loss of her lover as was Rachel weeping for her children; but these things must not be thought on after this fashion, for the comedy must pass into tragedy or pornography if passion is introduced. On this level Maskwell would have to be played as a villain as double-faced as Iago, instead of as the delighful *farceur* whose unending plots carry on the play. The whole play must be conceived as conscious, deliberate comedy, a play of fancy on the level of intellect as artificial as Watteau's ideas of Nature or the dairy-farming of Marie Antoinette. The modern actor is so handicapped by his training in the methods of stage realism that it is difficult for him even to conceive what a fine gentleman was like; but the effort must be made if Restoration comedy is to be adequately rendered.

But the play succeeded, in spite of these faults of representation. Congreve's comic genius was irresistible; and the Stage Society, by its hearty reception of it, ranged itself with those "best judges" whom Dryden said "are commonly the fewest." For "The Double-Dealer," unlike "The Old Bachelor," its predecessor, was not a success when first produced at Drury Lane. The critics objected to the soliloquies, the women, of course, objected to the frailty attributed to and exhibited by the representatives of their sex in the play. It was against such criticism as this that Congreve had to contend even before Jeremiah Collier invented the "moral test" that produced those "do-me-good" comedies of a later date. It seems that the ladies who brought their moral pretensions to the consideration of comedy are no longer members of the Stage Society; but if there be any, let me commend to their notice this passage of Congreve's defence: "They who are virtuous and discreet should not be offended; for such characters as these distinguish *them* and make their beauties more shining and observed; and they who are of the other kind may nevertheless pass for such by seeming not to be displeased or touched with the satire of this comedy. Thus they have also wrongfully accused me of doing them a prejudice, when I have in reality done them a service." Now, as the ice is broken, and we all have discovered that we really like Restoration comedy, let us have some more of it, not forgetting Wycherley's "A Country Wife."

Notes on Economic Terms.

ECONOMICS.—Is the science of production. The end proposed in economics is the production of the maximum amount of goods and services with the minimum expenditure of labour. To look at production with the eyes of the economist it is necessary to set aside human considerations, except in so far as they are assumed. There is, we know, a science of strategy and tactics in warfare which is, as a science, independent of the human element. Or, rather, the human element is only one factor of the problem. When Wellington weighed his army in the Peninsula before engaging in battle he was calculating strategy as a problem of the science of dynamics. Given a certain weight of a given density moving at a given velocity, what resistance could it overcome? But this did not prevent Wellington from weeping over the loss of life involved. Similarly, it is a mistake to suppose that because Economics confines itself to the means to maximum production it is soulless. The soul of economics is politics, and it is to politics that economics relegates the control of questions such as what shall be produced, by whom, and how the results shall be distributed. There is presumably a perfect economic science in heaven; but it is ordered with perfect political art. On earth, economics is very imperfect; and politics is more imperfect still. As a science pure and simple the aim of economics is to economise more and more in the *means* of production. This economy can be brought about in several ways: for instance, by a more dexterous employment of the same means, or by the substitution of a less costly means for a more costly. An example of the first is organisation. Ten men organised are equal in productive capacity to twenty or more unorganised. An example of the second is the use of machinery instead of human labour. How far this process can be carried nobody can tell; but the direction, other things being equal, is clear. We can say that the perfect economic means of production would be natural forces that required no labour on the part of men to manipulate, and that, at the same time, did not exhaust Nature. (For there is an economy of natural resources as well as of human labour.) Hence economics progresses as it enables production to dispense with work while still maintaining output at its maximum. To satisfy all our needs and desires without work is really the aim of economic man. It is his object, in fact, to reverse the curse upon Adam. Unfortunately, politics, as we have said, does not keep pace with economics. Already any civilised community is sufficiently advanced in economics to provide all its members with most of the desired commodities and with a fair amount of leisure; but politics intervenes to forbid this distribution being made common. Instead of requiring the improvements in economics to be shared equitably, politics insists upon dividing them inequitably, so that one small class is enabled practically to lift from itself the curse of Adam (that is, it can live without working), while the large class of labourers are permitted to incur a double curse—they work, that is, without living. Economists of the baser sort or who have no political sense pretend that this distribution of the product is itself economic in that it enables the few to secrete Capital (that is, to save) and to foster arts and sciences requiring a long, leisured, and assured future. Better knowledge, however, convinces us that it is not safe to depend upon a social class for an economic function. What *necessity,* we may ask, is there for the rich to save and thus to accumulate Capital? None whatever, when once their normal appetites are reasonably satisfied. But this involves society, in the difficulty that Capital may one day cease to be saved by the wealthy, in amounts, at any rate, sufficient for society's progress. Are we not already near this point, when we see the State called in to help the rich class out of their difficulties?

PROGRESS.—In economics progress means the advance towards the ideal of production without labour. But actually, as we have seen, it can take place in one class at the expense of another. Suppose, for instance, that in a community numbering a hundred adult workers, ten should discover a means to dispense with the labour of ten. Either now, among other courses, the ten can dispense themselves from work, or they can pool the whole gain and dispense the hundred from labour equivalent to ten men's work. In the latter case the progress of economics is common to all: all share alike in the relief of labour and, consequently, in the march towards the economic goal. In the former case, however, ten men are lifted into the economic paradise of living without working, while the ninety remain where they were before. Progress in the accepted sense to-day is largely of the kind just described. It is confined, that is, to a small class. For this reason men of the greatest intelligence laugh when they hear the word mentioned.

COMMODITIES.—Goods or services susceptible of being bought and sold in a public market. Note that not all goods or all services are commodities in the economic sense. To become commodities, goods and services must be of such a nature that, for the time being, they are in continuous demand, however limited, and in continuous supply. The unique on one side or the other is excluded. A market defines a commodity, and a market cannot be made by persons whose idiosyncrasies are unique. For instance, I may have an article that only one person in the world wants and that nobody else would buy even at second-hand—that article is not a commodity. Or somebody may perform a service for me that he would perform for nobody else, and I may pay him for it—but it is not a commodity. To create an economic commodity there must be a reciprocal disposition on the part of some men to sell and of other men to buy: which reciprocal disposition, in fact, constitutes the essence of an economic market.

MACHINERY.—Remembering that the object of economics is maximum production with minimum means, a machine is merely a device for saving on the cost of production. Of all forms of energy, human energy is the most costly. The aim of economics is, therefore, to economise human energy by (a) substituting for it, wherever possible, animal, mechanical, or natural energy; (b) utilising it only where its yield is greater than its cost. This, while true wholly of a small class, is partially true of society in general. Hence we see a gradual substitution of mechanical for human labour. From this point of view a machine is really a metallic competitor of the human labourer. It undertakes to do his work and to do it more cheaply than he can. No wonder, then, that workmen resisted the introduction of machinery into hand industry; for the invention of machinery was exactly equivalent to the importation of cheap labour. Economically, no doubt, the change was all to the good, since it represented an advance towards the ideal of greater production with smaller means. But as a class representing an *outmoded machine,* the workers who saw themselves superseded by machinery, and had no alternative work, naturally felt thrown upon the scrap-heap. As, indeed, many of them were—upon the scrap-heap known as charity, the workhouse, etc. The rest, by increased exertion and the acquirement of new skill, entered occupations as yet uninvaded by machinery, there to wait, however, until machinery caught them up again. Every development of machinery has this double effect upon the proletariat: one section it leaves killed and wounded behind it as it marches along, and the other section it drives into more intense or skilled industry. The life of the labourer is a race with machinery. Machinery threatens the very existence of the proletariat.

Obedience as a Principle of Aesthetics.

RACINE has the true style, which is the art of setting a margin between the work and the public; herein is creation; to create is to separate from oneself, to relieve a work of all which is simply oneself. The utility of rules becomes apparent, since rules are general. Obedience to rules is a principle of creation. He, even, who creates a new rule does so on the ground of the old. In submitting his work to rule, the creator separates it from himself. This submission is style, and Buffon was only half-right in asserting that "style is the man himself." Man himself means the most egoistic part of the man. Style is the man outside of but fully controlling his own ego. And since one cannot separate from oneself what is not there, your ordinary writer writes what is not in himself, but in others. Now, *influence* is not obedience.

As much of a work as is separate from its writer is separate from its reader; and both writer and reader have the idea of something created. In France, the art of saying a thing well is style, to the laws of saying a thing well the creator must submit—wherefore here the art of saying a thing well is synonymous with style. But one must conceive the impersonalisation which is creation, or style, by more than this single obedience. Racine had every kind of obedience, he separated his works from himself by all the known rules. The feeling of purity which arises from his works springs from his submission to laws.

One may imagine a mind outside humanity, but occupied with it creating naturally and without laws. Certain minds are valuable not because of their activity, or of their ingeniousness, or of their force, or depth, or perspicacity—but because of their situation. Such a mind is a style in itself; and his style is the man himself. He is born on the margin and what is born of him is also on the margin.

The work of Vigny is a notable example. Musset shows us both the danger of too great confidence in one's genius and the advantages of obedience. The poems of Homer are a fine example of obedience, being, under a light veil, the verities taught by the pagan priests. Hugo appeared to invent incessantly, thanks to the number of laws he obeyed. He was more docile than his enemy, Musset, whom young folk, rebels, and women prefer.

Note how much less detail there is in the characters of Racine than in those of any novelist—and yet Phædra and Hermione are clearer as creations than a Madame Bovary. Phædra and Hermione exist by the law of "well-saying," by the margin of style outside all comparison with reality, whereas Madame Bovary can only be known through her likes. With all his qualities, Flaubert had not the style of the creator. To try and define this style: it is that in which thought works upon matter in a way that the least spot would amount to a differentiation. It is thus that in a good Cubist painting a lock of hair or the tip of a hand sufficiently indicates the presence of a man; the style here is in the composition, and the composition is obedience.

All the arts except that of the theatre *may* be considered as monologues. As soon as there is absolute necessity of an audience, a rule appears, for the taste of the audience is a rule. If a work of art is made for the sake of pleasing, then the work of the theatre may be considered the supreme work of art. The modern theatre needs more plays than there is talent to provide, hence the stock models which any workman can employ. Certainly there are canons, and posterity may take them for artistic deliberations to the profit of some or other imbecile who will find himself immortal. But will the equilibrium of creation result from these canons? We have seen the decadence of classic art resulting from the employment of rules no longer in accordance with the power of the creators. The modern theatre is in decreptitude because there are more rules than creators.

Composition is an obedience, an obedience to physiological laws in painting, which is a discovery of optical laws; in music, which is a discovery of acoustical laws; in literature, which is a discovery of the laws of imagination and feeling. Composition is not an obedience when it is merely to satisfy the individual taste of the author. Individuality in art is bad. Personal taste, of which so much talk was made in France during the nineteenth century, is the most animal part of us; the animal part is the personal part, because in his health each man differs from his neighbour. Let us distrust what is personal! There is the secret of the grand art—and even of the minor. MAX JACOB.

An Artist's Note Book.

THERE are books, poems, and pictures which are to be admired in proportion to the smallness of the audience there is for them. If they were widely popular they would no longer be deserving of praise. Their merit lies in their rarity. Accordingly, in being ill-content with a modicum of applause, in complaining that mankind is indifferent to the products of their genius, the originators of these rare and exquisite works of art invite, so to speak, their own proper condemnation. A sweet-smelling violet, half concealed at the root of an ash-tree, would lose its peculiar virtue and charm, and become an actual evil, if it filled heaven and earth with the delicate richness of its perfume.

* * *

The heart of the world is gross; the world is indifferent to art and to beauty. Let the æsthete console himself. Let him reflect that in view of the continuance of mankind upon the face of the earth it could not safely be otherwise. Being of the sensitive stuff the poet and the artist are ordinarily made of, the human race would hardly endure beyond a single generation.

* * *

It is not impossible that the æsthete is a weakling; but whether the actual creator of beauty—the true artist—is that I make bold to question.

* * *

I have been reading Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," and I have the sensation as of having been drugged. The poem is terrible. It has too much of sweetness, too much of beauty. In every lovely word and syllable, in every image contained in the poem, in the music of it, one scarcely knows how, but there is conveyed and, as it were, concentrated, in quintessential sweetness, the sentiment of an overpowering loveliness in things; and with it a sentiment of crushing melancholy—the melancholy that, by a fatal law, dogs and accompanies, barks at the heels of a vivid apprehension of the world's extreme loveliness. The poem is terrible. It kills with sweetness. Imagine that if it were possible to effect in the soul of the listener a mortal dissolution by the mere incantation of chosen words and syllables. Well, here is the right thing to hand whereby to effect it.

Terrible, too, is the poem in another sense. It is of evil omen. He who sings in this strain, he, it may be predicted, is destined to die in the very April of his years.

The duration of a poet's life upon earth might perhaps not unjustly be gauged beforehand by the character of his verse. There are poets who come into the world already at birth marked out for death. Keats, as I think, was of this number; so also Shelley; so also Burns; so also Byron—and there are others. In these inspired singers the God-like element, being so greatly in excess, shattered and overthrew the purely human. A vastness of sensation was theirs incommensurable with mortality. By the dæmon within them they were hurried, almost of necessity, to disaster, to ruin. They were framed for glory, but not for life. The wonder is, indeed, not that these poets died thus early, but that they lived at all. HENRY BISHOP.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

V.—THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO.

I MAY perhaps on a future occasion attempt to describe some of the marvellous and extraordinary adventures that befell Don Ramiro de la Maeztu, the valorous Knight of the Doleful Doctrine, in his contests with the doctors and bachelors at Barcelona—the victories he won over them, the confusion he threw them into, and the righteous joy he inspired by his success in the breast of his faithful squire, Hanco Panza. But now I am concerned to chronicle only the wondrous events which happened on his sallying forth from the city. History tells us that the peerless knight passed out of the gates mounted upon his steed, spare and dismal as a metaphysic, while Hanco Panza, as his bulk and the fullness of his wallets necessitated, bestrode a good stout ass. As they passed down the highway, we are told, the sun gradually rose and shot its light-bearing rays over the chill earth, and the birds in their nests began to wake and twitter. Hanco, beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, thus addressed his master: "Shall we, sir, not rest here a little beneath these trees and eat our breakfast? The appetite which has been visited on mankind as a punishment for its sins, and which may be said to be the insatiable Original Sin itself, has come upon me." "Eat if thou canst," said Don Ramiro, "but I shall welcome the day, as is my wont, with a decent lamentation."

No sooner had Hanco received permission than he slid off his donkey and commenced to pay his attentions to a fat pasty which was in one of his wallets. Meanwhile Don Ramiro thus began:

"On birds. O volucrity incorporate in myriad bodies! O chirpiness trilling through a thousand throats! O hoppiness hopping on unnumbered legs! O birdy birds! O, O, O, ye little thriftless fellows, with no care for the morrow nor concern with the past, with no authority but your own wantonness and frivolity." And then, his lamentations turning to anger, he cried, "On birds: two. Ye idle, thriftless, good-for-nothing, self-centred little ragamuffins, deluders of sober and serious Nature, who care nothing for justice or the destruction of heretics, who sing to the pacifist as to the militant, perverters of right and mockers at authority, vile romantics, come, take arms and oppose me; withstand me if ye dare!"

Now it happened that a corn-chandler had travelled by that road in the night, and, one of his sacks coming undone, a quantity of grain had fallen to the ground. Two sparrows, more by the favour of Heaven than by their own endeavours, had discovered this treasure and were busy stuffing themselves with the grain, when Don Ramiro came in sight of them. What more natural than that he, seeing these two sparrows before him in the middle of the road, should take it into his head that they had heard his challenge and had armed themselves to oppose him? "A fig for your pretensions, and away with clemency!" he cried. So saying, he fixed his lance firmly under his arm, and, spurring his mount, advanced upon them at a trot. The sparrows went on calmly with their breakfast until Don Ramiro was come within a few yards of them, and then they flew away, twittering, into the trees. "Cowards, wretches, dishonourable and faithless renegades," cried the infuriated Knight, "think not by flight to escape the just retribution that hangs over your heads. Though ye escape me this time, I shall force you to a contest yet. Nor fancy I know you not, for, as I plainly saw, ye are those very ogres of egoism and frivolity whom it is my errand to search out and destroy."

Thus Don Ramiro reined in beneath the trees and railed against the birds, who, for their part, as heartily cursed him for disturbing their tranquillity. Meanwhile Hanco, who had finished his breakfast, came up leading his donkey. "Hanco, Hanco, thou beautiful mind," said the Knight, "didst thou see how those two villainous bird-knights, armed and accoutred at all points and mounted on mettlesome and curvetting steeds, by the aid of my enemies the enchanters, escaped me?" "Master," answered Hanco, "squire though I be and lamentably ill-versed in expression, it seems to me that there is little advantage in fighting birds." "Why not, Hanco?" said the Knight of the Doleful Doctrine. "Why, master," said Hanco, "even if you slay one, or even two, or even more, or a thousand birds—but let me, I pray you, explain myself in my own homely way. Let B be birds, and B1 one bird, B2 another, B3 a third, and so on to (A), which we will suppose to be all birds, then B1 . :. B2 . . . B3 . . . (A) B."

"I understand thee not, friend Hanco," said Don Ramiro, "nevertheless, proceed."

"I know what I am saying, master," said his squire, "and you would be wise to listen to me, for, simple though I may seem to be, there is matter hidden beneath my words."

"Prithee, Hanco," said Don Ramiro, "hasten with thy explanation."

"Well, then, master," said Hanco, "if you are U, then UB1 . . . UB2. . . UB3 . . . U (A)B; which is to say, that to accomplish your purpose, you will have to kill not only one bird or two or three birds, but all birds, and this, methinks, will be very difficult."

"Why couldst thou not say so at once?" said Don Ramiro, "instead of searing my brains with all your purposeless formulæ? O Hanco, Hanco, when wilt thou drive those follies out of thy beautiful mind?"

"Anyhow, master," said Hanco, unabashed, "let us leave these birds, and let me have another breakfast. For I, thank God, know my imperfections and am not one of those that hope to procure salvation by fasting and going short." With these words, Hanco Panza again drew out the pasty and began to cram what was left of it down his throat, as much as to say, "I am a sinner—and let the Devil look after his own."

Don Ramiro, being in no mood for breakfasting, turned his horse off the highroad and advanced by a grassy path through the wood. After a little he came upon two sawyers, who were engaged in felling a gigantic tree. When these saw the Knight approaching them, so amazed were they at the oddness of his appearance and the curious gait of his mount, that they stopped their work to gaze at him. But when Don Ramiro saw this, he took it into his head to fancy that they had stopped sawing in deference to his presence, as an apprentice might lay down his tools when a master-craftsman passes. The mistaken Knight thereupon began to instruct the sawyers as follows:

"Friends," said he, "I observe your difficulties and will enlighten you to the best of my humble ability, if you will but listen attentively to my words. In your sawing, give heed, friends, that you look not upon yourselves as the sawers of this tree, the which were sinful pride, but rather give thanks to God for the sawability that is within you. But this is not all I have to teach you. Listen, then, attentively. When you saw, look to it that you saw not with the blunt edge of the axe."—("We saw not with any axe," murmured the sawyers.)—"For that is contrary to all good custom and justice, and nothing short of rank heresy. Nor saw in one direction only, but both forwards and backwards, in order that your end be achieved more quickly and the saw, which both joins and divides you, may more speedily be set to other trees. Nor attempt in vicious self-conceit to saw through iron posts or feather beds, but only those things which by the mercy of God and the universal traditions of sawyery are fit and worthy to be sawn. Now that you have heard me and profited by my instruction, I have only this payment to demand of you, that you do immediately go into the town and bow down on your knees before the Courts of Justice, which Justice is known to be the queen and mainspring of my thoughts and actions, and avow publicly that I, Don Ramiro de la Maeztu, Knight of the Doleful

Doctrine, have sent you there and that it is to me you are beholden."

The sawyers had listened patiently to the Knight's long harangue, although they realised that he advised them nothing but what they well knew and practised already. Don Ramiro's reference, however, to the Courts of Justice was less easily to be understood by them, and, thinking that he was trying to set some law-suit on them or to fetch them against their will to the dreaded law-courts, they resolved to be rid of him, and, each seizing an armful of the wooden chips and splinters which were heaped around them, they began to hurl them at him with all their force. Don Ramiro, caring nothing for knocks or wounds, drew his sword and was about to ride at them; but his horse was of another opinion, and, taking the decision, as it were, into its own hooves, it turned about and, by tossing its head and resisting in other ways all Don Ramiro's attempts to rein it in, bolted at a hand-gallop back to where the faithful Hanco was finishing his second breakfast.

Don Ramiro was just about to tell Hanco what, to his fancy, had occurred, when, his glance chancing to fall upon the road, he saw——what will be described in another tale.

Extracts from Shevtchenko's Diary.

(Translated from the Ukrainian by P. Selver.)

JUNE 12, 1857.—My diary should, by rights, begin from the time when I was initiated into the new rank, i.e., from the year 1847. It would now make a very thick and a very tedious volume. But when I recall the unhappy ten years which have passed, I am heartily pleased that the happy idea did not occur to me of beginning such entries. For what should I have recorded? True, in the course of these ten years I saw for nothing what everyone is not granted to see; but how did I perceive it? As a captive through the barred windows of his prison perceives a joyful wedding-procession. The mere recollection of what has passed and of what I have seen during that time fills me with horror. What good would it have been to have recorded this gloomy spectacle and the vulgar persons in whose company it befell me to act this gloomy, monotonous, ten years' drama? . . .

JUNE 18.—How quickly and alertly an order for arrest is carried out, and how sluggishly and coldly, on the other hand, an order for release is fulfilled; and yet such orders are carried out by precisely the same people! Why this difference? In 1847, in the same month, before seven days had passed, they had transported me from St. Petersburg to Orenburg; and now, God grant that before seven months have passed the order may arrive to receive back from me all government belongings, and not to allow me any further upkeep. A formality? But I cannot grasp such formalities.

JUNE 19.— . . . Even if I were a bloodthirsty assassin, no heavier punishment could have been devised for me than detailing me as a common soldier to the Orenburg "divisional" corps. Therein lies the cause of my unspeakable sufferings. And on the top of that, they forbade me even to paint and thus took from me the most felicitous portion of my life. A tribunal with Satan himself as chairman could scarcely have pronounced so cold-blooded, so inhuman a judgment, as witless deputies have vilely carried out to the last detail. The pagan Augustus banished Naso to the rapacious Goths, but did not forbid him to write or paint. Nikolai, the Christian ruler, forbade me both. They are cut-throats both; but one of them is a Christian, and a Christian of the nineteenth century, under whose auspices arose the greatest empire in the world, on the foundations of the Christian faith. . . .

One day Major Moshkov, wishing to touch me to the quick, told me that if I became an officer I should scarcely be able to enter a decent inn, because I had not learned to hold up my head [lit.: "little nose"] as is befitting a proper soldier. But for all that, it did not hurt me to the quick. There is a further and no less weighty reason why they have not promoted me. The Tsar's witless satrap and henchman imagines that I was redeemed from serfdom and educated at the Tsar's expense and have repaid my benefactor, as it were, by painting a caricature of him. Now, quoth he, let the ungrateful creature suffer for it. I do not know where this fatuous legend started: I only know that it has cost me dear.

JULY 1.—To-day there is a festival at Peterhof, a high, imperial festival. Once long ago—in the year 1836, if I am not mistaken—I was so enchanted by stories of this magic festival that, without asking my master (I was apprenticed then to Shiryayev, the decorator, or a so-called room-painter, a coarse and uncouth man), and without considering the consequences of taking French leave (I knew for certain that he would not let me go), with a morsel of black bread and fifty kopecks in my pocket, and dressed in a twill garment such as artisan apprentices usually wear, I ran straight away from my work on a jaunt to Peterhof. A fine chap, maybe, I was then! But, for a wonder, neither the magnificent "Samson" nor the other fountains, nor, indeed, the whole festival, pleased me even half as much as they had given me to expect. Perhaps the descriptions had overtaxed my imagination, or perhaps I had simply tired myself out and was hungry. It would appear that the latter is the more certain. . . .

For the second time I was at the Peterhof festival in 1389, under quite different circumstances. This time I was on a steamer in the company of my great teacher Karl Pavlovitch Bryulov, together with his favourite pupils Petrovski and Mikhailov. What an abrupt transition from the uncouth and boorish decorator's garret to the splendid studio of the greatest painter of our century! Even now I do not grasp the truth of it, and yet it really was so. I, from the dirty garret; I, the worthless ragamuffin, had flown on wings to the magic halls of the Academy of Fine Arts. But what have I to boast of? What did I do to show how much I had gained from the friendly confidence of the greatest artist in the world? Nothing whatever. . . . Strange it is to think of. . . . I spent my time composing Ukrainian verses, which later on were to afflict my poor soul with so terrible a burden. Before his wonderful creations I fell a-pondering and cherished in my heart my blind Kobzar* and my fierce Haidamaks† . . . . Before me arose in splendour my lovely, my poor Ukraine, with all its unblemished and melancholy beauty. I fell a-pondering: I had not the strength to turn my inner gaze from the magical winsomeness of my home. It was destiny and nothing else.

A strange thing, this all-powerful destiny. I knew well that painting was my future profession, my daily bread. And instead of learning its deep secrets, under the guidance, too, of a teacher like the immortal Bryulov, I composed verses for which nobody paid me a farthing, and for which they finally deprived me of liberty. Yet regardless of this all-powerful and inhuman prohibition, I compose them in secret all the same. Sometimes I think even of printing (of course, under another name) my tearful and puny offspring. Strange, in sooth, are the ways of untiring destiny.

JULY 14.—Although to-day is Sunday and fine weather, yet none of the officers appeared in the garden. Strange and incomprehensible, this antipathy to fragrant green. They prefer the smoke and unbearable sultriness in the citadel to the shadowy coolness the flowers and the fresh green in the garden. Perhaps, though, because indoors they can the more easily take a good pull at the brandy-bottle on the sly, so that they see green patches before their eyes.

The Russians, by the way, have an innate antipathy

* Ukrainian minstrel. † Bandits.

to green, to that living, sparkling gaze of smiling Mother Nature. The Russian village is, as Gogol puts it, an untidy heap of grey boards with black openings in the place of windows, eternal dirt, eternal winter; not a green twig do you see. Behind the village is the green of impenetrable forests, and it is as if the village had purposely crept out of the shadow of this impenetrable garden on to the high road, and had spread alongside it in two rows. . . .

In the Ukraine it is quite different. There villages and even towns are bedecked with white, hospitable dwellings in the shadow of cherry-orchards. O my poor, my lovely, my dear country! Shall I soon breathe your invigorating, sweet breezes? Merciful God, that is my undecaying hope.

Views and Reviews.

U.S.A. and U.S.E.

A RECENT article of mine criticising the proposal of a European system of government has drawn from a correspondent an exhortation to me to study the constitution of the United States. He asserts that the federation of the American States affords us hope, at least, that the federation of the States of Europe is not beyond the bounds of possibility; indeed, he goes so far as to say that "the immense colonies of Britons, Germans, Italians, Poles and Russians in U.S.A. present almost the spectacle of a completed United States of Europe." Of all the dangers attaching to political speculation, I know of none more serious than that which arises from the use of false analogies; and of all false analogies, I know of none more misleading than this of a United States of Europe similar to the United States of America. How misleading the analogy is to my correspondent may be seen from the passage I have quoted; for we have not to consider the possibility of large numbers of Europeans of different nationalities living unamiably within the constitution of the U.S.A., but the possibility of including the Sovereign States of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Russia and the rest in a federal constitution of Europe, if the analogy is to be exactly applied. The presence of Europeans in the United States has no reference whatever to the federal constitution of those States, no more than has the presence of aliens in this country to the political constitution of it.

The more the analogy is examined, the more fallacious it appears. In the first place, the peculiar feature of the American Constitution is not that it substitutes arbitration for war (it does not do that), but that it is a federal constitution. But Europe, effete as she is, is not without examples of federal constitutions: Switzerland is now a professionally neutral State, and has a federal constitution—the German Empire is, let us say, a professionally military State, and has a federal constitution. The Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia are not Sovereign States, but they have federal constitutions; and the Republic of Brazil, and some other South American republics, have federal constitutions. The fact that both Sovereign States and non-Sovereign communities, both a peaceful and a belligerent people, may live under a federal constitution, serves to show us that federalism has no necessary connection with either pacifism or militarism. "Things," even such things as constitutions, do not govern men; the men utilise the things.

But we must never forget that even the Divinely ordained federal constitution of the U.S.A., promulgated by that terrestrial trinity of persons, Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, has not produced quite so idyllic a state of peace as my correspondent imagines. One of the bloodiest wars in history before this war arose directly from that Constitution that my correspondent thinks is a guarantee of peace; "it was a decision of the Supreme Court, defending the rights of property of the slave-owner according to the Constitution, which precipitated the Civil War," says Professor W. J. Ashley. But apart from that historic instance, we must remember that practically every strike in the U.S.A. is a civil war; I say nothing of lynchings, but ask my correspondent to read carefully this extract from Mr. Robert Hunter's "Violence and the Labour Movement": "The atrocities of the Congo occurred in a country without law, in the interest of a great property, and in a series of battles with a half-savage people. History has somewhat accustomed us to such barbarity; but when, in a civilised country, with a written constitution, with duly established courts, with popularly elected representatives, and apparently with all the necessary machinery for dealing out equal justice, one suddenly sees a feudal despotism arise, as if by magic, to usurp the political, judicial, and military powers of a great State, and to use them to arrest hundreds without warrant and throw them into 'bull-pens'; to drive hundreds of others out of their homes and at the point of the bayonet out of the State; to force others to labour against their will or to be beaten; to depose the duly elected officials of the community; to insult the courts; to destroy the property of those who protest; and even to murder those who show signs of revolt—one stands aghast. It makes one wonder just how far we are removed from barbarism. Is it possible that the likelihood of the workers achieving an eight-hour day—which was all that was wanted in Colorado—could lead to civil war? Yet that is what might and perhaps should have happened in Colorado in 1904, when, for a few months, a military despotism took from the people there all that had been won by centuries of democratic striving and thrust them back into the Middle Ages." Within that great brotherhood of white and black across the Atlantic there are so-called "detective" agencies which will supply thugs, strike-breakers, *agents provocateurs*, strong men armed and paid so much a day or deed (for instance, £50 was paid for wrecking a train containing between two and three hundred people during this strike), who will run armoured trains through the villages where strikers live, and open fire with machine guns on sleeping miners, as happened in West Virginia in 1914. These men, and the men they serve, the employers, are minorities in the States; and in view of the facts, my correspondent's suggestion becomes alarming. "Just as the discomfort of even a casually armed rebellion on the part of a minority is sufficient to cause an overwhelming majority of the nation to consider very seriously if the enforcement of the majority will is worth while, so will minorities in the new constitution [of Europe] be respected." If his analogy is to be exactly applied, my correspondent must abandon his hopes of peace: the omens of federalism are not favourable to pacifism.

I have not the space here even to outline the weaknesses of federal government; I can only remark that they are not diminished by extending the scope of federation. If the federal constitution of Germany, or the federal constitution of Switzerland, cannot be enlarged to include other States, what hope have we that a federation of all the States of Europe is even a possibility? My contention is that international law can only develop analogously with the development of domestic law; a Sovereign must charge himself with the maintenance of peace in his own domain, and develop his power whenever he wishes to extend the range of his judgment. So recently as May 18, Mr. Balfour hinted at a similar idea. "Law is not enough. Behind law there must be power," he said. The whole problem is, how is that power to be constituted? Can any sane man conceive, even as a possibility, that the Sovereign States of Europe should create a Sovereign Power, which must exercise not only judicial but executive and legislative functions also if it is to be a Government? Can any one imagine the Sovereign States of Europe paying taxes to the United States of Europe for the upkeep of an Army, a Navy, and other institutions of Sovereignty; can any man conceive the prospect of,

say, Russian regiments quelling rebellion in Ireland or strikers in England? If anyone supposes that these are far-fetched suppositions, let him turn back to the history of the Concert of Europe; let him read the manifesto issued by Russia, Prussia, and Austria after the conference at Troppau, which was called to deal with the Spanish and Neapolitan questions. "Great Britain protested, politely but firmly, against the fundamental principles of the protocol, namely, that of rendering the Powers of the Alliance applicable to the internal transaction of independent States," says Professor A. J. Grant. Under a Federal system, Federal troops could be called in by any of the constituent States—but I need not refute a chimera. The only way is an extension of Sovereignty; in Mr. Balfour's words: "To me it seems that the lesson to be drawn from history by those who love peace, freedom, and security is not that Britain and America should be deprived, or should deprive themselves, of the maritime powers they now possess, but that, if possible, those powers should be organised in the interests of an ideal common to the two States."

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

An Experiment in Educational Self-Government. By James H. Simpson. (Henry Young. Liverpool. 1s.)

This interesting pamphlet is likely to divide educationists sharply into two classes. The "wowsers" we have no doubt, if they ever trouble to read it, will declare that they have no patience with this sort of thing. The experiment will appeal only to that growing body of teachers who are stirred by the new movement for giving greater freedom to the child. That these are at present in a minority is not surprising when it is remembered how little freedom has been given to the teacher until quite recently. The consequences of the Code and of "payment by results" are still with us in the elementary school: and equally formidable is the deadweight of tradition in the public schools.

The pamphlet deals with the educative effect of self-government upon one of the lower forms of a great public school. Mr. Simpson explains that he owes the inspiration of his experiment to a study of the Little Commonwealth at Batcombe, Dorset, where, under the superintendence of Mr. Homer Lane, a number of boys and girls committed to him by police courts and reformatories as incorrigible, govern themselves with wonderful success, being subject to no rules except those which they have made in their own court, and undertaking themselves the judicial enforcement and administration of the laws. The Little Commonwealth, since its inception two years ago, has aroused the keenest interest, and there has been much discussion as to the possibility of applying its principles to English education generally. For it is the firm belief of Mr. Homer Lane that the Little Commonwealth is much more than an improved method of reforming delinquents. The interest of Mr. Simpson's experiment is that it is in some measure a test of that belief. He claims that its success is significant since a form is in every way a less suitable medium for self-government than a house or school, if only because it is a body of such transitory duration and intermittent activity.

We must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself for an account of the organisation (very simple) of the form. Its sphere of self-government is, of course, limited, compared with that of the Little Commonwealth, but it covers not only the daily routine of the class-room, and the enforcing of certain school rules, but also a number of ethical offences, not always recognised by public opinion as undesirable. Moreover, in a note, Mr. Simpson tells us that recently the form's activities have taken a more positive line by the assumption of responsibility for work with a collective aim—such as play-acting and play-writing. The spirit of the thing, however, cannot be explained within the limits of a review. The vivid accounts of cases in the form court must be read.

The main educational results of the experiment are described as the civic and moral. Apart from the simple training in the conduct of public business, and the practice in judging character and capacity involved in the election of officers, Mr. Simpson lays stress on the boys' changed conceptions of law. "To the ordinary schoolboy, rules are frankly a nuisance." Hence, he "will often not only tolerate really serious offences against school discipline, but consider such escapades the mark of a 'sportsman' and a good fellow." The effect of self-government is that boys, while they realise that the law-breaker is often daring and attractive, "also realise that he is on the wrong side, that law is necessary, and that there is behind it a moral sanction." If this is really so, Mr. Simpson is right in claiming that it is of interest "for those who feel that there has been in the past a marked and rather dangerous divergence between the spirit of the civic training which is given by the public school, and some of the larger tendencies of the national life." The fundamental principles of public school life, he says, are "undisguisedly aristocratic, or, rather, oligarchic."

As to the moral value of self-government, Mr. Simpson says, "so long as the master represents external authority, the attitude of boys towards him is consciously or unconsciously one of self-defence. In such a position conformity to the prevailing tone is the most desirable attribute: there is no room for independence or originality. But when boys are governing themselves, they are emancipated, not only from the authority of the master, but also from the tyranny of their own public opinion, which has hitherto been forced into unnaturally cramped and distorted channels."

Warwickshire has recently introduced the prefect system into the elementary school. It need hardly be said that a share in administration given to a few trusted children is a very different thing from the social training that results from membership of a free organised community working for the common good. There is a danger that the loyalty of the elementary school child to the average teacher may generate a rather unpleasant form of priggishness. Mr. Edward Holmes, in "What Is and What Might Be," has described our schools as "hotbeds of individualism." Only a bold application of the principle of trusting the child is likely to cure this radical defect. And it is not necessary to emphasise in these pages the importance of such a reform to Guild Socialists—faced with the present chaos in the Trade Union world, and with the demands on the intelligence of the worker, which are made by schemes for a share in control.

The Murder of Miss Cavell. By Charles Sarolea. (George Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.)

Dr. Sarolea begs the whole question even in his title: "murder" is a legal term which is not applicable to the execution of Edith Cavell for a crime committed against the military law of Germany. Dr. Sarolea says himself: "She knew that if those men who appealed to her were discovered they would be shot dead. She knew that if she were discovered, she would herself pay the penalty. She knew that from the point of view of the German Military Code she was committing a capital offence. She probably knew that, in her case, as in the case of a minister of religion, the offence was aggravated by the fact that she was taking advantage of the privileges attached to her profession." It is a maxim of English law that if a man knows what he is doing, and knows that he is doing wrong, then he is responsible for his actions, and may justly suffer the legal penalty for them. Edith Cavell deliberately trespassed against German military law; what is worse than that, she dishonoured the very conditions of the immunity enjoyed by her profession in war-time; and her services to her country do not outweigh the damage she did to her profession. We cannot acclaim as a

great patriot the woman who is reported to have said: "Patriotism is not enough"; nor as a great soul the woman whose undoubted virtues were used by her as a disguise for illegal activites. We never made a hero of "the mildest-mannered man who ever scuttled ship or cut a throat"; and to be asked to adore a self-confessed criminal, whose actions have brought disrepute on the very honourable profession of which she was a member, merely because she had the qualities necessary to success in that profession, has a touch of paradox. We may legitimately object to the severity of the sentence, although the objection is useless; for the penalties of martial law are usually heavier, and more strictly enforced, than are those of civil law. But we do not attempt to make heroes of those of our soldiers who have been shot for disobedience by order of English courts-martial; and Dr. Sarolea gives us no reason why a woman, condemned on her own confession and suffering the penalty prescribed by martial law, is more admirable than these male defaulters. If she must have an epitaph, let it be this: "She jeopardised the immunity enjoyed by her profession." Dr. Sarolea gives all the correspondence in an appendix.

Eve Dorre: The Story of Her Precarious Youth. By Emily Vielé Strother. (Dent. 5s. net.)

"I was the seventh child of a most reluctant mother who said, when I was born, 'Take it away, it's a girl!'" We submit that what the mother said is not evidence; Eve Dorre was not born a girl, but the heroine of a novel. From the beginning to the end of the book, she preserves an innocence for which we can find no parallel except in the frontispiece, wherein she is represented, in colours, in a state of je ne sais quoi. Eve Dorre began life as an adorer, and grew into the state of the adored; married a young artist (after her mother's opposition had been overcome by an attempt at suicide), had a baby, and ran away from her husband because he became absorbed in the task of painting the portrait of a Russian opera-singer. They met again at the death-bed of Eve's mother, who said "Fiddlesticks!" to Eve's excuse that she "only left him because she loved him, and thought it was best for him to be free"; a most lively corpse! The boy is now grown up, and is fighting for France; Eve is nursing the wounded, and Philip drives the motor-car, and may also "go to the front if he thinks he is needed." Eve thanks God "on bended knees that He has given me so much to offer to the France I love so well"; so, as she is happy, no one else need be miserable.

The Strangers' Wedding. By W. L. George. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Oxford, O Oxford! thou who hast the fatal gift of velleity! This young man gets drunk with some friends from Oxford, has a night at the Empire, and "lips a wanton in a secure couch" without blundering into Iago's error of "supposing her chaste." He did not like it. In the course of his work at the Settlement, he met a girl of the working classes who was, in the vague fashion of that class, engaged to a young and violent Socialist. When the Rambling Club went rambling, the Oxford youth and the Settlement girl found (or, rather, lost) themselves in a wood; and he suddenly saw that "he was Perseus and she the weeping Andromeda." But he was not really disturbed until he went to the municipal washhouse, and "saw every detail of her; the broad, mannish shoulders, the body tapering towards the hips, and the hurried rise and fall of the full breasts, young, pointing to the right and left as those of fleeing Diana. There was more pathos than seduction in the young body, because so unspoilt." So he married her, against the advice of his mother; and Mr. George delivers his counter-blast against Tom Robertson's "Caste." She remained obstinately working-class in her sympathies, her tastes, and her ideas; and after driving him to desperation, she ran away to the Socialist she had jilted, and left him to the charming Theresa who not only had always loved him, but was of his class. He will be happy yet.

Pastiche.

THE SPECTATOR (MAY 27).

MEWS OF THE WEEK.

God forbid that we should appear even superficially discouraged—we had almost said fundamentally encouraged—and we can assure our readers, Scoutmasters and Chadbands all, that, come what may, we shall never for one single instant relinquish our policy of Diddums then, Diddums. "Hats off, gentlemen!" to the gallant khaki lads who held and hold and will hold and have held the trenches on the Meuse. "*Laudate Dominum!*"

With scorn and indignation Sir Edward G-G-G . . . Sir, we confess it, our feelings overcome us. We can say no more. We shake your hand from the bottom of our hearts, sir. We congratulate you, sir. Spoken like an Englishman and a gentleman, sir. We venture to say of you, sir, as her sons say of Eton, "*Floreat, florebit!*"

We regret to record that Mr. Birrell's evidence leaves us, as we always are, without an idea on any subject. Not that we have any desire to chide or write vindictively of a fallen Minister, poor miserable woman; but while our faith in him remains entirely unshaken, it is undoubtedly our golden-deed-a-day duty to point out that his was a naughty piece of negligence which (D.V.) must never, never be repeated. Of course, what Mr. Birrell should have done was to call gently but firmly upon the Lord—which Lord we leave to his impeccable—and yet, we grieve to say, since appearances are against us, perhaps not quite impeccable—judgment.

Of the task before Mr. Lloyd George we will only say, since to say more would be to commit ourselves, "Heaven grant he may accomplish it!" Bank Rate, 5 per cent.

PETER PASTICHE.

TENEBRÆ HORARUM.

Eire, my beloved, thy star is very pale.
Men are fearing for thee—strong hearts fail.

All our human happiness centres in thy star.
Hark, we are mortal! Weary we are.

Life will know thy grandeurs in the by-and-bye.
Thou art an Immortal! We—we die.

Let thy love visit us, Spirit of our lives!
Let us see thee while the black storm drives.

Take thou the glory! We battle for thine ease.
Scorn and contumely—we take these.

Call! call for thy liberty.
Thou must win it, thou . . .
Show thyself, Beloved!
Take it now.

ROEN.

"A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT."

Of course, this is a dream. I tell you beforehand, instead of afterwards, as most people do, partly because I am more original than most people, and partly to save your nervous systems from shock.

"What is the news this morning?" I asked Robins, as we walked together as far as the 'bus at the corner. Our newsboy had defalcated that morning, but I knew that Robins would be available, and he is third wife's second cousin to an under-secretary's under-secretary, and very communicative.

"Roots is on top, and Lambs has had to resign."

"You don't say so!" I said, with mild interest. "That means that drugs will be up 50 per cent., and buttered toast down three farthings."

"Possibly," said Robins. He had been an enthusiastic member of the Business Government Association (irreverently known as the Big Guns Association), and never willingly listened to any reflection upon the Business Government now firmly established.

"There'll be strict limits to restaurant prices and an inquiry into the treatment of assistants," I went on. "Roots will have his knife into Lambs because of the exposé of his patents system last March. It will be rather exciting. But I suppose Lambs will go on running the whole show?"

"Well, unless——" Robins paused, following a well-established method of procedure. "You see, I hear things sometimes. But I have to be careful."

"Quite so," I said, also careful to adhere to the rules of the game. "Of course, I don't want to get anyone into trouble" (with a backward glance at the discretion of the U.S.'s U.S.). "Quite foggy this morning, isn't it?"

"Very thick," assented Robins, absently and mendaciously. "In *your* case, of course—— Well, I know I can trust *you*."

"I'm safe enough," I said. "You were going to say——"

"I have heard *something*. Frank just hinted at it, the other night. Roots *might* work a combine with the old companies, Lamb's former competitors, the D.E.F. people, and the Special Creamery, and others, and then trump up a sensational case against Lambs, and float these others in on the flood, as it were, of public opinion."

"Big thing," I said. "Could he do it?"

"Frank thinks so. He's putting in the D.E.F. people's nephew as one of the new Under-Secretaries for the Colonies. And the Creamery's brother-in-law would be made a Sea Lord. There would be a special clause in the new Restaurants Bill that would hit Lambs, and he would be dropped on before he had had time to put his house in order—his houses, I should say."

"Dear me!" I said. "Roots will be busy. Not much time to spare for the country's business?"

"Oh, that will be all right!" said Robins, easily. "The new man at the Treasury's awfully good."

"Let me see, who *is* he?" I asked. "I can't always keep up with the Cabinet changes nowadays."

"Pickclean, of Pickclean's Sweets. He *can* bring the money in."

"That's all right," I said. "Because I did hear the Treasury had been rather badly let down over the tobacco duty, when Lord Trout was in power."

"H—m," said Robins.

"Trout made use of his short term of office to take off the tobacco duty, didn't he?" I said. "And raked in the shekels for Trout & Luckstone thereby. Isn't that so? Three weeks in office, wasn't he?"

"Something like that," said Robins. "Clever man, though. And Fightley's doing all right at the War Office. A shade too much red tape, perhaps; but that's natural, under the circumstances."

"Perhaps so," I said. "And Fightley gets all the Government contracts for khaki, I suppose?"

"Well, naturally," said Robins. "A man must have his bit, when he lends his brains—good business brains—to the Government."

"At a high rate of interest," I suggested. "By the way, what does your cousin Frank think of Newcannon at the Admiralty?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he would rather it had been Fadbury," Robins admitted, rather reluctantly. "He says we don't want the Navy to—well, you quite understand."

"Yes," I said, "I thought so myself. Double rations of whisky for the Navy. One would have preferred cocoa. Sleep more comfortably. That reminds me—how about the war? Is there anything about it in the papers this morning? Yesterday it was crowded out by the discussions on the proposed glass tariff."

"There were a few lines this morning," said Robins. "Germany is still working her way through Russia. It is a long business."

"And our Army?"

"All right, I believe. Not much doing. Men being fitted out with new uniforms—very desirable, I'm sure."

"Well, Roots will look after their health, any way," I said.

"No doubt, no doubt. Ah, here's my 'bus! Good-morning!" And he was off.

EDITH J. ARNOLD.

BEWARE!

Beware! you capitalists. The workers are strong supporters of the public libraries. Hark to two of them at the Hackney Library on Monday night.

She (about 25 and "smart"): Why don't you read "We Parted at the Altar"?

He (about 30, with a superior grin): "No, I can't stick that light stuff now. I go in for deep reading now. The worst of reading Edna Lyall is that you can't get on with that light stuff after reading her.

She (looks up at him in silent admiration). F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ON GERMANY'S CASE.

Sir,—The shade of Socrates has walked in your columns of March 9 and 16, and I am bound to admit that the quality of his intellect has rather improved than otherwise since the ferryman punted him across the Styx. Need I say that I allude to the admirable play of fence in the two Unedited Opinions, "The Case for Germany" and "The Case Against Germany"? But, excellent though these pieces are in style, may I suggest that the writer, like all dialecticians, is at times inclined to take too much for granted and to neglect an essential fact or two which might make all the difference pro or con?

(1) It is suggested (March 9) that Germany desired to expand, but could not do so, because England, while permitting France to expand in Northern Africa, Italy in Tripoli, and Russia in Persia, resolutely refused to allow Germany to expand in any direction. Then, not only England but France and Russia as well (March 16) are blamed for "their failure to sympathise with Germany and voluntarily to make concessions to her need." Pardon me, but it is not so. From 1870 onwards the history of Germany revolves in a Bismarckian circle; and Bismarck and his friends, even after the dropping of the pilot, did practically what they liked with Germany's home and foreign policy for nearly thirty years after the surrender of Paris. The decision of these rulers of Germany was that other countries should be encouraged to develop in some other continent while Germany made herself strong in Europe. It would be permissible to judge as much from the whole course of German policy after the founding of the Empire; but, in any case, this design was laid down time after time by Bismarck himself. France was advised—one might almost say ordered—to seize and develop territory wherever she could get it, either in the Far East or in Africa; for by this means Bismarck hoped to stifle, in the cares of other interests, the French longing to recover Alsace-Lorraine. As for Russia, Bismarck would never hear of a quarrel between Germany and Russia. The Austro-German Alliance was specifically designed as a measure of protection against Russia; and when Italy completed the triplice it was felt in Berlin that Germany was now reasonably safe. Russian expansion in Asia Minor was another deliberate aim of German policy; for it was naturally felt that if Russia expanded eastwards she would not be likely to injure Germany by attempting to expand westwards. There was another advantage, from the German point of view, in this encouragement to France and Russia (and later Italy) to expand in extra-European directions, namely, that it brought them into contact with England and kept England busy as well. In the meantime deputation after deputation, including the best business brains of the Empire, waited on Bismarck to urge upon him the importance of a colonial policy; but he would not hear of it, nor would his friends. "There shall be no colonial policy so long as I am Imperial Chancellor," he wrote to Count Frankenberg in 1881; and this summed up his attitude. He was of the opinion that colonial development could proceed well enough, so far as Germany was concerned, if commercial travellers went abroad and sold goods; and he said so explicitly in Parliament in May, 1885. In other words, Germany in the last three decades of the nineteenth century had the choice of entrenching herself in Europe or of taking her share of colonies, and she preferred, after long and repeated consideration, to strengthen her position in Europe. Undeveloped lands, with Germany's willing consent, fell to others. We must all suffer in a greater or less degree from the consequences of bad judgment. Why should not Germany? She had her chance and refused it. When she sought to recover some of the prizes she had thrown away it was too late.

(2) It is a little difficult to know exactly what the writer of the "Opinions" means by the expression "Elder Powers." War, he tells us, was not expected between the Elder Powers. This is vague. If by the expression is meant Powers of mature growth, then it ought to be said that Holland, Sweden, and Spain are among the oldest Powers in Europe; older, certainly, than Germany and in two cases (Spain and Holland) very much richer in culture and spiritual development. We should not expect war between such countries. On the other hand, what factor ever existed to prevent a youthful Power from quarrelling with one of the elder Powers and the quarrel from spreading? The deter-

mination of Germany to use her armament was surely sufficient proof that the thought of war between the Elder European Powers was not "becoming obsolete" (March 16).

(3) One more point. The writer speaks (March 16) of the "incredulity of the world at the fact of the war." There was no such incredulity except in the United States and in this country. There was, no doubt, a great deal of surprise on the Continent that the war had broken out so suddenly; but there was no incredulity at the fact of it. Non-insular neutrals had long known two facts and had adjusted their existence to them: (a) that Germany was getting together a huge army and a powerful fleet; (b) that she meant to put them both to practical use. That neutral expectations in regard to these facts were right was seen, and is still seen, in the facts themselves. If England had been more closely in touch with the Continent for the twenty years preceding the war, I venture to think that your writer would not have made reference to the incredulity of the world at the possibility of war. When war broke out, the general feeling among Continental neutrals was simply: "Well, it had to come, and it has come at last." Let me remind you that this feeling was so strong in regard to war that Jaurès himself outlined a scheme for a citizen army; and Bebel, Ledebour, and other German Socialists decided that in the event of war the Social Democratic Party would have to side with the Fatherland—and this after frequent discussions. British Socialists and Labour leaders hardly ever discussed war during this preliminary period except to deny its existence, or, at any rate, its extreme improbability.

Let me conclude by reminding you that these facts are perfectly well known in Germany. Tens of thousands of Germans are still living who remember Bismarck's anti-colonial policy perfectly well; but it suits them, as it suits Germany in general, to pretend that for the last ten or twelve years attempts have been made to hem Germany in with an "iron ring." There must be some excuse as a sop to the conscience of neutrals, and that was the excuse adopted. But no educated German believes in it any more than I can believe your contributor to be serious when he brushes aside certain wars since 1870 as "of no great European account." He includes in this condemnation, or contempt, if you prefer, the "Balkan Wars; the Russo-Japanese, the Spanish-American, the Italian-Tripoli, and the British-South African." For, as he remarks, "Since 1870, when Germany herself became one of the elder Powers, no two of the Concert had been at mutual war." But the Concert, as we understand the expression in modern times, was called into being by one of these despised Balkan Wars in 1878; and that same war led to the initial treaty which developed into the Triple Alliance. The Spanish-American War, it is true, had little effect on Europe generally; for Spain has almost cut herself off from Europe. But all Balkan Wars have been productive of trouble; and one of the main causes of the present outbreak was the Balkan War of 1912-13. That, in its turn, can be traced directly to the Italian-Tripoli expedition of the preceding year—both of them campaigns which your contributor sponges off the slate. I admire his reasoning; but no amount of reasoning can make up for neglected studies.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

"CASE AGAINST GERMANY."

Sir,—Mr. Shaw, in his article in last week's issue, says, "We came within an ace of bombarding the Acropolis to force Greece," etc. Normally such a statement could only be made by a careless fool and believed by an ignorant fool. I know Mr. Shaw not to be an ignorant fool and am loth to affix the alternative label. What then is to be said of him? He knows perfectly well that had his "Old Lion" shown its teeth to Greece, not one non-military building, from the Acropolis to the poorest Athenian slum, would have suffered, unless perhaps from concussion. Why, then, should Mr. Shaw, the most quoted of English authors in the German Press, provide it with this sort of stuff?

Probably not twenty officers with the Mesopotamian force have ever glanced at Gibbon or remembered Ctesiphon with any interest, if they have. Yet it is to General Townshend's honour that when a clash with the Turco-Germans before that place was seen to be inevitable, he gave orders that the ruined Palace of Chosroes was to be carefully spared from shell fire, and this was done.

W. HOAR.

P.S.—Of course, if Mr. Shaw, adopting in effect the German version of Reims, replies that owing to the fine strategic position of the Acropolis, the Greeks would have massed their artillery in and around the sacred ruins of the Parthenon, I am helpless against that kind of argument.

* * *

DIS CRAMBE THANATOS!

Sir,—"War has the effect of throwing men back into their primitive phases," writes the Fabian wizard. "The greatest war in history" has certainly this effect upon Mr. Bernard Shaw, but he is an old gentleman now, and, therefore, I suppose, will still be talking. Senile garrulity may be sufferable by the fireside and in the family circle, but it is really intolerable, and not to be borne with in public. Twice within three weeks, Sir, you have served up Shaw for the punishment of your miserable readers. I object. I remonstrate. It is too painful.

Mr. Shaw has lived. He has played and drunk sufficiently. He has jested at death. He has gibed at Christianity. He has twanged the sexual string, and started back affrighted at the sound thereof. He has been flattered and caressed, buffeted and spat upon. He has said his say. He has emptied his bag of tricks. He has drunk up his life to the lees. What has Mr. Shaw to do with the things that matter? Why encourage him further? Sir, there is no sight on earth more pitiable than the aged clown or the antiquated ballet girl or the singer with the worn-out voice. Why encourage Mr. Shaw? Let him fall to his prayers.

Sir, I write in all seriousness. We have lately been witnesses of a most ghastly tragedy in which the protagonists on either side were what are called, or used to be called, "literary" people, lettered, cultured, æsthetic ladies and gentlemen. I shudder, as we all do, when I think of it. History will note that this terrible outbreak was engineered by a company of readers and writers who had up against them an amiable, spectacled, accomplished scholar. Individually, I imagine any one of them would have shrunk from inflicting the slightest pain upon any sentient creature. The pity of it. The pity of it.

> "Oh fortunatam, natam me consule Romam
> Antoni gladios potuit contemnere si sic
> Omnia dixisset."

Literary gentlemen should not meddle with revolution. I have seen a very creditable copy of verses written by Robespierre. Mr. Shaw, I grant, is harmless—but why should I have to listen to the creaking of his joints, and the rattling of his poor old bones in the pages of THE NEW AGE? Why not hire a man of military fitness with teeth that can bite an ammunition biscuit? If you must have a popular author, why not try Mr. Begbie?

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

* * *

IRELAND.

Sir,—The following letter was written on my receiving your issue of the 18th inst. I have been delayed in its forwarding, but I earnestly hope you may do me the honour of affording it early publication. This is my letter.

I, also, desire to make my amende to Mr. George Bernard Shaw for a misjudgment—a misconception as dead as that which Mr. James Stephens has lifted up our hearts by acknowledging. I ask you for your kind permission, therefore, to follow his fine example.

In a moment of deep feeling it is difficult for me to find words of my own so satisfying as those now lying before me; they convey, with hardly a difference, my own confession.

I, too, would say to Mr. Shaw, and since I am, though a contemporary, personally unknown to him, before your readers: your public utterance on the Irish revolt has given the lie to everything I have ever said in dispraise of your character. Your meet word is a deed. In face of that high inconsiderate deed I am, I beg you to believe, deeply sorry, for I shall never repeat that light dispraise. I must be, I feel, to the last hour of your life or mine, your insolvent debtor.

May I now, sir, turning to you, say another thing, yet one not much easier to say?

In this desolate hour I am aware that I have not, in the past, in the least believed in you about Ireland. I thought, that is, that you could not see true about Ireland. You have often been unjust to her, tragically

unjust, and that in very critical times, throwing a weight which becomes steadily more recognised with every vanishing year on what is, as we see it, the indefensible English side in this age-long war of the spirit.

Yet through all the worldly folly of our latest revolt against that spirit of England—the spirit which, in the eyes of the alien world, is England—now, at a time when men's hearts are failing them for fear (at any rate, the men of this island, or why these savageries—the familiar sign of fear?), you have not only seen clear; you have taken your stand by the spirit of Ireland as exemplified by all that was enduring and true in this outbreak, when all men in England spoke ill of those engaged in it upon our side.

Moreover, barring the possibility that Mr. Shaw's letter was published elsewhere prior to its appearance in the "Daily News" of May 10, you must have been, as has so often happened in other affairs, the first in the field.

With a full heart I am making my amende to you also. You have wholly outrun my faith in you as a guardian of that vision for the lack of which the peoples perish.

It will never be forgotten by any of us who, though cruelly regretting that the work of the deceptive Kuno Meyer (do I misspell the fellow's name?), should have been so terribly successful in disguising the real character of the German intervention in our affairs, are dazed with sorrow over what may be called, in the language of a South African writer in referring to Spain and certain burnings, the cauterisation of our growing points.

It is a hope I have long cherished that there will come into existence in the days to be, not in contempt as now, but in honour, those who shall be known as Twi-Islanders, combining in blood-lineage and mental inheritance the qualities and the faculties peculiar to both races. For Britons, however diverse—and they are even more diverse than we—have a consciousness in common as notable as our own.

These Islanders should stand, if they recognisably come to be, as the Interpreters in our House of Life. In that life in common—i.e., more spacious than anything we know, which, were honour won to the rival communities, from either side might become, I dream, unimaginably giftful and fruitful for the commonweal of mankind. You should be seen, in after days, as one of the first of these.

It is, I think, in all events, clear what you have now done—so much honour I give to England yet.

The element known as Sinn Fein in Ireland has already, as you have discerned, moved sharply to the left in consequence of this last experiment by the one race in pruning the virility of the other.

May I conclude these amendes by one more saying? It is not, sir, to the right or to the left that you have moved. It is to the centre. ROEN.

May I subjoin certain appropriate lines from a recent volume of verse?

"In the deep world that cannot shudder away,
That builds itself on this as heroes build
Unsleeping fame on the fames that they have killed,
Music breaks into light, and bright lights play
Like flowers of music in a shadowless day.

"So a light shines that lifts above the sea,
Wider than earth and brighter than the sun,
Burning beneath the coiled wave, breathing upon
The stretch of air, till the world seems to be
A shadow passing in an eternity."

They are by Mr. Darrel Figgis, of Achill. R.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Sir,—In reference to "R. H. C.'s" comment on my last letter to THE NEW AGE, protesting against his substituting the word "population" for "importance" in the first clause of the scheme of International Government suggested in "The Two Roads," I should like to draw his attention to the fact that he has missed the point. The point in question is not, as he states, the similarity between "status" and "importance," but the difference between "importance" and "population." In reference, however, to "R. H. C.'s" principal objection to International Government, namely, that it would be impossible to get the nations to agree to a scale of voting strength, I should like to draw his attention to an article which appeared in "Truth," May 10, under the heading of "The Federal Solution," by "Scrutator." In this article "Scrutator" advocates exactly the same methods for maintaining the rights of nations as are suggested in "The Two Roads." On this one point, however—the scale of voting strength—we differ. "Scrutator" says, "The precise composition of the Federal Council is a matter which can only be determined by the parties to the Federal Treaty," then, strangely enough, he goes on to say, "that it is most desirable that the minor States should be largely represented upon it, and the soundest principle would be that every State should have equal representation regardless of its size and wealth." I am, however, still of the opinion that this is a matter which is obviously better left to a preliminary International Conference. I may say that "Truth" had been in possession of "The Two Roads" for a considerable period before this article appeared. My personal opinion is that the crux of the whole situation lies in the control of armaments. If the League of Nations is to be bound together merely by treaty obligations, "scraps of paper," then the whole fabric will rest upon a most insecure and dangerous foundation. Everything would depend upon a nation's interpretation of her treaties, and I am very much afraid that in many cases the amount of a nation's support would be measurable by the extent to which that nation was interested. To my mind, before such a league could really be considered reliable, it would have to absolutely control the armaments of nations—it would require to be so constituted that a national dispute once referred to its Law Courts would be as much out of the power of a nation to influence as an individual dispute referred to our national Law Courts.

H. E. HYDE.

* * *

THE CASE OF MR. PROBSTHAIN.

Sir,—The casual allusion to the internment of my publisher, Mr. Arthur Probsthain, of 41, Great Russell Street (in my letter to THE NEW AGE of April 27), has brought me several inquiries from literary friends, expressing regrets that the law had not made an exception in the case of this gentleman of alien birth. I have likewise been asked for particulars, but—owing to my absence from England—I am unable to give any others than the fact that Mr. Probsthain, who, like other Germans, had been interned last year, was released upon a petition presented by the India Society to the Home Office, but has then, for one reason or another, been again taken back to Islington, where, to my knowledge, he has been for the last eight months.

I hear that the same society is preparing another petition, about which particulars may be had at 41, Great Russell Street. May I ask my friends of THE NEW AGE to sign this? May I likewise ask Mr. Probsthain's numerous friends of all nationalities, who happen to read this, to take an interest in the matter? Surely some distinction ought to be made between members of enemy nations. A gentleman whose presence has been of undoubted benefit to the literary and scholarly life of the country of his residence should not be subjected to the ordinary course and routine of the law.

Geneva, May 24. OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

Sir,—As one who greatly appreciated Mr. Bell's criticisms on modern architecture, and especially his views upon the question of nationality, I cannot—with your permission—allow Mr. Austin St. B. Harrison to have the last, indeed, the only, word on the subject.

Mr. Bell deplored the fact that English architects sought their inspiration in the architecture of Greece and Italy, that, to quote another authority, "they formed their ideals in following the imaginings of alien builders unsuited to our climate and foreign to our traditions, rather than in studying the triumphs of our native English craftsmen." I fail to see that Mr. Harrison's contention that architecture can be divided into two classes, the architect's brand and the craftsman's, has any bearing upon the question. The question, in short, is, do we, as a nation, wish to express ourselves in our own or in an alien style? The importance of the point gains immense weight if we take the trouble to look around and note the tendency, at all events so far as the rebuilding goes of our towns and cities. On every hand we are faced with the eternal "classic" (the only "classic" architecture is that of Greece and Italy—just as the only "classic" music is that of Germany—this in case there should be any misunderstanding of the meaning of the word "classic" on the part of the sane and simple). Whether it be a War Office, a draper's shop, or a public lavatory we are building it matters not; there are the same stale old columns, the eternal Ionic or Corinthian capitals. Surely a sense of sheer boredom—

if nothing else—cries out against this blind hero-worship! But let us not be too hard on our architects—poor devils. They know no better. From babyhood they have been fed on the "classic." Success in becoming qualified in their profession has probably been achieved by exactitude in setting out the diameter of a column or the precise proportion of a cornice in relation to a frieze. They have been taught for generations to utterly ignore everything traditional, to forget, in fact, that once upon a time Englishmen tried to express themselves in their own native way.

England is not alone in this hateful and servile worship of the "classic." The day is not far distant, I fear, when there will be nothing whatever to tell us whether we are walking the streets of Madrid, Hong Kong, or Brixton. Such a prospect is tragic. A sense of nationality is the very essence of art. In short, art *is* nationality. This truth has come home to but a few of our artists, however, which at the present time is all the more amazing, seeing that the conditions were never before so favourable for reviving all that is essentially English and stimulating in art.

A few musical composers of note, notably Martin Shaw, are doing much to restore the lost English art of music, but for the most part our gutless artists are simply incapable of any conception of the meaning of art other than that of a word spelt with a capital "A" denoting something infinitely vague, perfectly perfect, and "classical." To look for inspiration at home, to seek it where it may most readily be found, in the native habits and pleasures of our own people, to glory in a thing because it speaks to us of a once-merrie England, to found our ideals on what is traditional, to make art the expression of all that is best in us—this surely should be the never-ending delight of the artist, be his craft what it may. The tendency to hunt everywhere and anywhere (except at home) for our standards largely, if not entirely, accounts for the present deplorable state of what we call popular taste. For, unmoved by the "God-like" proportions of the Ionic order, uninterested in the technicalities of highly classical music, uninstructed in everything relating to their own land, small wonder the people gush over anything that glitters or makes a noise, revel in the turkey trot, and become imbecile over rag-time or any other "catchy" filth.

To my mind, the strength of the case for National Guilds lies very largely in its appeal to the best form of self-respecting patriotism. For deep down in the Englishman is intense pride and love of country, and an appeal to these will do more than logic can ever hope to achieve alone.

As a nation we shall finally succeed or fail as we retain or lose our sense of nationality.

NOEL HASLEWOOD.

* * *

HAMLET.

Sir,—As long ago as August 27, 1914, "R. H. C." expressed his determination not to accept the psycho-analytic explanation of Hamlet's mystery, and with that unreasoning prejudice he remains satisfied. What his own explanation of "Hamlet" may be, I do not know; he has never stated it, or even considered in any detail the particular nature of the mystery of Hamlet. But he owes to himself as a critic, and to me as an advocate of Freud's hypothesis, the duty of a fair representation of Freud's work; whatever may be the merits of his own case, he is not entitled to the use of misleading analogies about mine. When he says that "Hamlet is architecture: Freud is a mineralogist," he is guilty not only of misrepresentation but of sheer obtuseness. "Hamlet" is psychology: Freud is a psychologist; and the value of Freud's work is not, as "R. H. C." vainly supposes, the revelation of the demon sex in every neurosis, but the demonstration of the architecture of the mind. It was Freud who divided the dream into the dream façade, the dream structure, and the dream foundation; indeed, the danger of Freud is not his pre-occupation with the sexual origin of neuroses (which even a "Times" reviewer can correct), but his demonstration of the mechanical structure of mind, a conception which in his hands becomes a doctrine of mental determination. The range of his induction is best indicated by the first paragraph of Dr. Ernest Jones's lecture: "English-speaking psychologists have as yet paid relatively little attention to the study of genius and of artistic creativeness, at least so far as the method of analysing in detail the life-history of individual men of genius is concerned. In Germany, stimulated by Moebius' example, many workers have obtained valuable results by following this biographical line of investigation. Within the past few years, this study has been infused with fresh interest by the luminous writings of Professor Freud, who has laid bare some of the fundamental mechanisms by which artistic and poetic creativeness proceeds. He has shown that the main characteristics of these mechanisms are common to many apparently dissimilar mental processes, such as dreams, wit, psycho-neurotic symptoms, etc., and further that all these processes bear an intimate relation to fantasy, to the realisation of non-conscious wishes, to psychological 'repression,' to the reawakening of childhood memories, and to the psycho-sexual life of the subject." Freud's work and the play of "Hamlet" are of the same material; and if I could only get "R. H. C." beyond his horror at the thought of Hamlet as a sexual being, I should be able to show the true analogy between the structure of the play and the structure of Shakespeare's mind when he wrote it. Whatever limitation of Freud's demonstration of sex as the origin of all neurosis may have to be made, will not affect his explanation of "Hamlet"; the proof is irrefragable. But, of course, if "R. H. C." will not be convinced by me, nor read for himself, I cannot help it; I can only warn him that he is deserting his function of criticism when he refuses Freud a hearing, and is adopting the tactics of a prude. For the method of psycho-analysis has come to stay; it has put in the hands of both physician and psychologist an extremely valuable instrument; and Freud's exploration of the psychology of the unconscious is being corrected only in details.

A. E. R.

* * *

READERS AND WRITERS.

Sir,—I am sorry to see my old friend and esteemed enemy "R. H. C." is making fun (in your number of May 18th) of the following words of Leo Berg, which are found in his book "The Superman in Modern Literature": 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 search in reformatories and brothels? If the élite of society is not found there, it will probably be discovered nowhere. "R. H. C." thinks this "twaddle," and expresses the opinion that "this twaddle invariably proceeds from writers whose circumstances are, and are meant to be, safely bourgeois."

Now I know nothing of the circumstances of Leo Berg except that he was not too well off, a Jew and an admirer of Nietzsche. I agree that with all this he may have been outwardly a bourgeois, but he certainly was not one inwardly, for such sayings as that mentioned above betray a deep distrust of all bourgeois values, a deeper one than any Socialist of my acquaintance, anyhow, has ever possessed.

I suppose—perhaps I am mistaken—that "R. H. C." *is* a Socialist. He is certainly a most intelligent one, well versed in many branches of literature (much better than I am!), but no bourgeois need ever be afraid of him! He at bottom does not hate them with the full force of an indignant heart, for he has apparently no full conception of the harm which this class can do, has been doing and will go on doing. . . . One fine day, such Socialists make their peace with the opposite camp, just as Science has made its peace with religion. . . . "At bottom we are all good fellows" . . . So you are!

Leo Berg, as a Nietzschean, distrusted bourgeois and Socialist values alike, and I candidly confess so do I. I have often in my mind compared the Socialist and the bourgeois to the blades of a pair of scissors, which *seem* to cut each other, but only cut what comes between them—in this case the people. . . . Or to two barristers who fight in public and afterwards go home arm in arm telling each other about the fees they have just pocketed.

Asking "R. H. C.'s" pardon for this somewhat lively note, and assuring him that I shall continue to be an admirer of "Readers and Writers,"

OSCAR LEVY.

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Press Cuttings.

Some excitement was occasioned on the Lourenço Marques market recently over an incident arising out of martial law. Early in the week the authorities issued a price list for fish and general produce. On Thursday morning it was noticed that the stalls contained neither eggs nor tomatoes. Inquiries were made, and as a result of these, the municipal authorities searched the cold storage premises, and seized quantities of both eggs and tomatoes that were evidently being held for higher prices. The owners, indeed, refused to sell at the scheduled rates, on the ground that these were too low. The municipal authorities, therefore, themselves sold them off. The time was between eight and nine o'clock, and while this enforced sale was on buying was brisk, not to say furious. Nothing was left over. The whole proceedings took place in the presence of the police.

It has been stated at Sheffield that a tax of 10 per cent. on all capital in excess of £1,000 per head would provide £1,000,000,000. It was urged that the Military Conscription Bill was an unanswerable argument for the conscription of wealth, inasmuch as the Bill not only conscripted the men but the wealth of those called up for military purposes, by taking the men from their means of livelihood and compelling them to serve the State for a shilling a day. Opinion upon the subject here seems to be divided according to the size of the banking accounts.—"Financial Mail."

We draw attention to the insidious attempts that are being made by financial interests to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to issue the next War Loan either "free of Income Tax," or, at any rate, guaranteed against any increase of Income Tax. It is alleged that such a guarantee would facilitate the loan being taken up abroad. This, however, is a mere pretext, as holders of Exchequer Bonds domiciled outside the British Empire are already exempted; and this privilege could easily be extended to the new issue. The real and scarcely concealed reason for the demand is the desire of the banks, the insurance offices, and the great financial magnates to "make themselves safe" against the heavy taxation which they see to be in prospect—to make themselves safe, it must be added, at the expense of the great mass of humbler folk whom this avoidance of taxation would necessarily subject to heavier burdens. It is to be regretted that the Government is driven to finance the war to such a colossal extent by borrowing, instead of by much heavier taxation in proportion to wealth. War Loans are oppressive to the mass of the people, because (a) their effect is, by inflating the effective currency, to raise prices all round; (b) they compel us to pay a tribute of interest and eventual repayment for a great deal that might have been simply taken, once for all, by an equitable national levy. But it would be intolerable if those wealthy persons who thus levy five per cent. per annum tribute upon the nation, as the price of helping it, should be allowed, in addition, to escape any of the Income Tax to which the rest of us may at any time be subjected.—"New Statesman."

The profits of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company (the White Star Line) for last year have attracted a good deal of attention. They were stated as being £1,968,285, as compared with £887,548 in 1914 and £1,121,268 in 1913, which was the company's record year; but the figure given for 1915 does not indicate the full profit, for it is arrived at "after providing for excess profits taxation and contingent liabilities." Replying to a question asked in the House of Commons by Mr. W. C. Anderson, Captain Pretyman stated that the company informed him that the profit mentioned was before deduction of debenture interest and depreciation. Captain Pretyman added that the sum divided as dividend was £487,500, the same amount as in the year 1913 before the war. Where people are protesting against larger war profits it may, at first sight, appear an adequate answer to point out that a company is not paying out more in dividends than it did in the year preceding the war. As a statement of fact it is perfectly correct, but it has no bearing upon the amount of profit that has been made, as the following calculation will show. We now know that the 1915 profit shown in the accounts is *after* allowing for excess profits taxation, deferred repairs, contingent liabilities, debenture interest, and depreciation. Since 1913 the company has increased its debenture issue, and last year had to pay in debenture interest £109,536, as compared with £65,211 in 1914. How much has been placed on one side for depreciation before showing the profits can only be known to very few people, but the amount the company must have put on one side for excess profits taxation must be at least half a million, and possibly a great deal more. The actual profits for last year were therefore probably in the neighbourhood of three millions, if not more. As indicated above, out of the £1,968,285 shown as profit, only £487,500 is paid out in dividends, the remainder going to various reserves. The dividend works out at 65 per cent., but all goes to the International Mercantile Marine Company, the much-talked-of American shipping trust associated with the name of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, which holds all the ordinary shares. The Trust was in a bankrupt condition prior to the war, but the present state of affairs is radically altering its position.—"New Statesman."

And what is the next step along the path towards industrial self-government? That is a long story. But one thing is quite clear: the instrument *by which* it will be achieved is ready to hand in the Trade Union movement, and the only way in which the workers can become industrial citizens is by being keen, loyal, vigilant, and unselfish Trade Unionists; by educating themselves and their fellow-members in the methods and purposes of industrial self-government; by choosing good leaders and insisting on keeping in close touch with their activities; and by encouraging them, as the representatives of the industry or service with which they are connected, to use every opportunity to strengthen and to extend, by recognised consultation and representation on the actual administrative machinery, the idea and the methods of industrial democracy.—A. E. ZIMMERN in the "Postal and Telegraph Record."

When John Hodge begins to talk about "a real partnership of labour in industry" it is surely time for others to sit up and take notice. He is a very cautious man, and one not prone to follow the cause that for the moment appears popular, for is he not a Scotsman, and are not all men from that country canny? Listen to his words (at least, we presume that he takes responsibility for the annual report of his Union): "We suggest, however, that as an essential step in the direction of industrial co-operation labour must be given that status in industry its services entitle it to." It is perhaps unfortunate that the status referred to seems to be that of partner with capital and not with the State; but, despite this blemish, we welcome this declaration of policy. After the war we shall expect to see the Steel Smelters fighting hard for Joint Control, and stretching out their hands towards National Guilds.—"The Herald."

Yet another Union has been bitten by the theories of National Guilds. At the annual conference of the Railway Clerks' Association an amendment sent in by the Inverness Branch demanding that "the railways, in addition to being owned by the nation, must be administered by the Railway Workers as a Guild under Charter from the State" was down on the agenda. Unfortunately, this particular motion was not reached, and National Guilds has not yet become the official policy of the R.C.A. We do not doubt that in time it will be, and meanwhile we suggest that the members of the Union who are interested in the idea should get into touch with the National Guild League.—"The Herald."

Woman's position in industry after the war was discussed at a Woman's Labour League Conference at Kingsway Hall. Mr. Fred Bramley, of the National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades' Association, said there was an idea that after the war, when the women no longer filled an emergency, they would be cleared out of the factories in large bodies, but he did not think any such change would take place. He said that with a full knowledge of all the agreements arrived at with the Government and other institutions. Dr. Marion Phillips said there should be no objection to a woman remaining in a position where she had proved her capacity. A dock labourer or a coal-miner should not be a woman.—"The Evening News."

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