NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Thanks to the unanimity of farmers who, according to the "Times," have seldom been so united on any question as they are by the action of the Government in commandeering the wool-clip on the terms stated," the War Office has been compelled to announce that it only wants to do what is "fair and reasonable" by them. Is the 60 per cent. advance upon the prices prevailing for wool in 1919 insufficient to cover the anticipations of profit to which the poor dear farmers have been subjected in common with the rest of the profiteers? Then the War Office will pay more. There is no price, in fact, which the War Office will not pay provided that the farmers remain beautifully united and have all the peers to speak for them. The constitutional theory, however, not to say the practice of the Government in some other matters than wool, goes by the board with the admission of the right of the farmers to full market prices from the State. By the former, as we very well know, every stick of property, including the wool-clip and the sheep that provide it, is at the absolute disposal of the State on the terms of salvation, that is, without money and without price. Commandeering without compensation is, in fact, an imprescriptible right of the State. And we have only to recall what claims the State has made upon the personal service of eligible men for the Army and the anything but fair market price offered for wool is much more generous than the terms upon which men's lives have been commandeered. The farmers, however, have taken pattern by the bad example rather than by the good. Had they compared the price of their wool with the price the State is paying other men for their lives, they might have congratulated themselves upon an excellent bargain and a happy escape. But they unfortunately chose to compare themselves with other salesmen of commodities to the State, with leather merchants, shippers, coal-owners, and moneylenders, and, seeing the inflated prices these patriots were receiving from the Government in proportion to their income of the Army and Navy in proportion to their humblest family economy in the land. Once outside these humane institutions, however, and the rule of Need and Supply is allowed to be superseded by the rule of Need and Supply, would the various divisions of these two national services be expected to compete among themselves for what they need of the State, or to go short or become overstocked in comparison with their fellows. All the divisions, of course, share in the income of the Army and Navy in proportion to their needs. And the same sensible rule, it is clear, applies to other national services as it applies likewise to the humblest family economy in the land. Once outside these humane institutions, however, and the rule of Need and Supply is allowed to be superseded by the rule of Need and Supply, which substitutes for the demand of genuine need the demand of simple purchasing power. It is no longer the question whether the demand is a need, but whether it comes with money in its hands; and need without money must go unsatisfied until money without need is satisfied. This change of atmosphere in passing from national service to private profiteering you would have thought to be necessarily palpable to the least sensitive of men. It would never be expected, for instance, that the same Lord Selborne who, as an experienced Minister of State, has distributed millions' worth of supplies to the various State services upon the principle of Need and Supply, would advocate the concession to farmers of the full private competitive price of their wool upon the principle of Supply and Demand. Yet he has done so in a dictum that cuts at the very root, as we said, of constitutionalism as well as of common sense. "The farmer," he said, "is entitled [entitled, mark you!] to get from the State the full market value of his wool." But, apart from the constitutional heresy, how, we may ask, is that "full market value" arrived at? It has certainly no relation to the actual cost of production—in other words, to what may be called its natural cost; for allowing for the increased expenses of farming, the 60 per cent. advance offered for wool by the State, while it amply covers the increased cost of production, is still short of the full market price, the farmers say, by
another 40 per cent. In short, the full market price includes a greater proportion of adventitious profit as well as the actual increase in the cost of production. Again, if everybody is "entitled" to demand of the State "full market price" for the commodities he has for sale, why should the State or any public official complain that in some instances this "full market price" is excessive, or take any steps to bring it down? Yet another of our colonial geniuses, Mr. Ryan, the Prime Minister of Queensland, has been quoted in this country as holding that the price of meat, for instance, has been raised to "something higher than conditions warrant"; and we know, as a matter of fact, that the State here as well as in other countries has more than once declined to buy at full market prices when these included more profit than it was disposed to work at. The fact is that the full market price means precisely all that you can get by hook or by crook. Not only has it nothing to do with the cost of production, it has still less relation with the needs of the purchasers. And its chief instrument is private monopoly. Let only the farmer unite a little more closely and the full market price of wool may mount up even until Lord Selborne ceases to think farmers "entitled" to it. And in spite of the fact that he is himself a private farmer before a public statesman. * * *

According to the "Spectator," "signs are not wanting that when peace comes the country will not be taken unawares through want of forethought as to how industry is to be re-established and how the millions of men who will be released from the war." Various Committees have been set to work, the Prime Minister himself is chairman of a special Reconstruction Committee, and every authority, both in the world of Labour and in the world of Capital, is being asked to tender advice. It is all most inspiring, we are sure, but the optimism of the "Spectator" does not appear to be shared by men like Lord Haldane and Lord Derby, or by such Trade Unionists as we meet, or by ourselves. Both Lord Haldane and Lord Derby have recently warned the country that we shall find ourselves even less prepared for peace than we were for war. And they should know. Trade Union leaders without number have assured us that to the best of their prevision the outlook for Labour, and hence for industry on the conclusion of peace, is dark in the extreme. And they are passing over an equal amount of which they may claim to know at least the alphabet.

Both Lord Haldane and Lord Derby have recently warned the country that we shall find ourselves even less prepared for peace than we were for war. And they should know. Trade Union leaders without number have assured us that to the best of their prevision the outlook for Labour, and hence for industry on the conclusion of peace, is dark in the extreme. And they are passing over an equal amount of which they may claim to know at least the alphabet.
shall sell in the world-market. In short, the question of quantity is subordinate to the question of quality. Again, suppose that by means of lower wages, longer hours, fewer holidays and harder work, the market cost of production is brought down in this country to the level of China—as our employing classes seem to hope—is that the means by which the prospective surplus of labour can be absorbed—of one man doing the work of two before the war? We can understand the national need, while five million men are otherwise engaged, of intensifying the labour of those left in industry by over-time work, shorter vacations, and reduced holidays. The object then is to make one man do where two did before. But to continue this process when, in fact, there will be no need for it, will be to aggravate enormously the very difficulty it is presumably designed to meet. Far from solving the Labour problem left us by the war it will just about double it.

We will leave over for subsequent discussion several minor suggestions that have been made in the Press, and come to the houses without further delay. Labour, we may say at once, does not offer to Capitalism the problem. Or to a very small extent, indeed, does it enter as a serious consideration into the policy of the financial and commercial magnates. The reason is clear. The supply of Labour is abundant, its amenability to every sort of discipline is guaranteed by the State, by the bribed leaders of the Trade Unions; it is a commodity that must needs have a forced sale, for Labour perishes unless used, and, above all, it is in competition with machinery at home and with every condition of labour abroad. Under these circumstances, why should economic magnates trouble their heads about the Labour problem? The Labour problem is no more their affair than the replenishing of the fish of the sea is the affair of the fishermen who live by netting the sea. There are always as good fish in the sea as have come out of it; and while it may be a nuisance to have the unequalled marching with banners through the streets or Unions threatening to go on strike, the fundamentals of the question are unalterable while the wage-system remains. By one means or another, Labour must accept its market price, be it high, as when Labour is now scarce, or low, as when the war is plentiful. No, it is not the problem of Labour that troubles the heads of our capitalists, but the problem, in the first instance, of the supply of Capital, and, in the second instance, of the volume of trade and the profit it can be made to yield. Capital and Profits, these are the twin problems of our commercial system. Now we have seen what Labour is sitting up on its hind legs to beg from the State—money or work, each of them being something subordinate to the control of industry, which, at bottom, means the control of tools. The capitalists, on the other hand, are demanding something more substantial, namely, State endowment by means of Grants in Aid under various disguises, or, in the alternative, Protection, or in other words, guaranteed high minimum prices. Point out to them that the first amounts to a gift of profits at the expense of the State, and the second to the admission of the same principle upon which a minimum wage or price of Labour could be justified, and they ignore the argument. And they can safely do so, since practically every public officer of criticism is in their pay. But nothing will alter the fact that their demands are actually these, or the further fact that they alone will yield more, in return? Still more pertinently, why should the State assume the duties it now expensively delegates to a class, and undertake in partnership with Capital and Labour the whole of industry, its profits as well as its losses? As the very minimum of what is proper we can certainly say that the State should neither grant in aid nor protect what it does not own. What requires aid or protection—and is worth them—should be nationalised first and its labour afterwards organised as a guild.

It is, moreover, somewhat late in the day for private Capitalism to come to the State for fresh assistance. The fact of its beggary is a proof, indeed, of its obsolescence. There are not a dozen landlords in the country," says the "Times," "who could set to work to plant a thousand acres of woodland profitably"; and such as there are have State endowment, and in their pay, are incapable of afforesting as any in industry. But to leave these to reward themselves by dipping into the State's purse is an infallible way of killing them with kindness, and of troubling us as well with their perpetual burial. Again, if private Capitalism were of such a nature that it should be State-supported for its beautiful eyes, the loss incurred by Grants in Aid and Protection would be perhaps well repaid. But the fact is that the private Capitalism which the State is now being asked to set upon its legs again is not only a proven rascal but a proven incompetent. While it is a match for the State by its cunning, it is not match for its wisdom in the business of afforestation, and still less for the international competition that is upon us.

Of the failure of profiteering to provide the nation with so simple a national service as forestry adequate to our needs, everybody down to a journalist is now aware. Landlords, it is now clear, can deforest with a prairie-fire, but they are incapable of afforesting. "There are not a dozen landlords in the country," says "The Times," "who could set to work to plant a thousand acres of woodland profitably"; and such as there are have not public spirit enough to combine to do it. It follows that if we are not to be dependent upon foreign countries for wood, the State must undertake the work of afforestation itself. Neither private capital nor private enterprise is equal to it. But upon what terms? How is the State to set about it, and what is the work to be done with the wood that it has undertaken to buy? Here is a little job upon which the State might try its prentice hand in the creation and management of a Guild. We suggest that a division or so of the returning troops be enlisted for three years or the duration of the afforestation. It is a question of civil pay under civil rule, that the land be commandeered for the purpose, and that the whole work be carried out as if it were, what it is, a continuation of the war with Germany. At a single stroke would be settled a part of the problem of labour and a good part of the State's finance. Incidentally, afforestation would soon become an accomplished fact. But once in the hands of the State, the woods...
should certainly never go back into private hands to
deforestation as they came of age. They should remain a
piece of State treasure, a memorial of the war and a
monument to a great industrial enterprise.

* * *

But there is a greater task awaiting a National Guild
than the afforestation of the kingdom: it is the farming
of the kingdom. The recent Reports of the Committee
upon Agriculture make it plain that without some fresh
principle of organisation agriculture in this country is
doomed to continue unable to feed more than one in five
of our population. Four out of five of us must be
dependents upon foreign products. For a remedy against
this state of affairs the Majority Report may be
applied; imaginatively and some, if only
economically or to stimulate the application of new
measures for wheat, and a grant in aid to farmers for initial
withdrawal of foreign surpluses. Only a Guild can
be expected to make this possible; it is the Guild that
is to be the guiding principle of the reconstructive
period—for, plainly, Mr. Lloyd George has not
construed his notions in his mind; and, in the second place,
that politicians and not statesmen are to rule the roost.
Under these circumstances we are quite aware that our
suggestions of National Guilds, even in forestry or in
agriculture, are utopian. They are scarcely worth the
labour of writing out, or, still less, of reading. Mr.
Lloyd George as Premier and the institution of National
Guilds do not go together; and he will swim though
the nation should drown. There is a wise policy, and
there is a foolish policy, however, even for politicians;
and it is still our business, when statesmanship has
been rejected, to discriminate in what is left. For the
foolish policy in dealing with Labour after the war the
Press may be consulted; but of the wise policy the
following are the outlines. Allowing that, as things
appear at this moment, the main problem of industry,
socially considered, will be the surplus of Labour, the
steps to be taken to meet it must surely be the reverse
of the steps taken to meet the shortage of Labour
during the war. If during the war, and while Labour has
been scarce, we had to dilute labour, intensify labour,
increase its working hours and reduce its holi-
days, it follows that after the war when Labour is too
plentiful we must re-concentrate or un-dilute Labour,
reduce its working-hours and multiply its holidays.
These measures, we say, would settle the problem of
industry as it presses upon Labour. But the problem of
industry proper, which is that of distribution, can
only be settled by a national organisation such as our
prophets mean to make impossible by their choice of
Mr. Lloyd George as the heir-apparent of the Premiers-
ship.

* * *

If, while an appeal is still pending, the “New
Witness” can publicly endorse the findings of “Smith, Isaacs
and the rest,” and indubitably recommend the carrying
out of the sentence of hanging upon Mr. Roger Casem-
ment, we ought not to be surprised. In any event,
in the judgment of the “New Witness” can publicly endorse the findings of “Smith, Isaacs and the rest,” and indubitably recommend the carrying out of the sentence of hanging upon Mr. Roger Casement, we ought not to be surprised. In any event,
we give up the riddle for the moment. But
we have only politicians to say and their
views are, we calculate, a
Welshman and the rationing, in a specific number of
products, of the entire population—and the work, we
venture to say, would be done, done easily, and done
well.

Moreover, we defy anybody to tell us why it
should not be undertaken. If the War Office on the
spur of the moment can collect the entire army, train
and direct five million men to compete successfully with
Germany in Germany’s national industry of war, do not
tell us that the whole Government cannot at leisure
organise a couple of million men to farm our own
country. Let leave that to the landlords to say and their
grooms of the Press to believe.

* * *

The foregoing are remedies for statesmen to apply;
and we have only politicians to play with. The
whole of England, it appears, contains but one man, and he is
a Welshman of the name of Lloyd George. What a
humiliation it is to think that this Jack-in-the-box alone
pops up whenever the lid is taken off a crisis. Is it
Munitions? Mr. Lloyd George is the only possible man.
Is it Ireland? Again, Mr. Lloyd George is the only possible
man. Is it a successor of Lord Kitchener? Again,
only Mr. Lloyd George. Now, at a moderate estimate there
are, we calculate, a million men in England supe-
rior in every respect save running, to Mr. Lloyd
George; and even in the stupidest Parliament ever got
together there are, we fancy, a hundred as sibie and
more honest. Why, then, must it always be for Mr.
Lloyd George to advance and for everybody else to
retire? Why the up-and-down spirit of the Welshman, to which the implications are, in the first place, that opportunism
is to be the guiding principle of the reconstructive
period—for, plainly, Mr. Lloyd George has not
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grooms of the Press to believe.
It has been suggested too often in the English newspapers that the British offensive on the left bank of the Somme had for its immediate object the relieving of the French forces at Verdun. A clearer conception of the object of the movement carried out by Sir Douglas Haig’s forces will be obtained if it is realised at the outset that this general impression is wrong. The French moved with us on the right bank of the Somme, and if the fortified position of Verdun had been in any immediate danger General Foch could have advanced two or three weeks ago without risking his flank and without waiting for us. The main object of these various moves we read of is not to make for any definite point or to relieve any definite position; but to get Germans out of the way, either by killing them on the field of battle, by wounding them, or by making them prisoners. For this reason the Allied generals have frequently been blamed, very unjustly, for laying stress on tactical successes, as if tactical successes were not achievements of considerable importance in warfare. The Russian retreat last year, for example, was a great tactical success, though in England it was widely regarded as an utter defeat. Does not one remember Mr. Lloyd George’s notorious preface to that notorious volume of speeches? A tactical success has been achieved when the enemy is made to waste his men without attaining any beneficial object, immediate or remote. The Grand Duke’s army was skillfully extricated from a dangerous position, and as it fell back it caused the enemy to lose more men than it did itself. When, finally, the supplies of munitions came to hand, the Russians were able to take up a more or less stable line; the Germans and Austrians came to a standstill; and what had they achieved? Absolutely nothing. They had overrun Poland and a large tract of Russian territory; but the Russian armies were still intact and becoming stronger every day. This was one of the greatest tactical successes of the war.

Verdun has been another tremendous tactical success. It has been estimated semi-officially that the German forces put out of action since the attack on Verdun began in February amount to more than half a million men. Certainly, as is admitted even in some of the German newspapers, practically all the reserves intended for Hindenburg’s campaign have been swallowed up at Verdun; and the result of this tactical success—i.e., the wasting of forces without achievement—is now seen on the western front. The Russians have advanced again, and the armies under the immediate control of Letchinski and Brusilov have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners nearly six hundred thousand Austro-Hungarian soldiers; cut the railway connecting Maros-Sziget with Stanislaus (connecting also Lemberg with Budapest) at Mikolitchin; and consolidated the Russian positions in the southern sector of the line. Farther to the north, General Evert is advancing towards Kolk and Kovel, and by the time this article appears may have succeeded in taking possession of the important railway centres. At the extreme north, General Kuropotkin has already succeeded in driving Hindenburg’s troops from their first line of trenches; and this, combined with the defeat of the German Navy off Jutland, has rendered the much-talked-of land and sea attack on Riga and Petrograd an utter impossibility. The one point where the Austrian line showed signs of strength—in the centre, where General von Bothmer is in command—is inevitably weakening in view of the persistent Russian advance in the northern sectors of the line and the complete defeat of the Austrians in the south.
Inspired reports from Vienna to neutral centres suggest that the position may yet be improved, and that Generals Pflanzer and Boehm-Ermolli have been removed from their commands. In answer to this it may be stated that the two generals in question can hardly have any troops left to command; and, as far as improving the position is concerned, there is only one way of doing that, namely, by providing General von Bothmer with much-needed reinforcements. It was to Hindenburg that he looked for them; but Hindenburg has failed to act in the Mark this morning.

The meaning of the extensive British offensive will now become clear. It is undoubtedly true to say that Germany still has reserves of men. What is to become of them? It would be tactically a success if the French were to leave Verdun, retire to their strong lines of defence farther to the south-west--only a mile or two behind the lines of trenches in the neighbourhood of the town and fortress. It makes no difference to the result of the war if the French choose to fight three miles in front of Verdun or three miles behind it. It does make a difference if more Germans are killed than Frenchmen. But, though Verdun would mean the use of a large number of German reserves, the British offensive means the use of far more, and raises many an anxious problem for the German General Staff. It must always be recollected, while the present immediate operations are in question, that an attempt must be made to rescue Bothmer's army even before the British offensive is dealt. The two Austro-German armies have gone already; and if a third follows them--the last--what is to become of Germany's influence in Vienna, either now or after the war?

The failure in Galicia has been followed by the failure in the Trentino area, where Carrozza pursued precisely the same tactics as those pursued by the French at Verdun. The Archduke's armies were permitted to regain a little ground at enormous cost in men and material; but they suffered from the non-arrival of reinforcements.

The Russians in the Trentino of support, and the Italians regained in a couple of days the ground they had lost in five weeks. This is the Austro-German problem. There are men enough to win local successes, to recapture a village or tear up a railway. But there are not reserves enough to go round--no, not even if boys of seventeen are sent into the fighting line. Try as they may, our enemies cannot overcome that difficulty. The consequence is inevitable, though the date is not immediate.

A Letter to the Bishops.

By the Man in the Street.

II.

My Lord,—Your record for the last hundred years as legislators is damning. The “Times,” which none of your order can complain of as being unfairly prejudiced against you, and which most people admit is usually on the side of the Church, sums up the results of your labours in these words: “The Churches have been dethroned and their influence has greatly diminished by the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; against Parliamentary Reform and Municipal Reform; against all education except the simplest elements. Indeed, it is hard to say what the Church has not been against in the way of improvement.”

That is the deadly record of a most friendly witness on the conduct of the chief representatives of Jesus of Nazareth in the House of Lords. And, my lord, the proof of the accuracy of these words is open to all who wish to study them.

In the files of the “Times” and in “Hansard” your speeches are to be found. Your profession, my lord, and your legislative practice exhibit as wide a gulf as is possible to conceive—yet you, my lord, in your consecration promised most faithfully in the sight of God and of your fellow-men “to show yourself gentle and merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people and to all strangers destitute of help.” Bishops have, in practice, supported the most savage and reactionary penalties of the law against the poor, and you have set your face like a flint against liberty. From 1868 to 1870 your lordships stoutly resisted Catholic Emancipation; and in 1871 the failure in Galicia has been followed by the failure in the Trentino area, where Carrozza pursued precisely the same tactics as those pursued by the French at Verdun. The Archduke's armies were permitted to regain a little ground at enormous cost in men and material; but they suffered from the non-arrival of reinforcements.

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Christian England on these little ones; and yet the bishops remained aloof.

Our prison system needs much reform. It has been largely altered for the better. But the bishops stood and stand aloof. When it was customary to flog women in the streets in 1817 and later in prison to bishop expressed horror at the injustice and degradation of this evil practice. Indeed, the bishops have been the traditional supporters of flogging, and when in the year of grace 1812 there was a debate on the punishment of those engaged in the White Slave Traffic the Archibishop of Canterbury was foremost in advocating flogging for the offenders. It is easy to understand the spirit of vengeance that makes men think that savagery will cure savagery; but it is more difficult to realise that a follower of Jesus, Who plainly taught the uselessness of revenge and the employment of force, should openly give over flogging a man, no matter how degraded.

In the century just passed there was at times a remarkable movement towards a humaner and kindlier spirit in legislation. Women like Romilly, Rowland Hill, Shaftesbury, and Pimlott, women like Elizabeth Barrett Browning (whose "Cry of the Children" did much to help the passing of the Factory Acts), Josephine Butler, and Florence Nightingale represented the Christ-like spirit that was struggling in the hearts of the people. But during all this time the bishops steadily opposed or at the best gave no aid to this movement. Some time before the great European War the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) appealed to the Church to throw all its influence into the scale of peace. He was only reminding their lordships of the solemn oath which each one had taken at his ordination "to maintain and promote righteousness and morals among all men"; but the reminder was not needless, for in the past the bishops' influence and aid towards peace have been nil. In the days (1890) when the opium war which was such an outrage and disgrace to Christianity was forced upon China not a single bishop protested—not a single bishop voted or spoke against it. In the useless and criminal Crimean War the bishops again stood for war and not peace. Later, in 1857, when the second opium war was forced on China, five bishops did indeed record their vote for peace, but, on the other hand, eighteen bishops voted or spoke against it. In all the disastrous warfare of nations and the bloodshed of hundreds of thousands and the crippling and injuring of many more the voices of the leaders of the Church, who swore most solemnly to set forward quietness, love, and peace among all men; but the reminder was not needless, for in the past the bishops' influence and aid towards peace have been nil.

The bishops' work and influence on the body over which they have held the reminder was not needless, for in the past the bishops' influence and aid towards peace have been nil.

Let us then, my lord, examine briefly the effect of the bishops' work and influence on the body over which they have been set.

(The Larger Ignorance. (Concluded.)

Let us light candles to Adversity, Mr. Editor; let us intone thanksgivings to the stern goddess, for she alone knows how to put us out of conceit with ourselves.

Fools believe in fortune; wise men believe in cause and effect. Englishmen are not given to believing much in anything, for belief of any sort presupposes some process of thought, and John Bull abominates nothing so much as thinking. And yet, whether he likes it or whether he loathes it, thought at this moment is thrust upon him by a Power that will not be denied. You live in a trial period, when the old formulae which have comforted you to sleep for centuries have been touched on the stone of experience and found base metal. "We always muddle through—that is our way!" "Education—organisation—system: these things may sail Continental pedants; we do by instinct what others dare to do by intelligence, and we do it much better. Look at our Colonies; look at our ships; above all, look at our money-bags!" A violent shock has loosened the foundations of this silly, childish, ludicrous complacency. By the irresistible logic of facts the bishops' phrases have lost their hold. There is a feeling that your island is not exempt from the laws which govern the rest of this planet. Yes, Mr. Editor, I perceive a change in the mental atmosphere about me. The old fatuous arrogance is nearly gone, and in its place I notice a general sense of insufficiency.

If he cannot think, John Bull can, at least, count. The present war has so far cost you three thousand millions of gold, and it will cost you a great deal more before you are done with it. It is a stiff price to pay for a lesson, but none too stiff if it really imbues you with a consciousness of your shortcomings and a determination to amend. Will it do that? In many of your newspapers I see belated laments over John Bull's intellectual inferiority—tempered, of course, with the customary laudations of his moral superiority (stupid, but honest, by Jove)! In one of these sheets I have even come across the following: "The Aryan has been thrust upon us more cruelly than that. "The British Empire, "The British Empire is thrust upon him by a Power that will not be denied. There is a feeling that your island is not exempt from the laws which govern the rest of this planet. Yes, Mr. Editor, I perceive a change in the mental atmosphere about me. The old fatuous arrogance is nearly gone, and in its place I notice a general sense of insufficiency.

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educators seem to have, like your public administrators, somehow mistaken the "hall-mark" for the article marked; that they have been endeavouring to teach you "manners," instead of endeavouring to train your minds; that they have developed in you love for play, instead of a passion for work; that, in short, instead of turning out men, they have for generations been turning out "gentlemen." Less devotion to the rules of ancient grammar and more attention to the laws of modern science, some acquaintance with the languages and literatures of other nations than the Athenians and the Romans, and, to put it in a single sentence, a slightly closer association with the world in which we live, it is argued, might, perhaps, not be amiss. This for the benefit of the upper classes. For the salvation of the people, co-operation with the country's technical forces, to withstand the clash of competition, actual and future. Reform, embracing both schools and universities, is declared to be one of the most important problems forced upon the notice of the English nation by the war. It is urged that we must put ourselves at the head of this slow and stately march out of the Middle Age. O marvellous people that is beginning to learn how little it knows! O promising invalid who is beginning to realize that something is the matter with him! O fortunate land that is beginning to discover where it stands in time and space!

Mr. Editor, you wanted an earthquake to stir you out of your enchanted sleep. But how far does the awakening go, and how long will it last? Are you awake, or are you still in a nightmare? Similar self-examinations and exhortations have been awake, indeed, or merely agitated by a nightmare? The clamour died away; success confirmed John Bull in his senile self-sufficiency, and once the noise of battle crosses mark the landscape across the seas. Will history repeat itself? Do you "manners," instead of endeavoring to train your minds? Will you demand for repair. At the times the blemishes of native customs and the values of foreign methods have been acknowledged, and a cry has gone up for the substitution of new lamps of the old twopenny tapers. But little or nothing has ever come out of it. The call for amelioration was only a transient psychological phase, begotten of panic; not a serious movement springing from genuine faith in the value of education. And so, presentiment, the clamour died away; success confirmed John Bull in his sensible self-sufficiency, and once the noise of battle over he relapsed into slumber, muttering comfortably to himself: "All's well with us; rulers have nought to rue!"

Will history repeat itself? I sincerely hope not. But I cannot shut my eyes to certain discouraging signs. In the first place, side by side with these condemnations of the existing order of things, I see printed depreciations of "little wooden crosses—or, rather, by far more; for do not the Germans invariably, whether they act on the defensive or on the offensive, on land or at sea or in the air, suffer ten times more losses?" I perceive, Mr. Editor, a very sad symptom. Others, starting from the same assumptions and reasoning in the same way, arrive at the same conclusion, but they supplement generalities with practical advice as to the means by which the disaster to English idealism may be averted. Law and Divinity, they gravely inform us, are the bedrock on which all sound education rests, and should be placed in the forefront of science. Here, also, Mr. Editor, I perceive another sad symptom. What Law and Divinity have done for mankind is written in letters of black and scarlet in the history of every nation: from the Hebrews and the Hindus to the English. The illiberality of English rulers has always found its most efficient instrument in the servility of the two Benches—these two bodies have always fought against every attempt at freedom, have always opposed every effort at reform. The bishops and the judges in the seventeenth century were the henchmen of the Stuarts, in the eighteenth the flunkeys of the Hanoverians, and in the nineteenth they proved themselves the most bitter adversaries of all democratic and humanitarian movements: the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the Catholics and Jews, the removal of the disabilities of Dissenters, the suppression of the Tests that excluded, not only from Parliament, but even from the universities, every Englishman who would not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Every bishop, to be sure, is not a Laud, nor every judge a Jeffreys. We know that some members of either body are excellent people, but bodies are not appraised by isolated members. It was not for nothing that Jesus, in His parable of the Good Samaritan, chose for the impersonation of bigotry, selfishness, and callousness a priest and a lawyer.

Utterances like those I have glanced at show that even this stupendous earthquake has not succeeded in roasting all Englishmen. There are still too many among you who would have you keep your souls in the old cages, murmur from time to time the old catchwords, and go to sleep again. What to me, however, is more sinister than such utterances are certain acts which have fallen on us. The first measure of compulsory economy that your Government introduced was a restriction in the importation of paper and papermaking materials; books are to be dearer, while beer shall continue cheap as usual. The first item of expenditure your county councils have cut down is the item of education, the reduction of the estimates being accompanied by a reduction of the age-limit for school attendance. Likewise, the saving of £30,000 per annum (at a time when the national expenditure is £3,000,000 per diem) has been made the excuse for closing the museums. Thus, as knowledge was the last thing John Bull consented to spend money on, so it is the first he is anxious to save on: John Bull, who condemns materialism and brags of spirituality!

These things, Mr. Editor, I grieve to say, are not calculated to inspire with optimism.

Your loving cousin,

JONATHAN.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Day fades to dawn,
The heaven's brief shadowing glows faint
With phantom fires—no native portents these—
Such magic wheels as frozen night doth paint
O'er the far northern seas.

The old Gods wake.
The young year's enterprise bids them to seek
Their scattered children, southernwards they roam,
Far journeying from that strange glittering peak,
Valhalla—sacred home.

Softly they come.
The long day's brightness marks their shimmering train,
Following swift the ancient Viking way;
Their frosted robes illumine when again
Short night speeds after day.

They set the sign.
Their children's children see, and yet are blind;
The old enchantments fail, no answering call
Breaks dull earth's slumbering; once more they find
We have forgotten all.

T. A. C.
Our Un-idea'd Press.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

IV.

There is, or was, a paper called the "Nation." It had two ideals and a hobby, which passed in it for ideas; viz., Pacifism, Mr. Lloyd George, and Votes for Women. But to-day pacifism—oh, Women, this old joke endures to the end. Look at this declaimed himself deceived in him. As for Votes for Women, this old joke endures to the end. Look at this from a recent article on "The Future Government of the Empire":—

The future of Nationality in Europe depends mainly on the adoption of federalism by Russia and Austria. The obstacle to it is the dread of the centralising bureaucratic mind that federalism means weakness. If we adopt it, we may do something to set a general fashion of regarding it, on the contrary, as a guarantee of proof of strength. Side by side with these older constitutional problems we would place the political emancipation of women. That, also, is an international idea, and our adoption of it may set the model for Europe.

Mr. Dick had an "idea," too, though he never called it international.

So much, then, for the old ideals of the "Nation." What is it living on now? On tears, one might suppose; for they are intellectual things, and should accompany the conscience of error in sensitive men. But the "Nation" is made of sterner stuff. "Events of the Week" are still compiled, with the old comments, "We hope," "We are sure," "We are shocked to see," etc. On the literary side, a certain "Penguin" discourses on the "puzzles of the world of books." (Please, Mr. Penguin, who7rre idee ate John Keats?) In short, the "Nation" continues as if it were not dead. Yet dead it is; it died when its ideals were destroyed. Only repentance and a bout of thought and the adoption of new and live ideas could have brought it back to life. It is known that he, magnanimously veiling his dread editorial presence with the pseudonym "Wayfarer," compiled a weekly "London Diary." Here is the twiching heart of the "Nation," here is the intellectual marrow of the paper, here, if anywhere, will its ideas be found. Politics, persons (Mr. Massingham dines quite frequently with persons), books, appeals, nay, even jokes may be found therein. The first issue of the "Wayfarer" for opened is before me, "London Diary." Let us once more imagine Mr. Asquith come to a weekly paper in search of ideas. What will he read?

"Wayfarer" commences:—

LONDON, FRIDAY.

The war swells to its tremendous diapason, and it is astonishing how calmly the country takes it all. The other day I heard the report of a recent visitor to Berlin. "Berlin; "Wayfarer" flutters off to another paragraph—"The Caliman difficulties then to the naval control of Irish harbours, then to a petition on behalf of Sir Roger Casement, and finally, to the editorship of the "Westminster Gazette."

Were there ever such empty paragraphs as those I have quoted above? Our position "looks curiously prosperous." But is there not something almost terrifying in this calm? We are not quite wide-awake, and "one's fear is that we shall have suffered too much. The Army "has had a measure of this baptism of a new life, whatever this may mean, and its parents and friends have not. "And that" (What?) seems to Mr. Massingham "about the greatest tragedy of the war."

We cannot show where he is wrong, because we cannot satisfactorily unravel his meaning. All that can be said is that he asks a question and answers it with the expression of a fear. "And our own condition?" Poor Mr. Asquith, if this phrase caught his eye and he was led to read the whole paragraph! As we read it again, the conviction comes upon us that not only is Mr. Massingham dead, but he has decayed. And when no coherence has gone, shall we ask for—ideas?

What will indeed happen "when the war comes to an end?" It is this which must exercise Mr. Asquith. He does not want to know, like a schoolmistress, who was baptised, and where, how, and what; only—why. If the "Nation" cannot give him an intelligible answer, at least The New Age can. There is one consideration which outweighs all the others. Our war finance is not "an imposing spectacle," and its immediate consequence after the war will be the Servile State, with both people and Government enslaved to a plutocracy. There is only one way to prevent this, and that is by the conscription of wealth. As for the immediate future of industry, let us briefly state the only sound conclusion—except the ideal, which is the abolition of the wage-system—to which all the Reconstruction experts and committees can arrive. Listen very carefully, Mr. Massingham, be firm, and listen! There is only one way to re-establish industry after the war, and it is—by the Undilution of Labour !

These proposals spring, of course, from The New Age, and we cannot conclude the present series better than with a final comparison of the papers we have mentioned. These are three things that make for the life and death of a paper: ideas, style, and curse—not only our enemies (that were too easy a task for the tragic impulses that possess me), but still more the general condition of Europe. And the "Nation" has left us without any nobler method of setting our differences but that of general torture and destruction ?

It is well that our diarist tells us the lady has great skill with her pen. Let our feminist continue:

Well, we are right to be stern, firm, in all that is before us and to come; but this mechanical journalism, which storms our ears with chatter about guns and trench-war, almost deprives us of the poetical joy into what a hell-broth our world has been churned. France, I think, does realise it.... But we are less awake; and one's fear is indeed that we shall not have suffered enough when the war comes to an end, but that it will find us filled with fear, and hate, and all the harrowing notions of the war spirit, but not with the passion, child of the heart and the intellect, for a world of concord and appeasement. I believe that, strangely enough, the Army has had a measure of this baptism of a new life which has left so many of the soldiers' fathers and mothers and friends at home unvisited. And that seems to me about the greatest tragedy of the war.

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Islam and Progress.

II.-THE POSITION OF WOMAN.

It has been said that the Islamic view of woman is a man's view, while the Christian view of woman is a woman's view.

The historical truth is this: that the Prophet of Islam was perhaps the greatest feminist the world has ever known, considering the country and the age in which he lived. The Arabs of his day held women in extreme contempt, ill-treated and defrauded them habitually, and even hated them, for we read in the Koran: "Of believers, it is not allowed you to be heirs of women against their will, to hinder them from marrying in order that you may take from them part of that which you have given them (i.e., you are not to rob them of all property, as is the practice of the heathen Arabs) unless they have been guilty of evident lewdness. But deal kindly with them, for if you hate them it may be you will hate something in which God has placed much good."

There is besides the Saying of the Prophet: "A Muslim must not hate his wife. If he is displeased with one, he will allow her to marry another, and she is likely to be less exacting.

The pagan Arabs regarded the birth of girl-children as the very opposite of a blessing, and they had the custom to bury alive such of them as they esteemed unworthy of the name of human beings.

That the position secured to women by the law of Islam was inferior in some important respects to that which, in theory, they held in Christian lands, is true; but in one place the Koran, men are advised to treat them (though not cruelly) under certain circumstances—

"You will reprimand those (women) whose disobedience you have cause to fear, you will banish them to beds apart, and you will heat them. From the moment they obey you you will seek no further quarrel with them."

"If you fear a division between the married couple, summon an arbiter of the husband's family and mother, and from the moment he himself derived a

painful, oft-recurring illness which eventually caused his death. The Koran also, in a hundred pages, declares forgiveness and mercy to be better than punishment, when practicable—that is to say, when such forgiveness would not constitute a real human liability in the region of politics, or where, in the case of private individuals, the man is capable of real forgiveness, banishing all malice; otherwise the trouble would recur in aggravated form. Muhammad was not only a prophet but also a practical ruler of men; and the men with whom he primarily had to deal were hot-blooded Arabs.

As for the institution of polygamy, against which so much horror was expressed in Europe, Muhammad found a system of unbounded licence for the lusts of his followers, made of it a decorous social order. To have attempted the abolition of polygamy in Arabia at that time would have been to deprive the new religion of all hope of success.

And polygamy, as sanctioned by Muhammad, is not an evil, though the practice of some of his followers became addicted at a later period, happened in his day there is no doubt whatever that women have no souls. There is no hint of such doctrine in the Koran or the Sunnah, or in any Muslim author that I know. The Koran expressly says: "Men or women, those who do good works and are believers, shall enter into Paradise, and shall not be frustrated one tittle of reward."

And the punishment prescribed for adultery seems absurdly partial in the favour which he showed to women who please you, only two, three, or four. If you still fear to be unjust, marry one only, or limit yourself to a forbidden partiality (woman's view).

"This conduct will aid you to avoid injustice."

You will never be able to treat equally all your wives, even though you ardently desire to do so. Restrain yourself, however, from altogether following the bent of your own heart, for you will either be justified by your heart, or by the ground of calumnies which still persist among non-Muslims to this day. He was not the rank volupturny that Christendom for long depicted him. He spent his prime of manhood—twenty-four years—with one wife only, Khadijah, to whom he was devotedly attached, though she was a great deal older than he. With one or, two exceptions his numerous later marriages were mere acts of policy; and both as husband and father he was an example to the faithful. Had the excesses, to which some of his followers became addicted at a later period, happened in his day there is no doubt whatever but that he would have condemned and punished them.

It is more difficult to divine the origin of another false idea still popular in Christendom: that Muslims hold that women have no souls. There is no hint of such a doctrine in the Koran or the Sunnah, or in any Muslim author that I know. The Koran expressly says: "Men or women, those who do good works and are believers, shall enter into Paradise, and shall not be frustrated one tittle of reward." And the Prophet's declaration that his beloved daughter, Fatimah, on her wedding day, was attended by multitudes of angels on her right hand and on her left does not suggest that he considered women soulless, nor does his reported vision with regard to Khadijah.

The true Islamic spirit with regard to women is a spirit of justice within the existing social order. The Christian spirit is one of chivalrous devotion and hallexystical exaltation which is apt to make its votaries un-
conscious of the claims of common justice. In England, until very lately, married women had no rights of property; in all Islamic countries they had enjoyed full rights of property since the time of the Prophet. A still more curious example of this difference is in my memory. In March, 1914, I was dining at an hotel in London with a Turkish gentleman. Of the company was an English member of Parliament who, after dinner, began, as was the fashion at that time, to rail against the Suffragettes. These had been roughly handled by a mob, and the member of Parliament declared that they deserved such treatment. Holding the common but erroneous view about Mohammedans, he thought that our host, as a Turk, against the Suffragettes. These had been roughly handled by a mob, and the member of Parliament declared that they deserved such treatment. Holding the common but erroneous view about Mohammedans, he thought that our host, as a Turk, was certain to agree with him. The Muslim, I could see, was greatly shocked. He said: "My friend, you cannot think what you say. It is a bad thing for me to be beaten by a woman, but it is a far worse thing for me to beat a woman. Your Government is both wicked and foolish to allow such cruelty."

"But what else would you have us do?" was the amazed reply.

"Give them what they ask! It is but justice. If, in your state of society, you allow them to take the place of men, you must give them the rights of men."

Strange as it may seem to holders of the popular belief about Islam, the Prophet would undoubtedly have said the same.

III.—FATALISM.

Perfect resignation to the Divine Will is the aim of every Muslim. But it would be a mistake to imagine that this resignation, if ever it could be fully attained, would imply the lack of all energy and initiative in mundane things. For the Will of God, as expressed in the Koran, and inculcated in the Sunnah, is, that men should strive to the utmost in a worldly sense on behalf of that which is good, and in opposition to that which is evil or nefarious; that they should not retire from the world, but take a part in its concerns, and should be conscientious, never lazy, in the transaction of their business or performance of their daily work. They are not, however, to suppose that, by doing so, they serve God in the sense of helping Him. "He who strives, strives for the good of his own soul, for God has no need of His creatures."

Of all such striving as is comprehended in the term Jehad, "Holy Warfare," the strife for good against evil, which pervades in all the consciousness of a man's own life, the Prophet said: "This life is but a tillage for the next; do good that you may reap there; for effort is ordained of God."

Concerning the daily business of a man, he said:—

"He who does not work either for himself or for others will not receive God's reward."

"O God, preserve me from incapacity and laziness."

"God is gracious to him who earns his living by his own labour and not by cadging."

"To remove obstacles from the path is charity."

(This saying of the Prophet might with reason and advantage be proclaimed in every Arab village.)

"Let the labourer his wage before his sweat dries up."

"Trust in God, but tie your camel."

"A Muslim who mixes with men and puts up with their inconveniences is better than one who holds aloof, living a life of seclusion and contemplation."

"Wealthy, or virtuous, or merciful, or for the welfare of mankind) is a blessing; and an individual may lawfully endeavour to increase it by honest means (i.e., not by means of usury or any kind of oppression)."

"Whoever desires the world and its riches, in a lawful manner, to preserve himself from beggary, and (to gain) a living for his family, and to show kindness to his neighbour, will come to God with his face bright as the moon of the fourteenth night."

"Islam does not allow asceticism."

"Charity is a duty for every Muslim. He who has not means for it, let him do a good act or abstain from a bad one; that is his charity."

"He who believes in one God and in a life hereafter, let him not injure his neighbours."

"Verily Allah loves a Muslim who is poor, with a family, and withholds himself from the unlawful and from begging."

"A tax should be taken from the rich and distributed among the poor."

"That individual is not a proper Muslim who eats his fill and leaves his neighbour hungry."

From these quotations it will be seen that the desire of wealth for its own sake, or for purely selfish objects, which prevails in Christian Europe, is abhorrent to the spirit of Islam, which is a spirit not of competition but of brotherhood. And this desire of Muslims to live and let live impresses the money-loving European as a fault of character, something lacking, a screw loose. In so far as it is based on principle, it rather evidences strength of character, the something lacking is in those who lightly scorn it.

It was organised, as was European commerce in those days, in the co-operative form of guilds of merchants and of craftsmen in the different cities; and something of that organisation still remains, enough to form a firm foundation for a greater structure. But it lacks the spirit of competition, and shrinks before the cut-throat commerce of the European. The apathy of the majority of Muslim merchants towards our present-day commercial and industrial enterprise, their attachment to conditions which seem to Europeans antiquated and unprofitable, is striking. And if accused of lack of energy they will reply "kismet," or "kadar," or "mukābā," according to their nationality. They thus confess themselves of hopeless fatalism in the judgment of the Western critic, who knows no other standard than self-interest. The fact is that none of them experience the Christian's longing for a self-advancement which, for its attainment, demands the whole time of the individual, depriving him of leisure for reflection, conversation, and religious exercises. They think such occupation futile, even impious—a game not worth the candle.

But transport the whole industrial and commercial question from the sphere of a man's private business into the region of Jehad; let it once be known of all the millions of Islam that European commerce wages war for the enslavement of the East and the overthrow of all its standards of religion, honour, and morality; and the apathy which we have noticed would soon fall away. Commerce and industry would become sacred fields of effort, and those millions could be organised as a great army of workers upon a pan-Islamic—nay, even perhaps upon a pan-Oriental basis, since alliances are of the essence of Jehad. Proposals with a tendency in this direction have already been made to my knowledge; and it is significant that those proposals came from Muslims living under Christian rule, who have had the opportunity of estimating the true character of the assaults of Christian Europe on Islam, which Muslims in an independent state had not yet realised, inclining as they do to accept the onslaughts to religious fanaticism. If and when the Muslim Empire is annihilated the zeal and energy of the Muslim who mixes with men and puts up with their inconveniences is better than one who holds aloof, living a life of seclusion and contemplation.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

London still laughs, and this time Lancashire has sent us a comedy to laugh at. Mr. Harold Brighouse shows us in "Hobson’s Choice" the Lancashire that London has laughed at for years. It is very like the Pottery of Mr. Arnold Bennett, and the Scotland of "Bunty"; it plays with that everlasting provincial theme of the managing woman with a presumably kind heart and the bargaining instincts of a market-woman, and in spite of its reminiscences it plays with the theme very well. Maggie Hobson is not only a seller of boots, she is a maker of men; and Lancashire, it seems, has none too many men. She manages her father’s bootshop with apparent efficiency (her efficiency is displayed in the first act, when whether it be men, furniture, or wedding-rings. Not satisfied with managing her own marriage, she manages the marriages of her sisters, one of whom is a lawyer and the other the owner of the premises, to bring a bogus action for trespass against her father. He, fearing the scandal that the trial would reveal, pays the exorbitant damages for which her husband makes no difference; she rides roughshod around his being "tokened" to another woman, and her father's handling of the situation only drives the unwilling idiot into a fearful alliance with the spinster. As with men so with furniture. Neither she nor William have any money, so she clears her father's lumber-room of old "chifferbbc" customers, makes her husband patch them up, and furnishes a couple of cellars with them. She manages to scrape up fourpence to buy from some odd and ends of her father's stock a brass wedding-ring; any old thing will do to begin with, whether it be men, furniture, or wedding-rings. Not satisfied with managing her own marriage, she manages the marriages of her sisters. 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Readers and Writers.

I had the idea once upon a while of publishing a journal the "Notes of the Week" of which should deal with current philosophy instead of with current politics and economics. Of course, it would be interesting; and Heine, not to say many writers since his day, has proved that it can even be made thrilling as well as practical. There is plenty of room in such a discussion for the propagandist polemics which New Age writers and (I hope) New Age readers enjoy; and I should not exclude the possibility of persuading those personal elements that are so logic and reason. Why it is that the notion has remained a notion escapes my memory. Perhaps it is that nobody would publish such notes. More probably it is that I came to the conclusion that nobody would read them, however interesting they might be. I may even have thought that I should never be able to write them! Anyhow, there the idea was—and is.

I was reminded of my old dream on reading Mr. Clutton-Brock's "The Ultimate Belief" (Constable, 2s. 6d. net). Every man, says Mr. Clutton-Brock, is born a philosopher as certainly as he is born a politician and economist. Philosophy, in fact, is one of the natural interests of mankind, and it is true to much the same extent that men may become philosophers or not at all as that they pursue badly and worse their natural interest in politics and economics, namely, the pedantic and interested specialisations of the professionals. For there are vested interests in philosophy as there are in the other branches of human activity. To bring philosophy out of the class-rooms into daily thought is therefore a thoroughly democratic work; and I must congratulate Mr. Clutton-Brock upon making one of the first attempts to do it. His book, if anything, is, however, too simple to be counted a great success. He is over-anxious to make himself understood by the least-trained intelligence, with the effect, at times, of appearing to have adopted the style of the earnest but patronising curate. It is a style of which the "Times Literary Supplement," to which Mr. Clutton-Brock contributes a great deal, is full in these days. But it is not a manly or even, I think, a popular form of simplicity. It is the style of the simple life.

Mr. Clutton-Brock is a better man than a philosopher.

Croce, it appears, is Mr. Clutton-Brock's master in philosophy; and it is avowedly from Croce that he derives his classification of the three activities of the spirit—the moral or practical, the intellectual and the aesthetic. Croce I think I was once incautious enough to claim as the philosopher of The New Age. But even if I had not discovered on reading his "Aesthetic" that there is something seriously inadequate in his classification, Croce's attitude towards German thought and towards the war would have aroused suspicions. How can the philosophy be complete of a man who has not penetrated and apparently cannot penetrate the fallacy in the energetic philosophy of Germany? Something must be wanting in it. And I believe I found what it was. Mr. Clutton-Brock, however, while opposing the philosophy that led Germany to war accepts in its entirety the philosophy of Croce who approves of it; that is, he rejects the master but follows the disciple. There is something wrong in this; and we need only turn to Mr. Clutton-Brock's account of the aesthetic activity of the spirit to see that he is blind just where his master is blind. Why, in fact, his blindness in this respect does not obscure his perception of the paradoxes is not quite clear to me. He must be a better man than a philosopher.

But Mr. Clutton-Brock is not the only writer to be in doubt about the nature of the aesthetic activity of the spirit. In the "Times Literary Supplement" of the current week (July 6) appears a review of "The Ultimate Belief," written from internal evidence, by a Christian scholar of considerable gifts and insight. It is worth the time of my readers to study it. First discussing the sufficiency of Croce's threefold classification of the activities of the spirit, he adds to them, as a Christian philosopher might be expected to do, a fourth—the activity of the spirit as Love. The Good, the True, and the Beautiful do not, he says (and he is quite right) exhaust the ideal activities of the soul; but to all of them must be added the love of mankind, arising from the aspiration after the perfect society of God and men made perfect in mutual love. Without this love, in fact, expressing itself in an elementary form as the "social instinct," each of the other three activities of the spirit may easily become a false pursuit of the Good, for instance, unless it be in the spirit of love, tends to develop the Puritan; and without the same spirit, the pursuit of Truth or of Beauty tends to make the Scientist or the Artist, but not the perfect man. All this, as I say, seems to me to be true; but the error into which the reviewer of Mr. Clutton-Brock's book falls is the same error into which both Mr. Clutton-Brock and Croce have also fallen; it is that of assuming that the "feeling" of Beauty is identical with the "feeling" of Love. To Mr. Clutton-Brock's plea that children should be taught to love the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, the reviewer replies that the whole difficulty is just this—how to make people fall in love with these absolutes. And he suggests, most sensitively, that the means is not the giving of reasons for devotion to these absolutes, but the provision of inspiring personal examples. To Mr. Clutton-Brock's further plea, however, that the love of Beauty is the condition and as it were, the stepping-stone to the love of God and Men, he has no reply; nor can he have while he accepts without questioning Mr. Clutton-Brock's assumption that the two loves are essentially the same. As, in fact, I see Mr. Clutton-Brock leaning towards Germany in his method, so I see his reviewer leaning towards Mr. Clutton-Brock; and the cause of the confusion in each case is the false identification of aesthetic feeling with the feeling of love.

A good deal, though not all, of the confusion is cleared up in what I owe to my readers to announce as one of the best books on the war. This is M. Boutroux's "Philosophy and the War" (Constable, 4s. 6d. net), translated by Mr. Fred Rothwell. You know the lucidity and simplicity of the perfect French style. Here it is in English of almost equal elegance. In contrast with the sandalled simplicity of Mr. Clutton-Brock's style, M. Boutroux's walks in good leather. There are not ten men in Massachusetts who could write his book. His exposition of modern German philosophy is, at once profound and dead and deadly. But he lacks himself all the same the completeness of the constructive critic. Once more the aesthetic activity of the spirit is the stumbling-block. Between the practical activity of the Will and the ideal activity of the Intellect—each of them one of the German's false absolutes—he rightly intermediates the "feelings" of common humanity arising, he says, in the heart. But he neglects to distinguish between the feelings arising from the heart and the feeling for Art. As I see it, however, the two are to be distinguished and cleared up; as the former is separable from each of the other activities of the Spirit. The ground of all three activities is common, and it resides in what is called the Heart. And without the heart Will results in the doctrine of Force, and Intellect in the doctrine of Rationalism, the aesthetic activity, pursued for its own sake and without the guidance of the heart, results in Luxury. From M. Boutroux Mr. Clutton-Brock and his reviewer must learn to dissociate the love of the Good and the True from the love of Art; but all three must go to another school to learn that the love of Beauty is no less different from the love of God and Man. Unfortunately it is as easy to be "German" in the Beautiful as to be the True and the Good. And to be "German" in this sense is to be heartlessly absolute.

Now let us repeat the Athanasian Creed.

R. H. C.
Notes on Economic Terms.

RENT.—Is the price paid for the use of land or any other tool of industry. Attempts have been made to differentiate land from every other tool necessary or useful in industry, and hence to discriminate between rent and other prices, and to consecrate a special law of Rent. There is no such special law. The rule determining the price of the use of land is precisely the same as the rule determining the price of the use of any other commodity: it is the relation between the Supply and the Demand. In a theatre, for instance, the operation of the so-called law of rent can be seen quite as plainly as economists profess to see it in the case of land. The nearer to the stage and the more luxuriously upholstered the seats the higher is the price charged for them. We can diagrammatise the theatre, in fact, in the same way in which the Fabians have diagrammatised Ricardo. Extending outward from the stage are concentric zones of relatively diminishing productivity (pleasure being the product sought in this instance), ending finally in standing-room only; and the rent of the seats diminishes directly with the distance from the maximum of advantage. What, however, is the submission of the seats to competition determines the operation of the "law"? Absolutely nothing. The "law" can be suspended and kept suspended for as long as the proprietors please. For instance, a theatre proprietor may, if he chooses, charge a uniform price for every seat in his house. In a democracy he would have to do so or nobody would patronise his snobbish show. Or he may reserve a few convenient seats at double the price of all the rest. In fact, within the limits of the actual demand for his accommodation, he can fix the price as he pleases. It is only when he chooses to put up the seats to auction and to sell them at what people are willing to pay for them that the so-called law of Rent comes into existence. But observe, once again, that the same law prevails everywhere when a commodity is of a competitive nature. The law of Rent, in short, is identical with the rule of competitive prices in general. What, on the other hand, has made a law of Rent as applied specially to Land appear plausible is the fancied uniqueness of Land—no other tool of production is as peculiarly it has a monopoly of the legal currency. The State has created the monopoly we call money, and it is unjust that its monopoly should be employed to represent the whole of the world. For this reason, and because the service is really useful, the people who undertake to "make money" deserve to be paid. Here, as elsewhere, however, the law of Supply and Demand operates. The liquefying of solid capital is necessary, men undertake the work; but they charge for the product exactly what they can get for it. And this charge or price for the use of liquid capital or money is called Interest. Two words were added here. If anybody were entitled to liquefy Capital (that is, to tokenise it and to exchange its tokens anywhere) the price of Money would be really competitive. It would, in fact, come down to almost nothing. But, thanks to the collusion between a particular class of money-makers and money-lenders, the general currency of only a few tokens is legal. For instance, you cannot pay your rates in pawn-tickets, though pawn-tickets are as good a token of capital as Treasury notes. You must pay in gold or in bank notes. These, in fact, are the privileged tokens, and the makers of them have therefore a monopoly of the effective currency. Interest, it follows, is something more than payment for the service which liquid capital performs: it includes the tax to the holders of the monopoly of the legal currency. A second point: Since the only difference between one token and another is the credit attached thereto; and since, again, the credit attaches only to a particular kind of capital, we consider Interest as the simple interest is the same as the interest when he pleased if he would only leave them to the Thames. They claim the monopoly of the portability of their particular capital or tool of production—the Thames. (By the way, the king would-to-day have his reply: he would float the Thames as a company, make himself the chief shareholder, and live in Oxford on the dividends.) But Capital, though usually non-portable, can be treated as if it were portable by creating a portable token for it which can be exchanged as if it were what it signifies. And this significant token is Money. Now the special function of Finance is to liquefie Capital, of making solid substances current exchange, is by means of money Capital which cannot be moved can be exchanged as if it were carried in the pocket. The solid Capital becomes as light as air! This device of liquefying Capital, of making solid substances current exchange, is both necessary and important. The device of Money has added enormously to the productivity of the world. For this reason, and because the service is really useful, the people who undertake to "make money" deserve to be paid. Here, as elsewhere, however, the law of Supply and Demand operates. The liquefying of solid capital is necessary, men undertake the work; but they charge for the product exactly what they can get for it. And this charge or price for the use of liquid capital or money is called Interest. Two words were added here. 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A Modern Document.
Edited by Herbert Lawrence.

VII.—From Acton Reed.

Dear Mr. Lawrence,—Last night I magnanimously threatened you with my opinions of women. Now I run over the scales, however, I find the tune will be difficult to play. It is in my power to make material up to troubles me, but the nature of it. Women alternate between such heights and such depths both individually and generally that the truth about them can only be expressed in extremes: and unless these again be described with terminological exactitude they must appear to be nothing but exaggerated contradictions—if not merely fine talk. One thing, however, you may take to play. It is naturally not the dearth of material that to be nothing but exaggerated contradictions. If not, moreover her instinctive, unreflecting and spontaneous virtue is far greater and generally that the truth about them can only be described with terminological exactitude they must appear to be nothing but exaggerated contradictions—if not merely fine talk. It is naturally not the dearth of material that to be nothing but exaggerated contradictions.

Moreover her instinctive, unreflecting and spontaneous virtue is as the sun that shines upon the just and unjust. But intellect I have as much as possibly as far as I can. Life manifests, as in my observation, woman domestic that I discovered to what heights women behave as though they have no idea that they are sacrificing themselves or that they are being unselfish. Their virtues are habits in fact. In this lavishing of sacrifice therefore amazes me: I respect and reverence intellect. Come what may I have not to rely upon their instinctive judgment instead of appealing to their intellect for the remedy, they would have told the suffragettes that it was intellect. But also in vain. My discovery was that rightly diagnosed the prevailing malaise, namely, that women were being unfairly treated by men. And if only women had continued to rely upon their instinctive judgment instead of appealing to their intellect for the remedy, they would never have had the intellect to distinguish between equity and equality any more than the suffrage movement for example. What a psychological blunder was there. And the reason is not, I am sure, that the more the intellect in women, the less, apparently, the intuition. As women became skilled in physics they lost their skill in psychics. Look at the suffrage movement for example. When a psychological blunder was there. And the reason is not, I am sure, that the more the intellect in women, the less, apparently, the intuition. As women became skilled in physics they lost their skill in psychics.

Women's capacity for unselfishness and self-sacrifice are expected of woman as a matter of course. It is her nature to. It is almost her definition in some minds. Moreover her instinctive, unreflecting and spontaneous virtue of the world it seems to me that not nearly enough attention has been paid to this sub-intellectual side of women. And you will agree with me if you believe as I do that what I call apprehension is the ground and condition of intellect. Men in general appear to me to underrate apprehension because wanting it they cannot understand it and conclude that there is no need to understand. And certainly the immediate value of woman's apprehension is difficult to appraise. There is no tangible practical truth or benefit to be got out of it. It cannot express itself directly in words. You may talk to a woman for a month without adding one cubit to your comprehension or knowledge of facts. But of this I am convinced—and would I could persuade men of it—the future of man's minds depends on their attitude towards this something in man which is greater and more subtle than intellect. It would really pay men, I think, to encourage and to cultivate this power in women. It would pay them to learn from it, for it is precisely apprehension that intellect lacks as it is intellect that women's apprehension lacks. Drawing a daring bow I should say that men's grasp of the truth of things will never be complete without the aid of women's insight into personality. Life manifests, we know, as things: but Life acts as a person. Its shadow is substantial, its image is personal. To unite the two excellencies of objective and subjective vision—that, in my opinion, should be the ambition of the age. And for this union I look forward to intellectual women. But also I look forward to intellectual women. That the more the intellect in women, the less, apparently, the intuition. As women became skilled in physics they lost their skill in psychics. Look at the suffrage movement for example. What a psychological blunder was there. And the reason is not, I am sure, that the more the intellect in women, the less, apparently, the intuition. As women became skilled in physics they lost their skill in psychics.
domestic rough-and-tumbles of everyday life. Was not love passive hostility to the suffrage propaganda evidence of it? I was on the point of remarking when the Suffrage movement carried me out of my course that apprehension is only one of the super-intellectual or spiritual powers of woman. A second is the radiation of influence. Woman, as Milton said, rain influence. And the kind of influence they shower I can only describe as beatific. I wonder whether you have ever noticed this charm or influence when you have been in the company of women? I seem myself in the company of women taken in this into a more delicate atmosphere than belongs to earth and that yet is home spun. I might be in the country or listening to quiet music. Woman, in fact, is an influence upon me of much the same kind as the country and music and religion: and to her influence, of course, is added the magnetism of life. So native is this power in her, that while it is essentially a super-intellectual effect and thus at its most intense in woman-spirituality and in the most womanly women, I have never met any women in whom it is not occasionally and recurrently visible. It does not matter even if I do not like the women. I may have nothing in common with them. Their talk may not interest me in the least. I may not know them entirely—effect on me is the same. Even acquaintance with women so rare in the atmosphere that seems to encompass them about.

If I hesitated to open this letter I tremble now on approaching the subject of woman-animal. Perhaps I ought to count ten and say no more. But I warned you of the extremities to which I should be reduced. Let me say at once, then, that in my experience women, while at any moment capable of heights of idealism, spirituality, self-sacrifice, love and divinity beyond the power of most men to conceive, are at the same moment and in the same person often capable of depths in the very contrary of these virtues. There are women who would forgo the world for a divine whim. There are women, on the other hand, who would not forgo a crazy whim for the world. There are women to whom "love is flower-like"—who are at home on peaks of love beyond man's vision: as to these no refinement of love is too great, nor the tenderest feeling too tender. There are women, on the other hand, who know depths below the power of most men to conceive. As of love so of other human powers. Men are the via media in most things. Which is the other extreme or the third? Are women blind to the justice? Women are divinely generous or terribly merciless. Is it moral judgment? Women will forgive Judas; but they would crucify Jesus. Muses or Furies are they.

I am not taking the platform or venturing to offer advice to women. Without risking either charge, however, I may perhaps state my final conclusions. The more I see of women the more convinced I am that in general their duty is to remain behind the scenes and to exert their secret influence in secrecy. I know—that women are born, but their birth is not always as fell, in individual necessity. Public crimes are not more than one nation. The uneasy conscience of other nations makes them receive with gratitude romantic descriptions of public executions as pale, spiritual, dutiful, remorseless beings in picturesque trappings. The monstrous fact that nations pay a human monster to kill at their permission in cold blood needs some dressing-up. Balzac has a tale of the executioner of Louis XVI demanding a priest to say a mass for the murdered king. "Sweet and grave satisfaction seemed to triumph over a secret sadness." The human devil continues his work. The priest learns who is on seeing him on the cart full of those he is about to kill. "Poor man!" exclaves the priest, "the knife of steel had a heart when all France had none!" There is a temptation to write the kind of influence they shower I can only describe over the world are ignored to make a touching figure of the butcher of men.

Compassion for an executioner could only be safely felt by a Brahmin who believed that such a human being is doomed by crimes in a former life to heap up his debt of infamy in this, and to pay in some future one by perhaps the limit of human agony.

No nation which had a national sense of its welfare would permit any one man to finance or edit more than one newspaper, or would permit any unsigned article of public interest.

The elders of this generation, not content with having plunged the world into war, are busy, while youth is falling, in building up a tariff of hatred for the vanquished. Blind to the fact that the sympathies of the neutrals are pretty equally divided between the Allies and the Central Powers, they are arranging a family tariff designed to ruin the enemy, but which may be imitated with fair hope of success by the Central Powers and their friends. This tariff may very well set the world alight again, and youth be driven off to another holocaust.

The contrary of what our elders are doing should be done. As it is well understood that the troops would fraternise to-morrow if they were relieved of their officers, so it is equally certain that the masses of all the nations at war have no hatred of each other. They worked side by side until informed that they were enemies. They will do so again after the war. There is no resisting the influence of the vanquished! Our rulers set us against one another by all sorts of bad governments. We are fighting for the right to be guided by their proposed abolition between friends, who have hitherto curiously taxed each others’ goods. There is no obstacle except bad governments to the whole world being friends.

The latest move in what Tolstoy calls the hypnotism of peoples is already to be seen. Europe is being prepared to expect and to desire a war in the air. Imagine it taking place over London, thousands of machines on each side. Where will you hide with your children, women? Near where I live there is a building smashed right through by a bomb. They may do even better than this in the future, these assassins from the air. You applaud when our own or allied aviators

Peace Notes.

In a public calamity the loss and ruin are too vast for any single individual affected to realise their extent. Practically this extent stops at its limit in the consciousness of the person most affected. What there is of general comprehension is forgotten almost as soon as felt, in individual necessity. Public crimes are not cruelly unrealisable. The general horror of war is only to be subdued by the stunning arousing of the most violent passions. There are many individuals whom not even appeals to passion can carry against their reason.

The public crime of execution has been realised by more than one nation. The uneasy conscience of other nations makes them receive with gratitude romantic descriptions of public executions as pale, spiritual, dutiful, remorseless beings in picturesque trappings. The monstrous fact that nations pay a human monster to kill at their permission in cold blood needs some dressing-up. Balzac has a tale of the executioner of Louis XVI demanding a priest to say a mass for the murdered king. "Sweet and grave satisfaction seemed to triumph over a secret sadness." The human devil continues his work. The priest learns who is on seeing him on the cart full of those he is about to kill. "Poor man!" exclaves the priest, "the knife of steel had a heart when all France had none!" There is a temptation to write the kind of influence they shower I can only describe over the world are ignored to make a touching figure of the butcher of men.

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Yours sincerely,
ACTON RED,
The “Spectator” is not content but furious with America for remaining neutral. It intends that the Holy Alliance shall pay her out one day.

The day will inevitably come when Germany will cast the eyes of covetousness upon the Republics of South America. Are the American people seriously prepared to vindicate and safeguard the Doctrine if it is assailed in that part of the world?

Apparently the “Spectator” has not much faith in the power of the Holy Alliance to put down Germany’s army and navy during this present essay in militant pacifism! It implores America to get strong against Germany now. “It is really to our advantage that the British Navy should not be challenged upon the seas (does the “Spectator” expect it to be challenged on Salisbury Plain?) . . . all the same we feel so strongly that it is for the interests of the world that the United States should be strong that we hope, etc., . . .”

It really is very disinterested of the “Spectator” to urge America to build a Navy which she would have us fight with, for no one knows better that the Holy Alliance is not this at all but an ordinary Diplomatic Alliance, and that by the time America’s Navy was as dangerous to the world as any other, Germany and England might be diplomatically friends and scheming together to put down America—or Germany and America might even be scheming together against us!

How the “Spectator” would squeal then for America to respect the Monroe Doctrine.

But suppose that Germany had wanted the South American Republics—what would have been easier than to have attacked these unprepared countries? Do you know what was lacking?—The necessary hatred between the peoples! Secret diplomacy, with all its toady Press, may very well be used for hatred between Germany and America, as between ourselves and any nation whatsoever. It is mere chance so far as English people are concerned that we are not now “robbing France in mind and blood” as Harmsworth was ready to egg us on to do. With the abolition of secret diplomacy the Press toadies would disappear. There would be no more room for the “Spectator” than for the “Daily Mail.”

Alice Morning.

Tales of To-day.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

XI.—ASMODEUS REDIVIVUS.

Readers of Le Sage’s “Devil on Two Sticks” will remember that a young student of Madrid released a demon from a magician’s bottle. The grateful spirit revealed itself as Asmodeus, the demon of match-making, chemistry, and games of chance, and the inventor of carousals, plays, and new French fashions; he is, however, best known to men as lascivious, luxurious Cupid. And though poets and lovers (when wooing) have described the last as a beautiful, winged boy, he is actually a hideous little hunchback perched on a pair of rattatting stilts. According to Le Sage, he showed his gratitude to the student by flying up with him to a palace-top and stripping off his garments, revealing the roofs and walls of all the other Madrid houses. The inhabitants were all at their usual occupations—either climbing into strange bedrooms, or drowsing the owners of these with long yarns, wherein one to spare for Sir Roger Casement.

In Austrian eyes the Czech leader is a traitor. In the tone of our great journal they are only catching him young! In the “Spectator’s” eyes the Irish leader is a traitor. What a squelch of relief came from the “Spectator” when he was “securely lodged in the Tower.” Even so his absolute death, as our terrified friends might say, is our only guarantee. Neither the one nor the other is a traitor. There’s the truth. The name “traitor” spoken either by England or Austria will never stick either on an Irishman or a Bohemian.

The “Spectator”—hardly a page rings English as I understand English—sings at America for sheltering itself behind the Monroe Doctrine. The issue is June 17. The article on “The Presidential Candidates.” The article is so brutal and yet so unhandly written as to inspire the kind of apprehension a boxer is said to feel when drawn into a fight with a strong, furious, and “unscientific” opponent, one of whose “fools” may be lucky.

“She makes the Monroe Doctrine a cardinal point in her policy, and we are well content that she should insist upon that very convenient instrument, forged, remember, to meet the first practical essay in militant pacifism—the Holy Alliance.”

Was ever such a violent muddle of fury, fouling, threat and arrogance!

I drink beer, although I do not go to Mass. I drink very temperately, perhaps for the simple reason that for me to buy a four-gallon cask would be to risk much of it running flat; instead, I buy beer in bottles. One evening not long ago I was supping alone. A bottle of beer stood in front of me, which I meant to drink
after supper. Barely had I eaten the first mouthful when I heard a little voice, no bigger than a Labour leader's brain, squeaking in my ear: "Let me out, let me out; be quick. Let me out!"

"Tell me first who you are, and where," I answered boldly, "and I'll lie in my power to release you." As a "Curse your impertinence," said the voice. "How dare you parley with me? I'm a malicious spirit, and, when you release me, I'll pay you out for keeping me waiting!"

"You malicious spirits always give yourselves away," I replied. "I've read of a hundred such cases. Promise to be friendly, tell me where you are, and maybe I'll let you out.

"You'll be letting me out soon, in any case," said the voice. "You'll know where I am then—when it's too late."

Of course, by this time I had looked round the room, and, by elimination, knew very well where my little boaster was. "You're in that bottle of beer," said I. "Confess, you poor devil, or I'll keep you on the shelf till Pound writes sense."

"Oh, oh," screamed the voice, "that's the life term! I surrender. I'll be friendly and serve you. Let me out—I'm Asmodeus.

On certain conditions I released Cupid from the bottle, and he promised to come and amuse me in the morning. That evening, he said, he would be kept very busy professionally, as there was to be a meeting of the Fabian nursery, and, in another part of the town, Mr. Epstein would be designing a new sculpture. Asmodeus then flew out of my room, leaving only a smell of sulphur behind.

In the morning I found him by my bedside, and, by arrangement, he made me invisible, carried me through the air to Big Ben, and set me on the hour-hand, himself making do with the other. "Now ask me what you wish," said he.

"Who, I asked, is that white-haired old man crossing the square beneath us?"

"He," answered the demon, with a twinkle; "he is the only member of Parliament Mr. Lloyd George has not tried to seduce against the Prime Minister."

"What is his name?" I asked. —"Asquith," answered Asmodeus.

"You are very smart," said I, "but you do not add to my knowledge." The demon immediately lifted off a score of roofs. "Look inside," he said, "and ask whatever you like.

"Tell me, then," I said, "who are those two fat little men sitting in separate rooms in that hotel? They seem to be reading and shaking their heads and grunting."

"Those," replied Asmodeus, "are Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Each is reading the other's paper and saying, 'Tut, tut! What a danger this fellow is to Christianity!'"

"And who is that pale youth in a neighbouring room, sighing and moaning?"

"He," said the demon, "is a young intellectual of the type who is to be the new nature—Mr. Wells."

"Oh, oh, oho, oho," screamed poor Cupid; "it's life!"

I broke off for I saw Asmodeus was in a state of terrified excitement. He was weeping, trembling, and perspiring, waving his arms and uttering oaths and lamentations. "Whatever is the matter?" I cried.

"Oh, oh, oho, oho," screamed poor Cupid; "it's that wretch, Wells. Years ago he signed a contract with me in his own blood to sell me his soul in return for my inspiring and aiding him in his novels. I thought, of course, it was just the usual arrangement—I to supply an obscenity a year and he to write a book round it. That was always my way with Messrs. Anatole France, Stacepoole, Hewlett, and all my other customers. But, on my word, Wells makes me do the whole book! Not long ago he overworked me so much I was too weak to resist, he popped me into the bottle from which you only yesterday released me. And don't think I've forgotten that. If I'm the nation, I'm the nation, and Cupid's corner in Hell is a desert since Wells started to write novels. I've offered him a thousand times to restore him his soul if only he'd dissolve the bargain; but he won't. Oh, oh, he's calling me now; I must go, I must go!"

And so Asmodeus—poor devil!—after he had flown home with me, left me. I have never seen him since. I should fear that overwork had killed him if I did not see so many recent signs of his influence.
Views and Reviews.

THE HAMLET OF THE NATIONS.

I should have thought that if anyone had been likely to reply to my criticism of Mr. E. Bechhofer's book, "Russia at the Cross Roads," it would have been Mr. Bechhofer himself. He is, on occasion, as caustic as a writer any other in this journal; it was his book that required desperately competing and as "R. H. C." truly says, he has ideas. I have never had a discussion with Mr. Bechhofer, and his methods might have been a surprise to me. He has chosen to let "R. H. C." reply for him, whose every trick of fence I know. One can be quite sure that Mr. Bechhofer's book (Mr. Bechhofer calls Russia "the Hamlet of the nations") "R. H. C." will reduce his intellect to sterility. His delight is to put forward what he calls "ideas" for me to refute; he never applies his ideas to the play or the problem, and they are, at least, blessedly brief; they are never more than a few words. His first essay was "philosophical despair," his second was "spiritual shock," and his third was "male hysteria." In the case of Russia, he has not yet expressed his formula in two words; "Russia is acutely conscious of being land-locked" is the nearest approach that he makes to his ideal. It will but come; if we only give "R. H. C." time enough, he will reduce his sentence to a tabloid of two words. It will be as valuable then as it is now.

It is characteristic of "R. H. C." that he should use the name "Fried" as though it were a term of abuse, although it means "joy," and is of good omen. Freud is the Devil to "R. H. C."; the name represents his fear of the unknown, and apparently covers a multitude of sins. But I will not defend Freud until he is attacked, and I will not attack him without reading his works. The point made against me is that I "seek for causes beneath causes, the less simple the better; and do not say what they are." My article contained about fourteen hundred words; Stepinak's book (to which I referred Mr. Bechhofer) contains 643 pages in my edition. Not even "R. H. C." could compress 643 pages into 1,400 words; and I gave economic reasons enough to indicate (and I can do no more in the space at my disposal) why Mr. Bechhofer's economic interpretation did not convince me. There is, of course, a fundamental cleavage between the ideas of "R. H. C.," the writer of "Unedited Opinions," Mr. Bechhofer, and myself; and I will try to make that cleavage clear.

The modern view of world-economics, to which the writer of "Unedited Opinions" referred when he recommended Mr. Bechhofer's book to the readers of The New Age, has more than one expression. My opponents seem to regard it as an elaborate system of exchange of manufactured goods, they never say so explicitly, because direct expression is not natural to them. But the world-view of economics to which I adhere is that of Peter Kropotkin; it is not a mere "idea" conceived in the void, it is a demonstration of the actual trend of economic events. "The conclusion is self-evident," says Kropotkin.

"Industries in all lands decentralise and are scattered all over the globe; and everywhere a variety, an integrated variety, of trades grow, instead of specialisation. Such are the prominent features of the times we live in. Each nation in its turn becomes a manufacturing nation in the international manufacture of Nation of Europe, as well as the United States, and even the most backward nations of Asia and America, will themselves manufacture nearly everything they are in need of. Wars and several accidental causes may check for a time the scattering of industries; they will not stop it; it is unavoidable."

If the tendency is for each nation to manufacture what it needs, Mr. Bechhofer's conception of a Russia manufacturing for export is a false one. The 150 per cent. tariff of Russia against all comers shows us quite clearly that imports are not encouraged; and how Russia can hope to export without importing, Mr. Bechhofer does not explain. But the reduction of the tariff would, as Kropotkin shows, only have the effect of closing more effectively the Russian market to imported manufactures. Take one instance: as long ago as 1894, Vice-Consul Green reported that the town of Berdyansk had the largest reaper manufacture in Europe, and that the Russian reapers and ploughs were sold in India and England. Yet the import duty on foreign pig-iron was two and a half times its price on the London market at that time. If there had been a more plentiful supply of pig-iron at London market prices, it is receivable that the supply of agricultural machinery to Russia would have become entirely a Russian industry; now that "nearly all steel, three-quarters of the iron, and two-thirds of the pig-iron used in Russia are home-products," not only the manufacture of agricultural machinery but all other metallic industries in Russia are likely to become the monopoly of Russian manufacturers. "Fifty years ago," says Kropotkin, "Russia was considered as the ideal of an agricultural nation, doomed by Nature itself to supply other nations with food, and to draw her manufactured goods from the West. So it was, in fact, before the 18th century. She will manufacture all she needs, and yet she will remain an agricultural nation."

Russia's industry, then, is a growth of fifty years' duration; and the Russian melancholy, therefore, could not have existed before the Emancipation; if Mr. Bechhofer's interpretation of it is sound, for a cause cannot be operative before it exists. But with this "key," as he calls it, Mr. Bechhofer attempts to explain Peter the Great, for example; concludes that he was not "driven mad by melancholy" because he saw the sea, and was so pleased with it that he made a "window" at Petrograd, so that he might look at it for ever. I admit that this is a frivolous summary of Mr. Bechhofer's chapter, but it is not more frivolous than his so-called economic interpretation of Russian melancholy. That the Russian melancholy existed before the economic question arose is an undoubted fact of history; and that it is due, as all melancholy is due, to an internal conflict, is the verdict of Stepinak, one of the most profound students of Russian history and life, who had the further advantage of being a Russian himself.

Stepinak shows us that "two hostile principles are in a death-struggle in all the spheres of popular life—the one springing from the inner consciousness of the masses, the other forced upon them from the outside by those in power. This antagonism is not modern; it goes back for centuries. "An underground struggle between the people and the Government has been going on almost ever since the establishment of autocracy in Russia—in other words, for four or five centuries." So long as the Tsars only gave land to their courtiers and militsa-men, there was not much trouble; but when at the end of the sixteenth century, the Tsars deprived the peasants of their right of removal, the people began to fight, and to fight desperately. For two centuries the fight lasted, and the people were decisively beaten when Pugatchev's rising was suppressed. Stepinak attributes this failure to the "patriarchism" of the Russian people; in Freud's language, he explains the Russian melancholy by the Gdipus-complex. "For two centuries the terrible struggle lasted, but by this time the legend of the Tsar had grown to such proportions in the people's minds that their cause was doomed beforehand. The peasants witnessed an evil while worshiping and upholding its cause. They rebelled against the unbearable tyranny of their masters and of the officials; but their hearts fell, and their hands dropped when they met an authoritative check for the Tsar." No clearer example of the Gdipus-complex could be presented than Russia presents; to the moujiks, the Tsar is still the "little Father" of his people, and Stepinak says: "They mentally transferred to the Tsar
the whole of the functions performed by the mir, thus giving to his authority a remarkably precise and clear definition. The Tsar's authority is the mir's authority, magnified so as to suit the requirements of the State, without being in the smallest degree changed in its most characteristic attributes. The Tsar is the conscious Father of the country, its Protector, and the supreme dispenser of impartial justice to all, defending the weaker members of the community from the stronger. The Tsar 'pities' everybody like the mir. The whole of the nation's riches 'belong to the Tsar' exactly in the same sense as the lands and meadows and forests within the boundaries of the commune belong to the mir. The most important function the peasant's imagination imposes on the Tsar is that of universal leveller—not, however, of movable property. The Tsar, like the mir, has the right to impose taxes on whomever he chooses, and on whatever he chooses, but he is expected not to interfere with what the people regard as the private property of each household, i.e., movable capital. On the contrary, the mir is in duty bound to step in and to equitably redistribute the natural riches of the country, especially the land, whenever this is needed in the common interest.

If Stepniak had lived to read Freud, he could not have given a better interpretation. That persistence of the infantile relation which 'fascination of the libido taming old infantile phantasies and habits,' as Jung calls it, could not be more clearly expressed. The transference of the infantile relation practically unchanged, first to the mir and then to the monarchy, is the very road to neurosis; and the refusal or the inability to recognise the real origin of their miseries forces them to seek other ways of escape. Stepniak says definitely that 'the moral, political, and social discontent seething in the heart of the rural population of Russia has found a sure channel of expression in the development of religion, thought which nowadays covers almost the whole field of the intellectual activity of the Russian Labouring classes. Almost the whole of the moral and intellectual force produced by the modern Russian peasantry runs in the channel of religion; religion engrosses the leading minority of the people who understand most thoroughly and feel most keenly the evils of the day, and who alone would be able to put themselves at the head of any vast popular movement. That same process of which "seems to have stricken the Russian popular mind with the curse of utter sterility in the domain of politics," Stepniak illustrates in this passage: 'Perhaps this was due to the overwhelming predominance of the agricultural classes, constitutionally patriarchal, perhaps the result of the great failure offered to interior emigration, which was the easy and common wind-up to all our civil discontent, while in other countries people, solens volens, had to stay and fight out their grievances, finding by means of friction some mutual compromise. Perhaps we should attribute it to the absence on our soil of anything which could suggest to our people some new political form, such as the rich inheritance of Roman civilisation suggested to the West. Whatever the reason, the fact is that through all the centuries of ancient political self-government, anterior to the creation of the Muscovite monarchy, Russia remained at the same embryonic stage of politity from which she started.' It is quite clear that not even Mr. Bechhofer can blame the Turk for that.

All this is so familiar that I am ashamed to quote it, and I should not have done so if it had not been necessary to prove that there is no need to seek outside Russian history for the cause of Russian melancholy. That transference to the world of Russian government is only another attempt at evasion of that "purge yourself!" is the command of modern science, the equivalent of the "know thyself" of the Delphic oracle. We see even in "R. H. C.'s" notes the results of the refusal to recognise the true cause of neurosis; he is compelled to deny that the Irish are melancholy, although "Celtic melancholy" is a familiar phrase that is, akin in construction to most of "R. H. C.'s" productions, and he even asserts that "the Swiss are virtually on an island." We hardly heard of the Swiss navy, but "R. H. C." apparently takes it more seriously than is customary. Mr. Bechhofer's "idea" is an equally comic adoption as a truth—of Hamlet's neurotic fancy. "Denmark's a prison," said Hamlet. "Then is the world one," retorted Rosenzweig; and on that note of sanity I will close.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS

The Mantle and Other Stories. By Nicholas Gogol. Translated by Claud Field, with an Introduction by Prosper Merimée. (Weser Laurie.)

The five stories here translated are "The Mantle," "The Nose," "Memoirs of a Madman," "A May Night," and "The Viy." Merimée tells us in the preface that Russian "seems admirably adapted to express the most delicate shades of thought," and that Gogol was a "style" in the use of language. Mr. Claud Field's translation reads like almost anybody's translation of any other Russian author; we search in vain for any sign of the literary subtlety of the satirist, or for any of the graces of language that would compensate for the clumsy construction of some of these stories. We may suggest to translators that English also is a most flexible language, capable of expressing very delicate shades of thought; there is no need to use phrases such as: "I cannot stand these lackeys!" Insanity does not excuse such stupidity as: "Am I a tailor's son or some other obscure cabbage?" But even the purity of the English style cannot destroy the interest of such a tale as "The Viy," for the incidents, at least, are proof against the translator. Perhaps one would have to be a Russian to appreciate the humour of "The Nose," or the pathos of "The Mantle"; but one need not be a member of any nationality to deplore "Memoirs of a Madman." Perhaps at the time that they were written they had some novelty of interest; but almost every Russian writer "Memoirs of a Madman" now, and Gogol's are poor specimens of humour. Any madman could do better. In "A May Night," Mr. Claud Field varies his cliches to apostrophise the weather, says that "the moon shines in the midst of the sky; the sun is invisible." It seems to have expanded to infinity; the earth is bathed in silver light; the air is warm, voluptuous, and redolent of innumerable sweet scents. Divine night! Magical night! Theatrical rhapsody! Literary fustian! How can the "air" be "voluptuous"?

Germany in Defeat. A Strategic History of the War, Second Phase. By Count Charles de Sonza. (Kegan Paul, 6s. net.)

It is one of the great consolations of this time that, according to the immutable, inexorable laws of Strategy, Germany lost the war at the battle of the Marne. The Allies had already enlisted Time on their side, so that all we have to do is to watch the inevitable working itself out. Strategy, like Destiny, never allows a man a second chance; if he once loses, he is lost for ever, dead and irretrievably damned. Unfortunately, this adversary has not the courtesy of Germany's military to deplore a mistake; remorselessly, he details every blunder, and shows us that the Allies have won all along the line. This is very consoling; but we do sometimes wonder whether nations can die of victory.
Pastiche.

THE SENSATION.

Throughout London, Rumour had been working hard. That something unusual was about to happen in the Reform Club, the private theatrical society of that august house. An astute Press agent had worked the great mystery sensation for all, and more than all, it was worth.

From the advance newspaper notices came the impression that when Miss Compton Ray appeared in the annual performance of "The Enchanted Garden," the public were on tip-toes in expectation. The Great Night of the Great Sensation arrived. The House at Leicester Square was full. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in those everlasting tweeds, was observed in the audience... (Quotation, 40 lines.) There is, I think, still much more of interest that might be said upon this entrancing subject, and I should gladly adventure on it, did I not observe that my space does not admit.

SHAKESPEARE AS HE IS MISREPRESENTED.
Sir H. Rider Haggard's cinematograph representations of Shakespearean plays having been so successful, he is contemplating extending this idea in connection with future theatrical productions of Shakespeare's plays. His former spectacular efforts have met with enthusiastic approval, notwithstanding the daring and original innovations he has made in the text, interpretation, and action, and he is convinced that the elimination of the dialogue will enhance their popularity.

Shakespeare, he considers, wrote primarily with the intention of providing a suitable setting for the actors; the dialogue and action are of secondary importance. The general public, by their generous support in the past, have shown that they endorse this view. And Sir Herbert believes there will be a great future for wordless Shakespeare in this country.

This mode of interpreting the famous masterpieces of the greatest English playwright will also enable him to introduce even more effectively those charming mannerisms which have contributed so greatly to his wonderful popularity with the masses.

F. A.

WAR FINANCE (as per Foster).

MR. SMITH LENDS HIS COUNTRY

| Which purchases | 124 | Cartridges, pre-war value | £8. 6. 0
| Armament firms' profits | 3. 0. 0
| Excess profits to Government at 60 per cent. | 0. 2. 0
| Price of materials for cartridges (including profits) | 4. 11. 0
| Wages paid to thrifty Munition workers | 9. 1. 6
| Sir A. Markham (do. coal) | 1. 0. 0
| Sir W. Runciman (do. freights) | 1. 0. 0
| Messrs. Bryant & May (do. matches) | 1. 0. 0
| Lord Northcliffe (do. Who Spied on Kitchener?) | 1. 0. 0

Pre-War cost of nourishment obtained now for 9d.

| Excess | £1. 6. 0
| Wages do. | 1. 5. 0
| Profits on some finance | 1. 5. 0
| Government rebursts from Ministry | 1. 0. 0
| 15s. 6d. at market rates | 1. 0. 0
| Mr. Smith pays in taxes, 1st year per £ | 5. 0. 0
| 2nd year do. | 5. 0. 0
| 3rd year do. | 5. 0. 0
| 4th year do. | 5. 0. 0
| Do. 5th year do. | 5. 0. 0
| Do. 6th year do. | 5. 0. 0
| Do. 7th year do. | 5. 0. 0
| Do. 8th year do. | 5. 0. 0
| Do. 9th year do. | 5. 0. 0
| And After Five Years He Receives Back | 1. 0. 0

GRAND TOTAL OF SILVER BULLETS OBTAINED FOR 15s. 6d.

| £9. 18. 4

ARMAGEDDON.

Right gaely doth old Charon ply his oar When time the guns boom low across the valley—Plies without let, for when his ancient galley Disbarks its burden on the farther shore, He puts about, and—with a ghastly leer On's withered charps, at thought of all the slaughter Of man by man—speared—slain—washed in water, Nor compass needs by which his course to steer!

P. MORTON BENNET.

DESOULATION.

O torment of a spirit lost,
With open eyes, and holden sense;
There is no darkness so intense As when the intellectual sight,
Devoid of heart and heart's delight,
Shines on a soul of frost!

E. H. VISIAK.


**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**EFFICIENCY.**

SIR,—"Efficiency" is preached, or concentration upon materialistic activities. And efficiency, like money, is good; but the specialising love of it is the root of all militarism. We place our protest against the principle of the right of asylum, sacred for genuine democracy, the abandonment of which is one more significant proof of the Russianising and Prussianising of Great Britain. We stress the fact that it is proposed to be put to Russian subjects in this country, of either joining the Russian army or being deported to Russia. And in protesting we speak as those who have escaped from death sentences, penal servitude, prisons, Siberia—fighters for labour's emancipation and for freedom, and also as those who have fled from pogroms, savage persecutions and all kinds of oppression. We know that we are speaking in accordance with the views and feelings of the whole political emigration from Russia in foreign countries, and that these views correspond with the attitude of the organised labour movement in Russia.

We especially protest against the violation of the principle of the right of asylum, sacred for genuine democracy, the abandonment of which is one more significant proof of the Russianising and Prussianising of Great Britain. We place our protest before our comrades in Russia, before all those for whom freedom and democracy are not empty words. We place our protest before our comrades in Russia, who will not forget that the British Government, with its lips service to itself, has allowed itself to become the accomplice of Russian reaction and of the terrible nightmare that is oppressing all the peoples of Russia.

The London Section of the Social-Democratic Party of Russia.

The London Group of the Social-Democratic Labour Party of Russia.

The London Group of the Social-Democratic Labour Party of Russia.

The London Group of the Bund (Jewish Labour Alliance in Lithuania, Poland, and Russia).

The London Group of the Social-Democracy of Lettland.

The London Group of the Lithuanian Socialist Federation in Great Britain.

The London Polish Social-Democratic Club.

**ALLIED SUBJECTS AND CONSCRIPTION.**

SIR,—The statement of the Home Secretary on Thursday last that men of Allied nationality must either join the British Army or return to the countries for which they belonged must surely make every right-thinking Briton wonder where our long-boasted honour is going to. Thousands of these Allied subjects are refugees, exiled from the lands of their birth for political, racial or religious reasons. Particularly is this true of Russian Jews, who probably will be the worst sufferers under such proposals. These people are barred from any right or privilege in Russia, and, although they may serve for twenty years in the army, yet they suffer all the disabilities of the Jews there. Pogroms, exiling, imprisonment, torture, and violent deaths are all in the lives of these Jews, and there is hardly one in Great Britain who has not suffered in one way or the other. Some were in the Kieff massacre, others went through bloody Sunday in Moscow, some suffered imprisonment for many years, the torture of Siberia, and all the barbarities of Russian misrule. They are within the pale, without the elementary rights of citizenship, free speech, or free thought, and their religion brings them only the harshest persecution. Full of confidence in the British right of asylum, hundreds and thousands have come to this country feeling that here they could worship God in their own fashion, enjoy comparative political liberty, and be free from that which they abhor as much as anything—the curse of militarism. Now it is calmly proposed to either force them to learn a few words of English, into the British Army, or else hand them over to the most barbarous of Governments not for labour's emancipation and for freedom, and also as those who have fled from pogroms, savage persecutions and all kinds of oppression. We know that we are speaking in accordance with the views and feelings of the whole political emigration from Russia in foreign countries, and that these views correspond with the attitude of the organised labour movement in Russia.

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**THE STATE OF ENGLAND.**

SIR,—Always supposing that the country will never allow Sir Roger Casement to be hanged, what a revelation, final but, let us hope, fatal, is this judgment as to the cads who are now running England, cads who would actually hang this Irishman if they were allowed, and who will even hang any Irishman, if and when the occasion arises, least, to pose as mercy-givers! Are there no gentlemen left in any place of power in England? Is every vestige of our reputation to go down under this class of fagoting fools who have got hold of us? What signs do we need to warn us further that we are slipping under the fate of rotten and doomed empires? This is the state of England, if Casement dies. Never more will any nation look to us for political justice. We shall
wither. Where have we not sunk when the project can be even whispered of putting Mr. Lloyd George into the seat of the man he founded to the last, a man whose life was English? I no longer know my country. I do not know what to reply when foreigners sneer, as they do. No wonder that we can no longer impose any moral country to our side, for they get all tidings uncensored, and know how our tradition is vanishing.

The news is of Ministers resigning. Surely it is not the moment for a scene to keep men in at all costs. The canaille will never resign at such a profiteering moment for good. Anglo-Indian readers, announced, that he was also the reply when foreigners sneer, that we are in Germany. John Maclean, the Glasgow author of "Aliph Cheem," which happens to have been three years' penal servitude. I wonder—so far as we was—has no chance to persuade any neutral country of England's?

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**POST-PRANDIAL RUMINATIONS.**

Sir,—Is there a Selver Society? If not, what edibles are here referred to? I quote from a piece of Pastiche by Mr. Selver in your last issue:

"Now let this crisp bunch of lese-majesty, and this brew of Russell berries, crunched and scaled, merge their twin aromas."

I have tried many keys. First I guessed coffee and chicory, but I find that chicory is a root and not a bunch of lese-majesty! Then I thought of bacon and eggs, but I fear this is quite wrong. Is it curry and rice, or bull and bush, or, perhaps, pess and selver? I pass, Sir, for an answer.

ARABIAN NIGHTS AS GROSQUET.

Sir,—My answer to Mr. F. R. Bradford is in the negative, as they say in the phrase. The master-key has got mislaid. There is no change and no inconsistency.

In the "Nights" article I was referring to an early ballet and its treatment of a certain story. In most other articles on the Russian ballet and its treatment of a certain story. In most other articles on this subject, the new aesthetic interest introduced to the stage by Bakst, Benois, Fokin, and their co-workers, so I appreciated and praised this interest. It was on account of its value as a source of inspiration to those reformers in the English theatre who were seeking a way out of the conventional stage and auditorium without attempting to remedy them. Still, there was a distinct promise of an aesthetic development to be noted, and I noted it. This development naturally took place, and conveyed till the war began, when it disappeared. It was in the direction of symbolism, and gave us that startling work "Le Coq d'Or" by Rimsky-Korsakov and Alexander Borodin. The intention of this piece was to attain the utmost unity, and to this end it adopted the novel method of handing the singing to a chorus, while leaving the musical sections free to symbolise the context of the singing and to weave themselves into dancing scenery.

This, in my opinion, was an advance over the earlier method of taking one of the great old stories of the East, extracting sensuality, and working this into a big design, and thickly coating it with some of the best colour the English theatre has ever seen. I notice that "El Imperial" quotes extracts from my remarks on "El Cuerpo de Buque Ruso"—that is, the spirit of co-operation binding together all concerned in the production of a Russian ballet or opera. In this respect the Russian interpreters have certainly not been surpassed.

France.

HUNTY CASTER.

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Press Cuttings.

Nevertheless, a few alleviations of the Excess Profits Tax were foreshadowed, mainly in the direction of allowances for depreciation of capital and loss of goodwill after the war. Although those promises failed to avert a division, they probably had some effect in swelling the Government majority.—Parliamentary Correspondent, 'Manchester Guardian.'

Few of us realised that, while we were sleeping calmly in our beds, the Coalition had only suffered defeat at the hands of the gentlemen in frock-coats, over political age, while we never paid the tax on excess profits. For some reason or other, very little was said about it in many newspapers, and I am thus communicating, without additional reward, what mere journalists call a 'scoop' or 'exclusive.' . . . Even Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, a leading Dissenter, who has borne the sorrows of conscience, very recently vocal when this sad pillaging of war profits was disclosed.—"Truth."  

A meeting has been held of the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., at the Woolwich, Weymouth, that controls the Argentine Cargo Line.

The report disclosed an increased profit of £40,000 in consequence of higher rates on out-bound freight. Probably, he added, after the war, traffic conditions will not return to prices ruling before the war, and conflict will be obtainable, in spite of increased expenses. —"La Nacion," Buenos Aires.

There is seemingly no end to the rise in the value of shipping property. With continued high freights, profits are maintained on a phenomenal scale, and seem destined to remain on an exceedingly remunerative level for some time to come. The Government is reported to be making a strenuous effort to push forward the construction of British ships, but nothing of a tangible nature in that direction has so far materialised.—"Financial Mail."

The report of the Haslewood Shipping Co., another of our favourite shipping recommendations, has appeared. The profit is £53,584, which compares with about £16,000 for 1914, and the dividend is increased from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., free of Income Tax. £4,000 is placed to reserve, £10,000 written off for depreciation, and £20,000 set aside for Excess Profits and Income Taxes, the balance being carried forward. We commenced recommending these shares when they were as low as 200. 6d. Their present price is 306. 3d.; we still regard them as a good purchase. —"London Opinion."  

"The effect of twelve months of war," said Sir John Brunner, speaking at the annual meeting of Brunner, Mond & Co., Ltd., at Liverpool yesterday, "has been to improve our position. Let me congratulate you upon having obtained a figure of net profit exceeding one million sterling."—"Daily News."

The 46th annual general meeting of Nobel's Explosives Co., Ltd., was held yesterday in Glasgow. . . . Reviewing the history of the company, the chairman said that it might be interesting to recall that an original investment of £10 was the same company now represented a capital interest in this company of £3,000 in ordinary shares, and that the dividend paid on that capital investment during the 45 years had amounted in all to upwards of £25. Such figures inspired confidence in the solidarity of their undertaking and in its future.—"Daily Mail."

The war which the Labour party had agreed to was very soon violated by capitalists, by commercial houses, by trade syndicates, and by shipping companies, who disregarded that the first satisfaction of the country, when in a state of war, huge profits to which they were not entitled. The laws which had been passed to prevent this exploitation were, yet few and insufficient, and now that human life must be by law responded to the call for military duty, property, land, and capital should be made to yield equal sacrifice and service so far as that could be done.—J. R. Clay, M.P.

The capitalist has doubtless seen that the policy of cheap food has driven a wedge between the interests of urban and rural labour, and so divided labour against itself. The rural labourer, with the traditions of the "hungry 'forties" still not, perhaps, far enough removed from his toil to work out his own salvation. Since the war he has had ocular demonstration of the fact that a rise in wages must follow a rise in prices. Would that the Labour Party in Parliament could have sufficient vision to see that it is to their advantage to organise rural labour, and so establish the position of a nation's interest, as distinguished from an adjacent of feudalism, and at the same time help to counteract the tendency of agricultural labour to migrate to the towns and undersell urban labour.

This opportunity has never existed before. Will the Labour leaders of this country be sufficiently far-seeing to endeavour, by the organisation of rural labour, to create conditions under which they can make national interests and Labour interests identical?—"Countryman" in the "Times."

While in making War Expenditure Certificates available for the smaller investor Mr. McKenna has pleased a large class, he has also increased the dissatisfaction of many who subscribed for War Loan Stock in the belief that they would have an early opportunity of exchanging into a new loan bearing a higher rate of interest. The "option" appeared very valuable when first given, but we will, we have no doubt, yet prove so, but the constant creation of competing securities bearing a higher rate of interest, and which are not, and can not, be amply justified for the growing feeling of discontent amongst subscribers of War Loan Stock.

We would warn Mr. McKenna that the country cannot afford to have a dissatisfied public at this crisis, especially as big financial interests are showing uneasiness at the huge accumulation of floating debt. People in the country are saying some very nasty things about "broken promises of the Chancellor, and we who hear the complaints fear that these criticisms of Government financial methods may have a damaging effect on the country's credit.—"Evening Standard."

Briefly, one may assert that the object of union is the solidarity of the teaching profession in order that it may realise its professional aims, the chief of which is freedom for the teacher to manage his own affairs; a freedom which ought to assure increased efficiency in the individual teacher, and consequently increased efficiency in the taught. Only in the assertion of our claim for amelioration, especially in a time of national suffering, should be wise not to emphasise the claim to material well-being to such an extent as to lead the public to believe that teachers have forgotten that they are artists, not mechanical drudges; and that the ideal to which they are dedicated to themselves, not only as soldiers, but as spiritual workers, provided the sacrifice does not constitute an effective hindrance to the realisation of the artist in his work.—"Secondary School Journal."

What of the ultimate ideal of that New York organisation, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor? What will the poor folk look like when the work is complete? If everything goes well and its officers are as zealous and efficient as they should be, and contributions are as liberal as desired, will the condition of the poor become so that it will need no more improving, and what will that condition be? Will the earth be dotted with clumps of millennium poor, supremely happy, the poor become so that it will need no more improving, and will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ? When the condition of the poor is improved so that it cannot be improved any more, will our job then be to start in life? Or will the end of this society's work merely be the beginning of another society's work ?

"Not believing half that I hear about Lloyd George, I should not like to say how far it is true that, as alleged, he manoeuvred the revolt against the Treasury which he headed adorned.—"Truth."