COINCIDENTALLY with the appearance of this issue of the New Age the public may expect to see an official statement regarding the outcome of the Economic Conference in Paris. This Conference was summoned so inspired paragraphs said for the purpose of discussing trade questions in their relation to the actual campaign as well as to events after the war; and it was understood that among the subjects to be dealt with were trading with the enemy, the blockade, and competition after the signing of peace. A score or more delegates were sent to represent the Allied countries, including even far-off Japan; and some little time must have been lost in translation. Certainly, the English delegates possessed but a poor knowledge of French among them. Mr. Hughes, no doubt, simply bored the Conference with his one and only speech, and then subsided. Taking the circumstances into consideration, then, we must agree that the Conference must have worked with perfectly marvellous rapidity and good temper to have been able to finish its labours after a series of short sittings between Tuesday and Friday of last week. We permit ourselves to think, accordingly, that some of the points which the papers said were to be discussed at length were soon put out of the way, and that such attention as the Conference gave to anything was concentrated on something upon which no stress has been laid at all. Remember that the delegates had no executive powers: their orders were to consult and subsequently to report to their respective Governments.

Trading with the enemy during the war itself is not a matter which need be discussed after nearly two years of fighting. Each Government took, almost immediately after the outbreak, the precautions it deemed necessary; and if any further points remained outstanding—which is incredible—half a dozen of the legal advisers to the various Foreign Offices could have met and decided them. Similarly, the blockade has already been discussed; and only a week or so before the Economic Conference met, Lord Robert Cecil, the Minister of Blockade, and Mr. Hurst, of the Foreign Office, paid a visit to Paris to talk over this very subject. No; it would not have been necessary to summon delegates from half the world for this. There must have been some greater attraction; and on the basis of information within the reach of most people we venture to indicate what the real object of the Conference was. After all, international Conferences of this kind are not unlike those which precede the making of a political treaty; and a political treaty usually contains a few clauses of a confidential character. What, after all, will be the most immediate and pressing problem facing the Allied countries after the war—assuming, of course, that the enemy is defeated? All our fictitious prosperity on borrowed money will have disappeared with the final circle of the hands of the clock after the Treaty of Peace has been signed. The so-called war trades will vanish at once; soldiers will be discharged; women and old men will be dismissed; labour will be plentiful; capital will be scarce and dear; and wages will almost inevitably fall. Prices may drop to a slight extent, for shipping will once more be available. But the one problem common to all the Allies will, nevertheless, be that of meeting German competition when the war is at an end.

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The favourite plan suggested by a small section of English opinion is the establishment of a powerful tariff system in this country; a system which shall shut out enemy goods as far as possible, allow the Dominions and our Allies a preference, and "make England great." Practically every trade paper has been hinting at the necessity for protection as a safeguard for trade—except, of course, those representing interests in this country which are more likely to thrive on free imports.
of raw materials. But the interests of manufacturers, if competition against Germany is to be effective, must be bound up with those of financiers, as we have been told by all writers and speakers on this subject, from the "Morning Post" and the Anti-German Union down to Mr. H. E. Morgan in a book reviewed in our columns last week. This aspect of the case might be more extensively dwelt upon; for it includes America as well as Germany. Recent issues of representative German newspapers—we need instance only the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of June 4 to 15—have been emphasising the competition which German manufacturers may expect from the United States after the war. Let us be clear on a point which our exasperated anti-Germans have left out of account. Assuming that the interests of financiers and manufacturers go together, and that protection is necessary for their maintenance—which, under present conditions, is a succinct manner of expressing an economic fact—it ought to be made more generally known to our experts that German manufacturers are no better off than American manufacturers in their relations towards the bankers. The German State exercises control over its banking system, as it does over everything else, with the result that any promising young firm can obtain its loan and develop its scope either at home or abroad. It is contended that British banks, in this respect, are ungenerous—they will refuse to lend without adequate security; and they refuse to touch any kind of speculative business or to interest themselves in manufacturing concerns. This, it is pointed out, has made British banking the mainstay of the world.

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For the full force of protection as an economic policy to be realised, however, it is not enough to contrast Great Britain and Germany; the former as an example of the benefits of laissez-faire in banking, the latter as an example of the advantages of State interference. In the United States there is to be found a rather different organisation—that is to say, the large banks and the large business houses are so greatly intertwined that it becomes difficult at times to say which is which. The inquirer is often at a loss to realise how an organisation has arisen, or how an amalgamation has been brought about—whether the manufacturer owns the bank or the bank the manufacturer. The earlier history of the Standard Oil Company, as of the Steel Trust, will furnish instances of large-scale manufacturers ruining their rivals through controlled banks (as well as by other means); and, on the other hand, the Morgan banking syndicate has the fate of innumerable business houses in its hands. In France, Italy, and Russia; and, of course, in the smaller countries on the Allied side, the relations between bankers and manufacturers are much the same as our own.

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This, then, provides the problem to be discussed; if it be admitted that banks do not care to engage in speculative business, and that manufacturers require subsidising and long bankers' credits in order to be able to meet competition founded on a system, how are the manufacturers to be obliged without the banks incurring risks? Why, by means of that stupid ass, the State. The slogan for the modern English protectionist manufacturer is a simple one: State aid for banks. Russia can be developed after the war; Belgium and France can be re-built; Japan can have her way in Southern China; and even the output of the Serbian copper mines can be increased tenfold. Much of this work will fall to this country; for we are in a better position than our Allies to provide money, skilled labour, raw materials, and manufactured articles. Indeed, there is only one European country which can compete with us in most respects, and that is the country which it is not considered as polite to mention. But the State, the English State, can surmount all difficulties if only it will guarantee the bankers who will assume risks on behalf of the manufacturers. This, we can say with certainty, is the direction in which our economic system is tending; and unless the John Hodges and Citizen Walshes come to their senses they will betray their fellow-workers (if Members of Parliament do not object to the expression) into a state of slavery a thousand times more severe and inevitable than that from which they were slowly emerging when the war began.

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Consider what the new policy means. Before the war the organisation of employers had not proceeded to undue lengths. English employers were notoriously suspicious of one another; and only where business interests rendered the process unavoidable did employers meet to decide upon joint action. No doubt the tendency was for this process to be accelerated; but the workers, if not their leaders, had a keen eye to their own salvation; and the younger generation, inspired by the instinctive working-class movement towards the Guild system, showed signs of being able to take advantage of current economic conditions by pitting the trader against the manufacturer, the manufacturer against the banker, and the banker against the landowner, in order to bring about a more just distribution of wealth, a more human organisation of society. Under the new policy proposed all the employing interests—the manufacturer, the trader, the landowner, the financier mutually aiding one another—are automatically banded together, firmly supported on a basis of conscription and protected in every sense of the word by import duties regulated to suit their fancy and the needs—their notions—of the time. Worse: they will be assisted towards this position of supreme power by suspicion of labour leaders—not merely by gasbags from the Antipodes, but by men at home whom we are ashamed to call our own kith and kin. Lerroux in Spain, Longuet in France, and Liebknecht in Germany have a much clearer conception of working-class interests at this moment than any English labour leader in or out of Parliament. If we are accused of setting national interests against class interests, in direct opposition to the openly announced policy of the German Social-Democratic Party, we have an easy reply. There have been former conferences between the Allies in the national interests; in the interests of winning the war. This is the first Allied Conference, this Economic Conference in Paris, to be held since the war in the interests of employers only. We do not care what the official statement may say, the subject we have briefly outlined must, we hold, have been raised in some form in Paris; for all roads of the discussion would necessarily lead to it.

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With all the earnestness in our power, we insist that the leaders of the working-class movements shall give their attention to this development. The New Age has fully recognised the difficulties of overcoming Rent, Interest, and Profits in normal times—at times, in other words, when the manufacturer alone was regarded...
by the workman, to use a Nietzschean expression, as his best enemy. In future the manufacturer, when he fights, will not fight his workmen alone: he will be supported by financiers subsidised out of the general funds of the community; he will be organised with others of his class; and, above all, he will be placed in a position of supreme authority by the system of conscription—a system as unnecessary for this country as it is likely to be harmful to the interests of the majority of its population. Even by now the employing classes feel their power. It was possible to hold an Economic Conference by without the assistance of a single labour representative.

While we, the public, have our difficulties due to the shipping industry, of which the addition of 100 per cent. to the cost of living is the chief, the shipping companies themselves, poor things, have theirs. Not only does the necessity of making war-profits afflict them—since they would not injure us for worlds—but they are in trouble to obtain more ships with which to do it. The shortage of labour in the shipbuilding-yards and the allocation of so many of the remnant of workmen to Government construction leave the shipbuilders few means of mercantile building; and even of these, it may seem, of our own and neutral shippers have the first call. The reason is the very simplest in the world. Do not search in the speculations of diplomacy for it, or imagine that our shipbuilders are pursuing a benevolent policy towards possibly friendly neutrals. Such considerations have no appeal to them whatever. The simple cause is that neutral shipping companies are offering higher prices for new tonnage than our English companies are disposed to offer. It is all, or that it is not certain they are not going to defend them. But when our shipping companies complain and ask to be defended from the free operation of the Law of Supply and Demand, we are entitled to retort that they cannot have it both ways. Of the Law of Supply and Demand, which in paraphrase is buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, our shipping companies, as our house-keeping bills testify, have taken every advantage when it suited their purpose. Now, however, that in their purchases of ships in operation to their disadvantage, they are crying out that it is not fair. "The question," says the "Times," "that awaits decision is whether in future the British shipbuilding industry is to be placed at the disposal of the highest bidders irrespective of their nationality and objects." Yes, and that involves the further question whether any other industry, including that of shipping itself, is to be so placed. If so, it will be in vain that we want the shipping companies to compete for the work in small areas while larger areas are undermanned. "Yes, and as far as can be seen, it will continue until the medical profession organises itself as a national guild and accepts collective responsibility for the health of the nation, rich and poor alike. The exemption on profiteering grounds of the medical profession from national responsibility is a disgrace to doctors as well as to the State. Medical service is surely as necessary to everybody as sanitation, police protection, education and the postal service. But while all these are nationally organised—that is, distributed according to need and not the demand of the market—medical service is allowed to be bought and sold as if it were a luxury. The "Times" correspondent is of the opinion that a State Medical Service is the proper solution of the problem. It is one solution, it is true; and we are prepared, if the war continues, to see the remaining civilian doctors mobilised and distributed, under compulsion and uniform, through the whole country irrespective of their private practices and personal wishes. But a purely State Medical Service has its perils no less than its advantages; and, for our part, we should like to see the doctors themselves for national service to be organised by the State directly. That, however, is a matter for them to decide upon.

Still another instance of what comes of leaving matters to Supply and Demand is the problem, now growing formidable, of food-prices. In the "Spectator," for instance, as long ago as August, 1914, we observed that if England was to win the war it would be on her belly that she must do it. The first military necessity, therefore, in a long view of the difficulty of the war, was the provision of plenty of food at a cheap price. Now there was no reason in nature why these conditions should not have been fulfilled. Not only had we, the world to draw upon for supplies; but, owing to the blockade of the Central Powers, we had the market more completely than ever to ourselves. And not only, again, had we the omnipotent protection of the State Navy for our imports, but the mercantile shipping of the whole neutral world was at our disposal in addition to our own. By a proper exercise, in fact, of the means and powers within our own hands, food-imports from foreign countries, increasing us more during the war, might actually have cost us less. We know, however, what was done. When it was nothing it was something worse than nothing. The "Times" and the "Spectator," both of them journals without a brain between them, raised the objection to doing anything that we must under all circumstances maintain the law of Supply and Demand. To the natural [as if there were such an economic law!] to the natural operation of Supply and Demand we must trust, said the "Spectator," for the ultimate levelling of prices to the plane of our requirements. And when it became patent that to trust to Supply and Demand was to put the country at the mercy of foreign monopolists and of our own importers as well, and not till then, did the "Spectator" and its friends approve the course of fixing maximum prices, and of attempting to control supplies. But of these measures the latter which, in the broadest sense, is the only effective means of regulating prices (for who controls Supply controls Prices), the most timid and sparing use was made lest profiteers should get upon their hind legs and stop the war; and the former, as we have over and over again demonstrated, is of no use whatever. The result of it all has therefore, been to put the country into a condition growing from bad to worse, and scarcely distinguishable from the condition of Germany. Even in the official statistics food prices between them. We need scarcely ask to what principle this idiotic and criminal ill-distribution is due; it is due to the same principle of Supply and Demand to which we owe so much anarchy elsewhere. "The waste," says the sensible "Times" medical correspondent, "results from the lack of organisation. In our part, we should prefer to see the doctors competing for the work in small areas while larger areas are undermanned." Yes, and as far as can be seen, it will continue until the medical profession organises itself as a national guild and accepts collective responsibility for the health of the nation, rich and poor alike. The exemption on profiteering grounds of the medical profession from national responsibility is a disgrace to doctors as well as to the State. Medical service is surely as necessary to everybody as sanitation, police protection, education and the postal service. But while all these are nationally organised—that is, distributed according to need and not the demand of the market—medical service is allowed to be bought and sold as if it were a luxury. The "Times" correspondent is of the opinion that a State Medical Service is the proper solution of the problem. It is one solution, it is true; and we are prepared, if the war continues, to see the remaining civilian doctors mobilised and distributed, under compulsion and uniform, through the whole country irrespective of their private practices and personal wishes. But a purely State Medical Service has its perils no less than its advantages; and, for our part, we should like to see the doctors themselves for national service to be organised by the State directly. That, however, is a matter for them to decide upon.

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are allowed to be advanced over their peace-level by 60 per cent.; and this, as any poor housekeeper knows, takes no account of the tricks of local markets. A hundred, and, in some instances, a hundred and fifty or two hundred per cent., are the prices in peace which the poor must pay. And, since not even Mr. Strachey will contend that wages have advanced by anything like the same amount, the poverty of the poor is greater than ever and growing still greater. So serious, indeed, has the matter become that nearly two years have been required to bring the siege the Government has been driven to appoint a Commission to discover a fresh way of raising it. The Commission appointed last week under the chairmanship of Mr. J. M. Robertson has at once a simple and a difficult task. The simplicity of its task lies in the fact that any fool can say why prices are high though marketable supplies are plentiful: it is because the owners and carriers of the supplies withhold them for the dearest market they can rig for their profliteering advantage. The difficulty, on the other hand, lies in the fact that the Commission dare not, on pain of getting itself dismissed, recommend the only remedy, which is to nationalise both the sources and the means of supply.

As an example of the cant that gets England deservedly hated in neutral countries, and against which all our other propaganda does not weigh a featherweight, we will quote a sentence from the current "Spectator" addressed to Holland. There have recently been food-riots in Holland for reasons that might just as well produce food-riots here. In spite of ample supplies, food in Holland is dear because the traders export as much as they can to Germany where prices are higher than at home. This means that if the Dutch want to eat as well as the Germans they must be prepared to pay as much as the Germans. As little, however, as our own people realise what enemy raises prices in England do the Dutch realise which of them it is who are responsible for starving Holland. The poor fools think it is England and our blockade; or America and her commercial men; or sununpalatable to neutral tastes is the fact that it is for traders' desire to sell in the dearest market. There are no suffering from our blockade, but from their own demand for higher salaries. Both demands, moreover, will tend to bring the salariat into co-operation with the proletariat, whose demands, after all, are much the same. And from their union we may derive some comfortable hope. In the meanwhile, however, there are signs, result of the lazy and thoughtless specialisation of the specialists who have formed the recent Commission to inquire into the Causes of the Decline in the Birth-rate, that the salariat has been feeling the economic pressure of Capitalism for the last two or three decades.

We should have thought, however, that the discovery subject of economics that any other cause than the economic cause has been assigned for the decline in the birth-rate. It is due, they say, to the spread of materialism, to the growth of the appetite for luxury; or it results from the higher education of women or from the intensification of industry. From anything, in fact, for which there is no possible remedy. For it is observable that when a disease demands a treatment which the social doctors are not disposed to give, they do not recommend, as a rule, another practicable treatment, but several other, impracticable remedies. The Commission, however, has put an end to these careful superstitions. The decline, they say, is not due to the depreciation of marriage; for the marriage rates are maintained. It is not due to the higher education of women or even to the industrialisation of women. Nor is it due to poverty or luxury, since in the classes of the rich and the poor the birth-rate has been relatively stable. For, as far as we can discover for the particulars which themselves precede and determine the so-called economic laws, is the decline due? Though the answer stared the recent Commission in the face, we may remark that not one of their number has seen it. We should have thought, however, that the discoveries, that the decline has not been uniform over the classes, but has skipped the rich and the poor, would have put the Commission upon the right track. The decline has been practically constant to the salariat. This is a piece of evidence that life is becoming harder for the salariat. And in the immediate future it will be harder still.

We print in our correspondence columns a letter from Mr. C. H. Norman describing the treatment he has been receiving in the military prison to which he was condemned by a court-martial. There is no reason to doubt that his diary is a record of fact; and the only question that remains is how soon the facts described are to be brought to an end. That nobody who does not belong to the scum and dregs of the English nation can possibly approve of the methods of Mr. Norman's punishment we would not maintain if nine in ten of the population in its present mood were to deny it. It is not due to poverty or luxury, since in the classes of the rich and the poor the birth-rate has been relatively stable. For, as far as we can discover for the particulars which themselves precede and determine the so-called economic laws, is the decline due? Though the answer stared the recent Commission in the face, we may remark that not one of their number has seen it. We should have thought, however, that the discoveries, that the decline has not been uniform over the classes, but has skipped the rich and the poor, would have put the Commission upon the right track. The decline has been practically constant to the salariat. This is a piece of evidence that life is becoming harder for the salariat. And in the immediate future it will be harder still.

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Our forecast of the next campaign of Capitalism is pretty well known by this time. Leaving the proletariat for dead—though the proletariat have a strange habit of resurrection—Capitalism's next victim will be the salariat, the class living upon fixed nominal incomes. The salariat, the class living upon fixed nominal incomes.

The same explanation, therefore, that fits Holland's case should it be given to Holland and not to England? The Commission knows his business. The same conditions of supply apply to both countries. The answer stared the recent Commission in the face, we may remark that not one of their number has seen it. We should have thought, however, that the discovery that the decline has not been uniform over the classes, but has skipped the rich and the poor, would have put the Commission upon the right track. The decline has been practically constant to the salariat. This is a piece of evidence that life is becoming harder for the salariat. And in the immediate future it will be harder still.
Hungarian papers, particularly the Vienna "Zeit," Budapest "Pester Lloyd" and the Vienna "Fremdenblatt" have been pointing out for many weeks how difficult it is to carry on industry and agriculture in the absence of skilled and unskilled labour; and this is the main reason given for the poor German sugar crop of last year. The French Government, facing with a difficult choice, chose to try to protect the forests rather than the crops; and elaborate arrangements have been notified in the papers for the release of skilled foresters, who are entitled, as such, to three to six months' exemption for carrying on their normal occupation, while "men in responsible positions" in the timber and forest industries are entitled to apply for indefinite leave of absence from their regiments. Even men who can do nothing more than till the trees entitled to ease for this purpose when their services are required. These are symptoms which cannot be overlooked, but it is necessary to insist upon the fact that the concessions I have mentioned were all notified before there was even a suspicion that the Russians were about to begin their new advance some sixteen days ago. If we remember what happened when the Russians penetrated Galicia last year we shall understand this Austro-Hungarian anxiety.

Galicia is one of the two or three provinces from which the Austrians and Hungarians draw their main supplies of cattle and horses. With the Russian invasion this is a question of daily importance when the enemy had been driven out the conditions remained very bad. All the cattle had been confiscated and taken to Russia, and the horses were used in the Russian army. In deference to the feelings of the upholders of international law, it was announced that compensation was paid to such people as remained; but the rapid Russian advance of 1915 terrorised the inhabitants of the outlying Austro-Hungarian provinces, who made for the more inland towns—at any rate, as many as were possible; and there was thus much unowned booty to be picked up; and, although the Austrians, stiffened by the Germans, were subsequently able to force the Russians back, they could not recover their lost livestock. It is freely admitted in the Austro-Hungarian Press that the effects of this invasion are still felt in the food markets. The President of the Budapest Chamber of Commerce has himself acknowledged that the temporary loss of Galicia caused an appreciable advance in the price of beef and milk. The wheat crop is a different problem. So far back as July of last year Count Tisza, Hungarian Prime Minister, himself stated, in reply to a question in the Chamber, that nearly a quarter of a million Russian prisoners were employed "on the land" in Hungary alone; and the number employed in agriculture in Austria was understood to be nearly as large. In spite of this extra labour, due to the fortunes of war, the 1915 harvest in both countries was not up to the usual standard; and it was also a failure in Germany.

Before the Russian advance began a fortnight ago, then, both the Austrian and Hungarian Governments were seriously concerned about their internal conditions, and it is to this that we return. The railway industry in Hungary—an industry of some promise—had been practically killed owing to the absence of raw materials, due to the blockade; and the engineering industry in both countries was in difficulties for the same reason. Such iron-ore and other materials as were available were requisitioned for war purposes exclusively. But above all the industrial difficulties rose the scarcity of food, a difficulty which confronted Government, employer, and workman alike. Beef, eggs, flour, vegetables—these essentials were scarcely to be had; and eggs and vegetables were ridiculously dear.

Definite accusations were brought against "meat rings"—have we not had the same complaint to make ourselves? Again, there were transport difficulties; and agricultural and domestic production was not in a better state than it was. But the chief reason, in each case he brought to the large towns owing to the absence of trucks and labour. From this we may imagine the state of Austria-Hungary after another Russian invasion of Galicia, a catastrophe which was regarded as secure. A feint was attempted on the Galician front towards the end of last year, and the fighting lasted for a few weeks. By the middle of January the Russians had been 'driven' out of the Tarnopol region, which they had occupied for a short time, and it was seriously believed in Austria that another Russian invasion on a large scale was impossible for at least two years. The German Government rather foolishly lent its support to this view—foolishly, because the Austrians were lulled into believing that the war had reached its victorious end; and that, even if it did last for some time longer, the Russians, at any rate, were out of the running.

The resultant disappointment at the new advance is seen to be all the more profound. Even if the Russians were driven out of Galicia and the Bukovina within the next forty-eight hours the damage has been done, and no material help can be expected from these areas. In a severe Russian retreat—or the one that we expect—allowances for the sudden changes of war—appears to be improbable. It was believed, not merely by the Austrians, but by neutrals as well, that Hindenburg would act as a stern critic of no Russian advance could last for more than a few days, since he would send troops at once to the relief of the opposing armies. This may be done, but not on a comprehensive scale. Hindenburg's troops, unfortunately for the Austrians, have been used elsewhere; and the reserves to which he had been looking forward for his spring offensive lie buried around Verdun when they are not interned in French camps. The Germans, it is true, are raising more levies as fast as they can in the interior of their own country; but even the cautious Major Mohrat, whose admirable articles are to be found regularly in the "Berliner Tageblatt," is getting ready to admit that if boys are fairly plentiful officers are scarce. Nor is this all. Both the Germans and Austrians have for months been turning out large stocks of guns and big guns, and the Allies have not been able, as Dr. Dillon has told us ("Fortnightly Review," May), to keep up with them in this respect. But we are now, I am glad to say, all but doing so; and another three or four weeks at the outside will see an enormously increased output of munitions on our side. The enemy could tolerate a shortage of food, and even to some extent a shortage of raw materials; but he cannot tolerate a shortage of shells and guns.

If all goes well, therefore, it follows that we may expect to find an appreciable change in the land war-map by the end of the summer; and we may hope that the Imperial Chancellor will have no justifications—as, indeed, he has really none now if he considered the sea war-map—for saying steadily that Germany and her friends can consider terms of peace only on condition that the territories occupied by the Germans are taken into account in framing them. We appear to be rapidly nearing the time when fighting will be carried on simultaneously on all fronts—I do not mean the customary skirmishing which, small though it is, is nevertheless responsible for so many day-to-day casualties; but battles on a greater scale than, eighteen months ago, I thought would have been necessary to bring the campaign to an end. The defeat of the enemy is as certain now as it was then.
Certain Social Tendencies of the War.

By H. Belloc

The great war is manifestly the strongest external force for the deflecting of existing tendencies, for the concluding of them, and for the emphasising of them, which we have known.

It is not the strongest internal spiritual force, as yet, in this country; but it is already the strongest internal force in France and in Germany, and will probably become the strongest internal force with us also before it is over.

It is therefore very important to consider how it may affect our society.

No one can prophesy in human affairs, because they depend upon the will, and the will is free. Even if the will were not free prophecy would be impossible in such things, because the number of principles from which results can be deduced is indefinitely larger than the number of principles within the survey of any mind. But though prophecy is impossible, the statement of tendency is not only possible but an interest and a duty.

The tendencies, the directions of effort towards the future determined by the great war, are, so far as this country is concerned, already apparent.

We are not yet able to co-ordinate them, but if we tabulate them we shall see them clearly though separately.

(1) The economic system of this country, long insecurely Capitalist, and already approaching as a solution to the unstable equilibrium of Capitalism, the Servile State, tends by the war to be very rapidly brought towards that natural and logical end. The experiment of unchallenged autocratic power in arrangements between Capitalist and proletariat, the admission of higher wages for the skilled or the rare, coupled with the acceptation by the mass of compulsory labour, are ephemeral in legal theory, and will probably prove largely ephemeral in practice. But they will have a permanent effect as an example Many months have gone by since men first had to work at a wage settled for them by a Capitalist Government, were punished if they exercised civil liberty in the control of their own labour, or were forbidden to leave their employment save at the pleasure of the Capitalist master, were imprisoned if they printed their complaints, and, in general, were established in servile conditions. These months will not be without their fruit.

Much more important, as a force making for fixed servile conditions, will be the necessary organisation of labour from above when the armies are disbanded. These may be but slowly disbanded, but disbanded in some large proportion they must be, even in the first months following the war. It will clearly be in the interests of the organised proletariat to prevent "flooding." The politicians (who are either themselves capitalists or the servants of capitalists) will see to it that the new regulation of labour, obviously necessary at such a moment, to prevent anarchy, should also be made as permanent as possible.

Meanwhile, there comes in, from one side, as it were, indirectly, a very important development which will powerfully aid the rapid establishment of the Servile State.

Morally, the great bulwark against the development of the Servile State is the small Capitalist. His existence is good or evil, according to one's philosophy. That point is not germane to the article I am writing here. But whether good, as I believe it to be, or evil, as the Socialist believes it to be, no one can deny that if war were made towards the Servile State, then whatever that State be desirable or no, or more desirable or less desirable than the present state of affairs, at least a large class of small owners (small shopkeepers, small yeomen, small Rentiers possessed of Government bonds and stocks and shares) is the most powerful impediment to its progress.

Now, if there is one thing the war has quite certainly done, or, rather, is quite certainly doing, it is the destruction of this class. I may be told that economic forces were destroying it anyhow. I should not agree; but the point is arguable, and certainly convincing to a superficial observer. But whether the thing were necessarily coming or not the financial action of our Government during this particular war has accelerated it prodigiously.

With one hand, indeed, they have increased the number of people who actually own certain Government stock. But these were people who would have owned stock in any case, and the authorities have consciously made it as difficult as possible even for such Government stock to be held by small men. But, on the other hand, partly from their hurry to raise money and follow the line of least resistance; more from the deliberate desire of a Capitalist State to prevent well distributed Property from arising, they have so struck the small man that he will not rise again.

It is sometimes said that very heavy taxation always has this effect. That, in theory, is false. One could, of course, organise very heavy taxation so that it should fall mainly upon the rich; but certainly this period of very heavy taxation has fallen with murderously exact upon the small man. Already taxes are once rapidly advancing and fluctuating have destroyed the power of saving in many, but on the top of that, much more efficacious, has been the system of direct taxation.

The war has done for the small man.

The natural solution of Capitalism, the Servile State, is now most rapidly advanced by the war in this country. The reaction against it proceeding from freer communities will only come later; and only later shall we be able to test its value and effect.

(2) That form of Capitalism which consists in the general and impersonal levying of a tribute through a State guarantee is heavily emphasised by the war. In other words, loans to the State guaranteed by the power of the State as to capital and interest should, much more than before, become the foundation of a Capitalist system when the war ends.

Some say that the great Governments will go bankrupt through the war, and that, therefore, private enterprise is a better investment than public funds. Such men know nothing of the modern State, and are living in the past. A modern State such as is ours to-day, with no public opinion to check it, no religion restricting it, its spies everywhere, and its armed force omnipotent over the private citizen, will indeed tax very heavily its own tribute to its own creditors, but it can lay its hands at any moment upon all other forms of investment, foreign or domestic, and it would do so at once, and ruthlessly, rather than suffer a loss in its own credit.

The scale upon which the borrowing has proceeded, the British Executive's immense and unfettered power of inquisition and control, all make for this state of things.

(3) The various hypocrisies, already thin, and worn right through in places, which utterly weakened the institutions of our society before the war, should, for the most part, disappear. Parliament, one may say, has already gone. No one pretends that it is representative. The Press is no longer spoken of, even indirectly, as an "organ of opinion," but as the powerful influence of few men, and sometimes of one man. On fifty other similar things the same fate has fallen. War has let loose its power of inquisition.

It does not follow that other hypocrisies will not arise to take the place of these. But the institutions, which we already knew to be corrupt with falsehood long before the war broke out, will not, in their old form, survive the war at all. What will take their place we do not know.

I say "not in their old form" for the word "form" is here ambiguous. I do not mean that the war shows any
Likelihood of destroying the names or the ritual of Parliament. It is to be presumed upon every analogy of the past that those names and that ritual will remain. But in the sense of that which gives its shape and meaning to a thing, that the House of Commons must certainly lose through the War.

Take but one example drawn from the very core of the Institution. It was of the very essence of Parliament, even during the extremely rapid decline in its moral authority, the prestige which we have all remarked during the last ten years, that the little excepted group of professional politicians who run the system should pose as the only organ in which executive authority could possibly resteth over the war. It is already so shaken this fundamental illusion that no one could 20-day see anything ill in the choice of a person quite outside the group, and even out-side Parliament, for any great Executive position.

Take but another, that the Institution of certain bodies in the State is now openly indifferent to what has been decreed or pledged in Parliament. Not only the Executive, but in some cases the Army, in others the Courts, in two of the very organs of the State, that is to say civil service, act without even the old moral authority of Parliament, which seemed (not five years ago!) to be still in the nature of things.

Parliament is told that those who dislike an Act may still rely on the Constitutional privilege of quieting for its repeal. Those who agitate are promptly fined for any great Executive position.

We all approve and we all applaud; for the war is a dreadful reality, and Parliament has long been a silly sham. But my point is not one of praise or blame, but merely the noting of a tendency; and I say that it is simply impossible for an institution which has passed through this humiliation to be restored in its old nature.

In certain cases it will be possible for a man of lively intelligence as well as wisdom, and one possessed of a thorough personal intimacy with Westminster (based upon many years of membership and office), believing, before the war, that Parliament would go through this humiliation to be restored in its old nature.

Two things are possible. Either after the war there will be a vigorous attempt to recreate a free House of Commons, or the institution will be finally and permanently accepted to be a mere pageant—as so many other institutions have become. Its old functions will be replaced by the growth of some new Institution, such as the Army, or more probably by a combination of several in which the Army, the Legal Corporation, and the Civil Service will be the chiefs.

The wisest man I ever knew among those who studied institutions from within, a man of lively intelligence as well as wisdom, and one possessed of a thorough personal intimacy with Westminster (based upon many years of membership and office), believed, before the war, that Parliament would go through this humiliation to be restored in its old nature.

I am less inclined to agree with that judgment now than I was before the war broke out. I do not see by what machinery the Parliament can now be created. The Electorate will get rid of the more absurd or pernicious of the lesser politicians who have favoured the enemy during the campaign. But it seems hardly credible that a nation emerging from such a campaign, especially a victorious and exhausted nation, should turn again with interest to the creation of machinery, elaborate, tedious, and surely futile, for the organisation of mere votes. If the mould in which Parliament is cast were simple; if it were possible to present a programme and to address voters by speech or print inexpensively; if there were any tradition among the Electorate of initiative—then a Free Parliament would be conceivable. In the absence of such opportunities, and in the added difficulty of what the War has created, I see no chance of it.

The Innocents Abroad.

III

The subject of commerce mixes itself with diplomacy, inasmuch as it is a peremptory condition of national prosperity that markets should be secured and improved. Vigorous States, vigorous statesmen have never been contemptuous of trade. They have recognised the significance of the merchant and made the protection and promotion of his interests a cardinal point in their policy. To this truism the British Foreign Office alone seems to be blind. But, naturally, no notice was taken of a suggestion the adoption of which would have entailed the conversion of our ornamental courtiers into vulgar, useful agents.

Such a degradation was too repugnant to the genius of the Servi, A patriotic zeal, a love of country in the world is the worst served by its representatives abroad.

Sixty years ago the "Times" drew attention to this notorious deficiency, and urged that our diplomatists should be chosen from among those statesmen who have taken a leading part in commercial legislation. But, naturally, no notice was taken of a suggestion the adoption of which would have entailed the conversion of our ornamental courtiers into vulgar, useful agents.

The upshot is that in commerce as in diplomacy our representatives constantly outmanoeuvred, outwitted, and outstripped by better served nations.

We have seen an example of our representaties' inferiority to their German rivals in Turkey during the present war, and the political disaster that resulted therefrom. Turkey offers us a parallel example of commercial failure in times of peace.

Since 1871 the German trade within a country developed year after year, while British trade declined. How far was this the result of our merchants', manufacturers', and financiers' supineness, and how far of the ignorance and apathy of our diplomatic and consular representatives, is not certain. It is certain, however, that the latter left undone everything that their German colleagues did, and did exceedingly well. The German Consuls, instead ofposing as sham diplomats, fulfilled the functions for which Consuls are appointed: they studied the local markets, examined the solvency of would-be local customers, suggested new openings, and in every way, through their painstaking investigations, kept the home producers accurately informed about local conditions. The Ambassador at Constantinople, following the admirable example set by his sovereign, did not consider it beneath his dignity to act as a commercial agent for his nation, and, far from discouraging the efforts of his nationals, laid himself out on every occasion to forward their interests. All German subjects who had grievances against the corrupt Ottoman authorities found in their consular and diplomatic representatives men eager to do their duty. At every turn, German alertness, scientific competence, and patriotic zeal offered a most exhilarating and humilat-
ing contrast to English superciliousness, abysmal ignorance, and dandified formalism.

Bakshesh, of course, played a considerable part in German success. You could do nothing in Turkey without squaring with the Grand Vizier and his Vicars downwards: that was the inevitable rule of the game. An English Ambassador, writing in the days when Englishmen were not ashamed to confess what they were not ashamed to do, says, 'this way of negotiating by presents and gratuities is so much in custom among the Turks that to speak truly scarce anything can be obtained without it. But is the wisdom of the Minister to dispose and place them with honour, decency, and advantage.' The statement is confirmed by the unanimous testimony of all Europeans who have known the Turk since his advent in Europe till his partial expulsion three years ago, and I defy any Englishman to assert that he has been able to do business in the Ottoman Empire—to get a concession or to sign a contract, to obtain a favour, or to avoid an injury—without paying due tribute to this venerable institution of the Osmanli. Nor has the British Foreign Office ever hesitated to employ bribery in the prosecution of its various schemes: witness the sums annually voted for the Secret Service.

But it is regretted from spending any money for the furtherance of British economic enterprise in the Sultan's dominions, because it did not consider the object worth its attention.

As usual, the Foreign Office agents in the Ottoman Empire made a merit of their lethargy, and boasted that they alone among European representatives kept their hands clean. It is easy enough to keep your hands clean if you keep them idle. Milton long ago drew the distinction between a blank virtue and a pure: 'I cannot,' he says, 'pray in a cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race.' This precisely describes the attitude of English diplomats the world over. They slink out of the race, and while others are advancing with rapid steps in the path to fortune, they remain languid, impassive, and insignificant. Let others labour to make their countries richer and more powerful, they seem to say. We are content to draw our salaries, to nurse our dignity, and to trifle away our time: to live undefiled and unoccupied, apart from business.

We find no traces of this attitude in the vigorous period of English history. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and earlier part of the eighteenth centuries almost all our ambassadors; as became the representatives of a nation so industrious and enterprising as they were in acting as commercial travellers. On the contrary, they placed the pursuit of commercial objects, if anything, before strictly political aims. As a rule, the two functions went hand in hand, and the two professions were often united in the same person. Our diplomatic relations with the Ottoman Empire were inaugurated by the enterprise of two Elizabethan merchants; the first ambassador to the Porte was Factor quarter of the nineteenth century, when the Levant Company came to an end, the British Ambassador at the Porte, for the service of your Factory or that of any particular member of it, nevertheless I take the first occasion, the various avocations and interruptions my arrival have allowed me, to give you this notice of it, and to assure you how glad I shall be to improve all conjunctures for your benefit and advantage.'

That these were no empty professions, his subsequent letters minutely show. Nor was Fawkener exceptional in his commercial zeal, as may be seen from the letters of his successor Sir James Porter, who also began life in a London counting-house, and after serving on several confidential missions connected with Continental commerce, as well as in a specially diplomatic capacity at the Court of Vienna, was in 1746 appointed ambassador to the Turk since his advent in Europe till his partial expulsion three years ago, and I defy any Englishman to assert that he has been able to do business in the Ottoman Empire—to get a concession or to sign a contract, to obtain a favour, or to avoid an injury—which I flatter'd myself of being of some use to you, who, as the constituent part, must make one of my principal objects.

My support and assistance will at all times be ready for that end, and I shall spare no pains to concur with you in every particular in preserving it on its present, I am afraid infirm, footing, or rather for augmenting and increasing it.

'Let me intreat you, Gentlemen, to take this latter consideration to heart; and to assist me with every help you may think necessary for so important an object.'

The writer proved his sincerity not only by what he did for English trade in Turkey during his fifteen years' residence there, but also by the able work on 'The State of the Turkey Commerce Considered from its Origin to the Present Time,' which he published after his return home. It is an extremely vigorous appeal to John Bull to wake up and face the formidable competition of French trade in the Mediterranean.

In the exhortations to Englishmen that when they see a general commercial spirit diffused all over Europe, they should exert themselves most diligently and seriously: "endeavour to act and think justly, and bring their biased understandings to a right sense of their country's good;" and "with steadiness and resolution have recourse to the effectual methods to vanquish their rivals," we hear the voice, strangely familiar, of the practical business men of our day, when we are once more threatened by a superior rival.

These extracts will suffice to prove that in the days when they were sent abroad, English diplomats were serious, public-spirited men of affairs, perceivers of the realities of life, and earnestly anxious to face them. How did our Empire get built? How did England conquer her position among the nations of the earth except by the combined enterprise of our merchants and statesmen?—(To be concluded.)
Our Un-ideaed Press.

I.

It is often said that our politicians and statesmen do not read the papers, and, humiliating to us as this may be, we are almost bound to believe it. For, after all, who knows better than they the depth of corruption and discredit to which the English Press of to-day has fallen? It lives financially on advertisements, and politically on the scraps of secret information its friend-in-power gives it. This same friend, knowing that his particular paper depends on the continuance of his favours, writes in the confident hope that his paper’s influence will continue to be used in his turn, to keep up his reputation in the country. But this very process makes it impossible for him to hope to gain any accurate idea of public opinion from that paper. A stream, muddied at its source, is hardly likely to flow clear near its mouth. When, as in the case of the Northcliffe Press, an unscrupulous adventurer is using them to further his own plots, the papers become still less representative. The fact that the people buy the “Daily Mail” does not mean that its ideas represent their ideas. The “Daily Mail” is not the voice, but the vice, of the people, and, except for nomenclature for foregone conclusions, this side of the public mind has no interest.

There remain the quarterly and weekly reviews. The former have practically no public appeal, and we can have only pity for the statesman who looks to them for any expression of general opinion. The very conditions of their appearance make it almost impossible for them to be actual; last quarter’s solutions for this week’s problems are rather too remote. No, it is the weekly papers on whom the statesman should depend. He should find a review of general opinion on current affairs, an unbiased examination of them, and, lastly, intelligent suggestions for their solution. And of these the last are the most important.

Yet we are told that our statesmen do not read even the weekly papers. They prefer, indeed, to rely upon particular experts for particular work. For example, it is well known that Professor Pigou was the Government’s daily adviser when the Insurance Act was before Parliament. (It is, by the way, honest in the sponsor of that admittedly Prussian piece of legislation to declare himself to-day an active pacifist.) Again, it is understood that the Defence of the Realm Act has been drawn by Frederick II of Prussia, he observes that:

“With the terrible judgment of God on him and his before our eyes, we cannot afford to repeat the blasphemy—or the crime.”

To avert the possibility of the judgment of God punishing any committed on the part of the “New Witness” the writer warns us that:

“It is necessary once more to insist that no obstacle whatsoever must be permitted to stand in the way of an immediate settlement.”

And again:

“What Ireland demands and must have is immediate action of such a kind as will make it impossible for us to dream of going back on our word.”

We picture Mr. Asquith at this point looking forward to the “New Witness”’s proposals for “immediate settlement” and immediate action. Alas! not a vestige of a suggestion will he find, but only that cold Olympian conclusion:

“If Mr. George can really negotiate a settlement on those lines [sic]! he is welcome to his laurels—or to his amnesties.”

Fina!

The “New Witness” then proceeds to offer details of “a gross scandal—ass gross, at least, as any of those connected with the Samuel name,” and others of “the mysterious firm of W. H. Müller and Co., a firm whose history and methods have been thoroughly exposed in these columns,” but we may imagine Mr. Asquith putting down the “New Witness” without reading any further.

After all, when we look back upon the humped booms of “George and Ireland” we observe that the writer shouts for “immediate action” without the slightest suggestion of the form it should take.

Is it not extraordinary to read in this article by Mr. Belloe in the same issue:

“Here in the ‘New Witness’ have been half a dozen men writing for some five years, insisting upon great glaring facts on which there is no doubt whatever, but which their contemporaries of the same rank and trade either agree not to mention or cannot grasp.”

No, no, Mr. Belloe; “gross scandals” are not facts. Where there is nothing said there is nothing to mention or grasp; and the “New Witness,” alas! has nothing to say.

But that Mr. Belloe may see that not all the world is intertwined with the same brush of pompous nothing-saying, a quotation may be made from The New Age of May 18:

“Taking advantage of the molten condition of Irish government at this moment, it is, we believe, the very occasion for the institution of Home Rule. Let there be appointed a Commission, containing as indispensables both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond, charged with the duty of establishing Home Rule at the earliest possible moment. Let it be an Imperial instruction and charge upon the members of the Commission to preserve, at their peril, the peace of Ireland, and to ensure, at their peril, the unity and the loyalty of Ireland. A more excellent service to the Empire and to civilisation, as we say, no man could be called upon to perform. And any less service Sir Edward Carson in particular should not be permitted to perform.”

This is common sense, not gross scandal.

Charles Brookfarmer.
Education Under National Guilds.

The Guild system will alter the focus in National Education. Fresh demands will be made on it and a new ideal as to its aim and purpose will gradually come into existence.

At present the children who attend our primary schools are being trained for wage slavery. During the nine years of compulsory school life, obedience, docility, aptness for routine, together with a modest minimum of physical development and literary attainment, are aimed at. It is most instructive to compare the school to which the middle-class Englishman sends his own son and the school which, as a member of an Education Committee, he provides for the child of the worker. In choosing a school for his own son he seldom concerns himself seriously about the instruction that will be given. He inquires as to the traditions of the school, its moral tone, its successes in cricket and football, the character and influence of the headmaster, and the social position of the boys. A not very wealthy father who was asked why he was going to spend £300 a year in sending his son to Eton replied, "Because I wish him to belong to the Governing Class."

Few parents would put the matter so succinctly, but the attitude is typical. The typical school, (falsely so-called) aim at making men handy and alert at fostering spirit de corps and a sense of responsibility. These are qualities essential for a governing class, qualities desired by the average middle-class Englishman for his own son—qualities, but not by any means the bulk of the population, who are to him "the working class," and who must be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic and a little geography and history, sound and disciplined. Successful teachers never willingly adopt ready-made methods; they do not even stereotype methods invented by themselves.

Now the League of Education under the supervision and advice of the Industrial Guilds, will be in its relationship, to the others. As soon as the time comes for a boy to begin vocational training, a time which mill, of course, differ according to the nature of the work he is to undertake, he will become a ward of one or other of the Guilds, civil or industrial, which the parent nor the child is the consumer but the State, one and indivisible.

During youth there is a ceaseless process of adapting the individual to his environment. Education seeks to aid and abet this process by modifying the environment in harmony with social ideals. It is on the Society of the future that the success or failure of Education will react, and it is on Society that the responsibility for it should rest. In other words, the State should act in this matter as representing not the collective interests and desires of its average members, but the true interests of Society, a very different matter.

How those interests are to be ascertained, and how, being ascertained, they are to be dealt with, is this is the problem to be solved, and its solution will probably be found in the direction of reposing entire confidence in the choice and execution of policies by the best minds and under the greatest deliberation. The right view is that, with reference to Education, neither the parent nor the child is the consumer, but the State, one and indivisible.

That spirit is discernible already among Educational reformers. Free play for the creative impulse, a wide field for activity, emotional initiative, are these the watchwords of the Montessori teaching and the secret of Homer Lane's amazing success in dealing with child criminals. The same theory finds expression in the Educational philosophy of Mr. Edmund Holmes, whose despair of the typical elementary school which he knows so well is full of warning for those of us who have set out to fight wage slavery.

Putting aside the difficult problem of emancipating national Education from capitalist control, it may be useful to warn a few kinds of individual control will be replaced. Under the system we advocate, Education, like other forms of human activity, will be in the hands of a Guild exercising control over its members, but the kind and extent of that control will be very different from that exercised by the Industrial Guilds. In teaching, there must be no standardisation. It is essential that a teacher should have free choice as to the method of dealing with his pupils. It is a human relationship, and if it is to be wholesome it must be spontaneous. Successful teachers never willingly adopt ready-made methods; they do not even stereotype methods invented by themselves. The work of such a teacher is one long vital experiment. In this case, therefore, the control of the Guild must be elastic, and must be exercised at the point of contact by responsible membership than by interference with professional work. There will be inspection, perhaps, of a kind, but it will take cognisance rather of the after lives of the pupils than of their school attainments.

Now the League of Education will be replaced by the system we advocate, Education is only as good as the quality and spirit of its governing council. It is not the method of dealing with his pupils. It is a human relationship, and if it is to be wholesome it must be spontaneous. Successful teachers never willingly adopt ready-made methods; they do not even stereotype methods invented by themselves. The work of such a teacher is one long vital experiment. In this case, therefore, the control of the Guild must be elastic, and must be exercised at the point of contact by responsible membership than by interference with professional work. There will be inspection, perhaps, of a kind, but it will take cognisance rather of the after lives of the pupils than of their school attainments.
ofained. To put the matter from the administrative point of view each Guild will control its own technical or trade schools and training colleges subject to a limited supervision of the Guild of Education. This may probably be exercised in and through the universities under which vocational schools for adult students will be grouped locally as they are at present.

The nature of the relationship between the universities and the Guild is difficult to foresee, but it will be desirable to leave them a wide autonomy. Experiment and specialisation, the chance of developing new opportunities, both in teaching and in research, are at the first importance, and there are other reasons, too, why decentralisation is essential.

State supervision must be exercised locally, for there is no other human activity in which red tape has a more strangulating influence. It is useless to attempt a forecast as to the machinery for such supervision, but it must be of such a kind as to promote personal intercourse between advisors and advised.

From these various considerations it is clear that Education will fill an exceptional position among the Guilds. It is to become enormously important, as it will number among its members a large proportion of the ablest and most cultivated people in the country, and will enjoy exceptional opportunities for influencing public opinion. For this reason, as well as for those relationships such a body is inevitable. Government will need to be closer and more reciprocal as to the machinery for such supervision, but it must be of such a kind as to promote personal intercourse between advisors and advised.

A Modern Document.

Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

IV.—CONTINUED.—From Acton Reed.

June 22, 1916

THE NEW AGE

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My earliest discovery in Fleet Street was that women-journalists are essentially women. On my very first day in the office all my old familiar feelings of handicap were revived by the sound of a tinkling little laugh rippling up the passage to the reporters' room. And when there bounced in a fashionably dressed girl followed by the news-editor between whom and her ensued a sprightly dialogue, my heart sank. Why couldn't I toss my head as she did? Why hadn't I that half-playful, half-bullying manner with men? Why had I been denied the natural franchise of women and the pleasures of its exercise? But I must not stop now to consider these points of view each Guild will control its own technical requirements, but it will be of such a kind as to promote personal intercourse between advisors and advised. Under the guidance of these I now sought to know myself better. The more noisy they were, the quieter was I; the more lively, the more silent. Bohemia was a Bank Holiday, to me (though certainly drinking was easier than sewing!) the pose was a task. I tired of it, though not, I am sure, before the denizens tired of me. For if I was not at home with them they were certainly never at home with me, though my pleasantest recollection of Chelsea is still of its hospitality. See me next in the night-clubs faintly pursuing the answer to my riddle. Night-clubs by no means assemble a single type. The cafés are the world, Chelsea is a clique, but the night-clubs are a museum. In the centre are, no doubt, people born to night-life: to whom midnight and artificial light and the life associated with them are as natural as day and sun and the work of the world are to others. But around them gather in concentric circles, each diminishing in devotion to the club, the more lively they, the more silent I became the quieter was I; the more lively, the more silent. Bohemia had taught me that not amongst this school of refugees could I ever feel at home—though, perhaps, I was not out by the porter. But for the most part I felt I had no work to expunge from my mind; I had no "instincts" to be given a holiday; and I had no curiosity to know the habits of the human kind. I was no American desiring to do what I dare not do at home. My only motive was to find another Me, and to see how she (or he) had solved the problem of our life; and I can assure you that I looked about to find myself. But I simply was not there. I raked and raked and drew a blank. The missing key was not to be found.

I must leave you to fill in the details of these frantic excursions. You cannot very well imagine anything that I did not do. Nor can you sufficiently assure yourself that myself was in none of them. I might have been a ghost of myself whom I sent in quest of myself for—accordingly I searched, and my search made the judgment or even taste my supposititious self displayed. And for all the enjoyment I got out of it I might have been a ghost as well. Thus my search in Chelsea had taught me that not amongst this school
of extraordinary people or amongst this school of ordinary people trying to be extraordinary, was the place for me. The extraordinary were satisfied with themselves; and besides, they fell into types; my extraordinariness was like none of theirs. The ordinary, on the other hand, were only different from the world I had already left by reason of their wish to be different. They had nothing to say to me. Once again, therefore, I came to the conclusion that I must be not only extraordinary but unique. The places I had thought likeliest for my kind had proved empty of them; and I turned away with the sensation of loneliness stronger than ever.

I left Fleet Street. That was necessary. Journalism and Bohemianism had become one for me. Now that my hope in the latter had died there was nothing in the former to hold me. I had tired long ago of writing on the hire-purchase system—of fitting my opinions of persons and things to the size of the impending advertisement. I had myself in the country; and it was from a retreat of the most uninterrupted seclusion that I was finally dug out by the invitation to go to Egypt. While I was in the country, however, I had time and solitude to make a review of my life and myself. In general I had letter in hand, and you will see that there were two ways of viewing things. I was both better and worse off, it seemed to me, than I had been eight or nine years before. True, I was better off only in a negative sense—by the elimination of a number of inviting solutions that had proved themselves not to be at home to my problem. Nevertheless, it was a kind of relief to know the truth. Cannot you understand the relief of the sufferer who having undergone in vain half-a-dozen operations is told that his doctors can think of no other? Much such a relief was mine. I had, at any rate, exhausted the pathways to copiosis. The same fact, however, accounts for my feeling of being worse off than I had been ever before. For until now it had seemed possible that I might find a way out of my trouble. I could faintly trust a larger handle of escape there was nothing for it but to accept my sentence as lifelong. I looked back and forward: the length and breadth of my perspective was a cemetery of buried hopes. Only miracles remained. And miracles do not happen by request.

**Do you wonder that I said in my first letter—What does it matter if I don't come back? What does it matter to anybody? Do you wonder that perhaps my unconfessed object in going to Egypt is never to return?**

**And now you have the outline of my life. That I have contrived to write it so calmly surprises me. I was afraid my manner would be too sensational. Now I fear that it has been too monotonous! My moods so vary that I trust none of them. I alternately upbraid and laugh at Fate. Sometimes my despair is all on fire. Sometimes I am resigned and almost languid—like a still pool without sunshine. It appears to have been in the latter mood that I have been writing to you, and very glad I am now that it has been so. To what purpose should I have blurted my narrative with descriptions of nights spent in tears and days passed in frenzies? I might by dipping my pen in my feelings have forced your pity, so often akin to contempt, but I would prefer a thousand times to hear your unprejudiced verdict of my case. I might, moreover, have given you a false impression of my disposition. You might have concluded that I was a neurotic: that I was maudlin and perpetually morose. Perhaps you have! Well, tomorrow I will break a way through the clouds and show the silver linings of my fate. You need not fear a very long letter!—Yours sincerely,**

ACTON REED,
“The Nights” we must get ready to be frightened to death by scientists rushing in to explain that these incomparable books literally sprang up from geographical conditions favorable to them wanting to exist, in Mesopotamia, amid the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates (as no doubt the war did that now ravishes this magic granary of the ancient worlds). And gazing with amazement we shall hear that Baghdad was really the granary of the ancient worlds. And to the French emperor, the good Charlemagne, the good Harum-al-Rashid, “seeing that amazement we shall hear that Baghdad was really the granary of the ancient worlds.” And gasping with delight, “The Nights” proved itself “a granary of the ancient worlds.”

And the quintessence of “The Nights,” the golden age of comedy, the spirit, that is to say, of true Grotesque. But he makes the story break off just where the Jinni is about to kill the Merchant. By doing so he leaves out the motive of the story, the oath to show the power of evil or misfortune. In the sequel the Merchant and the Jinni, as a work of pure imagination, his only work, having the proper moral sentiment. But he makes the story break off just where the Jinni is about to kill the Merchant. By doing so he leaves out the motive of the story, the oath to show the power of evil or misfortune. In the sequel the Merchant and the Jinni, as a work of pure imagination, his only work, having the proper moral sentiment.

Readers and Writers.

It was only in reference to literary careerists (Mr. Burns’ translation of the French arrivelists) that the epigram was uttered that words were given to conceal the absence of thought. Ordinarily we expect writers to say something and to lose the plot of their minds even when their message is only nonsense. Mr. Pound in his recent work upon the late Gaudier-Brzeska (Lanke, 12s. 6d. net) does not presumably dispute our right to understand a professed exposition. “Good generalisation or good criticism in the arts,” he says (and I suppose he means by good intelligible as well as true and illuminating), “necessarily follow performance.” And since he is himself a performer in vorticism, under the literary category of imagism, he leads us to conclude that one may expect good generalisation and good criticism from himself. He elsewhere apologises, however, for failing in its moral effect on himself and the wild tribesmen. He relates how, during his long years of official banishment to Western Africa and elsewhere, “The Nights” proved itself “a charm, a talisman against ennui and despondency”; and he recalls the swift and sure effect of its comedy on the audience “chuckles with delight every time a Kaza or Kalkir—a charm or a jester—is scurvily entreated by incomparable books literally sprang up from geographical conditions favorable to them wanting to exist, in Mesopotamia, amid the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates (as no doubt the war did that now ravishes this magic granary of the ancient worlds). And gazing with amazement we shall hear that Baghdad was really the granary of the ancient worlds.”

Mr. Pound’s own contribution are of the most ill-assorted description. Beginning with a “Praefatio,” almost all about the war and of no value whatever, he zigzags his way through several hundred pages, chiefly by the aid of reprints of his own articles, digressing into numberless irrelevancies, and winding up with a publican’s prayer. In his course the remarks he drops upon the subject of his monograph may be numbered upon the fingers of a hand; and they are, without any exception, utterly meaningless in my opinion. I count myself, moreover, one of the admirers of the late Gaudier-Brzeska. I knew and liked the man, and I felt disposed to like his work. I was, therefore, as it were, “ready” to discuss it with anybody who had anything to say about it. But what Mr. Pound has to say about it I simply cannot discover; and nor, I think, can anybody else. More modest readers than myself, moreover, one of the admirers of the late Gaudier-Brzeska. I knew and liked the man, and I felt disposed to like his work. I was, therefore, as it were, “ready” to discuss it with anybody who had anything to say about it. But what Mr. Pound has to say about it I simply cannot discover; and nor, I think, can anybody else.

We might expect children in the nursery was it squarish or bluntish? What did Brzeska mean by that one may expect good generalisation and good criticism from himself. He elsewhere apologises, however, for failing in its moral effect on himself and the wild tribesmen. He relates how, during his long years of official banishment to Western Africa and elsewhere, “The Nights” proved itself “a charm, a talisman against ennui and despondency”; and he recalls the swift and sure effect of its comedy on the audience “chuckles with delight every time a Kaza or Kalkir—a charm or a jester—is scurvily entreated by incomparable books literally sprang up from geographical conditions favorable to them wanting to exist, in Mesopotamia, amid the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates (as no doubt the war did that now ravishes this magic granary of the ancient worlds). And gazing with amazement we shall hear that Baghdad was really the granary of the ancient worlds.”
that I look over the book, I find that this remark is almost all Mr. Pound has to make upon Brzeska's art. I really can discover no other.

* * *

Upon two subjects I will allow that, in passing, Mr. Pound does make a comment of some value; but even here my satisfaction is mingled with irritation. If Mr. Pound can express himself clearly upon these occasions, why, in the first place, does he not always write clearly; and, in the second place, recognise the significance of his own lucid intervals? But to the instances. He says of the "image"—from which the word Imagist is derived—that it "presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time." Now that I find well said, and therefore intelligible. I see now what the Imagists are driving at. It is, as they admit, nothing new; but, as I have always contended, one of the instrumental objects of all poets and writers. To convey in an image the maximum meaning by the minimum means is obviously the purpose in literature of images at all. But there is clearly no reason to make a cult of it to the neglect of other elements (such as lucidity) equally indispensable to good writing. The other remark concerns the art of Mr. Epstein. The division of his work which remains obscure even to his greatest admirers. I refer my readers to the famous flenites or to the "Rock-drill" now on view at the London Group's Exhibition. Mr. Pound says that the conception of Mr. Epstein's work "would instil a sense of form into the mind of the beholder." Here, again, I feel myself on the outskirts of an intelligible theory. The sentence offers, at any rate, a promising mode of approach to the aesthetic problem of our day. If it be true that Mr. Epstein is attempting to develop in his spectators a sense of form, then his work may be re-examined with that clue to its meaning in our minds. We shall no longer be baffled at discovering in its mysteriousness a reflection of that in itself, behind the Speaker's chair. (Cheers.) He thought that the Budget would probably "divert it," and the House would be spared trouble and waste of effort and time in endorsing them. (Cheers.) He was pleased to say that a new bar was to be opened in the Chamber itself, behind the Speaker's chair. (Cheers.) He regretted to say that he was informed that, without the diversion of a much larger portion of the public moneys than usual, the two-shilling champagne dinner on the Terrace could no longer be served. (Cries of "Why not?" "Divert it, then," and so on, succeeded by a loud buzz of conversation.)

Continuing, Sir Harold Smith said he was glad to see that, on the whole, honourable members were prepared to take in good part the serious limitation of their privileges he had just mentioned. (Cheers.) If he might say so, he thought the proposed increase in salary would more than compensate honourable members for the withdrawal of the two-shilling dinner, especially as he was able to assure them that, if the worst came to the worst and the step had to be taken, a half-crown dinner would immediately be substituted. (Cheers.) Another highly important matter he had to put before the consideration of the House was the question of attendants' perquisites, vulgarly known, he believed, as "tips." (Laughter.) Sir WILL CROOKES: "You've 'it it, bruvver!") He understood that there was a large body of opinion in the House in favour of the total prohibition of such "tips," and, in the second place, recognise the significance of which is not in its representative character, but in itself. To the threshold of such an attitude, at any rate, does Mr. Pound's remark bring us. But once more, I ask why Mr. Pound fails to realise that in saying so much he has really at last said something? He, however, appears to be unconscious of his discovery, as if, in fact, he were repeating and not making it—as, perhaps, he is!

* * *

To return to Brzeska, it appears to me, as I have said, that the "Creed" reprinted from "Blast" contains the text of which any work dealing with the subject should be, first and foremost, an exposition. I could not attempt an exposition of it myself; though the cryptic sentences by no means strike me as containing nothing. On the contrary, I divine in them some of the genius of Blake, struggling, like his, for simplicity. Look, for example, at these sentences:

"Sculptural energy is the mountain. Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses in relation. Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes." I cannot say that they convey clear ideas to me; but I dare not say that they are nonsense, for they "feel" to have a meaning. What their meaning is Brzeska, I am certain, could never explain in words. Words were not his material. But they are the material of the critic, and we have a right to expect of the critic a proper use of them. A criticism of Mr. Epstein, whose work is greater, is yet to be done. All our writers upon art have hitherto ignominiously failed to make it; and Mr. Pound first and worst among them. Some day, perhaps, a critic of the artists' own level will arise. Meanwhile Brzeska has gone to his death in France un-understood, and Mr. Epstein is at the disposal of a military tribunal composed of tradesmen.

R. H. C.
June 22, 1916

The New Age

for raising what might at first sight seem a purely vexa-
tious point. After all, it was often most important to
know in advance what new taxes were to be imposed;
or else one might find oneself a year in serious
point. After all, it was often most important to
Parliamentary Labour Party, he was authorised to say
for raising what might at first sight seem a purely vexatious
matches, coal, soap, or other articles that were represented
give the House an assurance that any honourable mem-
ber who cared to apply to him privately would receive
early and exact information. Was this so? (Sir Harold
Smith was observed to nod.) Ah, his right honourable
friend nodded. (Cheers.) And he would also pledge himself to
say anything further. Perhaps the Chancellor would
himself that no new taxes were meditated on fried fish,
who cared to apply to him privately would receive
in the fortieth year of its existence, it was undesirable to
necessary on Commissions and the like, but he felt sure
patriotic of all Chancellors in history. In the last year
would go down to posterity as the most democratic and
this would be treated by the Government in the same
there had not been a single Labour member but had
reference in the Chancellor's speech to a certain
Chancellor, but he had been asked to say that the
was a reference to the Labour Party. This was only
rose in his seat, and said loudly, "Mr. Speaker, sir, I
wish to ask a question." There were loud cries of
the honourable member's grandfather who had put the
clamour. (Disturbance.) Here were the men in the
hairs of other honourable members. (Cheers, and cries
returned, and said that he had been in telephonic
opening of Mr. Ounceweight's interruption, now
question was "Fire.""

The Speaker said that Mr. Ounceweight had com-
mitted a serious breach of the dignities of the House,
so serious indeed that he did not know for the moment
how to deal with him. He would have expected Mr.
Ounceweight to have more respect for the white
of other honourable members. (Cheers, and cries of
"Make him shut up," "Go home," etc., and the
Speaker reminded Mr. Ounceweight that he (the hon.
member) must know the fact that the practice of putting ques-
tions to Ministers had been abolished by the House at
least forty years ago. If he was not mistaken, it was
the honourable member's grandfather who had put the
last question in the Commons, in 1916 or 17, he was not
certain of the year. (Sir Philip Snowden: "1916.
Sir Will Thorne: "Cheese it! 17."

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mitted a serious breach of the dignities of the House,
so serious indeed that he did not know for the moment
how to deal with him. He would have expected Mr.
Ounceweight to have more respect for the white
hair of other honourable members. (Cheers, and cries of
"Make him shut up," "Go home," etc.)

Mr. Ounceweight said he refused to be put down by
damour. (Disturbance.) Here were the men in the
Government Labour Compound at Liverpool growing
daily more discontented and disconsolate. (Cries of
"Sir down," "Go home," etc., and Sir William Crookes
"Naw, bruver, why don'tcher see it, yer silly?"
The disorder lasted several minutes.)

Sir Will Thorne, who had left the House at the
commencement of Mr. Ounceweight's interruption, now
returned, and said that he had been in telephone com-
munication with the Ecclefechan Chamber of Commerce,
and this body absolutely repudiated Mr. Ounceweight's
behaviour. The honourable member was therefore, by
the well-known Order in Council of 1920, no longer
entitled to sit and vote in the House. (Cheers. Mr.
Ounceweight then left the House amidst derisive
laughter.)

Answering a question by Sir Austin Harrison
(Whitechapel), who asked if the House could be given
some idea when it would again be summoned, the Chan-
cello said he thought the most satisfactory method was
the one in force—(cheers)—viz.: That the House should
meet on one day each year, on the anniversary of the
formation of the Coalition.

The Increased Payment of Members Bill was then
passed without a division.

In moving the closure of the Session, Sir Harold
Smith expressed his gratification at the hale and hearty
appearance of his old friends and colleagues present.
They were all much too old to be led away by innova-
tions of such doubtful value as that which had been
the cause of the unfortunate little disorder which had
so-day marked the harmony of the Session. (Cheers.)

The closure was agreed to without a division, and the
House adjourned for a year's rest.

A Silhouette from the War.

By V. Ropshin

(Translated from the Russian by R. T. Carroll)

The Officer's Story.

We had been ordered to attack the German trench and I
was in charge of two bombers. The moment for the
assault had arrived, and shouting "en avant!" I jumped
out over the parapet and started running across the
beet-field, for I remembered that I was an officer and
that it was my duty to advance at the head of my men.

The enemy was firing. But I was unconscious of the
fact, until we were close up to the trench. Then I felt
a blow on the shoulder, as if someone had struck me
with a whip, but I did not yet understand that I had
been hit, and I kept at my post. Before our little bit
of work was finished, however, I felt a sudden catch-
ing of the breath, and everything grew dark before my
eyes. To the right of me there was a deep pit—the
crater made by the explosion of a 28 centimetre shell.
I jumped down into this hole.

It was a big one with outer edges of rich loamy soil
and a sticky clay bottom. I collapsed on the damp
earth, for my arm was very painful. I just managed to
strike a match and light a cigarette.

Then, as I sat there, I heard the thunder of the guns,
the cracking of the musketry, and the whiz of the
bursting shells, but I was too done up to keep my eyes
open for very long. For a whole hour I must have
dozed, and when I awoke there stood before me a
German, an officer in mouse-grey overcoat and cap
to-match. There he was, looking me straight in the face.

Naturally I made an effort to rise, but he said in
French, "You are my prisoner. Don't move." And
as he spoke he covered me with his Browning. All I
could say in reply was, "Fire."

Though I felt quite certain that he was going to
shoot me, unexpectedly lowered the pistol, and I
could examine him with greater composure. His face
was sunburnt; his beard heavy and black; and he had
large blue eyes.

After a brief silence he said, "I might have shot you.
But I don't wish to do so. Fact is, we are both
prisoners in this hole."

Then, saluting me with military precision, he gave
his rank and name.

"Captain, 38th Prussian Infantry. Müller."

I also introduced myself formally.

And there we sat in opposite corners of the crater,
he a German and I a Frenchman, both of us feeling
very ill at ease. We did not talk and I tried not to
look at him. At last he said:—

"Are you wounded?"

"Yes."
“Allow me. I’ll dress it for you,” I answered, “Don’t trouble.”

But he produced bandages and wadding and came over to me. Scarcely had his hands touched me, when an old man, who spoke in my native tongue, appeared before me at once. He ceased to be a German, the hated foe, the man who had been going to shoot me, one of those ruffians who had brought desolation into our land. He was simply Captain Miller, a casual acquaintance to whom I already felt like a friend.

He had deft, quick fingers, and when he had finished he smiled and said in German, “So!” I thanked him then.

Then we sat together and again lapse into silence. The firing continued, and now and then a shell would burst quite close to us, making the ground tremble, sending a dark column straight into the air and bespattering us with lumps of dirt, while all round us was the smell of burning and smoke. But neither I nor the Germans moved a muscle; we did not wish to show that we were afraid.

Towards evening the firing grew more intense and the German, listening to the artillery, kept ejaculating, “That’s yours; that’s ours. That’s the 120’s. That’s the 75’s. That the 75’s again.”

I was seized with a shiver and my arm was hurting me a good deal, so I said to him, “Would you be kind enough to get my flask out of my pocket, I’ve drunk the brandy. First he took a drink, then he stood up and began to talk with much gesticulation.

“Are you married?”

“Yes, I am married.”

“Any children?”

“No.”

“Well, I’ve got two.

He stood up and began to talk with much gesticulation.

“I am the owner of brick works in Hanover. I am a man of peace and have spent my life in managing my business. Peace was what I wanted, and yet I find myself an active participant in this war. Yes, too, desired peace and are at war. So here we are, living in its present vague form, may mean no more than an extension of the system of Imperial Conferences, and, so far as the Irish question is concerned, I would adopt the decision of the Dominions. As the Imperial Parliament has already decided the question, this reference of it to an Imperial Conference, a body that has no judicial function, is only a confession of weakness by the Executive, which apparently wants to transfer its responsibility to a body that cannot legally accept it.

But the further suggestion that this Conference will consider the future government of the Empire, with the intention of refashioning its fabric, revives the pre-war dispute concerning federalism as a form of government; and as federalism, in one form or another, inspires most of the suggestions made at the present time, it is worth while considering the question briefly.

It is a curious fact that we regard federalism from exactly the opposite point of view to that taken by the great federations of modern history. To the original States of America, the formation of a strong central government was an imperative necessity; yet, some of the most able statesmen that the world has ever known could only with the utmost difficulty prevail upon them to limit their independence in a federal scheme. Switzerland preserved her language, and religion that seemed insuperable; attempt after attempt to secure the unity of the Cantons had failed; and if the Swiss federalists had not been victorious in the war of the Sonderbund, it is doubtful whether Switzerland as a nation would exist to-day.

It was no less the necessity of a strong central government that forced the German States into a federated form of government. But in our case, federalism is not primarily constructive, but destructive, is not primarily a union but a dissolution. The leading article in the “Nation,” for example, illustrates this with delightful clearness. “The United Kingdom, if it is to take its place side by side with the Dominions, as the greatest unit in a federal empire, must acquire a constitution somewhat similar to theirs.” In other words, to be worthy of federation with her own Dominions, to whom she granted federal constitutions, the United Kingdom must cease to be the United Kingdom, and become the federated States of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Cui bono? Apparently for the benefit of everybody but England, for the dissolution scheme does not suggest a local parliament for England.
is, indeed, a most curious omission, which Dicey remarked about two years ago: 'Is it not one example of the perplexities involved in any plan of Imperial federation, to see the intellectual levity, with which clear and, so to speak, intelligible idea of what is to be under a federal government the real position not of the United Kingdom, but of that small country limited in size, but still of immense power, which is specifically known by the august name of England? The traditional feuds of Ireland, and the ecclesiastical grievances of Wales, the demand of some further recognition of Scottish nationality for which no sensible Englishman would be under a federal government; the suggestion that the perplexities involved in any plan of Imperial federation is a fashion opposed both to common sense and to common justice, and, like all opposition to the nature of things, will, ultimately come to nothing."

The chief purpose of the Federalists, as shown by the writer in the "Nation," is not the strengthening of the British Empire, but the weakening of England. The Dominions, it seems, are not likely to surrender their autonomy in any of the matters that a federal government usually monopolises; the suggestion that the Federal Parliament should have power to tax, or to consent, or to make tariff-treaties for the whole Empire is pooh-poohed—the Dominions would never sacrifice their independence. All the sacrifices must be made by the United Kingdom; the control of foreign affairs, for example, must be taken out of the hands of the Foreign Secretary, and put under the control of a Joint Committee of both Houses, the House of Lords being reformed to admit representatives from the Dominions. There must be no interference with the affairs of the Dominions; but they must be allowed to influence, perhaps to direct, our affairs. We must share the power with them, but they must not share the cost with us.

But because the Dominions have supported us nobly in a war that was not of their making, it does not follow that they should be allowed to take part in the making of wars that they would not be obliged to support. If a country is to come into the Empire, they must be subject to the government of the Empire for Imperial purposes; otherwise, instead of federating to form a strong central government we shall be destroying the strong central government to form a federation, and there is no peculiar virtue in federation. One of its dangers, particularly in a scattered Empire like the British, is the divided allegiance that it creates. General Lee was a Virginian as well as an officer in the American Army; when the conflict ended, he decided that his loyalty was due to the Union. General Scott was also a Virginian, and he decided that his loyalty was due to the Union. A similar perplexity might easily confound the officers and men of a Federal army; indeed, the accident at the battle of New Orleans, we agree about things, such as the war with Germany, there can be no doubt about their loyalty; but what scope for casuistry there will be if ever the Empire is divided, and their desire conflicts with the Imperial purpose! For, although federalism tends to pass into nationalism, it is itself a denial of national independence to every one of its constituent States. Its efficacy is limited by the possibility of reconciling the apparently irreconcilable; States cannot be successfully federated if they insist on independence, they cannot remain independent if they are successfully federated. As the Dominionist view is the increase of the control of the United Kingdom, Imperial Federation, in any real sense of the word, is likely to be postponed indefinitely.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The Road to Nowhere. By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

Mr. Leadbitter knows his way too well to make it interesting. He follows the fortunes of a family which began life in a greengrocer’s shop near the Tottenham Court Road. Joe was educated in snobbishness at a private school; the other children, Bert and Lily, were better educated at a Council school, but lacked his desire to swell the ranks of the upper ten. Joe took the first step towards social success by becoming a junior clerk in a lawyer’s office at a salary of 10s. per week; stepped into the breach when the shorthand clerk was away ill, and was recommended by his employer to a client as a suitable person to assist the bailiff of an estate. Of course, he saved his employer’s daughter, and nearly lost his own life in doing so; and when he recovered, he became private secretary to the Colonel, instead of clerk to the bailiff, and lived in the house. Unfortunately for him, he discovered that his friend was practising forgery, whereupon the son knocked him senseless, and declared that he had discovered Joe practising forgery. Joe was dismissed, with emphatic assurances from the Colonel’s daughter that she would not believe anything against him. Shortly afterwards, he won third prize in the Calcutta Derby Sweep; his brother invested his half-share in a grocery business, married, and prospered. Joe had a flutter on the Stock Exchange, through the agency of an honest broker, made another £10,000, and settled down to becoming a gentleman. Meanwhile, the Colonel’s son devoted himself to the seduction of Joe’s sister, in the intervals of placing Joe in society. Joe married a charming woman who took drugs and played cards, and had an impetuous brother. When the Colonel’s son finally ran off with Joe’s sister, Joe was no longer welcomed by his own family; his married life was becoming unbearable, when he met the Colonel’s daughter again. She interested him in a land reform scheme, and they resumed their old affectionately friendly relations. He speculated, on the advice of one of his new friends, not through his honest broker, and lost his money; then he lost his mother, and discovered that his sister was on the streets. His wife was tired of him, and threatened to divorce him, citing the Colonel’s daughter as correspondent; but took an overdose of veronal, and died before the case was heard. Joe proposed to the Colonel’s daughter, and was finally and definitively refused; and Joe was left with his fallen sister, and, presumably, the £2,000 he had invested in stock; edged. They both went to America, to a man whom Joe had despised as “not a gentleman,” and Lily had persistently refused to marry for some obscure reason. He would be able to find work in the new world, in a land where there are no unemployed. The story certainly never gets anywhere.

Security. By Ivor Brown. (Martin Seeker. 6s.)

Mr. Brown divides his book into four parts, entitled: “The Way of Dons,” “The Way of Men,” “The Way of Women,” and “The Way of the World.” What he is really seeking is the Middle Way, the Via Media, as they say on the railway. The Via Media is, of course, the Way of the Middle Classes. That is the advantage of an Oxford education: the graduate is able to state everything in Latin; for example, “Amo, amas, amavit.” Nothing like the lithograph of Harry Lauder. Another advantage of an Oxford education is its incubation of a philosophy of life, based upon such practical maxims as “Nil admirari,” “Ne
quid nonius," and particularly "Festina Lente." It is the philosophy of the Golden Mean, and they are mean; the philosophy of the happy average, and they are average. This scheme and this search for security on £1,000 a year (unearned increment, of course) enable Mr. Brown to write about all the things he ever heard or read of. First, Oxford, of course, where a young Don became so bored with the security which an American described as "safe as a gaol" that he went to Scotland with a pupil who, to help on Mr. Brown's story, accidentally slew the amanuensis. The Don recommended the pupil for his Fellowship, and himself plunged into the Labour movement. A life of adventure on £1,000 per annum (as they say at Oxford), among the rebellious wage-slaves. After taking part in several strikes (not for status, but for wages), "he only wanted peace, invincible oblivion." The latter was always his. Then he met Isabel, and wooed her with his memories of many "movements." As he had £1,000 a year, and she was not happy at home, she accepted him; then, after four or five years, she wanted to dance and hunt and kill things. John thought this was cruel, so she went with Philip Mainwaring; and when John returned from a walking tour on the Continent he found his wife with Mainwaring at a certain palatial establishment managed by a well-known Jew. There was no row, of course; security demanded that. Isabel thought that she would like to commit adultery; having done so, she found that she did not like it, and discovered, for the first time in her life, that she really loved her husband. He also really loved her; and they determined to try experiments in "bridge building," as they called it. He was to build his side, and she was to build hers; and when they met, the average way would be complete. "Give and take" and "We all go the same way home," as they express it, "the average—in practice and theory," Aristotle v. The Aristocrat, that was the new philosophy; and "with a tingling appetite they entered the hotel." There is no doubt about "the average" in this novel.

Cupid, V.C. By J. A. Steuart. (Dent. 18s. net.)

This is a set of silly short stories concerning a lady doctor and surgeon who joined the R.A.M.C. and went to the front as a regimental doctor. Of course, her sex was not discovered until the end of the book, and equally, of course, she was one of the best surgeons at the front. Indeed, in one incident, Mr. Steuart asserts that she was a better surgeon than the Germans, that she saved a case that they, being both clumsy and callous, would have allowed to die of gangrene. But although she was so good a surgeon, she occasionally took a holiday from the field hospital to wander into the adventures that Mr. Steuart wished to recount. First, she was caught by the Germans, and sentenced to be shot at dawn as a spy; of course, she was rescued before dawn. Then, while attending a German general who was our prisoner, she discovered an important paper, and wandered into the quarters of a General commanding an Army Corps with it. When he wanted the information confirmed by an aerial reconnaissance, and had not an observer in the place, Dr. Pat, of course, went. In spite of the fact that she had never been in the air before, she made a successful survey of about a quarter of a million German troops, counted, we believe, even the puffed goslings in their pockets, chatted amiably with the pilot of the machine, and successfully fought a German aeroplane. After a number of similar adventures, capturing a German spy (a very subtle and clever spy whom no mere man would have detected), being captured again by the Germans and being officially "reported missing" (this was when she taught the German surgeons how to perform operations), at last she saw her lover in the distance with his battery; and rescued him, when wounded, from a very hurricane of fire. She eddied before the gate of the barons. Riu's house stands out on the sky, with glitter of colour. "What are Christ's words? Take no squills! At least, is that what they ought to have been.

From the Chinese.

By Ezra Pound.

From the Notes of the late Ernest Fenollosa.

OLD IDEA OF CHOAN.

I.

The narrow streets cut into the wide highway at Choan, Dark oxen, white horses, drag on the seven coaches with outsiders. The coaches are perfumed wood, The jewelled chair is held up at the crossway, Before the royal lodge a glitter of golden saddles, awaiting the princess, They eddy before the gate of the barons. The canopy embroidered with dragons drinks in and casts back the sun.

Evening comes. The trappings are bordered with mist. The hundred cords of mist are spread through and double the trees, Night birds, and night women, spread out their sounds through the gardens.

II.

Birds with flowery wing, hovering butterflies, crowd over the thousand gates, Trees that glitter like jade, terraces tinged with silver, The seed of a myriad hues, A network of arbours and passages and covered ways, Double towers, winged roofs, border the network of ways:

A place of felicitous meeting. The sun rises in south-east corner of things, how shall we know all the friends whom we meet on strange roadways?

A BALLAD OF THE MULBERRY ROAD.

The sun rises in south-east corner of things To look on the tall house of the Shin

For they have a daughter named Rafu (pretty girl), She made the name for herself: "Gauze Veil," For she feeds mulberries to silkworms, She gets them by the south wall of the town.

Rosalie.
Pastiche.

"CHIMERAS Dire."

"By all means let us discard old shibboleths, but not merely to embrace new ones."—"New Statesman."

Ah, I have run my race!
Deed, then, thy "glow of grace"!
Under this nb,
O Death!
I may not, dare not face,
In shuddering "embrace."
This Shibb
Oleth.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

PATRIOTIC STANZAS,
Wherein several August and Exalted Personages are Vouchsafed a Fitting Encomium.

I.
Who would not perish for this Kingly Land?
Who would not bleed that Britain may endure?
Are not Her Sons a Proud and Happy Band?
Are not Her Reapers Steadfast, Brave and Pure?

II.
Whereof unto the Doughiest I bring
This Humbled Garland of my Halting Praise;
Of Honour's Stalwart Champions let us sing,
And of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.

III.
O Asquith! I pronounce the Word with Awe.
Thou Christian Solomon! Thou Living Pitt!
Thou dost Create, Dispense and Keep the Law,
And Statutes in Thy Hands are Holy Writ.

IV.
O George! Not Him I mean, Who on the Throne
Heldoth Majestic Sway o'er His Domain,
And of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.

V.
O George! Not Him I mean, Who on the Throne
Heldoth Majestic Sway o'er His Domain,
And of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.

VI.
O George! Not Him I mean, Who on the Throne
Heldoth Majestic Sway o'er His Domain,
And of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.

VII.
And Thou, O Derby, of Unblemished Line,
Noble In Blood, and Noble, too, In Deed,
This Deathless Epitaph, My Lord, be Thine:
"HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY IN HIS COUNTRY'S
NERD."

VIII.
And One there is Whose Voice in Council-Hall,
On Rostrum and in Pulpit ne'er was heard; But Whose Inspiring Soul pervaded All,
And put in other Mouths the Glowing Word.

IX.
Of Thee I sing, O Northcliffe, Modest Peer,
Of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.
Not Him I mean, Who on the Throne
Heldoth Majestic Sway o'er His Domain,
And of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.

X.
Others there be; and that: They perish not,
And of Their Fame the Rapturous Anthem raise.

XI.
O Begbie, Opulent in Choicest Lore
Thou dost Create, Dispense and Keep the Law,
And Statutes in Thy Hands are Holy Writ.

XII.
And some I speak not of: full well I know
From e'en the slightest Recompense They shrink.
And with this:some would They deem the words that flow
Out of my pen in timid groans of ink.

XIII.
These All are Wondrous Emblems of Their Age,
Heeding not life, when England is at stake;
Unswerving in Their Honour, Dauntless, Sage—Who would not Gladly perish for Their Sake?

F. SIEVER.

* Name of a Sennin. Sennin—an air spirit.
IRRELEVANCES.

Or, "Vera Libre Oh-so-easy."

By HENRY BULGE.

Non canimus surdis sed absurdis absurdissimi.

—Sophokles.

PROLOGUE.

I am an Imagiste,
I, too, can make my vera libre
And throw my poetical bonnet
Over the prosodical windmill.
I can see cosmic significances
In the moon regarded from the top of a bus,
And eternal beauty
Imprisoned in a May-bug.
O ye, my comrades,
Casually together in fear of
The newly converted,
Cast away your fears and rejoice.
I also am with you,

BLOOMSBURY.

A pale tree grows
In the ugly square like a thought that springs
In the mind of a poet,
Who stops its growth with the ancient rules
And surrounds it
With a prosodical paling.

A CHARACTER.

(After Catullus.)

This fellow, you know,
Who is proud and witty and smugly,
And wears cut-out waistcoats,
And knows how to take his liquor,
Is, in short, a gentleman.

But when he composes in free rhythms,
His manners forsake him;
He drunkenly staggers
And stammers without wit.
Strange impediment!

GHOSTS.

Girls pass me
In the dusk,
Touching me softly with impertinent hands,
Or offering me with a silent glance
Their frequented lips.
Oh, you, you are dead, you are dust,
In Thessaly and Persopolis
And all the towns of Ionia
And the cities of Sicily.

At Kolossos.

Surely this ground is holy.
It is full of feather-winged nightingales,
And laurels grow here,
And olives,
And vines.
If we are drawn hither rejoicing,
Why not also the gods?

FANTASY.

I love a girl whom Sappho loved
And celebrated.
She was long and white,
With honey hair and honeyed lips
And song-provoking eyes.
Her dust blows up and down
The ruined streets of Mitylene
And the fragment that names her
Has no verb.

EPILOGUE.

Adeste, hendecasyllabi,
And all you hexameters and elegiacs
And effete lyric measures
And rhymes, false or true, and assonances
And all you trilling stanzas,
Ottava rima and Spenserian—
Very difficult to write—
Adeste, quiet est omnes undique.
With a wreath on his brow, you see;
You have ruled us too long,
And we will be rid of you.
Nothing shall check us henceforward,
Not metre, nor rhyme,
We have a new pipe to play on,
And we need you no more,
Not you, but me.
Begone, all of you!

Selah!
While, according to Mr. Verdad, we are bringing Germany "spiritually into line with Europe," Russia will, one supposed to be the signal distinction of her spiritual line with Asia: thus induced with these divergent psychological forces our enemy will, if the plan works, afford energy: at the same time the British Empire will be allowed to learn, precisely, for what terms it has been fighting.

HOWARD INCE.

RUSSIA AND THE "TIMES."

Sir,—The "Times" owes its readers two withdrawals and an apology:—neither had I the heart to send them, lest he should send me a copy, I hasten to add that I do not want to read with the whole subject and, what is of more importance, the hints conveyed by Mr. Lloyd George in his suggestions, for a settlement of the Irish question indicate that British imperial, not European, Federation is the only probable constitutional change that is imminent. There are difficulties enough in that question for any reasonable man to solve, without wasting his brains on a chimera. There is nothing easier, as Mr. Hyde ought to know, than to draw up constitutions: "constitution hotly fought out of the Constitution of the State," is the Irish difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them. If Mr. Hyde wants to discuss his good resolutions, "R. H. C." is his adversary: if he wants his scheme to be adopted, let him submit it to the Government of the belligerent Powers. I cannot help him in either case.

A. E. R.

THE "SHIRKER" AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Sir,—For so long has the State said to the individual, "Thou shalt not vindicate thine own cause, nor avenge thine own wrongs, but shall submit thy quarrels with thy neighbour to me," that, no longer thinking of trial by combat, I am loved with the whole subject and, what is of more importance, the hints conveyed by Mr. Lloyd George in his suggestions, for a settlement of the Irish question indicate that British imperial, not European, Federation is the only probable constitutional change that is imminent. There are difficulties enough in that question for any reasonable man to solve, without wasting his brains on a chimera. There is nothing easier, as Mr. Hyde ought to know, than to draw up constitutions: "constitution hotly fought out of the Constitution of the State," is the Irish difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them. If Mr. Hyde wants to discuss his good resolutions, "R. H. C." is his adversary: if he wants his scheme to be adopted, let him submit it to the Government of the belligerent Powers. I cannot help him in either case.

A. E. R.

MR. C. H. NORMAN.

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Norman takes this opportunity of offering to you his best thanks for the following letter from many friends as to the genuineness of his conscientious objection to military service.

Mr. C. H. Norman, who was removed to Wandsworth Detention Barracks on May 23 or 24 from Guards' Depot, Caterham, to undergo the two years' imprisonment to which he was sentenced by court-martial as a conscientious objector, wishes me to forward to you the enclosed diary notes in his own handwriting which recently arrived by post.

W. F. H. W.

DIARY OF EVENTS IN MR. C. H. NORMAN'S DETENTION AT WANDSWORTH DETENTION BARRACKS.

1916.

May 23 (query 24).—Met with shower of abuse on arrival. Asked for some paper to make will. They asked what mother I would put on uniform, or otherwise dress. Taken to cell and forcibly dressed. Requested request to make will, as I might not be alive more than three or four days. Officer went to Commandant. I was taken to reception-room and signed for things. Commandant arrived and without a word to me ordered me to be taken to hospital and put in strait-jacket. Was taken there and was put in a strait-jacket, and put in strait-jacket, and put in strait-jacket. The strait-jacket was too small and caused me great pain. I told the attendant, but he could not do anything. Commandant and another officer arrived. Commandant asked me and spat at me. Other officer asked whether I was all right: a question which amused me in the circumstances. M.O. (medical officer) came about 8 p.m. but did not explain anything. He said Commandant had said I had threatened suicide. I told him I had asked to make my will, and that was all. After a discussion of my opinions the M.O. suddenly put my right hand, but was refused it. During the night I became conscious with pain and fainted, lying on the floor for an hour, as I heard last the clock strike 12, and I again remember the clock striking 1 o'clock. Sergeant-Major asked me and another officer asked whether I was all right: a question which amused me in the circumstances. M.O. came at ten and released me on my giving my word against doing harm whilst under his authority.

May 24.—In hospital. On asking leave to write my solicitor or friends Commandant swore and spat at me, expressing hope the M.O. would put me in strait-jacket again.

May 25.—Nothing important.

May 26.—Commandant visited me again; cursed me and said he wished I would cut my throat; that I was a coward who ought to be shot.

May 27.—Nothing important (very ailing).

May 28.—Nothing important (a little better).

May 29.—Insulted by attendant (fruit salts refused).

May 30.—Nothing important. Commandant very answered that I was still at hospital.

May 31.—Sent over to Detention Barracks. Began hunger, thirst, and sleep strike.

June 1.—Ordered to parade by Commandant, who again cursed me and said he wished I would cut my throat. I told him I was a coward who ought to be shot.

June 2.—Still on partial food, drink, and sleep strike: eating little bread and water. I ordered C.P.D.1 and put in darkish cell: bread and water diet, all privileges taken.

June 3.—Still on partial food, drink, and sleep strike: eating little bread and water. Nothing fresh. Commandant said he would report me to Medical Officer, who would give me the stomach pump.

Sunday, June 4.—Nothing important: I was at home and had no food, not a drop of water.

Nothing fresh. Commandant said he would report me to Medical Officer, who would give me the stomach pump.

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Nothing fresh. Commandant said he would report me to Medical Officer, who would give me the stomach pump.

Sunday, June 4.—Nothing important: I was at home and had no food, not a drop of water.
in the day Commandant said I should be forcibly fed next week. Grossly insulted by a S.O. N.C.O., who threatened to murder me. Commandant also said he was making special report to G.O.C., suggesting I should be more severely punished. * * *

**SPIES AND CREAM.**

Sir,—The following comes rather strangely from a so loudly professed anti-Northcliffe paper as the 'New Witness':—

The sinister rumour that the "Hampshire" was lost and another Kitchener drowned through the action of a spy either on board or operating on land, has raised public interest on the old question—for by this time it is old—of the aliens who still hold the upper hand. Now, if the police officials were to realize the danger in which they are placed the county by their persistent paltering with the question, etc., etc.

And from an article headed 'Arts and Industries' in the same issue (June 8) I take the following gem of disinterested 'New Witness':—a real powder-plot:—

I make no apology for having recommended those excellent papers Fondures referred to in my article of last week, and I take this opportunity of mentioning some of the latest. The All-Saints' church of Bath is a fine example of the Gothic style. The church is to be opened to the public on Saturday, and the opening is to be marked by a special service.

The enemy in the house.

Sir,—'Women should have nothing to do with war but to speak against it!' How and where? I know the impotence of horror of which Miss Morning speaks.

Our position is that of officials of a lunatic asylum, wherein the inmates have obtained the upper hand. Let each conscript consider that he may be one of a squad who, at the bidding of a mad captain or a panic-stricken sergeant, must murder a Sheehy Skeffington, a Lucas, or a Price.

But my voice, at best well-nigh inaudible, will probably be stifled. Very well. But let Miss Morning speak again.

* * *

**THE ENEMY OF THE GOOD.**

Sir,—In your last issue 'R. E. C.' makes some remarks on Mr. Wollen's "Looking the life of Shakespeare" as a scholar. One might add that he is equally defective as an interpreter of contemporary phenomena. I will give an example of one line from his book, "What is coming?" In remarking on the dangers of an irresponsible press, which might be bought by any foreign power, he says 'Fortunately, Lord Northcliffe happens to be a public spirited man.' After this we may expect anything. In his book on Shakespeare I may confidently look for such gems as 'Happily, Mr. Horatio Bottomley is an apostle of sweetness and light'; 'Luckily, the Labour Party is served by leaders of unerring loyalty and devotion'; or 'What saves the situation is that Lord Devonport voices the best aspirations of the British workers.'

Most of us by now have grave doubts whether this is a war that will end war; but we may perhaps be permitted to hope that it is a war that will end war.

* * *

**AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE.**

Sir,—In your issue of June 8 you have given some space to a letter from a gentleman who claims to have been a member of the State, and having learnt something about the duties as a member, though not from any of your writings or speeches, I want to tell you that I am not pleased. Here are my reasons:—

(a) You implied by including me in the Insurance Act that I was a person incapable of managing my own trivial affairs.

(b) That you intended to benefit me whether I wanted it or not.

(c) That a bribe was thrust in the faces of the poor to make it popular.

(d) That I had no right to the wages I earned; you would not trust me to pay of my own free will the four pence per week.

How I am to reconcile these very reasonable objections with the honour of receiving an income-tax form I know not. Perhaps you could tell me. Nevertheless, the issue is quite plain. I am either to be treated as a person lacking intelligence or as a human being and a citizen of no mean city. From the Insurance Act I have received no benefit, nor would I take any—too much pride for that. Four years' contributions represent £10 s. 4d.; many pay £3 12s. 6d. a year. How then is the State to be made to pay the stamp-and-card system. Your Insurance Act has come home to roost. It is people like myself who keep the Empire going—we are working the blue form. Now what would you like me to do? Don't you see how important I am?—I mean, we are?

Sir,—Your issue of June 8 has only to-day fallen into my hands, so perhaps you will permit a belated rejoinder to the effusion appearing over the signature 'H. B. Harrison.' Mr. Harold B. Harrison is so well able to take care of himself that he does not need the defence of pigmies, but your readers might at least be spared the impertinences of Mr. Harold B. Harrison.

It has come home to me under my notice on many occasions that 'Harris' and 'Harrison' are names which belong exclusively to the genius—I dislike the word, but there is no other that fits—of a gentleman.

Sir, Harold B. Harrison states that Mr. Shaw is an 'old gentleman.' I do not know Mr, Harold B. Harrison's age, though the scrupulous honesty of his letter suggests that the Military Service Act may yet be instrumental in helping him to break away from his family tradition.

I pray God this may be the case, otherwise Mr. Harold B. Harrison will have proved wrong the saying that it is better to earn the description of old 'gentleman' than that of old 'Harrison.'

* * *

**MODERN ARCHITECTURE.**

Sir,—In his letter on Modern Architecture, Mr. Haselwood states that architects 'have been taught for centuries to utterly ignore everything traditional, to forget, in fact, that once upon a time Englishmen tried to express themselves in their own native way.' This is a libel which was often uttered in the 'Battle of the Styles' by the supporters of the Gothic revival. Moreover, through the literary championship of such influential writers as Ruskin and Morris, this opinion is very widespread and is reechoed by a host of enthusiastic amateurs who, in their "Guide to Architecture," page 92, speak of the 'praiseworthy tendency of the Prussian government to make Gothic popular.'

We are all agreed that there was a continuous building tradition for some eight hundred years culminating in Tucor Gothic. But the idea was also to some extent a medieval revival of architecture from the Elizabethan to the Victorian period. It is Messrs. Bell and Haselwood's contention that the one is George and the other is not, that the former is an expression of the Englishman's 'intense pride and love of country,' and the latter the work of men who 'formed their ideals in following the imaginings of alien

* * *
constantly in touch with the Continental tradition through France. Moreover, the medieval builders were
through France. Moreover, the medieval builders were
influences in the two cases is one degree only. The
influences in the two cases is one degree only. The
production of books, ranging from the German pattern-books to
production of books, ranging from the German pattern-books to
facilities of travel as well as the many other benefits of our
facilities of travel as well as the many other benefits of our
the organisation of the church, the foundation of English
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Romanticism is, I admit, quite beyond me; I know of no
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evolution which from time to time receives strong
evolution which from time to time receives strong
observer so that he fails to see the traditional care which
observer so that he fails to see the traditional care which
further than those implied in the recognised standards of
further than those implied in the recognised standards of
"It has too much of sweetness, too much of beauty"! I
"It has too much of sweetness, too much of beauty"! I
THE NEW AGE seems to indicate a partial renascence of
THE NEW AGE seems to indicate a partial renascence of
"Ode to the Nightingale," he tells us, ('is terrible."
"Ode to the Nightingale," he tells us, ('is terrible."
"We have read this sentence backwards, forwards, upside
"We have read this sentence backwards, forwards, upside
"The duration of a poet's life upon earth
"The duration of a poet's life upon earth
"It is a peculiar charm, mystery or romance in a poet's life
"It is a peculiar charm, mystery or romance in a poet's life
"It is a similar mode of thinking
"It is a similar mode of thinking
"I am confirmed in this
"I am confirmed in this
"I was recently reminded of this by Mr. Martin Harvey's handling of the
dramatic style
"I was recently reminded of this by Mr. Martin Harvey's handling of the
dramatic style
Now Mr. Coleridge, according to Mr. Benzen—beg pardon! Bennies, I do not know if Mr. Bennies is aware (1)
Now Mr. Coleridge, according to Mr. Benzen—beg pardon! Bennies, I do not know if Mr. Bennies is aware (1)
That he is quoting an "inadequate" see reporter's note (2)
That he is quoting an "inadequate" see reporter's note (2)
reporter's note (2)
reporter's note (2)
Press Cuttings.

Mr. Cockshutt appraised the railway work of Canada well and wisely and among the most skilled and intelligent mechanics and labourers of this country, and at this important turning point in the economic history of Canada the Federal Government has the opportunity to lay the foundations of a higher status for labour in its relation to the State and the welfare of the community. The Government is considering the appointment of three directors to represent the national interests in each of the transcontinental railways, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Let one of the directors for such railway be selected from among the 150,000 skilled and highly intelligent railway workers of Canada. Could there be any better beginning for bringing about the right relationship between labour and the Government nor their supporters of the well-to-do classes are likely to be prepared, and some of them may have to be done very soon. For the moment there is no sign of any hope that supplies by the wealthy and the consequent advance of prices to the poor demand immediate and drastic action. This is very well to talk of the possibility of the wealthy to refrain from adding to the burdens of the poor, but the imprisonment of a few notorious offenders would be more to the purpose of the Government and of some greedy shopkeepers. In both Austria and Belgium this has already been done with good effect; and much bitterness would have been saved if the Government had done it here last week. Apart from the outraging of the predetermed murder. If the great business men of the country will use their combined influence upon the Government now they can not save us from falling into that last error. But it is not too late to wait for peace in peace we shall at least prepare for war; let us see to it that in war we shall at least prepare for peace. The Globe.

There is one other striking contribution in the book. Mr. Bernard Shaw writes the story of Fabian Economies, a kind of rejoiner to Mr. Ernest Barker's estimate in his admirable little book in the Home University Library of the influences which made Fabianism, and part of this rejoinder is devoted to an analysis of Guild Socialism. I believe that Guild Socialism in some form or another is coming, that is, I am perfectly sure that one of the results of this war will be a general recognition that the workers have something to a share in the government of their industry. I have referred to this question on several occasions, and more and more I see signs that this is the tendency of the main stream of economic thought at the moment. There are other tendencies of course, such as the inclusion in an industrial union of all sorts of crafts. "Clerks and railway porters, locomotive drivers and fitters, are organised in a single union," with their widely different crafts, are not typical of industries generally. It must be said, too, that the correlation of the guilds and the railways which have been the result of the war for a large variety of different conceptions. But that Mr. Bernard Shaw should think it worth while to deal at length with Guild Socialism in one of the best books of the war is significant. "La Cantastor," in the "Church Times.

Mr. J. W. Tatem, who is one of the new baronets in the Birthday Honours List, is a shipowner at Cardiff, and is understood to have made a colossal fortune since the beginning of the war. "Reynolds's Newspaper."